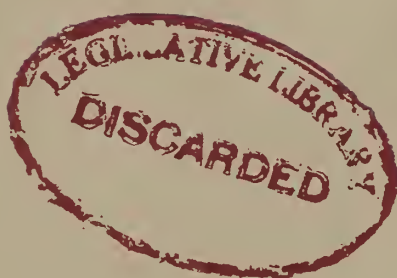


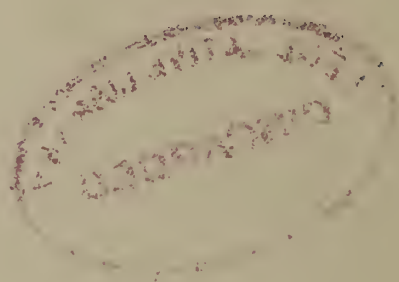
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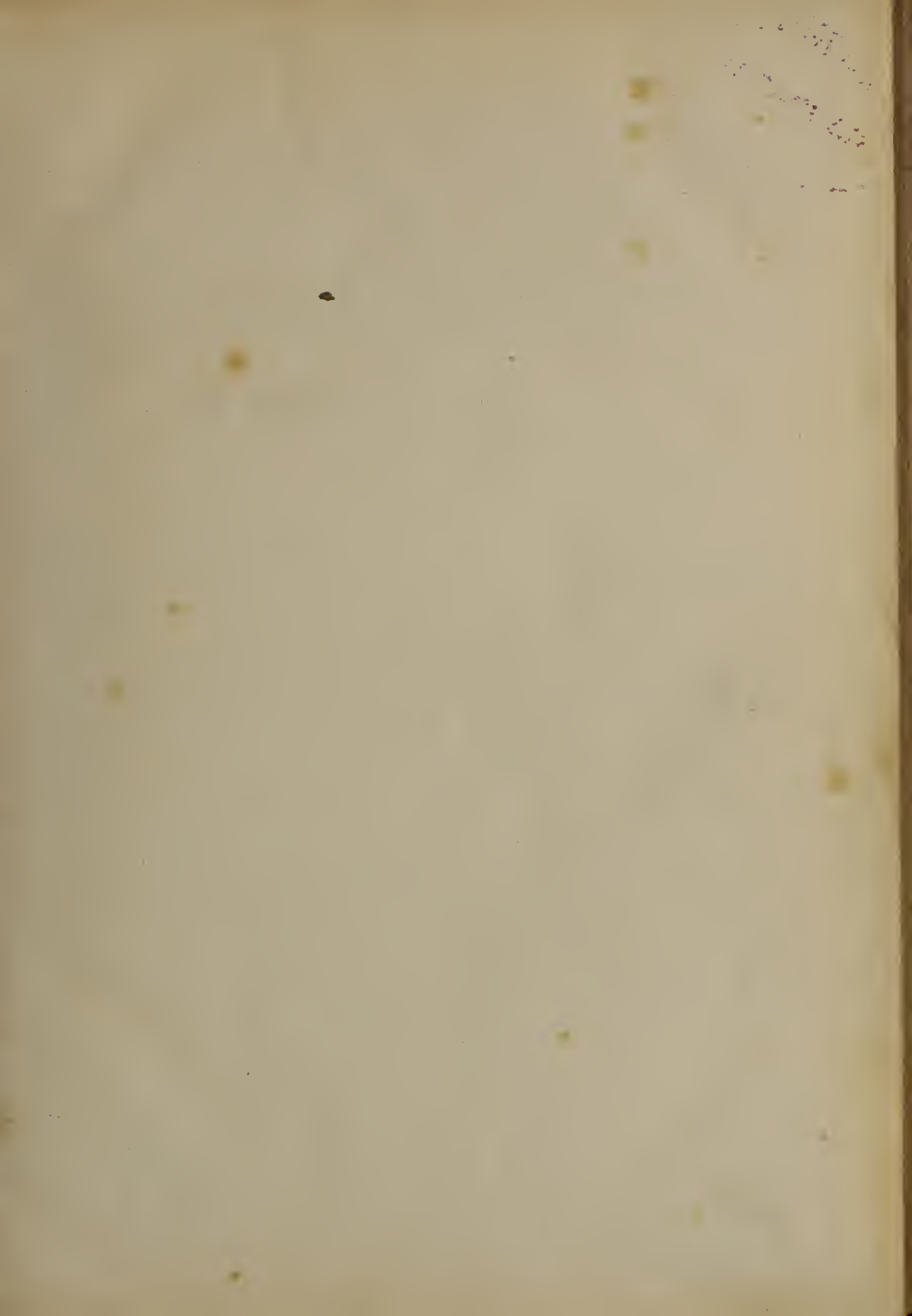


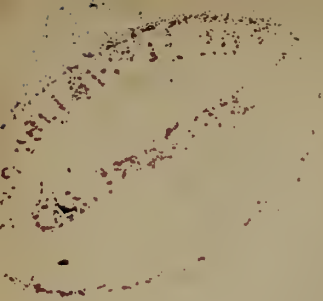
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THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

HEALTH AND CHOICE LITERATURE
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

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No. 1.

LOVE and MISCHIEF.

BY ZAVARR WILMHURST.

One sunny day, Love chose to stray
Adown a rosy path forbidden,
Where Mischief deep in ambush lay,
And watched his snare 'neath flowers hidden.

Love, tumbling in, began to shout
For Mischief's aid, lest he should smother;
"You little demon! let me out,
Or I'll report you to my mother."

Said Mischief, "I'll not set you free
Unless you share your power with me,
And give, of every heart you gain,
One half to joy, and half to pain."

Love struggled, but in vain, alas!
He was not born to prove a martyr;
And, sad to tell, it came to pass
He gave in to the little Tartar.

Love flew to Venus in a pet,
And cried, when he had told his story,
"O Queen of Beauty! never let
That little imp wear half my glory."

The goddess, with a look sedate,
Replied, "I cannot alter fate:
But you shall conquer still, my boy,—
I'll make love's pain more sweet than joy."

Scribner's Monthly.

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

A Visit to 'Sunshine Meadows,' and What Became of it.

CHAPTER I.

"It appears to me, there is a powerful attraction somewhere," said Alicia to her brother Rudolph Mercer, as he stood hat in hand, ready for an evening walk. "I wonder if a pair of blue eyes at the 'Fernery' are looking down the Evergreen Avenue, watching for somebody's footsteps. I should think you might give us your company for a night or two in the week." And Alicia gave her gayest girl's saucy toss, and bent her dark eyes on the page of a French novel which she was perusing.

"Effects follow cause, as a natural sequence," said Rudolph. "And if I am not at home as much as I might be, there is a cause for it. I am not going to the 'Fernery' to-night, though it is a very pleasant place, and the company is very enjoyable. I am going over to 'Sunshine Meadows,' to spend an hour or two with a couple of friends who came to town this afternoon on business, and are going to spend the evening there."

"You are quite enigmatical," said Alicia, "please explain yourself. Where is the delectable spot you designate by the suggestive title of 'Sunshine Meadows?' And what do you

mean by saying there is a cause for your absence from home evening after evening if it be not the proprietor of the blue eyes at the 'Fernery'?"

"It is not an easy matter," said Rudolph, "to explain to your satisfaction, or perhaps to mine either, the cause of my being so frequently from home in the evening. I can only say that somehow or other there are places more attractive to me than home. The other evening cousin Nell, played and sang,—

"The dearest spot on earth to me,
Is home, sweet home,"

while uncle Ben played the alto on his violin, and sang the bass at the same time. I thought I never heard anything so beautiful, and I felt half ashamed when I thought that the words did not admit of a personal application in my case. I thought it was very appropriate there, for everything is so pleasant at uncle's; that's why I called it 'Sunshine Meadows.' Uncle you know calls it 'Cloverdale,' a more euphonious name I must confess, but I think my name is most expressive. I think Aunt ought to have been christened Sunshine, for one can scarcely be in her presence or in her house without feeling pleased and at ease."

"And I think," said Alicia, "you ought to have been christened Moonshine, for three reasons; in the first place, because you are out so much at nights; in the second place, because you are so visionary; and in the third place, because you have but one bright side to you and that is turned away from your friends the greater part of the time."

"There is this resemblance between me and moonshine at least," retorted Rudolph, "I turn my bright side towards the sunlight!"

"Moonshine is borrowed light, and I hope when you get out into the sunlight you will borrow a little, and when next we see your face, shed a ray or two upon our darkness, will you?" said Alicia as her brother strode from the room.

"I wonder how it is," mused Alicia when her brother had departed, that every one has a good word for uncle Ben and aunt Sarah. One would think their place was a little paradise. I am sure their house is not so well furnished as ours, nor is it so pleasantly located. It is not so airy a situation, and their shade trees and shrubbery do not compare with ours. After all I do enjoy a visit there myself. I suppose it is in the people. Some folks have a wonderful faculty of making themselves agreeable, and every body likes them. Others haven't that faculty, and so must be content with enjoying themselves. I am sure we cannot help our natural dispositions," and she resumed her novel.

Next morning Alicia had an errand to the nearest market town which required her to take the early train, so her brother who usually on such occasions accompanied her to the train, as he had retired very late the night before was left undisturbed.

When she had seated herself in the first-class car, two gentlemen, both of prepossessing appearance, but one of particularly intellectual and refined features, took seats directly opposite that occupied by Alicia, and immediately fell into conversation.

"Too early up for you Tom, eh?" inquired the one last mentioned.

"No indeed Frank," returned the other, "I have rarely had such a treat as I enjoyed this morning. I do not wonder that the people in the rural districts rise so early. I think I should be tempted to get up with the birds if I lived in such a delightful spot."

"Wasn't it a miniature paradise," said Frank! "Do you know I was thinking as we strolled through the garden with its walks and shrubbery so tastefully arranged, its wealth of flowers laden with rich perfume and fringed with sparkling dewdrops, which looked like strings of pearls hung on them as a special temporary adornment, and then the beautiful plumaged humming-birds flitting about on their tireless wings, or balancing themselves as if standing on air, and the groves ringing with the glad notes of numerous song birds: I thought if the original Eve lived in so delightful a spot as that, she ought to have been content to live in blissful ignorance of the quality of the prohibited fruit."

"You are very sentimental Frank, this morning, and I confess that the attractions of the place produced a deep impression on my own mind, but you know how difficult it is for me to give expression to my feelings, and so I rarely try, though perhaps I find as much satisfaction in contemplating and admiring the grand and the beautiful in nature as any one, but I sometimes think if I had the ability and disposition to communicate my sentiments to others, as you have, I might contribute more to the happiness of others, and so increase my own."

"You were not so very deficient in capacity to communicate your ideas and sentiments last evening, when you had those interesting ladies as interested listeners. Do you know I almost envied you, unselfish as you know I am usually. You seemed, somehow, to get the start of me in their good graces, and, were it not that I was entertained with unusually interesting reminiscences of the old gentleman's early life, I don't know but I should have felt a little jealous of you."

"I think, Frank, that if it was anybody's duty to get jealous, it was mine, for after I had succeeded in entertaining the ladies with some degree of satisfaction, to myself at least, you managed to ingratiate yourself into their favor, and then monopolized them nearly all the rest of the evening. I think it is a pity Rudolph did not bring his sister with him, it would have made the company more complete; and I should judge from her aunt's description of her, that if she is as cultivated in mind and amiable in disposition, as she is attractive in person, her presence would have been quite an acquisition."

"I do not doubt it would, and I must confess that, if my judgment is of any value, the family at 'Cloverdale' is one of most amiable I have met with; there is so much cordiality, and sunshine, and politeness in all their deportment, that really, on leaving there this morning, after having been there but part of a day, it seemed as if I were leaving home."

Alicia, who from her proximity to the two strangers, could not fail to hear their conversation, became deeply interested as it proceeded, and felt a spontaneous kindling of admiration for the sentiments they expressed; and the mention of her brother's name impressed her with the conviction, that they were the persons whom her brother had gone to meet at 'Sunshine Meadows,' as he chose to call his uncle's pleasant cottage home; but, when reference was made to herself in such complimentary terms, it brought a blush to her cheek, and a degree of nervous excitement to her frame, which she could with difficulty conceal. It is no wonder, therefore, that when the conductor shouted "tickets," in her effort to extract her ticket from the glove where she had placed it for convenience, she dropped her handkerchief, which the stranger we have called Frank, perceiving, instantly picked up and politely handed to her, saying, "Excuse me, madam." Alicia recognized the courtesy with a slight bow, and the simple word "thanks." And, on that simple incident accompanied with the fact that in picking up the handkerchief Frank noticed the delicately wrought but plainly depicted letters A. M., hang the most important events of our narrative. Up to this time the two friends had not noticed Alicia, but now, naturally enough, Frank turned a momentary glance at the fair face, and almost involuntarily their eyes met, and suddenly dropped again, and Frank felt an undefinable sensation resulting from that momentary glance. At first he felt sure he had seen that face before, but where, or under what

circumstances, he could not determine, and while he was searching the records of the past, for the picture of that expressive and yet mysterious countenance, the train stopped, and Alicia alighted without turning her eyes again in the direction of the strangers. Vainly Frank traversed over again the highways and byways of his past life for the picture of the face that haunted him. His travels, toils, and recreations were scanned, but persistently refused a revelation. Had they ever met before, or was that look the result of the fact that she knew more of him than he knew of her; the fact that he had spoken in her praise, unconscious of her presence; a mental cognizance crystalized as it were into a glance, the pictured language of the eye, read but by kindred souls in kindred circumstances? Be that as it may, the mysterious impression of that momentary glance in Frank's mind remained for the time incapable of solution.

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

A TRUE MAN.

William Welsh, the brother of the present Minister to England, had a national reputation for benevolence and integrity. He was chosen President of the Indian Commission, from the reliance which the country placed in his invincible honesty. He said once to a young man, "At your age, birth, position and wealth appear enduring things; but at mine, a man sees that nothing lasts but character."

There are few men whose character exerts so sharp and powerful an effect upon those with whom they come in contact as did that of Mr. Welsh. He was a tall, soldierly old man, whose white hair and courtly bearing alone would have inspired respect; but there was a force of truth in the keen eye, and simple, direct speech, which made it very embarrassing for a corrupt man to endeavor to deceive him.

The city of Philadelphia holds in trust certain charities, the income of which amounts to several millions of dollars annually. The management of these vast sums is confided to a Board of men selected for their unimpeachable honor. Of these Mr. Welsh was chairman. A few years ago, three of the most powerful political ringleaders in that city maneuvered themselves into the board for the worst purposes. They had great wealth and unlimited political influence.

"What is to be done, Mr. Welsh?" he was asked, on the day after the election. "They will rob while you are looking at them. Nobody will dare hint suspicion."

"O, we will deal with them pleasantly—pleasantly," said the old gentleman, calmly.

The board met an hour later. The new-comers were in their places.

"Gentlemen," said the venerable chairman, in the gentlest of voices, his eye full upon them. "It is as well to say frankly at once that we know you, and know why you are here. It will be necessary for you to leave your usual habits outside of this Board. No fraud nor stealing will be permitted in it. We will now proceed to business."

The men were absolutely stunned into silence, and while they remained on the Board conducted themselves with scrupulous honesty. There never probably was a more significant example of the sheer force of resolute integrity.—*True Flag.*

A Debt of Honor.

One day, while a dunning tradesman was in the room of a nobleman, vainly endeavoring to extract money, a letter was brought requesting the payment of a very large sum lost at cards. This debt was settled before the wondering eyes of the tailor, who was far from pleased at seeing money which he considered he had a prior claim to going into other hands. "That was a debt of honor," calmly remarked the nobleman. "And may I ask what you call a debt of honor, my lord?" "A debt of honor, is one contracted verbally, and one the payment of which cannot be exacted by law." "Thank you, my lord; then from henceforth I prefer to have no claim on your lordship;" and the wily man tore his bill in two. The stroke of diplomacy succeeded, and the tailor got his money.

Sunshine and Clouds.

BY NICHOLAS KNIGO.

Sorrow and gladness together go wending,
 Evil and good come in quick interchange,
 Fair and foul fortune forever are blending,
 Sunshine and clouds have the skies for their range;
 Gold of earth's day
 Is but splendid clay:
 Alone heaven's happiness lasteth for aye.

Everything here hath the germ of decay in it,
 Every one findeth some grief in his breast;
 And soon is the bosom, though jewels blaze gay on it,
 Filled full of sorrow and secret unrest.
 Each has its own,
 Known or unknown:
 Heaven from woe is exempted alone.

Sharp thorns guard the rose in which most thou delightest,
 And, the deadlier the poison, the fairer the flower:
 The heart may be crushed while the cheek is the brightest,
 And fortune oft changes her tide in an hour.
 Mid many woes
 The stream of life flows:
 Heaven alone steadfast happiness knows.

Oh! then let my lot and my life be appointed
 Just as my Lord and my God seeth meet!
 Let the wicked go on still for evil anointed,
 And the world have its way till the end is complete!
 Time's tree will cast
 Its leaves on the blast,
 And Heaven make everything right at the last!

VULGARITY.

We have a friend that never speaks a "vulgar word." He is a minister and a writer of ability. "I resolved when I was a child," said he, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honored man to-day. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys easily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words which she would not give utterance to before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet not so wicked. It becomes a habit; it leads to profanity; it fills the mind with evil thoughts; it vulgarizes and degrades the soul; it prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society. Dear young reader, set a watch upon the door of your lips; keep your mouth free from all impurity.—*S. S. Advocate.*

CURIOSITIES OF WOOING.

In olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool which the lady had been unraveling.

"Grace," said he, "we have been untying knots. Let us see if we can tie one which will not untie in a lifetime."

With a piece of tape, he fashioned half a true-lover's knot, Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain. Most men, when they "pop" by writing, are more straightforward and matter-of-fact. Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart,—

"Dear Mrs. Scurlough (there were no misses in those days), I am tired of calling you by that name, therefore say a day when you will take that of madam. Your most devoted, humble servant, Richard Steele."

She fixed the day, accordingly, and Steele changed her name instead of her heart to the suitor. The celebrated preacher, White-

field, proposed marriage to a young lady in a very cool manner, as though Whitefield meant a field of ice. He addressed a letter to her parents, without consulting the maiden, in which he said they need not be afraid of offending him by a refusal, as he was quite free from the passion called love. Of course the lady did not conclude that this field, however white, was the field for her.

The well-known brothers, Jacob and William Grimm, were exceedingly attached to each other, and had no desire to be married. But it was thought proper by their friends that one of them should become a husband, and Jacob being the elder, it was agreed that he should be the one to enter the bonds of matrimony. A suitable lady was found, but Jacob declined to do the courting, requesting William to act as his agent. William consented, but soon found that he was in love, and wanted the lady for himself. He could not think, however, of depriving his brother of such a treasure, and knew not how to act. An aunt kindly relieved him in his difficulty by telling Jacob, who willingly resigned the damsel to his brother, and went out of the way till she had been made Mrs. William Grimm.

A Scotch beadle was the one who popped the question in the grimmest manner. He took his sweetheart into the graveyard, and showing her a dark corner, said,—

"Mary, my folks lie there. Would you like to lie there, Mary?"

Mary was a sensible lassie, and expressed her willingness to obtain the right to be buried near the beadle's relations by uniting herself to him in wedlock.

A similar unromantic view of the subject was taken by another Scotch maiden. Upon her lover remarking, "I think I'll marry thee, Jean," she replied, "Man Jock, I would be muckle oblegged to ye if ye would."

Purity of Character.

There grows a bloom of beauty, over the surface of the plum and apricot, more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheeks. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone forever; for it never grows out once. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew; arrayed as a queenly woman never was arrayed with jewels: once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven.

On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, and trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by a scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once defiled can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. He who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears.

Pleasure for a Child.

Douglas Jerrold wrote thus pleasantly of child life: "Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost every body remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh."

HANS AND FRITZ.

Hans and Fritz were two Deutchers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride;
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Gell*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan.
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote:—
"Berhabs id vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feffy tollars to-day."—
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich one holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You keep dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans: "Dot ish so;
Dot makes me remempers I haf got to bay,
Und I prings up der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw;
Now, who dakes dot baper according by law?"

"I keeps dot; now, aind't it?" says Fritz, "den you see
I always remempers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so, it vas now shust so blain
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

—C. F. Adams, in *Appleton's Journal*.

STANDING TREAT.

No American custom causes more genuine surprise and amusement among travelling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating"—consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshments for which one volunteers to pay. It is a pure Americanism; all over the Republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. There is probably no minute of any day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of Chicago are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have never exchanged a word together is a signal for both instantly to exclaim, "Come, let's have something!" and for both to dive down into the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk. The one who spoke first usually insists upon "paying the shot"—the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two old friends meet, the regular thing to say first is "Let's drink to old times;" and the resident must invariably "treat" the stranger. If a man be well acquainted, it is considered the princely thing to seize upon all his acquaintances as often as possible; take them to a saloon, and give them a complicated stand up drink at the bar.

If there is anything absurder than this habit, we are unable to put our finger on it. Men do not always "treat" one another to car tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket-book on encountering an acquaintance, and say, "Ah, George! Delighted to see you! Do take a few postage stamps. It's my treat!" Do men have a mania for paying each other's board bill? And is drinking together more "social" than eating together or sleeping together?

A traveler may go all over the continent of Europe, of Asia and of Africa, without seeing any man except a Yankee, offer to "treat," and the Frenchmen are quite social enough, but when they turn into a cafe to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans long separated meet, they will be very likely to embrace, and then to turn into an adjacent beer cellar, sit down and drink lager and eat pretzels and chat, but when they part again, each man settles his own score independently. So in Italy. The Italians are proverbially merry and generous, but each man

pays for his own wine, macaroni and cigars. They never go into each other's pocket-book in the sacred name of friendship. They would as soon think of transferring to each other their washerwoman's bills.

The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America. There would be as little need of temperance societies and little work for the Good Templars as there is in Germany, France and Italy, if this pernicious and insidious habit was abolished. It is, take it all in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable, and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilized human beings.—*Chicago Post*.

"I Wish I Had Capital."

We do not know the author of the following, but he preaches one of the best practical business sermons to young men that we have read this many a day:—

"I wish I had capital." So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in our office. We did want to tell him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him. You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital? Haven't you got hands and feet and muscle and bone and brains? and don't you call them capital? What more did God give to anybody? "Oh, they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and no one can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't, it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plow or hoe or jack-plane or broad-ax that you can find, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Ay, but there's the rub. You don't want to work; you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman, and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or want to marry some rich girl, who may be foolish enough to marry you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold: you would only know how to waste.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for somebody to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you be sure to do it as Billy Gray did his drumming,—well. Yes, what you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any more to manage.

—*Cottage Hearth*.

Squandering Priceless Gifts.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvelous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its starry blossoms, morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But, who, among the sons and daughters of men,—gifted with thoughts which wander through eternity, and with powers which have the god-like privilege of working good and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of these thoughts drop to the ground and rot? who does not continually leave his powers to drizzle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose. But, as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn there may, perhaps, be one in a million that will grow on into a tree—somewhat in like manner fares it with the thoughts and feelings of man.—*Julius Hare*.

FARMER JOHN.

In a nice new cottage lived Farmer John,
With his boys so trim and neat,
And his girls just patterned by mother Jane,
Bright and womanly sweet.

There was love in the cottage of Farmer John,
There was reverent household prayer,
It was thrifty without and bonny within,
Save for one failing there.

The ample storehouse of Farmer John
Was packed from sleeper to peak,
His purse was rounded out full and deep,
But for a single leak.

One sorrow there was for Farmer John;
His neighbor over the way,
Was one who tarried long at the cup,
And he tarried day by day.

Now it moved the heart of friendly John
To a kind persuasive word,
He pleaded as man may plead with man,
Till the drunkard's soul was stirred.

Said neighbor Nat: "You're a good man, John,
Or I wouldn't bear your speech;
Your sermon—it has a right, true ring,
But I in turn must preach.

"Say you, the bottle that makes me mad
I must to my thirst deny,
The weed that smirches your Christian face
Is never denied, say I.

"I'll pledge you honor, my good friend John,
If you will but pledge me, too;
I never will drink another dram,
If you'll never smoke or chew."

It touched the marrow of Christian John,
And he dare not now be loth,
He quickly answered: "It shall be done;
And may God help us both!"

And now he reckoned, good Farmer John,
The cost of a vice so dear;
How health and sweetness had dribbled away;
With the dollars year by year.

He wanted more acres—ambitious John—
For his boys and girls to share;
But quid and pipe had driveled and smoked
The acres into the air.

"We've scotched our tyrants," cried earnest John;
"By the grace of God we'll kill!"
Now neighbor Nat is a sober man,
And John is a victor still.

Anecdote Of Peter The Great.

Peter of Russia, or Peter the Great, as he is commonly called, was a man of remarkable qualities of mind, and though very arbitrary, was still kind and considerate to those who deserved encouragement. One day, a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance of Peter's private chambers in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door, Prince Mentchikoff, the favorite minister of the czar, approached, attempting to enter. He was stopped by the recruit. The prince, who had the fullest liberty of calling upon his master at any time, sought to push the guard and pass him, yet the young man would not move, but ordered his highness to stand back.

"You fool!" shouted the prince, "don't you know me?"

The recruit smiled and said, "Very well, your highness, but my orders are peremptory to let nobody pass."

The prince, exasperated at the low fellow's impudence struck him a blow in the face with his riding-whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you go in."

Peter, in the room, hearing the noise outside, opened the door and inquired what it meant, and the prince told him. The czar was amused, but said nothing at the time. In the evening, however, he sent for the prince and the soldier. As they both appeared, Peter gave his own cane to the soldier, saying:

"That man struck you in the morning; now you must return the blow to that fellow with my stick."

The prince was amazed. "Your majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"I make him a captain," said Peter.

"But I'm an officer of your majesty's household," objected the prince.

"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards and an officer of the household," said Peter, again.

"My rank, your majesty knows, is that of general," again protested Mentchikoff.

"Then I make him a general, so that the beating you get may come from a man of your rank."

The prince got a sound thrashing in the presence of the czar, the recruit was next day commissioned a general, with the title of Count Orinoff, and was the founder of a powerful family whose descendants are still high in the imperial service of Russia.

Measure for Measure.

Not long ago he of the pack chanced upon his journey to stop at the house of a well-to-do farmer. "Would the madam wish to look at my goods?" inquired the peddler, as the woman of the house answered his respectful summons at the door. "Well, yes, I don't mind if I do. Have you got any linen table-cloths?" "Yes," he had; and without more ado he unfasted his burden and spread the stock before her gaze. The woman examined the table-cloths very closely, asked the price of them, and altogether she managed to detain the man about an hour. Finally she said, "I bought some in Ithaca, yesterday, and I only wanted to see if them dry-goods men cheated me." With commendable good-nature the disappointed fellow repacked his goods and went his way.

A month or so passed, and once more he knocked at the same farmer's door, this time not to sell, but to buy. "Can you get me up a first-class dinner?" he asked. "Something good; I've got money and want to see your best." The woman of the house bustled about at a lively rate, the vision of a good fee for the meal lending alacrity to her movements, and presently she returned to the room where the peddler was waiting, and announced that dinner was ready. He walks out to the dining-room, puts on a pair of goggles and critically inspects the viands. After probing the steak and turning the eggs and sniffing the coffee, he turned to the astonished female, and remarked, "I don't want anything; I just paid for my dinner at the house below, and I thought I'd find out whether they cheated me." And grabbing up his bundle, he managed to dodge out of the door before the irate woman could reach him.

The philosophy of medication is founded on observed facts. Tartar emetic acts on the stomach, brandy affects the brain, strychnine shocks the nerves, Virginia snake root retards the circulation of the blood by arresting the action of the heart, and calomel stimulates the liver. It is not improbable that every important part of the human system is amenable to some one remedial agent or another in nature. We may never know the why or the how of these things, but the facts themselves are undeniable, and these constitute the reasons for administering medicine in any case, and thus far it is a science.

How many chapters in the life-volume are like the closing book of a princely poem!—full of dim suggestions and of half-answered questions and half-questioning answers, enticing by their very mystery, but unexplained and incomprehensible until we reach the close, when they flash upon us full of meaning and beauty. Others are like the transparent pictures without a light behind them, and that light will not be given until we stand in the dawn of an eternal day.—Emily Whiting.

The Truest Heart.

The book of life before me now is lying,
I read on every page with joy and tears,
The goodness, kindness and the love undying
Which; mother, you have shown me all my years.

I read how you my infant couch attended,
Through long and weary nights of anxious care;
How that the life but just begun had ended,
Had not the mother's saving hand been there.

I read how you my early footsteps guided,
And watched solicitous my later youth:
And how the early fault you gently chided
And taught me virtue, love and holy truth.

O, that those sinless years to me returning,
The purity of life's young day could bring!
O weary soul, so full of fruitless yearning,
How sin hath soiled the plumage of thy wing!

Thine image, gentle mother, 's ever near me,
Where'er I go it follows night and day;
It rises o'er the gloom a star to guide me
And lead me from temptation's dangerous way.

I've wandered far and tasted many a pleasure,
Have drank of sorrow, tasted friendship's worth,
My erring feet have moved to folly's measure.
But thee I've found the truest heart on earth.

How a Boy Became Rich.

A certain man, who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said:—

"My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. And after this I was allowed to play and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

"You remind me," says Mr. Oddfish, "of a funny story I heard, giving two rules for getting rich. A gentleman once reported to the government tax collector that his income for the previous year had amounted to two thousand dollars. A meddling neighbor was surprised at the largeness of the sum, and when he met his prosperous friend he said to him:—

"You have returned an income of two thousand dollars for the past year?"

"Yes, sir," answered the other.

"Well, how did you make so much? I don't see how you could do it."

"Well, sir, I made one thousand dollars clean cash by attending to my own business, and I made the other thousand dollars by letting other folks' business alone."

CHARACTER.—The character is formed by the personal habits of daily life as much as by the thoughts and principles inculcated. The careless and unmethodical in action will scarcely be the accurate observer, the correct reporter, the reliable authority, or the steadfast supporter in other matters. The loose ends of daily habits repeat themselves in the character; and graver virtues than the prosaic qualities of method, order, regularity and the like follow on those habits of forethought and observation which elder people try so hard to inculcate on the younger, and the younger try so hard not to learn. Also no one can exaggerate the importance of daily combating the sins or the frailties that most easily beset us. To give way to-day to a fit of inconsiderate selfishness, unfounded suspicion, irrational anger, or careless self-indulgence makes control all the harder to-morrow, and the folly committed now all the easier to repeat then. The character is not formed by great leaps, by one strong impression, by a few striking experiences, but by small repeated touches, by the constant rippling of daily thoughts, the minute shaping of daily habits.

KEEP CHEERFUL.

The following sunny thoughts are from one of Rev. W. H. H. Murray's Golden-Rule articles. They are decidedly healthful, teaching the truest philosophy:—

It is not very difficult for a person to be sunny-tempered when everything is going prosperously with him. When a man has made two or three hundred dollars a day, and all the signs are favorable for his making the same amount to-morrow, how good-natured he can be! When the hour comes to close the store, he takes his hat from the peg, buttons up his overcoat, draws on his gloves, and starts for his home with the feelings of a king. He feels kindly towards everybody. He buys a paper of the news-boy, snaps him a ten-cent scrip, and hurries along without waiting for the return change, chuckling to himself as if he had perpetrated a first-class joke. When he comes to his house, he smiles at the servant, kisses his wife, —or ought to,—bounces the baby, and fills the entire household with a sense of his own supreme satisfaction. Ah me! How easy it is to be good-natured under such circumstances! What saints we are when we have all we want!

But times change. The business sky looks darker and becomes black with ominous clouds. Under our feet run rumblings and the premonitory unsteadiness which always precede a financial earthquake. The commercial atmosphere is motionless and oppressive; everybody senses danger. Buyers are timid; sellers are suspicious. The current of trade shrinks. Goods remain unsold; paper on which you had relied goes to protest; household expenses begin to crowd; small bills accumulate; duns grow imperative. Ah, now is the time, friend, when good-nature in you is a virtue; yea, a grace so white that it shall be seen in the highest heaven, and noted there. Now is the time for you to show what stuff you are really made of. Now is the time, if you are a gentleman, to prove it. If you love your wife, now is the time to show it. If you have faith in something nobler, higher, sweeter than this world and its possessions, let that faith be manifest in your conduct everywhere. Don't take a gloomy face, and a surly voice, and a sour temper, to your household. That household has its own cares and troubles, and clouds enough in its own sky. Tell your wife your difficulties, but in such a brave, gentle, and loving way, as, instead of oppressing her spirits, will cause them, rather, to rise buoyantly at the thought that she is fully trusted by you, and may be able to help you. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

MORGAN PRUSSIA.

The Irishman Who Outwitted a Monarch.

George the Fourth, who was remarkable for his dexterity in telling a story, when Prince Regent, was fond of collecting instances of the whim and humor of the Irish peasantry. One of those was the history of Morgan Prussia.

Morgan, the gay and handsome son of a low Irish farmer, tired of home, went to take the chances of the world, and seek his fortune. By what means he traversed England, or made his way to France, is not told. But he at length crossed France, and, probably without much knowledge or much care whether he was moving to the North or South Pole, found himself in the Prussian territory. This was in the day of the first Frederick, famous for his tall regiment of guards, and for nothing else, except his being the most dangerous compound of fool and madman among the crowned heads of the Continent. He had but one ambition, that of inspecting twice a day a regiment of a thousand grenadiers, not one of whom was less than six feet and a half high. Morgan was an Irish giant, and was instantly seized by the Prussian recruiting sergeants, who forced him to volunteer into the tall battalion. This turn of fate was totally out of the Irishman's calculation, and the prospect of carrying a musket till his dying day on the Potsdam parade, after having made up his mind to live by his wits and rove the world, more than once tempted him to think of leaving his musket and his honor behind him, and fairly trying his chance for escape. But the attempt was always found impracticable; the frontier was too closely watched, and Morgan still marched up and down the Potsdam parade with a disconsolate heart, when one evening a Turkish recruit was brought in; for Frederick looked to nothing but the thews and sinews of a man, and the Turk was full seven feet high.

"How much did his Majesty give for catching that heathen?" said Morgan to his corporal.

"Four hundred dollars," was the answer.

He burst out into an exclamation of astonishment at his waste of royal treasure upon a Turk.

"Why, they cannot be got for less," replied the corporal.

"What a pity my five brothers cannot hear of it!" said Morgan; "I am adwarf to any one of them, and the sound of half the money would bring them all over immediately."

As the discovery of a tall recruit was the well-known road to favoritism, five were worth at least a pair of colors to the corporal. The conversation was immediately carried to the sergeant, and from him, through the gradation of officers, to the colonel, who took the first opportunity of mentioning it to the king. The colonel was instantly ordered to question Morgan; but he at once lost all recollection of the subject.

"He had no brothers; he had made the regiment his father and mother and relations, and there he hoped to live and die."

But he was still urged more strongly, and at length confessed that he had brothers, even above the regimental standard, but that nothing on earth could stir them from their spades.

After some time the king inquired for the five recruits, and was indignant when he was told of the impossibility of enlisting them.

"Send the fellow himself," he exclaimed, "and let him bring them back."

The order was given: but Morgan was broken-hearted "at the idea of so long an absence from the regiment." He applied to the colonel to have the order revoked, or at least given to some one else. But this was out of the question, for Frederick's word was always irrevocable, and Morgan, with a disconsolate face, prepared to set out upon his mission. But a new difficulty struck him. "How was he to make his brothers come, unless he showed them the recruiting money?" This objection was at last obviated by the advance of a sum equal to about three hundred pounds sterling, as a first instalment for the purchase of his family. Like a loyal grenadier the Irishman was now ready to attempt anything for his colonel or his king, and Morgan began his journey. But, as he was stepping out of the gates of Potsdam, another difficulty occurred; and he returned to tell the colonel that, of all people existing, the Irish were the most apt to doubt a traveller's story, they being in the habit of a good deal of exercise in that style themselves; and that when he should go back to his own country, and tell them of the capital treatment and sure promotion that a soldier met with in the guards, the probability was that they would laugh in his face. As to the money, "There were some who would not scruple to say that he stole it, or tricked some one out of it. But, undoubtedly; when they saw him walking back only as a common soldier, he was sure they would not believe a syllable, let him say what he would about rising in the service."

The objection was intelligible enough, and the colonel represented it to Frederick, who, doubly outrageous at the delay, swore a grenadier oath, ordered Morgan to be made *sous officier*, or upper sergeant, and, with a sword and epaulette, sent him instantly across the Rhine to convince his five brothers of the rapidity of Prussian promotion. Morgan flew to his home in the County Carlow, delighted the firesides for many a mile round with his having outwitted a king and a whole battalion of grenadiers, laid out his recruiting money on land, and became a man of estate at the expense of the Prussian treasury.

One ceremony remains to be recorded. Once a year, on the anniversary of the day on which he left Potsdam and its giants behind, he climbed a hill within a short distance of his house, turned himself in the direction of Prussia, and, with the most contemptuous gesture which he could contrive, bade good-by to his Majesty. The *ruse* was long a great source of amusement, and its hero, like other heroes, bore through life the name he earned by his exploit—Morgan Prussia.

How Queen Victoria Wedded.

Certainly the young Queen thought less of England than of marriage. The ministers would fain have made her marriage a sort of international treaty. Beyond all doubt, Victoria was the finest match in the world. The Queen, however, was full of a host of little projects, ever shifting and changing, like the little heaps of sand the children raise in the garden of the Luxembourg. She told her mother she would wed with no

one whom she did not love. The Duchess of Kent reported the speech to the ministers, who thought it revolutionary in the extreme. Coronation day came, and next day the ball at Windsor. Among the dancers was a tall, handsome, slender student, from the University of Bonn—her cousin, a Cobourg, like herself. The Queen noticed him, and Prince Albert did not return to Bonn. Even had he not loved, he would have stayed; and he loved. But his cousin was the Queen! Here the woman had to make the advances. Victoria, deeply touched as she was by this love (which was never more to leave her), could not easily conquer the maidenly timidity due to her severe education.

However, one morning they were riding together—she and he—down the great avenue at Windsor. Those oaks were younger then, but old enough already. After a gallop they found themselves alone. We know how dangerous it is for a man and woman to ride together. Suddenly the Queen took a sprig of honeysuckle from her bosom, and, stooping, offered it to Prince Albert. Bending to reach it, his lips touched the tips of his cousin's gloves. Perhaps 'twas the fault of the horses. The woods of England and of France know well how many loves the noble brutes have been the cause of. A silence followed, more sweet than anything ever sung to the heart by Mozart.

Next morning Prince Albert still wore the honeysuckle in his button-hole. He kept it even when it had faded. A fortnight after that ride the plenipotentiary minister handed King Leopold of Belgium a tiny letter, closed by an enormous red seal, as though it had a mighty secret of State. It began "My dear uncle," and was signed "Victoria." A month after, the Queen mentioned her intention to marry Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, to her ministers. She asked their counsel, but with a pretty air of decision which caused them to reply with a unanimous "Yes." The wedding took place on the 10th of February, 1840. The Queen of England had married for love, and Lord Melbourne was right when he told England that "the Queen's marriage was the Queen's romance."

Busy Workers Underground.

It is not generally known to what extent we are indebted to worms for the productiveness of our gardens and fields. It has been found by a series of experiments carried out by a German naturalist, that the tunnels made by worms into the earth are frequently of much service to plants whose roots occupy the channels that have thus been made. The mould of our gardens, and fields too, is improved to an almost inconceivable extent by the burrowings of this humble insect. Each worm in less than a week passes through its body its own weight in mould, and the soil thus produced is fine and light and extremely helpful to the growth of plants. When it is remembered that there are in every acre some 34,000 worms, and that in addition to forming every day about thirty-seven pounds of fine mould, they open up the subsoil and render it fertile, we shall gain some slight conception of our indebtedness to these apparently insignificant and generally unthought-of little workers.

"CUTTING A DIDO."—This is a phrase older than most people imagine. Do you call to mind the story of Dido, Princess of Tyre? Her husband, Acerbas, priest of Hercules, was murdered for his wealth by King Pygmalion, brother to Dido. The widowed princess succeeded so well in hiding her sorrow that she was enabled to escape from Tyre, bearing with her the wealth of her husband, and accompanied by a number of disaffected nobles.

After a variety of adventures, they landed upon the coast of Africa, where Dido bargained with the natives for as much land as she could inclose in a bull's hide. Selecting a large, tough hide, she caused it to be cut into the smallest possible threads, with which she inclosed a large tract of country, on which the city of Carthage began to rise.

The natives were bound by the letter of their bargain, and allowed the cunning queen to have her way; and after that, when any one had played off a sharp trick, they said he had "cut a Dido." That was almost three thousand years ago, and the saying has come down to our day.

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OUR readers will scarcely recognize our paper this month under its new form and name. And while we realize that changes are in general undesirable, and many of our subscribers would prefer to have our paper come out in its accustomed form, still, it seemed to us essential sooner or later to make such a change; and we trust that, in consideration of the fact that our readers receive considerably more for their money and get it in a more attractive form, they will excuse the innovation.

We probably would not have made the change so soon, were it not for the fact that a party acting ostensibly as our agent, after he had secured a large number of subscriptions (which he did not forward to us,) started a paper of his own very similar to ours, and sent it to the subscribers whose names he had taken while canvassing with our paper. Many of those parties are still under the impression they are getting the paper for which they subscribed. In its new form there will be no danger of confounding our paper with J. H. Storrs' "Ontario Family Journal."

In view of the decided change in form, we have deemed it advisable to commence with a new volume, so that a year's numbers may be completed in one form.

Subscriptions should commence with July, but may begin with October, January or April.

As the cost of publishing our paper is in its present form considerably increased, and a very considerable addition made to its reading matter; and as its general character has now become pretty well known, we do not deem it advisable or prudent, to continue the half price system any longer, as we cannot possibly make it pay at that price. At the same time we will for the next year send it on *trial* to parties who have not already so received it, for 35 cents; but we think those who have already had it at half price, will be willing now to give us a chance to make a little out of our labors. We have tried hard during the past year to give our patrons the fullest satisfaction, and we feel no small degree of pleasure in the conviction that we have secured the approval of a very large class of persons of cultured minds and refined tastes. We feel sure at least that no paper could have earned higher compliments, or from more satisfactory sources.

It will be our aim in the future to make our paper yet more acceptable and useful than heretofore, and we look with confidence to our friends for that moral support and encouragement so kindly afforded us during the past year.

In response to the request of several friends we have decided to publish an original serial story. Written by a party who has already contributed to the interest of our paper. It commences on the first page.

We wish to call the particular attention of our readers to the following points:—

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c. And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name, we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

No one need fear being imposed upon by being called upon to pay for the FAMILY CIRCLE without having subscribed for it, as we send it to none without having received satisfaction in advance, nor do we continue to send it to any after their subscriptions expire; and the date of expiry is printed with the address. Subscribers will therefore please renew, the month before their subscriptions expire, otherwise it is very likely to be neglected, even though the parties intend to renew.

Please renew promptly, as the paper will not be sent unless paid for in advance.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

We would call attention to the unusually favorable terms on which we offer "Scribner's" or "St. Nicholas" magazine, and the "Cottage Hearth," clubbed with our paper.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS ON HEALTH.

Continued from No. 14.

"It is not so easy a matter after all," said the doctor, "to ascertain the nature and origin of disease in every instance, important as it is to do so; and this difficulty arises from various sources. For much of the evidence bearing upon the origin of the disease, the physician must depend upon the statements of the patient. He may not know what facts bear upon the case, and must be questioned, and as most diseases arise out of some voluntary transgression of the laws of health, and frequently out of some degrading vice, it often happens that a patient will conceal the truth, and even make false statements to shield his own character. And it certainly does, as you remarked, require "good judgment and wise discrimination" on the part of the physician to make a reliable diagnosis in such cases. It does not answer to rely too much upon the patient's statements; yet the answers to the questions enables the discriminating physician, by comparing the apparent symptoms with the patient's statements, to come to a conclusion, more or less correct as to the nature of the malady. Diseases are however very frequently complicated. Diseased action in one part of the system creates derangement in other parts, and complicated diseases produce complicated symptoms, this increases the difficulty, and makes it still more requisite that the physician should possess fine powers of discrimination to enable him to come to proper conclusions."

"Indeed" said Mrs. Ruggles I have almost lost confidence in doctors sometimes, when I have noticed how different conclusions they come to in view of the same facts; now there is our parson, he is troubled with irritation in the throat, and sometimes it is quite distressing. The doctors call it Laryngitis or some such queer name, but one of the village doctors will have it that he is consumptive. I felt very anxious when I heard that, for I think a great deal of our pastor, and should be very sorry to have him go into consumption. He says himself that it is only clergymen's sore throat, but that it is so bad sometimes that it is very difficult for him to preach. It is strange too how they differ as to the cause of the disorder. One attributes it to exposure, another to too long and too loud speaking, and another to stiff collars and a cramped position of the neck. For my part, I think that it is talking too much on Sundays, and perhaps too little through the week, thus bringing a sudden strain upon the voice."

"And now," said the doctor, "to show how difficult it is to come to positive conclusions in such cases, I beg to differ with you all. In my opinion the difficulty lies deeper than bodily exposure, or the exercise of the voice. It is my opinion that anxiety is the chief disposing cause."

Grief and anxiety, however strange it may seem, have a powerful influence upon the membrane and muscles of the throat. We often hear of persons under the influence of some great grief saying that a big lump seemed to fill their throat, and choke their utterance. The tone of voice in which a child expresses its grief cannot be imitated without a serious strain upon the muscles of the throat. Such affection sometimes amounts to a paroxysm, to which nature gives relief by a copious secretion and outflow of tears. Anxiety, grief and care in the adult, do not often find relief in the same manner, partly because it is considered undignified and childish to appear so emotional; and consequently the class of muscles referred to are subjected to a greater strain in order to conceal emotion.

Some classes of people, and clergymen particularly, are placed in extremely trying circumstances. As teachers of the adult classes, laboring under a constant sense of moral responsibility, often oppressed with anxieties arising out of insufficient support, harassed by censures and criticisms of restless and chronic fault-finders, and the mental powers constantly taxed to supply palatable pulpit food for fastidious tastes as well as hungry souls, they are particularly subject to depressing influences predisposing them to throat affections. The remedy in such cases lies chiefly in the removal of the cause. An independence of spirit on the part of the clergyman, that will enable him always to pursue his vocation with a view to the Divine approval uninfluenced by the censures and criticisms of unreasonable men; cultivating a cheerful and contented disposition, and occasionally dismissing his conventional sedateness, giving himself enough of that cheerful light hearted abandon, which will relieve the mind of its ordinary pressure, and which is essential to the health of every man of mental toil and sedentary habits. There may be cases in which local applications would be advisable; and in such cases, a simple gargle of salt and water, or of very dilute sulphuric or hydrochloric acid may be used, but if this will not reach the seat of the difficulty, more powerful remedies may be applied, in which case a syringe constructed for that purpose should be employed in the hands of a competent physician.

"I should imagine then," said Mr. Ruggles, "that those ministers who are in the habit of reading their sermons would be comparatively free from throat disease, as their mode of preparation, and deliberation of delivery could not occasion as severe mental exercise as is required for extemporaneous speaking."

"I incline to the opinion," said the doctor, "that the advantage as far as throat affections is concerned, is on the other side. Every person I think who has had experience in the matter knows that to read aloud from a book for an hour or two occasions more fatigue and irritation to the throat, than extemporaneous speaking for the same length of time. The reason for this is, that in the latter case, the mind conceives the thought in season for the vocal organs to assume a natural attitude and utter it with ease. The two work harmoniously together. Whereas, in the case of reading, the mind is itself, at least partially, ignorant of what is coming until it is just upon it, so that the organs of speech being suddenly warned of what is to be done, perform their task under perpetual surprise and constraint, and in reading from manuscript, the difficulty is increased, because the reading being more difficult, less time is given for the adjustment of the vocal organs to the exercise they are called upon to perform, and besides, in reading, it is extremely rare that the inflexions of the voice are perfectly natural, and the tension of the muscles as frequently relieved by change of posture, as in extemporaneous speaking.

ENTICING DISHES.

We have been accused of inconsistency, in advocating the use of plain and coarse food, and moderation in eating, as being most conducive to health, and then publishing choice recipes for the preparation of dishes, which, on account of their richness, are not healthful, and which, because of their special palatability, tempt people to immoderate eating. It is not to be understood, that because we publish recipes for tasty dishes, therefore we advise or approve the use of them. Such a conclusion may be natural, but is not necessary: and we now say, that we publish them for entirely different reasons. We believe as we have frequently stated, that highly seasoned

and highly concentrated dishes, are objectionable in a hygienic point of view; but we do not imagine that advocacy of an extreme hygienic regimen would facilitate a desirable reform in living; and, indeed, it is not generally believed that extremists on this question practice what they preach. Of course, the teaching is no less sound because the teacher does not himself practice it, (as truth rests on higher grounds than human conduct,) but it does lessen the force of teaching, to find the teacher's doctrine and doings antagonistic.

We once heard a minister from the pulpit bewailing the bad influence of the "good sisters'" kind-heartedness toward their pastors, as developed in pies and puddings, and not long after, being invited to take tea with that same minister, we thought he had been an apt scholar, for the "good sisters'" kind-hearted naughtiness, found ample expression in the profusion of enticing dishes that graced his own table.

After all, though rich food is not the most wholesome, as a certain quality as well as a certain quantity is best operated on by the digestive forces, still, rich food would not be so objectionable if the quantity taken was proportioned to the richness of the dish; While, however, people will habitually partake of rich food, it is important to make it as palatable as possible, for it is certain, that as a rule, food that is grateful to the taste, is more readily digested than that which is not. We therefore give those recipes which in our opinion will give the best satisfaction, and which possess the least objectionable features; and in doing this, we hope to make our paper pleasing to our patrons, and profitable to the publisher.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The Moral Value of Physical Strength.

The American scholar and thinker is by rule a dyspeptic. He is a razor-faced, lantern-jawed, thin, nervous man. This is partly the effect of climate, and partly that of diet and regimen. In the old days of bran bread, and prayers before daylight in the college, and long morning walks before breakfast, and suicidal, consumptive habits, it required a pretty tough man to live through his studies at all. We are now doing this thing better, but we have not yet reached the highest outcome of the change, and shall not reach it, probably, for several generations. But we have come to the recognition of the fact that it does not toughen a man to reduce his diet, to cut him short in sleep, to take long walks on an empty stomach, and to indulge in cold baths when there is no well supported vitality to respond to them. We have come to the conviction that, for a useful public life, brains are of very little account if there are no muscles to do their bidding. In short, we have learned that without high physical vitality, the profoundest learning, the most charming talents, and the best accomplishments are of little use to a public man, in whatever field of professional life he may be engaged.

So, the men whom we used to starve, we feed. We bid them take all the sleep they desire. We assemble them daily in gymnasias, and train them to the development of every muscle of their frames. We encourage sports on the land and on the water. We try to raise a sound and powerful animal, in the place of the sickly and feeble one of former times, that the mind may have a source of vitality behind it, and the largest possible fund of executive power. This is all, and it cannot fail to tell in good results, sooner or later. We have still much to learn, but we are working in the right direction. —*Schöbner*.

Bodily health and mental comfort have on one another very powerful reactions. Cultivate health and a good heart, for with these you may be comfortable without a farthing; without them, never, although you may possess millions.

The worse the weather, the more need that sedentary persons should go out of doors for an hour or two; first, because whatever the out-door air may be, the in-door air is but the out-door air contaminated with the fumes of cookery and a multitude of other things. Second, no one thinks of eating less to-day because the weather is bad; but if we eat as much to-day, when we take no exercise, as we did yesterday when we took a great deal, there must be an imperfect digestion of food causing symptoms, more or less, of fullness, oppression, headache, weariness, nervousness, and a feeling of discomfort, generally.

The Philosophy of Eating.

It has become an old story that "we eat too fast." Everybody of common sense and observation knows this in regard to Americans. And we not only eat too fast, but drink too much at our meals. Our teeth are made to masticate; but instead thereof, we wash down our food, and that too often with unwholesome drinks. When we take food into our mouths, we experience a sensation of thirst, and we gulp down hot tea or coffee, or it may be a tumbler of cold water, whereas, if we were to continue to masticate, saliva would begin to flow and moisten our food, and our desire to drink would disappear. In this haste for fluid, we pour the food into our stomachs, unprepared for digestion, and lay the foundation for all the horrors of dyspepsia, liver complaint, bad blood, etc., etc. Another great evil of drinking while eating is, that we thereby are very apt to eat too much. When we do not thoroughly masticate, none of our organs are satisfied. The stomach loses its sensibility and does not indicate when we have eaten enough, and thus some eat as long as food tastes good—one of the worst rules ever followed.

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.

In almost all affections, the function of the skin is more or less disturbed; and in many important diseases, nature relieves herself almost entirely through the skin. The poisonous materials are merely thrown out by the skin, not carried away from the body by it. Nothing but soap and water can do that. If we permit the sick to remain unwashed, or their clothing to be worn after it has become saturated with perspiration or other excretions, we interfere just as much with the natural process as if a slow poison were given by the mouth; only it is not so rapid in its operation.

None but those who have been sick, and know from personal experience, can tell how much delicious comfort may be secured after the skin has been carefully washed and properly dried. It is not the mere feeling of comfort which has been obtained, but it is a sign that the vital powers have been relieved by removing something which was oppressing them.

Cleanliness of skin and ventilation have much the same end in view, the removal of noxious materials from the system as rapidly as possible.

The various modes of washing the sick can not be given here, for want of space: besides this, the physician is always ready to give any advice which may be needed. Care should be taken, in all these operations of sponging, washing, and cleansing the skin, not to expose too great a surface of the body at once, so as to check the perspiration, which might retard recovery from the disease, or renew the trouble in some other form. In several varieties of diarrhoea, dysentery, etc., when the skin is hard and harsh, the relief to the sick person from washing with water and using a good deal of soap, is almost beyond calculation.

Novel reading is the alcohol of the brain, and can, at times, be indulged in safely and to advantage in adult life, for there are occasions of depression in all, of discouragement; times when the mind is racked with apprehension, with perplexity, when no amount of thought or planning can avail, as when on shipboard, or after coming home from the business of the day; under such circumstances, to plunge into a diverting or an exciting novel brings into activity altogether different departments of the brain, draws the excess of blood away from those which have been so exercised as to have lost their natural balance and have become exhausted; by this diversion, they are rested, recuperated, gather their old power, and then can go back and work upon the old subject with the old-time energy and effect.

BILIOUS.—It has been said by a waggish writer that "we are not bilious, but *piggish*." This is explainable on the supposition that the amount of food needed in the Winter is at least in excess of that for the Summer about one-third, and that the appetite does not change in the Spring as rapidly as the warm weather advances, thus overtaxing the powers of digestion. It is also true that the elements of food, demanded in cold weather are widely different from those indicated by the Summer appetite: the one class intended to produce fatness and warmth, and the other for opposite purposes.

MALARIAL POISONING.

According to Prof. Loomis, the effects of malarial poisoning are manifested in a surprising variety of forms and symptoms: so numerous and various, in fact, that they cannot be tabulated. They embrace enlargement of the spleen, neuralgias of different forms, that may or may not be periodical; dyspeptic troubles which cannot be relieved by dyspeptic remedies; headaches, that are often treated as cerebral diseases; confusions of mind; staggering gaits; loss of power in portions of the body; impairment of mental faculties; inability to do work of any kind; not sick enough to go to bed, but too ill and habitually too tired to perform any thing that requires the least exertion; shortness of breath; rapid, weak, irregular pulse; sleepless nights, etc. The first step toward cure is removal from the malarial locality; then only may the proper medicines be expected to prove beneficial. The infection appears to be far more widely spread than is commonly supposed.

TO CURE FELON.—Equal parts soft-soap and quick-lime made into a paste: apply to felon; renew whenever dry. It will cause pain if the felon has progressed much, but it is a sure cure.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.—Take three cents' worth of alum, and burn it. Then pound it to a powder, and put in a bottle with a quart of cold water. Let it stand twenty-four hours before using; then bathe the feet, shaking the bottle before using. Bathe once a day, and in three days they will be well.

All head-aches are caused or aggravated by cold feet, costive habits, and irregular eating: if the removal of these do not cure, a physician should be called, for there is danger ahead.

All know that a lump of ice in a glass of water melts very slowly; but if divided into pea-sized pieces and stirred round it is melted with many times greater rapidity, each piece being dissolved from without inwards, and the surface exposed to the water being multifold greater. So it is with the food in the stomach, the juices of which develop it for the purpose of reducing it to a liquid form, to prepare it for yielding its nourishment to the system: the more numerous the pieces, and the smaller, the greater will be the amount of surface exposure, and the more rapidly will it be dissolved: hence the reason for chewing food well.

A man cut his throat, but after losing a quart of blood, besought his wife in the most piteous terms to send for the doctor; the brain had been relieved of the pressure which had occasioned the despondency and suicidal insanity, and the mind resumed its healthful functions. In lesser forms of depression of spirits immediate relief would follow an active emetic of a teaspoonful each of salt and ground mustard, stirred quickly in half a glass of water, and drank down; the effort and strain of vomiting drives the blood to the extremities and to the surface of the body, and thus relieve the brain.

Drunkenness is such an insufferable depotism, that not more than one in a million has force of character enough to break the fetters and live thereafter a free man. The father of the distinguished divine, Newman Hall, cured himself of habitual drunkenness, by taking night and morning, for several months, the following preparation: five grains of sulphate of iron (copperas), ten grains of magnesia, eleven grains of peppermint water, spirits of nutmeg, one dram; it prevents that physical and moral prostration which follows the sudden leaving off of the accustomed dram.

Treatment of Delirium Tremens.

C. S. Wills states, in the *British Medical Journal*, February 2nd, that he has used capsicum for more than twelve years in the treatment of *delirium tremens* with unvarying success; it has never failed, no matter how violent the patient may have been. In extreme cases thirty grains in bolus may be given every hour, but milder cases simply require smaller doses.—*Detroit Lancet*.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BUTTERMILK GRAHAM CAKE.—Take three cupfuls of rich buttermilk, add to it one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water; mix with it one large handful of bolted flour, and enough Graham flour to make it as griddle cakes; put a "gem" pan on the stove and heat it very hot; butter the apertures and turn in the batter; let it stand on the stove until the bubbles rise in the batter; then bake in a hot oven for forty minutes. These are more delicious than cake raised with yeast.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Three pints of flour, one cupful lard well mixed through it, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful ginger; beat two eggs, add one pint molasses, one cupful brown sugar, one and a half teaspoonfuls soda, dissolved in water, stirred in half a pint sour milk or buttermilk thoroughly; add all to flour; mix well, and bake in a good oven; put cake in sponge cake pans.

CORN BREAD.—One pint yellow Indian-meal, one pint flour, through which thoroughly mix one tablespoonful lard, one tablespoonful sugar (or more, according to taste), two eggs, one pint sour milk or buttermilk, in which has been stirred one teaspoonful soda previously dissolved in a little water. Bake in a quick oven.

PEARL CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one cup of corn-starch, whites of five eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the whites thoroughly, put together quickly, and add one cup of sweet milk.

SNOW SPONGE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one, cup of flour, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the whites of ten eggs, beaten thoroughly, mix flour, sugar and cream of tartar together, then add the beaten eggs.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, three cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Whites of eight eggs, one pound of raisins, and one-quarter of a pound of citron chopped.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one pound of raisins, one-fourth pound of citron, four eggs, one tablespoonful of cloves, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of soda.

APPLE CAKE.—Make as follows: Soak three cups dried apples over night, chop fine, and stew half an hour in two cups of molasses. When nearly cold, add one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cloves, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, two heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one nutmeg, three cups or more of flour, (should be a stiff paste,) and citron and chopped raisins, if desired. Very nice without. Bake thoroughly.

CREAM PUFFS.—One-half pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, eight eggs. Stir the butter into one pint of warm water; set it on the fire in a saucepan. When it boils stir in the flour and boil one minute; take it off and let it cool. Beat the eggs light separately, and stir into the cooled paste. Bake on buttered tins, dropping a spoonful at a time, and not let them run together. *Inside Cream.*—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, two eggs, two cupfuls of white sugar; wet the corn-starch with milk enough to make a smooth paste; boil the rest of the milk; to this add the corn-starch, sugar, eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, lemon or vanilla to taste. Boil and stir until smooth. Set it aside to cool. Split the cakes with a fork and fill with the cream.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Take the stalks, no matter if they are tough, peel and wash them, cut them in pieces an inch long, put them in a porcelain kettle (tin should never be used, unless new, to cook rhubarb, as it imparts a bitter taste), cover

with water and let it cook till soft, strain through a piece of flannel or jelly bag; to a pint of juice add a pound of white sugar, and let it boil a few minutes till thick enough, which may be ascertained by allowing a little to cool. Too long boiling makes it darker. If cooked about right it will be a delicate pink, and is very nice. A little lemon extract may be added if preferred.

HOW TO KEEP SYRUP HONEY.—Here is a fact for some of our lady housekeepers. One of the difficulties in regard to the purchase of liquid or syrup honey in quantity, is, that it so soon candies or crystallizes. This difficulty can be obviated by keeping it in the dark, the change being due to photographic action. The same agent that alters the molecular arrangement of iodide of silver on the excited collodion plate, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. It is to this action of light that scientists attribute the working of bees by night, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows that are sometimes placed in their hives. Is this instinct or reason.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS WITH BUCKWHEAT.—Spread two pieces of coarse brown paper over the grease spot, with a large pinch of buckwheat between them. Then place a warm flat-iron over the paper, and let it remain until it cools.

RUST PREVENTIVE.—To preserve bright grates or fire-irons from rust make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a fine brush smear it as thickly as possible all over the polished surface requiring preservation. By this simple means all the grates and fire-irons in an empty house may be kept for months free from harm without further care or attention

TO PURIFY WATER.—The Scientific American says that nine ounces of pure fresh lime dissolved in forty gallons of water will purify five hundred and sixty gallons of hard water; the precipitate is chalk. It takes sixteen hours for water to settle, and all the impurities to sink to the bottom of the vessel which contains the water. This is a very useful fact in chemistry, and is not very extensively known.

Cutting and Preserving Flowers.

It is desirable in order to make cut flowers last, and to look well as possible, whether they are obtained wild from the country, or are of artificial culture from the garden, to attend to the rules and suggestions which we here presume to offer to our patrons. In the first place, never cut your flowers anywhere if you can avoid it during intense sunshine, nor allow them if possible to be kept exposed to the sun or wind; do not collect them in very large bundles, nor tie them tightly together, as this hastens their decay. Do not pull them, but cut them cleanly off the plant with a sharp knife or a pair of keen old scissors—but the first is by far the preferable process; when taken in doors, place them at once in the shade, and reduce them to the required length of stalk with a sharp knife, by which means the tubes through which they draw up the water are left open, and the water is permitted to ascend freely, whereas if the stems are bruised or lacerated these pores are closed up.

Use pure water to set them in, or pure sand of some kind in a state of proper saturation, sticking the end of the stalks in it, but not in too crowded a manner. This use of sand in dishes shows flowers off to great advantage because it admits of each flower or piece of foliage to be placed in the most tasteful position. If in water alone, it ought to contain a pinch of salt, and better if a few grains of saltpetre were put in for about every pint of the fluid. The water should be changed daily, and a thin slice should be cut off the ends of the stalks at change of water. Water about milk-warm, or containing a small quantity of camphor, dissolved in spirits of wine or cologne, will often revive flowers when they have begun to fade.

In some cases liquid ammonia may be advantageously applied to the stems for a few minutes to revive flowers. Powdered charcoal saturated with water is also a good medium to stick them in, and the thinner they are disposed of and kept the better. To keep well, flowers should not, after being

cut, be placed in localities where there is tobacco smoke, or tobacco smoking, or any bad ventilation; neither should the rooms be too heated. A cool temperature during summer is favorable, for them, but they should not be exposed to a strong draught of air or wind. Shade them from very bright sunshine. Place a globular or pyramidal glass over them, if you have one large enough, during the night, or indeed at all such times as they are not purposely exhibited. The removal of the slightest symptom of decay is necessary.

When carried to a distance, take them in a shallow, airtight tin case, or cover them with large sheets of paper to exclude the light, and defend them from our dry spring or summer winds. This is very desirable, when on any of our rural trips in the vicinity of our city, they are exposed to warm winds. A common newspaper will answer for this, a very good purpose.—*Sel.*

PARAGRAPHICAL.

Always ending in nothing.—G.

To be borrowed without giving security.—Trouble.

"Don't you think Joe is a funny fellow?" "Joe who?" "Why, jo-cose, of course."

A church-bell will always go when it is tolled, but a church organ will be blown first.

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worthless.

There is a doorkeeper in a New York theatre so very strict that he won't admit an argument unless it has a ticket.

They are wisest and will live longest who habitually get all the sleep that nature will take.

Those who cannot make themselves comfortable under ordinary circumstances would not be so under any other.

So-called "camel's-hair brushes" are made from the hair of the tails of squirrels.

"True worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness." Good. Could never understand before why our face was so red.—*Camden Post.*

"Johnny, wouldn't you like to be a doctor?" "No, mamma." "Why not, my son?" "Why, mamma, I could not even kill a fly."

A man's temper is most valuable to himself, and he should keep it.

Trees about a house may be too dense. An Italian proverb says that "where the sun never comes the doctor must."

A Detroit woman is being reduced to her last dress, because silk is so high that she can't afford it, and calico is so cheap that she won't wear it.

ADVICE.—"If," said an Irish apothecary, "you find three tumblers of whiskey punch disagree with you over night, don't take 'em till the next day, an' then leave 'em off intirely."

AMBIGUOUS.—The recently-published report of an Irish benevolent society contains the following ambiguous paragraph: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

SOLDIERS AND LAWYERS.—An officer and a lawyer were talking of a disastrous battle. The former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed "that those who lived by the sword must expect to die by the sword." "By a similar rule," replied the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

The "self-made man" is a term applied to one who by force of character and unaided, has risen to prominence in his calling, when the fact is, every man is what he makes himself; the misfortune is that so many are of no account after they are made.

A little girl hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

It is a matter of complaint that traders are too apt to be found lying in weight to rob their customers.

What is the difference between an old bachelor and a pretty girl? A pretty girl steals the hearts of others, a horrid old bachelor "steals" his own.

THE PERPETUAL LENDER.—In these hard times, when borrowing is so difficult, Brown would like to know whether distance still keeps up its time-honored habit of lending enchantment to the view.

"Dear me," said a lady, "I have such a cold! What do you do, doctor, when you have a cold?" "What do I do?" said the doctor: "why, madam, sometimes I cough, and sometimes I sneeze."

The other day a town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied: "Here's an orphan child, ma'am, and I'm trying to find its parents."

—"J. Gray,—Pack with my box five dozen quills."

There is nothing so remarkable about this sentence, only that it is nearly as short as one can be constructed, and contain the whole alphabet.

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, Ireland, there is a stone with the following inscription:

"N. B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river."

SHORT.—He was fully six feet tall, yet he straightened up and exclaimed, "Talking of short men, look at me!" And no one could tell what he meant until he turned both pockets wrong side out, and gasped, "Who is there in the crowd that'll lend me a quarter?"

There is a story told of a fine old Cornish squire who only drank brandy on two occasions: when he had had goose for dinner and when he had not. In the same way the political person of eminence is expected to talk politics on two occasions only—when they are suitable and when they are not.

"I will not learn a trade!" exclaimed the young Chicago blood to his father. But this business of learning a trade is only a matter of time, for within a year that young man was studying harness-making in State-prison.

A lady who objects to profanity because it is both wicked and vulgar, writes to know what she ought to say when clothes-line breaks and lets a week's washing fall in the mud. She ought to say, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" but probably she will not think of it.

FORTUNE'S FAVORS.—A celebrated philosopher used to say: "The favors of fortune are like steep rocks, only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

Dr. P., who was attached to a Parisian theatre, in the capacity of a physician, expressed his astonishment that man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the latter springing from a rib of our first parent. A young actress standing by, remarkable for the graceful turn she ever gave to the expression of her ideas, immediately said:

"Was it not natural, sir, that the flower should come after the stem?"

"Two heads are better than one," said the thief as he crawled out of the cabbage patch.

Singular, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hairpins or a gum ring for the baby it looks about seven times as big as when he plunks it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake.

WHIST PROVERB.—For want of leading a trump the trick was lost, and for want of the trick the game was lost, and for want of the game the rubber was lost, and for want of the rubber the temper was lost, and for want of the temper the friend was lost.

Why is an honest bankrupt the same as a dishonest one? Because they both fail to make money.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as well as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

VERMONT.—One sentence of Governor Fairbanks' Fast-Day proclamation reads: "Let us especially pray that He will graciously vouchsafe to make and keep us, as individuals and as a State and a nation, inflexibly honest, even in times of financial depression; so shall we fill our high destiny, and transmit to our children, unimpaired, the rich legacy received from our fathers."

An Ohio boy was hit in the eye by a stone which a girl threw. The boy died, and the authorities have the girl in custody. It is no use. The girl cannot be convicted of anything. She didn't do it intentionally. No girl or woman ever hit what she threw at.

A certain parson, who is also a school-teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said: "I pass." Second boy took it and said: "I turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out: "I can't make it." "Very good, boys," said the parson; "we will proceed to cut for a new deal." And the switch danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.

Whatever of an undesirable disposition a man has to-day, without money, he will have to-morrow, however rich, to an exaggerated extent, unless the heart be changed. The miser will be more miserly; the drunkard more drunken; the debauchee more debauched; the fretful still more complaining; hence the striking wisdom of the Scripture injunction that all our ambitions shall begin with this; "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

Said an eminent English jurist: "From eight to sixteen is the time during which the character is formed of nine-tenths of all the criminals who come before us." Those parents are wisest who make a special and conscientious effort to weave a web around their children at that critical age which shall keep them at home and win them from the street, by affectionate ways, kindly treatment, and warming sympathies; by intelligent forbearances, by generous allowances, and a cheerful, loving demeanor.

FASHIONABLE PREACHING.—As he was ascending the pulpit steps, one of the elders buttonholed him for a moment to whisper an additional caution: "The liquor dealer has just come into the church, and he gives us a lift sometimes. I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whiskey business or the temperance question." The young minister, getting fairly frightened to see the moral ground thus steadily narrowing before him, inquired: "Whom or what shall I preach against, then?" The elder's reply came like an air of triumph: "Preach against the Mormons; they haven't got a friend in town." If preaching is the art of not hitting any body, that certainly would have been an effective direction.

HUMOROUS.

PAT'S ANGLING.

An Irishman angling one day in the Liffey,
That runs down by Dublin's great city so fine,
A smart shower of rain falling, Pat, in a jiffy,
Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.
"That's not the place to accomplish your wishes,"
Cried Dermot, "the devil a bite will you get."
"Och bother!" says Pat; "don't you know that the fishes
Will come under here to get out of the wet?"

"Well, Mrs. Grumblin, what's the matter with your grandson?" "Why, doctor, his throat's very bad. Mr. Parsons, the druggist, says as how there's something wrong with the *borax*; but you can see for yourself that he has three or four big *ulsters* in his throat."

THE DUST.—Before beginning the second psalm for the day, a Glasgow clergyman reached down into his pocket, and took a pinch of snuff. Even yet he cannot understand what there was in the first verse of the psalm to make the congregation laugh when he read, "My soul cleaveth to the dust."

NOT OLD.—A little four-year old boy sat alone in the parlor when a new doctor came to see his sick mother. The doctor naturally wished to make his acquaintance, and said, "How old are you, my son?" "I'm not old; I'm new," said the boy.

NOT HER FAULT.—A gossiping woman went into a neighbor's, intent on slander, and exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair, "One half of the world don't know how the other half lives!" "That isn't your fault," quietly responded the neighbor.

"Pat," said Mike pointing to a weather-cock on a roof, "how is it that they always have roosters instead of hens up on roofs?" "Shure now, Mike darlint, bekase it wouldn't be convanient to git the iggs." Mike comprehends.

A minister was addressing a Sabbath school. Interspersing his remarks with questions on the life and exploits of Samson, he asked among others the following: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer, and the minister, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this—what's this?" Quick as thought a little fellow, quite innocent of mischievous intent, replied, "The jowbone of an ass, sir!" A loud titter ran through the school in which the minister was compelled to join.

It is a bad plan to divide a sermon into too many heads, for this reason: that there may be considerable difficulty on the part of the congregation in finding ears for all of them.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed a lady in a witness-box, "how should I know any thing about any thing I don't know any thing about?"

He put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains, but the enemy, after a thorough search, returned without any thing.

HOW OLD HE WAS.

Smith H. is a notorious joker—one of those queer fellows who joke everywhere, in all company, and from force of habit. He was attending court in answer to a subpoena, and was dining at the public table. He began to chat with an acquaintance, who presently asked:

"Smith, how old are you?"

If I live," replied Smith, solemnly, "till the 30th of next month, I shall be seventy-one."

A lawyer who sat opposite here looked at him with an expression of surprise, but said nothing. The next day Smith was called as a witness, and after giving his name and residence, was asked his age.

"Fifty-three," was the prompt response.

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, "didn't I hear you say at the hotel yesterday that you would be seventy-one if you lived to the 30th of this month?"

"Next month, sir; with that correction, I did say so."

"And now you swear that you are but fifty-three?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, tell us what kind of a witness you are, any way. What do you mean?"

"Why, I think that if you live to the 30th of next month, you may be a hundred—because, sir, next month, is February, and hasn't but twenty-eight days, and when I see the 30th of February I expect to be seventy-one."

The court, the bar, and the audience all joined in the laugh, and Smith's examination was proceeded with.

STILL HAPPY.

For the past two weeks a Detroit druggist has put up a prescription of some kind or other about four times a day for a certain small boy, besides filling orders for a large variety of patent medicine and porous plasters. The sales were all cash, but the druggist's curiosity was at length aroused, and he said to the lad:

"Got sickness in the family?"

"Kinder," was the reply.

"Your father?"

"Yes—all but me. Ma is using the plasters for a lame side, and taking the tonic for a rash which broke out on her elbows. Pa takes the troches for tickling in the throat, and uses the arnica on his shin. Louisa uses that catarrh snuff and the cough medicine, Bill wants the brandy for a sprained ankle, and the squills are for the baby. That's all but grandma, and this prescription is to relieve the pain in her chest, and make her sleep harder."

"Rather unfortunate family," remarked the druggist.

"Well, kinder, but pa says it's cheaper than going to the seashore, and so we plaster up and swallow down, and feel purty happy, after all."

THE AFFABLE MAN.

A mother and her babe were among the many passengers waiting at a Western depot recently. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat, and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her, he remarked:

"Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

She faintly nodded.

"Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man.

She shook her head.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seemingly greatly interested.

"He was up to a few moments ago," she snapped out; "but I am afraid he has smelled so much whiskey around here that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!"

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying cloves.

FUN IN COURT.

In a recent trial at Winchester, England, a witness, failing to make his version of conversation intelligible by reason of his fondness for "says I" and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Maftin with the following result:

"My man, tell us now exactly what passed."

"Yes, my lord. I said I would not have the pig."

"And what was his answer?"

"He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he—"

"No, no! he could not have said that; he spoke in the first person."

"No, my lord; I was the first person that spoke."

"I mean don't bring in the third person: repeat his exact words. My good fellow, he did not say he had been keeping the pig; he said, 'I have been keeping it.'"

"I assure you, my lord, there was no mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if any thing had been said about your lordship I must have heard it." The baron gave in.

A Good Clerical Anecdote.

A good minister of one of our New England Baptist churches was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five individuals had expressed a desire on the next Sunday to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves.

After its performance, however, he was somewhat chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was the pastor.

A few Sundays after, the same worthy elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion.

"And how many of them will join the society?" queried the minister.

"Two, I regret to say, are all we can depend on," was the elder's reply.

"Very well," said the good old man, "you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

To Create Harmony.

Yesterday afternoon, says the Virginia, Nev., Chronicle, a green-looking couple, evidently newly married, called at the photographic gallery of Beals & Waterhouse, and wanted their pictures taken. Just as Mr. Beals had got his plate ready, the man called him aside, and said he wanted to ask a favor.

"I was told in Carson you took the best pictures in the State. Now, you see, Sal and I got hitched down there last Monday; now, her folks go a good deal on style, and they live in the States. They never saw me, and if I send my mug East, they'll be dead ag'in me sure. I'm a darned sight better than I look, and when people come to know me they vote me a brick. Now, what I want is to get some good-lookin' man to sit with Sal for a picture. Will you stand in? She's willin'. Them big side whiskers of yours 'll catch 'em sure, and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they'd take me for a petty larceny thief."

Mr. Beals enjoyed the idea immensely, and sat with "Sal" for the picture, which will doubtless carry joy into the household of the Eastern relatives in a week or so.

Some time since a friar came to a French town in order to preach a sermon upon a certain occasion. His sermon went off tolerably well, and the friar was hospitably received. The next day, to his great dismay, he was told that it was a holiday in honor of the patron saint of the town, and that all the congregation were assembling in the church in order to listen to the new sermon he was expected to deliver. The poor friar had brought only one sermon with him, and that was already delivered. What was he to do? He got into the pulpit, and, looking very solemnly round the church, "My brethren," said he, "certain malignant persons have said there was heresy in the sermon I delivered to you yesterday; and, in order to show you how false is this accusation, I propose to deliver it to you all over again."

A well-known old university oarsman and athlete tells the following against himself: He was lately walking with three companions along the Thames towing path, when they were overtaken by a shower and drenched to the skin. Repairing to a small riverside inn, they ordered the best cheer in the house, and a large fire, around which they gathered in the parlor. In the adjoining taproom were two damp bargees, who also wanted to enjoy the fire, but when the four gentlemen saw this they gathered close round it and shut the bargees out. One of the latter presently walked up to the fire and spat into it over the heads of those around it, saying to his comrade: "When swells is about, it ain't perlit to spit on the floor." Whereupon one of the four turned to the spitter and asked: "Pray, where may you come from, my fine fellow?" "Hell," was the curt reply. "And what's the last there in good manners?" "Same as here—the swells are keeping all the fire to themselves."—*London Examiner*.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS.—Two young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farmhouse, and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears: "Yes; but we keep it for our own calves."

MISCELLANEOUS.

TO M——

I fix this flower upon thy breast
The dearest spot that love can place it,
Where thy fair fingers oft may rest,
To fondly grace it.

Then let its tender blushes lie
Beneath the love-warmth of thine eye;
'Tis where I'd have its fragrance shed,
Meet place for floral beauty's bed.

And, if it lingering languish there
As fain to have thy sighs caress it,
Wilt thou think on the giver's care

And warmly press it?
And for his sake, when die it must,
Transfer it to thy heart's dear trust,
There let it live for him alone
Whose purest love is all thine own.

I did not wish the flower to die,
And yet I could not leave it growing
When I could hope, thou would'st reply
To love's bestowing.

And when I took it from the stem,
I felt that no less lovely gem.
Nor aught of fairest nature's birth
Would so besem thy modest worth.

So dearest take it to thy breast,
As from my heart the purest token,
And if thou searchest still in quest
Of love unspoken.

Look thou in every hidden fold,
For richness it doth mutely hold,
And deem the *all* that it may prove,
As emblematic of my love.

ELOISE.

THE PROXY SAINT.

Each for himself must do his Master's work,
Or at his peril leave it all undone.
Witness the fate of one who sought to shirk
The sanctuary's service, yet would shun
The penalty. A man of earthly aims
(So runs the apologue), whose pious spouse
Would oft remind him of the Church's claims,
Still answered thus: "Go thou and pay our vows
For thee and me!" Now when at Peter's gate
The twain together had arrived at last,
He let the woman in; then to her mate,
Shutting the door, "Thou hast already passed
By proxy," said the saint, "just in the way
That thou on earth was wont to fast and pray."

John G. Saxe.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

Before departing for his foreign home, Bayard Taylor made the following remarks respecting the rules of success, that are worth their weight in gold to any and every young man, as the experience of one whom all delight to honor:

"I have always reverently accepted them; first, labor; nothing can be had for nothing; whatever a man achieves, he must pay for it; and no favor of fortune can absolve him from his duty. Secondly, patience and forbearance; which is simply dependent on the slow justice of time. Thirdly, and most important, faith. Unless a man believes in something far higher than himself, something infinitely purer and grander than he can ever become—unless he has an instinct of an order beyond his dreams, of laws beyond his comprehension, of beauty and good and justice, beside which his own ideals are dark, he will fail in every loftier form of ambition, and ought to fail."

A Sophomore was asked to derive restaurant, which he did thusly: from 'res' a thing and 'taurus' a bull, i. e., a bullly thing.

DON'T FORGET.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterwards of great use to him; namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it—what shall I do then?"

The answer was, with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it!"

"I don't mean to," said the young man; "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing, he could do it. He made such provisions against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there and made it stay.

A Convincing Argument.

This comes from a distinguished author, who thoroughly appreciates Milesian humor:

In nothing does the curious twist of the Hibernian mind produce such acutely piquant effects as in the unconscious bulls of popular Irish piety. A priest once chanced to hear, unperceived, a fierce verbal onslaught by one market-woman on another, in the course of which every effort of rhetoric was made to provoke retaliation, but without effect. "Go on, go on," at last said the matron attacked; "ye know I'll not answer ye, because I've been to confession this morning, and I'm in a state of grace. *But wait till I get out of it!*"

The Omaha Republican tells this story of a horse: "Old Jack, one of the horses that hauled No. 3 engine for months, was purchased thirty months ago by Carl Woodworth, who has worked him on an express wagon since then. On Saturday week, one of No. 3's horses being under the weather, old Jack was borrowed from Mr. Woodworth for the time being. When the fire-alarm sounded that night, although old Jack hadn't been in fire service for two and one-half years, he went from the stable at the tap of the bell to his position at the pole of the engine, and when the team returned to the house and the horses were detached from the engine, he proceeded directly to his stall."

THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES.—This proverb, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," dates back to the union of England and Scotland, at which time London was inundated with Scotchmen. This did not please the Duke of Buckingham, who organized a movement against them, and parties formed, who went about nightly to break their windows. In retaliation, a party of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the duke's mansion, which stood at St. Martin's Fields, and had so many windows that it went by the name or the Glass House. The duke appealed to the king, who replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stanes."—*Chambers' Jour.*

He was squirting tobacco juice over the floor of the saloon, and telling how capital oppressed labor, when one of the dozen men in the place inquired:

"Air you one o' them communists?"

"I hold, sir, that we must have an even distribution of property—yes, sir, or we'll fight, sir!" was the pompous reply.

"Stranger, kin ye lend me a chew of tobacco?" asked the inquirer.

A box full of fine-cut was handed him. He put it in his pocket, and was walking away, when the communist called out:

"Beg pardon, but you are carrying off my tobacco!"

"S'all right—s'all right," replied the other. "I was out, and you have plenty. We've got to even this business up, you know, and you keep the box, and I'll keep the tobacco."

He was too big to lick, and the communist put the empty box in his pocket, and refused to laugh with the crowd.

"What Time I Am Afraid, I Will Trust in Thee."

(Inserted by Request.)

Is God for me? I fear not, though all against me rise;
When I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of evil flies.
My Friend, the Lord Almighty, and He who loves me, God!
What enemy shall harm me, though coming as a flood?
I know it—I believe it—I say it fearlessly,—
That God, the Highest, Mightiest, for ever loveth me.
At all times, in all places, He standeth at my side:
He rules the battle fury, the tempest, and the tide.

A Rock that stands for ever, is Christ my Righteousness,
And there I stand unfearing in everlasting bliss;
No earthly thing is needful to this my life from Heaven,
And nought of love is worthy, save that which Christ has given,
Christ, all my praise and glory, my light most sweet and fair;
The ship in which He saileth is scatheless everywhere;
In Him, I dare be joyful as a hero in the war,
The judgment of the sinner affrighteth me no more.

There is no condemnation—there is no hell for me;
The torment and the fire my eyes shall never see:
For me there is no sentence—for me death has no sting,
Because the Lord who loves me shall shield me with His wing.
Above my soul's dark waters His Spirit hovers still;
He guards me from all sorrows, from terror and from ill.
In me He works, and blesses the life-seed He has sown;
From Him I learn the "Abba," that prayer of faith alone.

And if in lonely places, a fearful child, I shrink,
He prays the prayers within me I cannot ask or think;
The deep, unspoken language, known only to that love
Who fathoms the heart's mystery from the throne of light
above.

His Spirit to my spirit sweet words of comfort saith,
How God the weak one strengthens who leans on Him in faith:
How He hath built a city, of love, and light, and song,
Where the eye at last beholdeth what the heart had loved so
long.

And there is mine inheritance—my kingly palace home;
The leaf may fall and perish—not less the spring will come;
Like wind and rain of winter, our earthly sighs and tears,
Till the golden summer dawneth of the endless year of years.
The world may pass and perish—thou, God wilt not remove,
No hatred of all devils can part me from Thy love;
No hungering nor thirsting—no poverty nor care,
No wrath of mighty princes can reach my shelter there.

No angel and no devil, no throne, nor power, nor might;
No love—no tribulation—no danger, fear, nor fight;
No height—no depth—no creature that has been or can be,
Can drive me from Thy bosom—can sever me from Thee.
My heart in joy upheaveth, grief cannot linger there,
She singeth high in glory, amid the sunshine fair:
The Sun that shines upon me is Jesus and His love;
The fountain of my singing is deep in Heaven above.

Paul Gerhardt.

When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon his brow, if he once lose that early purity of character, it is a spot that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated: it can only be forgiven.

ALL FOR THE BEST.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand dollars a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarked, "For every bad, there might be worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission, one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

A few days ago a petition was filed in a Texas court, in which the plaintiff was an old Mexican woman. The Court, as usual, wanted security for costs.

Said the lawyer, "She is not required to give a cost-bond. She is a pauper, and will make an affidavit to that effect."

"Why, she used to own real estate," observed the clerk.

"I know she has got nothing now," retorted the lawyer.

"Have you collected your fee in advance?"

"You bet I did."

"It's all right, then; I am satisfied she is a pauper now," sighed the clerk.

If we are to meet with a brave front the foes that rise up against us, and conquer in the daily battle of our lives, we want no miserable croaker to prophecy ruin and defeat; we want no faint-hearted spies to give an evil report of the goodly land; but a strong, resolute spirit, whose words may be an inspiration to the faltering. We want poet, prophet, and priest, who will say, with the old Scotch piper when ordered to play a retreat, "I never learned to play a retreat, sire."—*Emily Huntington Miller.*

Properties of the Human Gastric Juice.

The *Press and Circular* says M. Charles Ricket has been experimenting upon the patient on whom Professor Vernuill recently performed the operation of gastrotomy. According to his researches the acidity of the gastric juice is equivalent to 1.7 grammes of hydrochloric acid to 1,000 grmmes of fluid. This acidity increases a little at the end of digestion. Wine and alcohol also increases it, but cane sugar diminishes it. It tends to return to its normal acidity after the introduction of acid or alkaline matters. The mean duration of digestion is from three to four and a half hours, and the food does not pass gradually out of the stomach, but in masses. According to four analyses, after a modification of Schmidt's method, free hydrochloric acid exists in the gastric juice; and altogether this secretion appears to consist of one part of lactic acid to nine parts of hydrochloric acid, the former of which is free in the gastric juice. The nature, therefore, of the free acid in the stomach seems almost solved, and it may be said that in every 1,000 grammes of the juice there are 1.53 grains of hydrochloric acid and 0.43 of lactic acid.

PREPARATION OF BONE FERTILIZER.—Illienkof, a Russian chemist, gives the following process, which, it is stated, has received the approbation of Liebig: The author mixes say one thousand parts of ground bones with one thousand parts of wood ashes, containing ten per cent of carbonate of potash, and adds six hundred parts of quicklime. This mixture he places in a tank or fosse with water sufficient to make the whole moist. In a short time the bony matter is completely disaggregated by the caustic potash, and the pasty mass formed is then taken from the tank, dried, mixed with an equal weight of mold, and is then ready to be distributed. We can easily believe that a preparation of this kind is a far better fertilizer than superphosphate.

PROCESS TO REMOVE TREE-STUMPS.—A very simple process is employed for freeing woodland newly brought into cultivation from the stumps of trees. A hole about two inches in diameter and eighteen inches in depth is bored in the stump about autumn, filled with a concentrated solution of saltpetre, and closed with a plug. In the following spring a pint or so of petroleum is poured into the same hole and set on fire. During the course of the winter the saltpetre solution has penetrated every portion of the stump, so that not only this, but also the roots are thoroughly burnt out. The ashes is left *in situ*, and forms a valuable manure.—*Companion.*

Masons Visiting Paris Exposition.

We learn from a Hungarian Exchange, that the Secretary of the "Grand Orient" of France has extended an invitation to all Free Masons visiting the Paris Exposition, to call at the Masonic rooms, Rue Cadet 16, where assistance will be given to find them comfortable quarters during their stay, and any information they may require, will be cheerfully imparted.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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MURMURING.

What would'st thou man; repress that heaving sigh:
Tempt not the hand of God who thee sustains,
Too oft' already grieved; lest he withdraw
From thee his hand, and thou to nothing fall.
To nothing! worse than nothing! better thee
Annihilation in oblivion sink,
Than thou be left alone of Deity.
Thee to thyself to leave, were thee consigned
To death; and thou the executioner.
The gate of death, the portal is of life.
To doubt is to be damned: to murmur, worse;
For he that murmuring dies wakes to new life,
But life if damned, is an unceasing death;
For man's immortal; the soul cannot die.
And like to grain fall-sown, next year to ripe,
This life we sow, and in the next we reap.
From tares grow tares, from thistles thistles grow,
And he that soweth these cannot reap wheat.
Murmur! for what? Because thou art not rich,
Or, that thy neighbour's wealthier than thou?
Or, has misfortune met thee? sickness grieved,
Or hast thou reapt not where thy seed was sown
While other's grounds were teeming with produce.
How knowest thou it is not best for thee?
What's better for thy soul is truly best;
And knowest thou th' effect thee to enrich?
The heart of man's deceitful, trust it not;
God knows th' effect, and tempers well the cause;
And he that holds the lightning in his fists,
That bade the stars, huge orbs, twinkle afar,
And o'er the earth nocturnal vigils keep;
That strewed the earth with matter animate,
And noticeth a humble sparrow's fall;
That clothed the ground with multifarious herbs,
And gave each several flower it's various tint;
That called minutest being into life,
Nor leaves the meanest unprovided for,
Will succour thee if him thou trust, if not,
Damnation waits thee, and thy doom is just.

J. F. L.

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER I.

A Visit to 'Sunshine Meadows,' and What Became of it.

"Well Frank" said Tom, when the train was again in motion, "what has been the result of the visit to Cloverdale? Any light at all upon the question we have undertaken to solve? I suspect you must have gleaned some information, or you would have accepted Rudolph's invitation to visit him and remain over till the afternoon train."

"Well, no," returned Frank, "nothing definite, only a confirmation of the suspicion that David Dennison, whose valuable estate passed into the hands of a confidential servant, under a will procured as I believe through rascality and intrigue, made a will subsequently. But what were the terms of the will, or what became of it, are questions on which I have received no light whatever. But, from the nature of the information received, I felt satisfied that for the present at least, no more light could be obtained in this quarter. You will recollect that I intimated a short time ago, that my consolation for your monopoly of the ladies, was some interesting reminiscences of the old gentleman's history; the particularly interesting portions of which, taken from a somewhat lengthened conversation may be thus summarized. He had a cousin named David Dennison, who died seven years ago. Said David Dennison possessed a valuable estate at the seaside, which he inherited from his father, who died intestate, he being the sole surviving heir. He was exceedingly eccentric, and lived and died a bachelor. He always gave as a reason for his celibacy, that the female sex had given themselves so much to fashion and frivolity, that they had become degenerated; had lost their domesticity, as he phrased it, which he considered one of the chief requisites of matrimonial qualifications; that in his estimation, the energies of mind and body on the part of the fair sex were so absorbed in devising appendages for mopping the streets, and mechanical appliances and ornaments for enhancing the charms of person, in their craving for admiration, as to disqualify themselves for the sober and responsible duties of wifehood and motherhood. And he had often said that he would make his will in such a way that no woman should enjoy his property, who did not possess the qualifications necessary to make a worthy man a worthy wife. He had an elderly matron for a house-keeper, and a man of no enviable repute in the neighborhood, but who appeared greatly attached to his person, to manage his estate; and who, on the death of his master, produced a duly attested will executed nine months previous to his decease, conveying to him all his estate real and personal. It was asserted by his housekeeper that another will had been subsequently made, part of the provisions of which had been referred to in conversation between her master and herself, and which she had forgotten, but which she recollected were of a very peculiar character. Search was made among the papers of the deceased, (which contrary to his usual habits were in a confused state,) for the later will, but without success. The will had not been registered. No one knew who were the witnesses, nor had any of his relatives, who were none of them nearer than uncles and cousins, the remotest idea to whom he would leave his property; consequently there seemed to be no alternative but to allow Joseph Gundry, the manager of the estate, to take quiet possession, which was accordingly done, and he had remained in undisturbed possession ever since."

I may as well inform my readers that the two friends who were conversing so familiarly, were junior members of a celebrated law firm, who had been employed by Andrew Dennison, an uncle of the deceased David Dennison, on his father's side,

to ascertain whether sufficient grounds could be discovered for contesting the claim of the usurper, as Gundry was generally considered by all who took any interest in the matter.

"And what inferences do you draw from the information obtained?" said Tom to his companion.

"Well, Frank, I can hardly say that I draw any inferences at all, unless it be that Benjamin Mercer has no more information bearing directly upon the subject than I have, and that the old housekeeper is the person most likely to possess any knowledge that would be of assistance to us, and that it is necessary for us to pay a visit to Aberfoyle to take the measure of the usurper and glean what information we can, so if you have no objections we will take a run down there to-morrow.

For an hour or two, the business which occasioned Alicia's journey to town so occupied her mind that she had little time for reflection. But when she again entered the cars on her return homeward, she soon fell into a reverie; and at first detached expressions which had made certain vague momentary impressions upon her mind came flitting back to memory, and half audibly she marked them as they came. "A little paradise!" "If Eve dwelt in so lovely a spot, she might have been content." "I almost felt like leaving home!" "Sunshine Meadows." "Places more attractive than home." "Ah, yes! Well, if nobody but Rudolph had intimated that other places were peculiarly attractive, I would have thought nothing of it, he always was so strange in his notions, but there! two gentlemen, handsome, educated, refined; men evidently belonging to the best circles of society speak in unqualified terms of praise, of Aunt Sarah's unpretensions home. After all, what is there in it more attractive than other homes quite as luxuriously furnished? Sunshine, eh! May be. I recollect the doctor told my father two years ago, that a couple of beautiful trees that shaded the windows too deeply must be cut down as they kept the sunshine out too much for healthfulness, and father had them cut down. We tried before to grow flowers under those windows, but never could succeed. Now, since the trees have been removed the flowers grow luxuriantly, and more than compensate for the shade. 'Sunshine'! aye, social and moral sunshine, that's it, for both of these are beautifully blended in aunt Sarah's family circle. After all this is the true philosophy. Our minister said in his sermon last sabbath that 'the purest streams of joy spring in the valley of self-sacrifice, and they who contribute to the happiness of others, thereby enhance their own,' and one of the strange gentlemen I saw this morning expressed the same sentiment. I wonder who they are, and what was their business to Cloverdale! Well, I must see if I cannot throw a little more sunshine into our own home, so that when brother Rudolph turns his bright side to the sunlight, we may have an illumination and not an eclipse."

It is wonderful, what an invigorating effect good resolutions have even upon one's physical system. It is a noted tonic not found in the *materia medica*, but none the less potent for all that: and under the vivifying impulses of her good resolves, Alicia tripped lightly along the roadway leading from the station to the paternal mansion, trying to recall some lines she had heard sung some years before, and which had made a temporary impression upon her mind; but the only words she could recall were the lines of the chorus:—"Scatter smiles as you go," but these she kept repeating to herself till she came to the gate opening upon her father's grounds. As she came to the gate a little ragged boy whose pinched visage, and tattered garments showed that he was no stranger to poverty and hunger approached her, hat in hand.

"Please Miss," said the boy, "father's dead, and mother's sick, and we have nothing to eat, and no money to buy anything, and no fire to cook it if we had, and would you please to help us just a little, and we'll never forget it, and mother will work for you when she gets better if you'll give her a job, and I'll do errands for you or anything I can, please do."

Now, Alicia had a horror of tramps, believing them to be all impostors, if not worse, and if the appeal had been made the day before she might perhaps have turned coldly away, particularly as the boy was evidently a stranger in the village. As it was, she listened to his appeal, and then inquired how it was that he being a stranger in the village sought assistance here.

"We lived in the city" the boy replied, "and father died there," and big tears started down his cheeks. "He was a

long time sick, and all we had was sold to get food and medicine, and mother could do nothing but take care of him night and day, till he died: but before he died he told us to be good and God would take care of us. Then after he died, mother tried to get work in some country village; so we came here, and mother got sick, and we got leave to stop in an old house in the edge of the village near the little bridge, and I would'nt beg if I could help it, indeed I would'nt."

Alicia took a piece of money from her purse and gave it to the lad, promising to call upon his mother before long. The boy thanked his benefactor and then turned with a light heart and ran to procure food for his suffering, and by him almost idolized mother.

When Alicia turned to enter the gate it was opened by her brother who had come down to meet her, and who had witnessed the incident that had just transpired, with a stronger feeling of admiration for his sister than that he had previously experienced, still he said to her playfully;—"Alicia, I thought you considered all beggars as impostors or thieves, and here I see that you have been countenancing and encouraging one of the most ragged and wretched looking urchins I ever saw."

"It is just because he is so ragged, and so wretched looking that I pitied him," said Alicia. "He has at least an honest looking face, and speaks so kindly of his mother, I know he cannot be a bad boy, and I feel a strong desire to see his mother and learn something of her history. I know not why it is unless it be that a change has taken place in my own feelings, and I have set my feet in a new path. O, Rudolph, I have been so proud and selfish, my life has been thus far a comparative blank. I have contributed little to the happiness of others and have been wandering in comparatively arid paths seeking my own, and now, in that simple act of charity, performed I trust with higher motives than that of seeking my own pleasure, I have nevertheless, experienced more satisfying enjoyment than I ever found in the gay rounds of fashionable life."

"You have been to a good market to-day," said Rudolph, "you have been buying wisdom, which is more precious than rubies, I know not what it cost you, but jewels so precious are cheap at any price. Little more was said until they reached the house, but Alicia was anxious to learn from her brother something more about his two friends whom she had seen on the cars, yet hesitated to ask, from a consciousness of the influence their presence and conversation had exerted upon her own feelings and purposes; and Rudolph felt as anxious to know what had wrought so marked and sudden a change in Alicia, but felt a delicacy about asking, lest he might tread on forbidden ground and prevent what he greatly desired, a more confidential relationship with his beautiful but hitherto unconfiding sister.

In the evening, Alicia, in fulfilment of her promise to the little beggar boy went out to find his mother, accompanied by Rudolph, to whom by the way she narrated the events of the day, and the circumstances which led her to the conviction of the aimless and unsatisfactory life she was leading, and her resolves to take a higher stand, and endeavour to find her highest happiness in bringing joy to others.

When they reached the old deserted house in which the poor widow had taken shelter, they found it almost wholly without glass in the windows, the door was broken and were it not that the weather was mild and balmy it would have afforded but a miserable shelter from wind and weather: but there was one room comparatively sheltered, and in this, on a bed of straw, wrapped in a shawl lay the poor sufferer. When they entered, the woman rose to a sitting posture; and the little boy who had been sitting by her, rose and went to meet them. When he saw Alicia he ran back exclaiming, mother, it is the kind lady that gave me money to buy some bread, she has come to see you as she said she would. His mother raised her eyes, and by the dim light of a tallow candle beheld a face so beautiful and bright that for a moment the thought came to her mind, 'do I dream, or is this an angel come with my final summons,' and then, with a strange expression of countenance, arising from a curious commingling of vague feelings and vaguer memories, she exclaimed, 'God bless you as a ministering angel:' but, do my eyes deceive me? I surely have seen that face before."

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

THE EMPTY CRIB.

She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of the form, and mark
Th' unfolding mind, like vernal rosebud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight,
To find her fairy footsteps following mine,
Her hands upon my garments, or her lips
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mother's know.

But now alone I sit
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful.

I start
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe th' accustomed words,
"Hush! thee, dearest!" Then I bend and weep,
As tho' it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!
And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Swelling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!
Be still, my heart! What could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasies of hope,
Ask for its darling, like the bliss of Heaven?

A STRONG PRESENTIMENT.

Without exactly admitting that presentiments are always verified, it is useless to deny that they are frequently the shadows cast before of coming events. A story bearing on this subject is told of a literary man of some note. He had occasion to remain in a strange city for a few days, and engaged apartments in a quiet street. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised, and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house. Who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted anything before he retired to rest. Disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress kept him long awake; at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep he dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman who had been murdered was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavorable, or rather repulsive, countenances and demeanor of the two women, was quite sufficient to destroy all hope of sleep for the remainder of the night. He rose at daylight, therefore, and proposed to quit the house. To his surprise, as he was leaving it he met the mistress in the entry, dressed as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her that he expected to meet a friend. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air he felt, as he afterward declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. He stated that in a few hours after, he returned with a friend, to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and mistress; he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors, but on entering the house they found that it was deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in the state which the gentleman's dream had represented.

FRETTING AGAIN.

One peculiarity about fretting, when indulged in to a great extent, is that it reduces its victims to the very verge of despair. They feel as if it were useless to be satisfied with anything—to ever hope more. Yet a change of scene, and intercourse with the right kind of people, would eventually drive such feelings from their mind. All who have been house-keepers know, if not from experience, then from observation, how men, wearied with labor, will, on their return home, fret at the smallest trifles. Sometimes it is because they are hungry and tired. If such be the case, I would advise you to get them something to eat as quickly as possible, if you value peace and quiet, and, under the refreshing effect of a good repast, see how amiable they become. As for women, they are as a rule so sensitive that they are bound to fret—if not about one thing, another. A long-nosed, sharp-featured woman frets most after the work is done, and she is completely tired out. A round-favored woman begins at the very outset to do the most of her talking, tormenting herself and every one around her, simply because the work looms up before her so that she knows not how she will be able to accomplish it. In the end she is too weary to say anything. Sickness, or confinement in the house or one room for a long time, will upset anybody's good qualities unless they are thorough Christians. But naturally placid men and women, who find themselves fretting without any apparent cause, ought to have perception enough to see that it is the friction of the hard-worked machinery of body and mind, and know that unless they bring into use a liberal supply of the Oil of Rest, the whole apparatus will give out after a time, ere the task is half done. Husbands, drop your labor, take your wives away from their work for a season of undisturbed rest. If your childhood days were happy ones, go among your former playmates, and, in recalling old times, grow young again. Pick out all the merriment you can. Laugh till your head aches, and avoid every long-faced individual until you are far enough advanced to show them how to enjoy life.

Health and Economy.

If one could count beforehand all the cost of yielding to temptation every time that an evil indulgence presents itself, and would save and lay up that cost in money, it would be a better investment than a life insurance. A paper mentions the successful result of an experiment in this line by Mr. Hubbard, a Connecticut gentleman. He was about eighteen years old when he determined to lay aside day by day the money he would have spent for cigars had he been a smoker. At the end of each month he deposited at interest the sum thus accumulated in a savings bank. As the price of cigars advanced, he correspondingly increased the amount of money each day. From time to time, when his savings in the bank reached to a few hundred dollars, he would draw them out to make a better investment. By wise and shrewd management the fund amounted to from \$15,000 to \$18,000 a few years since. Mr. Hubbard then took this money, and with it purchased a charming site on Greenwich Hill, and built a comfortable and commodious home for himself and his family. The place overlooks Long Island Sound, and commands one of the finest views that can be found along the Connecticut shore.—*Churchman*.

ACT AT ONCE.

"If I had only done this or that last year!" is a common remark among some of our friends and acquaintances, but how few attempt to rectify their mistakes by not delaying until to-morrow, next week, or next year, what might just as well be done to-day as any other time. These delays and procrastinations are common to no one class of persons more than another, but there are certain fields in which their effects are more noticeable than in others. For instance, if a man needs trees, for fruit or ornament, time alone will aid his labors in producing them. For although attention and labor will do much toward hastening their growth, still a certain number of years are required to bring them to maturity. Every year of delay in making a beginning is certain to cut short our enjoyment later on, just by the extent of our delay. Make haste to begin, then, for wasted hours and opportunities never return.

"BLESSED TO GIVE."

The kingly sun gives forth its rays
Asks no returns, demands no praise;
But wraps us in strong arms of life,
And says distinct, through human strife
"If thou would'st truly, nobly live,
Give—ever give."

The rustic flower, upspringing bright
And answering back that regal light,
Fills all the air with fragrant breath,
And writes in myriad hues beneath,
"If thou would'st gayly, gladly live,
Give—ever give."

The merchant rain, which carries on
Rich commerce 'twix the earth and sun;
The autumn mist: the springtide shower:
All whisper soft to seed and flower,
"We know no other life to live
But this—we give"

Suggestive warnings crowd the earth;
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,
From creatures both of field and air;
Who, whilst they take their rightful share,
Still truly chant: "We chiefly live
To give—to give."

Oh man, the gem and crown of all,
Take thou this lesson: Heed the call
Of these less gifted creatures near;
The rather—that Christ's voice most dear
Once said, whilst here He deigned to live,
"Blessed to give."

WOMEN AND HOME.

There is a bundle of delight bound up in the sweet word, home. The word is typical of comfort, love, sympathy, and all the other qualities that constitute the delights of social life. Were the every-day enjoyments of many of our intelligent and affectionate families faithfully portrayed, they would exceed, in moral heroism, interest, and romance, most of the productions of the pen of fiction. The social well-being of society rests on our home, and what are the foundation stones of our homes but woman's care and devotion?

A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true-hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends."

Those who have played round the same door-step, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distances may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love any thing must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some class of unfortunate, degraded or homeless humanity to befriend. That soul is poor, indeed, that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

HONESTY.

Everybody says that everybody should be honest; but everybody is not honest, either abroad or at home. That we should be honest in our trade, weights, and measures, dealing with our neighbors and with strangers, is also clearly right. That a strong principle of integrity should govern us is just what every man not only admits, but believes and contends for. There is no such thing as being too honest. Honesty is a virtue better than gold, richer than rubies, more precious than gems or costly trappings. It is a much richer adornment for manhood or womanhood than wealth can purchase or place secure. To be honest is to be like a child, and like an angel; and Christ said, of such as little children is the kingdom of Heaven. But we wish to write a word—a strong word—in behalf of honesty.

There are many people who are honest away from home. They make promises only to break them. As husbands, they make a thousand-and-one promises to their wives, and hint a thousand good things, and raise many pleasant expectations, that they never seem to think of again. As wives, they practice a thousand little deceits, equivocate many times, when straightforward honesty was just the thing required. As parents, they conceal, go around the truth, deceive, and often actually falsify to their children, when the truth is always better, always the best. The children see their parents' double-dealings, see their want of integrity, and learn to cheat, deceive, and equivocate. The child is too often a chip off the old block.

PATIENCE.

Of all the beautiful characteristics which adorn human nature in its best estate, there is not one more beautiful than that of patience. Nor is there one which amid the ups and downs of life is more often tested or of greater service to a man or his friends. In the household it is indispensable; in the social world it is more than an ornament; while in relation to personal success and failure it is more than a single virtue—it is a philosophy. Half the possible bravery in the bravest life is seen in endurance. And while endurance might not be called the soul of patience, it might be called the body of it—a body, too, that is stout, compact, and sinewed. Patience has its varied expressions, as do all the great virtues. They are like individuals, and they have varied moods, and at different times they are revealed in a different fashion. There are times in life when the road which leads to success must be paved with waiting; and this waiting tries the very fibre of courage. But they who know how to wait, know how to win. And if it were not for death, granted the other necessary conditions, it might be that waiting would bring us all we desire; and, as death interrupts us but little, and it may be in nothing that is essential to us, it may be, perhaps, that they who wait even unto death find on the other side of the gloomy hills eternal sunrise.

IMMORTALITY.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied. Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Prentice.*

CARELESS WIVES.—It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and so economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very true of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prudence avail him against the careless waste and extravagance of an uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be hardly less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the ways to turn everything in household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters. Without such instruction, those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.

It is a very good thing to mean well, but if you expect to get on in the world you must also do well. Good intentions pay no debts.

In literature, grace of expression is sometimes mistaken for the transcript of stupendous thought; as the waning moonlight is sometimes regarded as the peaceful dawn of day.

The one is the vehicle of beauty; the other is both beauty and power concentrated.

HIS WIFE.—That was a delicate compliment a seven-year old Milwaukee boy paid his mother the other evening. The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make up a good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the talk, till he leaned over the table and kissed his mother. and said, "Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you."

The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely manœuvre in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball-room. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, and it exhibits a remarkable engineering skill in the architect.

A SHARP REBUKE.—One of the sharpest rebukes on record is attributed to Mrs. Langtry, the reigning London beauty. In the midst of an admiring circle she asked her husband to introduce her to a certain well-known gentleman. He did so. The gentleman, flattered, smiled and bowed. "I want you," said the beauty, giving her handkerchief, "I want you to wipe off the paint from my face, as I hear you say at the clubs that I am painted."

"There are people who live behind the hill," is an old German proverb, which means that there are other persons in the world besides yourself, although you may not see them.

An Ohio man says he started thirty years ago to make \$14,000,000. He has got the fourteen but the ciphers bother him.

HUMOROUS.

TO LIZZIE,

An Engaged Young Lady.

Lizzie, *ma belle*. they say in society

You are engaged"—that there's no chance for me;

I, dear, maintain in direct contrariety,

That I've a right in your presence to be.

Just as the sun, that shines out so gloriously,

Cannot be made to shine on only one;

So I contend—and if needs be uproariously—

That your bright eyes are as free as the sun.

You are too lovely, too good, and too beautiful,

For *one* poor fellow to wholly possess;

I, while meanwhile to *your* lover you're dutiful,

Surely may bask in your favour, dear Bess.

I may, I think, be allowed just to gaze at you,—

Cats, as you well know, may look at a king,—

Perhaps you'll permit me to quote dismal lays at you—

Lays which a poor forestalled lover should sing.

If I should sometimes go out for a walk with you

Now *he's* away. why, dear, where is the harm?

If I should whisper soft things when I talk with you,

Why, dear, it would but recall *his* talk's charm.

Say, if presumptuously I should caress you, dear,

You would but think, "How I wish it were *he*!"

Should I take courage and to my heart press you, dear,

Still I must ask, pet, what harm could there be?

Let us suppose that at some time or other, love,

I should feel bound to give you a kiss;

You'd take it, I know, as you would from a brother, love,

Thinking perhaps, "If 'twere *his*, O, what bliss!"

So do not banish me, don't be dismissing me,

Just because I did not get the first chance;
Don't think it wrong even, dear, to be kissing me;
Don't for an absent one keep every glance.

Love him, by all means; he spoke first,—bad luck to him!—

Let me, though, have of your sweetness a sip;

Now you, of course, are a darling and duck to him—

'Twixt cup and lip, though, there's sometimes a slip!

Perhaps I shall live, pet, to be at your marriage,

In what capacity sometimes I think;

Shall I be inside or outside your carriage?

Bess! will the "cup" ever mine be to drink?

While two Irishmen were drawing in hay, the team suddenly starting disturbed Pat's equilibrium and precipitated him to the ground. His companion, alarmed for Pat's safety, shouted out. "My dear Pat are ye kilt." "No Mick thank Goodness," came up in troubled accents from the ground, "I'm not kilt entirely, but faith I'm spacheless."

ONE-EYED SAINTS.

An amusing story is told in a Southern religious paper concerning an incident which recently occurred in a Methodist church. The pastor, the Rev. J. R. Hughes, was a loyal Tennesseean minister, who, serving in the Union army, had one of his eyes shot out. A Southern Methodist brother, who had been a zealous Confederate, occupied his pulpit a few Sundays ago, and grew eloquent in his description of heaven. "All glorified bodies will be perfect," he shouted, and turning to Mr. Hughes, he added, "Yes, dear Brother Hughes, there will be no one-eyed saints in glory." "That is so," Mr. Hughes shouted in reply, "for there will be no rebels in heaven to shoot out their eyes."

THE TELEGRAPH.—Said an old darkey, explaining the telegraph to a younger brother, "You see dis thing am simple enough; one end ob de wire am in Washington, and de other am in Baltimore; when you touches one end, de udder end talks—same as you had a big dog, wid his head dere and his tail here; you treads on his tail in Baltimore, and de head hollers in Washington."

From the Union Theological Seminary in New York comes the following anecdote related by the Rev. Dr. Adams.

There lived in the town where Dr. Emmonds was pastor a physician tinctured with the grossest forms of pantheism, who declared that if he ever met Dr. Emmonds he would easily floor him in argument. One day they met at the house of a patient. The physician abruptly asked Dr. Emmons, "How old are you, sir?"

The doctor, astonished at his rudeness, quietly replied "Sixty-two; and may I ask, sir, how long you have lived?"

"Since creation," was the pantheist's reply.

"Ah, I suppose, then, you were in the garden of Eden with Adam and Eve?"

"I was there, sir."

"Well," said the wily divine, "I always thought there was a third person present."

SETH GREEN AMONG THE FISHES.—Every body in this hemisphere has heard of Seth Green, our principal fisherman; but few are aware that he hath a merry wit which cometh out on occasion. A few weeks since, at the celebration of the completion of the new State Line Railroad, Seth was invited to join the excursion. Scarcely had the well-filled train started from Rochester when the fisherman began his tour of salutation and hand-shaking. He had passed through all but the last car, when Jack — said to him, "Seth, you are out of place; you should be in the car where the Fish is" (referring to the Hon. H. F., who was in a forward car).

Seth, after surveying those around him, and noticing certain red noses, replied; "I guess I'm in the right place' as there seem to be plenty of *suckers* here."—*Harper's Mag.*

A large ferocious dog found its way into a shop filled with customers and caused great alarm, when a raw-looking shopman remarked that if they would give the dog what he wanted it was most likely he would leave. What could a dog want in a Draper's shop? Why, he wanted muzzlin', of course!

ELECTION.—Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., D. D., is responsible for the following anecdote to illustrate the doctrine of election. In the early days of Methodism a young Methodist preacher held forth at one of the work-houses of Great Britain. He vigorously denounced the doctrines of fore-ordination and election. A pious old woman, brought up in the Calvinistic faith of the Presbyterian Church, was asked what she thought of the sermon. She shook her head vigorously. "I don't believe a word on't," said she; "At all events, I know the Lord chose me afore he saw me, for he never would ha' chosen me arterwards."

BEARDING THE BEARDLESS.—A sturdy vagabond, with full black beard of unusual length, was recently brought before a magistrate, who questioned him about his past life, "If one can believe all that is laid to your charge," said the magistrate solemnly, "your conscience must be as black as your beard." "Ah," replied the wily rogue, "if a man's conscience is to be measured by his beard, then your worship has no conscience at all."

A Miss Joy was present at a party recently, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed, "I'm glad I'm not a beauty. for I should not like to be a Joy forever."

It is stated that an exalted personage not long ago was presiding at the opening of a new dock. The architect was interviewed afterwards. "How many vessels," inquired the exalted personage, "will your dock contain?" "That entirely depends, sir, on whether they be large or small." "Oh, middling size, I mean!" "In that case," was the reply, "the dock would contain a middling lot of ships."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A remarkable case of mistaken identity occurred at St. Louis, the other day. Herman Schuster awoke in the morning and found himself dead. At least the newspapers said he was dead, and that his body was at the morgue. Mr. Schuster went to the place mentioned, and there, sure enough, found himself laid out on the slab as dead as anybody could wish. Mr. Schuster was alarmed. The forehead of the corpse was his, and the body would not vary in weight five pounds from his own. The clothes, also, were exactly like those adorning Mr. Schuster's person. "Vot ish de golor of his eyes?" asked Herman, of Dr. Ainbaugh. The doctor turned up the corpse's eyelids, and found that the eyes were blue. "Dot ish petter," said Herman, with a long sigh of relief. "Dot is not mine pody. Dose is plue and mine is plaek. Gott in Himmel! vot a narrow eshcape—vot a glose gall dose vas!"

"I didn't know," said an old lady, as she laid down her newspaper, "that thieves were so scarce they had to advertise for 'em and offer a reward for their discovery."

BOTHERED BY A BEE.

A funny street incident is related by a St. Louis paper about a dog which, being bothered by a bee one hot day, as he was dozing by a grocer's door, heedlessly snapped it up in his mouth. He made a sudden spring to his feet as if he had just thought of something that he had to do in a hurry, and the hair all over him raised on end as if he had been electrified. Then he pranced around a moment, shaking his head frantically as if he were worrying a rat. A little black object dropped from his mouth, which he looked at inquiringly for a brief instant, and then started off in haste to see a man around the corner howling dismally as he went. The man was not there, and the dog came back, and once more made an inspection of the little black object that lay on the sidewalk, and poked it timidly with his paw. He, perhaps, wanted to be able to recognize one of those little things if he should ever encounter one again.

"I Understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a downright slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink more easy."

The hanging question is thus summed up: "After a careful consideration of all the arguments for and against capital punishment, we have come to the conclusion that the 'debt of nature' can never be paid, if it can't be collected without an execution."

When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star on which our orb of day and his planetary attendants revolved—a wagish member exclaimed, "What! our sun's sun? Why, that must be a grand sun?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

TIMELY WARNINGS.

My daughter, be thou timely warned. Waste not thy days in visiting thy sick and impoverished neighbors. Go, rather, and dress thyself in fine array, and devote, at the least, six hours of thy time, between the rising of the sun and the going down thereof, to thy pet canary bird that pineth for thy tender care.

My son, learn not thou even the humble art of basket-making or other skill with thy hands, for by so doing thou mightest at some future day, be enabled to provide thyself with honest bread. Nay, rather improve thyself in those ancient games yclept polo and base ball, the exercise of which shall furnish thee much muscle wherewith to break stone when in prison.

My sister, be thou wise past understanding, and when thy husband shall die and thou shalt have secured to thee all of his possessions, hie thee with haste to the diamond merchant and part with all thou hast in the purchase of one precious stone, thus doing good withal, for when the genial burglar shall enter thy dwelling and purloin thy treasure, he will rejoice that his burden is not greater than he can bear.

FRENCH MEASURES.—One gram equals 15.432349 (roughly, 15½) grains: multiply this number by the given number of grams, and result will be the equivalent in grains. In like manner, 1 cubic centimetre equals nearly 0.3522 oz. fluid measure; 1 litre, 1,000 c. c. or 35.21546oz.; and 1 metre slightly over 39.37 in., of which a centimetre is the hundredth part.

Lucius Hart, tells a capital story of the ingenuity exercised by a little boy, in calling attention to his first pair of new boots:

The little fellow would draw up his pantaloons and display the whole of his boots; then walk up and down the room, with eyes now on the shining leather, and now upon a friend of his father's, who was present. But it was a bootless effort. At length, however, he succeeded. Sitting in front of both, he exclaimed—

"Father, an't three times two six?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, then," said he, pointing to each of their feet, "if three times two is six, there's just six boots in this room!"

Basing his statement upon the tastes displayed and the gastronomical feats accomplished by a young robin which he reared, Mr. D. A. Lyle, in the American Naturalist, says that robins are strictly insectivorous so long as the supply of insects is equal to the demand, and that for every cherry or grape they eat they destroy thousands of injurious insects. Forty-six birds would devour about 4,600 insects a day.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stones used by the pearl-divers, which enable them to reach the prize and to rise enriched.

Avoid falsehood. There can be found no higher virtue than the love of truth. The man who deceives others must himself become the victim of morbid distrust. Knowing the deceit of his own heart and the falsehood of his own tongue, his eyes must be always filled with suspicion, and he must lose the greatest of all happiness—confidence in those who surround him.

DON'T QUARREL.

One of the most easy, the most common, and most perfectly foolish things in the world, is—to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman, or child; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it. And yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors, and princes quarrel, the church quarrels, and the State quarrels; nations and tribes and corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things, and on all manner of occasions. If there is anything in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did of others—and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace before one—it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The reason people quarrel about religion, is, because they really have so little of it, and the harder they quarrel, the more abundantly do they prove it.

Politicians need not quarrel. Whosoever quarrels with a man for his political opinions, is himself denying the first principle of freedom—freedom of thought, moral liberty, without which there is nothing in politics worth a groan: it is therefore wrong upon principle. You have on this subject a right to your own opinions, so have others; you have a right to convince them, if you can; they have the same. Exercise your rights, but again I say—don't quarrel.

The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him: no matter who he is, or how he misuses you, unless there be something outrageous to complain of, the wisest way is generally just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with most of the wrongs we meet with.

The Awful Scenery of the Moon.

Among the many terribly-sublime scenes with which the moon's surface must abound, none can be grander than that which presents itself to the spectator were he placed inside one of those volcanic craters, Tycho, for instance, surrounded on every side by the most terrific evidences of volcanic force in its wildest features. In such a position he would have before him, standing up from the vast plain below, a mighty, obelisk-shaped mountain of some nine thousand feet in height, casting its black shadow over the plateau; and partly up its slope he would see an amphitheatrical range of mountains beyond, which, in spite of their being about forty miles distant, would appear almost in his immediate proximity—owing to the absence of that "aerial perspective" which, in terrestrial scenery, imparts a softened aspect to the distant object—so near, indeed, as to reveal every cleft and chasm to the naked eye.

This strange commingling of near and distant objects, the inevitable visual consequence of the absence of atmosphere or water, must impart to lunar scenery a terrible aspect—a stern wildness which may aptly be termed unearthly. And when we seek to picture to ourselves, in addition to the lineaments and condition of the lunar landscape, the awful effect of an absolutely black firmament, in which every star visible above the horizon would shine with a steady brilliancy—all causes of scintillation or twinkling being absent, as these effects are due to the presence of variously-heated strata, or currents in our atmosphere—or of the vivid and glaring sunshine, with which we have nothing to compare in our subdud solar illumination, made more striking by the contrast of an intensely-black sky: if we say, we would picture to ourselves the wild and unearthly scene that would thus be presented to our gaze, we must search for it in the recollection of some fearful dream.—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

As a white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments when much soiled, so a little fault in a great man attracts more attention than a great offence in a bad man.

Faithful to the First.

The recent death in Paris of Mr. Cass, son of General Lewis Cass, has revealed a bit of sentimental romance not common in these later days, and which is thus related by a writer in Lippincott's:

Mr. Cass resided in Paris several years, and resumed in that brilliant capital an acquaintance which had begun in the little frontier town of Detroit more than forty years before. Miss Emily V. Mason (now well known as an authoress, traveller and educationist), when just blooming into womanhood, presided over the gubernatorial mansion at Detroit, the capital of the then Territory of Michigan, of which her brother was the governor. The family of General Cass, the most distinguished citizen of the Northwest, and the family of Governor Mason were united by the closest ties of friendship, and of course the general's son and the governor's sister were thrown much together. Young Cass formed an ardent, and, as it has proved, a lasting attachment for the dashing Kentucky girl. The death of Governor Mason obliged his sister to return to her father's house before the lover had declared himself.

Years passed: Miss Mason's father and mother died. Refusing the many wealthy homes that were offered her, she determined to be independent and to support herself by her own hands. A small market-farm was purchased in Fairfax County, Virginia. Here the daughter of General Mason, assisted by the children of a widowed sister, earned a laborious livelihood. Their home became a little Paradise, peace and plenty rewarded their exertions, and there was no happier home in Virginia than the cottage of Miss Emily Mason. The civil war broke out: this little Eden was made desolate; its trailing vines were destroyed; its innocent inmates were forced to fly. Miss Mason went to Richmond and devoted herself to the sick, wounded, and dying soldiers. Confederates and Federals shared alike her gentle ministrations. At the close of the war she entered a new field of benevolence—the education of Southern orphans. Many young girls have been thus enabled to earn an honorable and respectable living.

For some years Miss Mason has been residing abroad, chiefly in Paris. Here she met once more Mr. Cass, the lover of her youth, now an old man. He had lived in France so long that he had acquired much of the tender gallantry of a Frenchman, and in asking his first love to be his last he begged her to honor him by consenting to be his widow. But Miss Mason had long resolved not to marry, and so informed her faithful admirer. He bowed to her decision, and accepted the position of friend. Mr. Cass had told his confidential secretary to send for Miss Mason in case he died suddenly. One night he retired, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. A telegram was sent to Miss Mason, who was travelling in Spain, and she immediately returned to Paris. Mr. Cass' will was opened. To Miss Mason he bequeathed six thousand dollars, his watch and three diamond rings, making her joint executrix of the will, and requesting her, as a last favor, to convey his remains to Detroit, the place endeared to him by so many sweet and tender associations of early life, not the least of which was his love for her. Over his grave he directed that a modest monument should be erected, with a suitable inscription. Miss Mason will carry out the last request of her dying friend.

THE MISER'S APOLOGY FOR SHABBINESS.—A respectable functionary in Dundee, of parsimonious habits, was one day rallied by a friend from the country upon his extreme shabbiness of attire. "Hoot man" answered the bailie, "it's nae matter, every body kens me here;" meaning that his character being perfectly known in the place, it was quite unnecessary that he should fortify his pretensions by fine clothes. It happened that the same friend met him afterward in the streets of London, and finding his clothes no better, expressed still greater surprise than before, adding, that surely his former excuse would not now avail him. "Hoot, man," answered the pertinacious miser, "naebody kens me here."

"Recollect, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

HOPE.

BY ELIZABETH E. R. PERRY.

There is a hidden mystery in that power
That draws us ever onward—not our own—
That scatters in the darkest path sweet flowers,
And bids us trust the future, yet unknown.

With yearning hearts we stand and look afar,
The dark uncertainty with joy await,
Our eyes forever fixed on some bright star,
Whose beaming radiance doth our hearts elate.

Hope, cheering magnet of the aspiring soul,
How many a fainting one hast thou sustained!
We feel the hand of an all-wise control
Leading thus onward to some bliss retained.

Though clouds may dim the splendor of our sky,
And sorrow deluge our tried hearts like rain,
We know the clouds move on, and by and by
The sunshine will make bright our path again.

Thus comforted we scan the dizzy height
We deem the acme of our high desire,
And struggle upward, reach the glorious light
To find beyond, perchance, the beacon fire.

So, dauntless, press we onward to the last,
Still waiting something better than we've known.
Something yet unattained the future hath,
For which we toil, and wait to call our own.

Somewhere it waits, beyond our vision now,
Hope's sweet, prophetic whispers tell us so.
And bid us trust, all joyfully somehow,
The mystery which hereafter we may know.

Wonders of the Universe.

What assertion will make one believe that in one second of time, one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels 152,000 miles, and would, therefore, perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with your eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a faillion times larger than the earth? and that although so remote from us, a cannon ball, shot directly toward it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? or that there exists animated and regularly-organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second? That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of the eye that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color? That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times—of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times—and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

BEAUTY.—That is not the most perfect Beauty, which, in public, would attract the greatest observation; nor even that which the Statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of clay, kneaded up with blood. But that is true Beauty, which has not only a Substance, but a Spirit,—a beauty that we must intimately know, justly to appreciate,—a Beauty lighted up

in conversation, where the Mind shines as it were through its casket, where, in the language of the Poet, "the eloquent blood spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, that we might almost say her Body thought." An order and a mode of Beauty which, the more we know, the more we accuse ourselves for not having before discovered those thousand Graces which bespeak that their owner has a Soul. This is that Beauty which never cloy, possessing Charms as resistless as those of the fascinating Egyptian, for which Antony wisely paid the bauble of a World,—a Beauty like the rising of his own Italian Suns, always enchanting, never the same.

The Secret of Happiness.

The secret of happiness is to make the best of everything. No matter what happens to annoy, let all glide along as easily, and with as few words of complaint and fault-finding as possible. Little inconveniences will intrude upon the most fortunate people, so the only way to become the master of every situation is to make up your mind not to notice small annoyances. People may keep themselves in a constant broil over what amounts to nothing, and which, without accomplishing the least good, may ruin the peace and quiet of a neighborhood. The sooner the person understands that we cannot have every thing just as we want it, the sooner he may have a true basis for happiness. It is the greatest folly to set the heart upon uncertainties, and then, if disappointed, refuse to be comforted or reconciled. Do the best you can, and then take things as they come. If a man strives with his best knowledge, energy and untiring labor to accomplish a certain object, working with skill and patience, he is a success, whether the scheme fails or succeeds, and he ought to reconcile himself to a failure if it is inevitable. If his labors have been of brain and hand, he is better fitted to succeed in other undertakings. And the question of success or failure is not settled till this life ends—no, not till the life to come shall reveal its grand results.—*Cottage Hearth.*

CHARACTER.

There is a glare about wordly success, which is very apt to dazzle men's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world; thriving in business; successful in his speculations; if he be a man out of our own line, who does not come into competition with us, so as to make us jealous of him, we are too apt to say within ourselves, "What a wonderful man this must be, to rise so rapidly?" forgetting that dust and straw, and feathers, things with neither weight nor value in them, rise the soonest and the easiest. In like manner, it is not the truly great and good man, generally speaking, who rises the most rapidly into wealth and notice. A man may be sharp, active, quick, dexterous, cunning; he may be ever on the watch for opportunities to push his fortunes: a man of this kind can hardly fail of getting on in the world; yet with all this, he may not have a grain of real Greatness about him. He may be all I have described, and yet have no Greatness of Mind, no Greatness of Soul. He may be utterly without Sympathy and fellow-feeling for others; he may be utterly devoid of all true Wisdom; he may be without Piety and without Charity; without Love, that is, either for God or man.—*Hare.*

A DECEITFUL CITY.—Venice is called "The Beautiful City." It is beautiful, but, alas! to an honest view of this pretty, womanly city, there are two sides, for it is the most deceitful city in the world—a city of wide and wonderful contrasts. Venice is full of beauty, but full of ugliness also. It is full of gayety, but overfull of want and wretchedness.

The great attraction, however, to one who dwells long in Venice, is the gentleness and the never-failing politeness of its people of all classes and conditions. Beautiful Venice! a dead and decaying city of cholera and half the miseries of the world, yet all the time as beautiful as a dream or picture, the beauty of a painted woman. A city sick at heart, full of decay and disease—a city of contrasts and contradictions—the city of art, history and song, yet hollow and sad as the shell of the sea.

A GENTLEMAN observed to another that an officer in the army had left his house without paying the rent. "Oh" exclaimed Frank Mathews, "you mean the left-tenant."

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ANGEL WHISPERS, Lazarus Comforted.

At a rich man's gate reclining
On a lowly couch of dust
Lay a poor man, unrepining,
Begging only for a crust.
Lothsome, sore, diseased and friendless :
How the hours dragged seeming endless.

In the rich man's mansion stately
Scarlet-and-fine-linen clad,
Earth's good things enjoying greatly,
Merry-making, vintage glad;
Sumptuous fare receiving daily:
Swift the hours pass by but gaily.

Man, hark! from out the portals
Rich as have offered that pleading voice,
Comes again acres, by the immortals :
Faint, but heard, "r viands choice,
Asking not for origin, thou art able :—
Nor to give about thy from off thy table.
Only crumbs we the plaintive pleading :
Vainly we speed his life away ;
Slowly, listy cre his 'good things' in his day.
And then, 'fe's sun at last descending,
Till I ' 'I do it came on in gloom unending.
Nig' 'We'er the poor man bending lowly.
O' have Angels, whispering words of love,
Loosing all his life-cords slowly,
Wait the summons from above.
'Bring ye up my servant higher,
In a chariot of fire.'

From the realms of hopeless vice
Lifts the rich man up his vision.
To the hills of Paradise.

Where in fields of joy Elysian.
Lazarus dwells : at last he views him
In repose in Abram's bosom.

Pleads he for a drop of water
To assuage his spirit's thirst,
But the flame of wrath grows hotter
Burning in the soul accused,
And his agonizing pleading
Heaven itself appears unheeding.

Listen! not in accents wrathful
But in tones with pity rife,
Speaks the father of the faithful.
Son, remember in thy life
Thou hadst good things Lazarus evil,
Now thou'rt doomed beyond retrieval.

J. F. L.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER II.

ABERFOYLE.

On arriving at their destination, Tom and Frank reported the incidents of their journey to Mr. Crossin, the head of the firm which they represented, and, after laying their plans and making preparations for the morrow's journey, they retired early to rest, in order to secure that recuperation of both mind and body, which would most fully qualify them for prosecuting the task they had undertaken ; and accordingly, the first rays of morning light that entered their apartment, found them wide awake and ready for the business of the day.

The morning train brought them, early in the day, to a little way station, near which was a public house, and toward this they directed their steps, as much with a view to gather what information they could, as to make provision for their dinner, on their return from Aberfoyle. The host, a brusque man, quick of speech and motion, who awaited their approach at the entrance, bowed them in, and with the quick business habits which were characteristic of him, enquired, "Can I be of any service to you, gentlemen?"

"We are going to view an estate, which, I believe, the proprietor calls 'Aberfoyle,' and which, I am informed, is somewhere in your immediate neighborhood. We thought, however, that as it would take us some little time, it would be advisable for us to order dinner, say at about three o'clock, by which time, I hope we shall be through with our business, and in good trim to do full justice to the substantialities you may have in readiness for us, and in the mean time, perhaps you might be able to give us some information that would facilitate our business. Do you know how many acres there are to the estate, and what proportion of it is under cultivation?"

"Yes, I am informed there are nine hundred acres : there were originally one thousand, but the former owner, who was a bachelor, and somewhat eccentric in his way, gave one hundred acres of it to his housekeeper ; she, poor soul, was a good woman, and deserving enough of the present ; but unlike her master, she wasn't content with single blessedness, (the more's the pity) and the miserable scape-grace she got for a husband, ran through with the property within three years, and then moved to the city, where, I am told, he died a short time ago, leaving his family destitute. What I blame him for is, that he wasn't considerate enough to die before he squandered the property."

"She could not have known him very well, I should judge, or she would not have entrusted her happiness to a person so unworthy of her."

"O dear, no ! If she had known John Trudell, as well as I did—but then, I don't know whether it would have made any difference. I warned her against him ; but you know when a woman gets a man in her heart, the more there is said, the more breath's wasted, that has been my observation. John was a plausible fellow, and good looking withal, and the poor woman thought she had such an influence over him, that she imagined she would have no trouble in weaning him

from his bad habits, when once she had him more directly under her influence. I tell you, the best time to reform, if a man intends going into the business at all, is on the bachelor side of matrimony, and the woman who marries a drunkard, under the impression that it is her duty, by that method, to attempt his reformation, in my opinion, mistakes her calling.

You may think it somewhat incongruous, that I, a retailer of intoxicants, should express myself as I have done. I assure you, gentlemen, if there were no drunkards made, till they came from my establishment, such characters would be in demand for temperance lecture illustrations. Many a time I turned John Trudell away with a single glass, knowing it was as much as was good for him, but I lost money by it, and my neighbors gained; but it is some consolation to know that I have not his blood on my hands." And he rubbed his hands, as though he felt measurably relieved by his protestations of innocence, or, as if that slight friction would obliterate any little stain that might still adhere to him.

"Have you heard," said Frank, "that the proprietor wishes to sell the 'Aberfoyle' estate?"

"He has tried to sell it, but no one in the neighborhood, has the capital to invest; and no one believes that he is the rightful owner of the property. He holds it under a will, which is in the handwriting of the late David Dennison, his former employer and owner of the property. Every body was surprised when the will was produced, though no one could dispute it; and no one appeared to know what disposition he had intended making of his property; but I, myself, heard him say, not three months before his death, that he intended leaving the bulk of his property, to a little favorite of his, and that favorite, was certainly a female, for, I recollect he said, 'she is so good and wise, I am sure she will prove herself worthy of her fortune,' and that is all I know about it, except, that Mrs. Trudell informed me, he had told her, that he had willed the bulk of his property, to a young relative, but he did not wish to give the fact any publicity, as he wanted it some day to be a surprise to her. At the same time, he told her, that he would deed a hundred acres to her, and, in accordance with that promise, it was found after his death, that a legal conveyance of that amount of property, had been made to her, a short time previous to his death. I have already told you what became of it."

"Have you any idea, of the value of the property?"

"Well, under ordinary circumstances. I would leave you to form your own estimate, and act accordingly; but, as I have little regard for Mr. Grundy, I will tell you, that I consider the property worth thirty-five thousand dollars, and it would be worth considerably more, if it were not for a superstition current in the neighborhood, that the ruins of an old castle at a short distance from the present dwelling is haunted. There is a room or two in the old ruins, that are still entire, and have not been opened for years. The massive keys that opened them, had been lost before Mr. Dennison's death; and yet, a dim light has several times been seen through the windows of one of them, and strange noises have been heard, so that no one now goes near the ruins in the night time, nor scarcely in the day-time, either. Perhaps, it may be, there is some connection between this fact and the extremely low figure at which Mr. Grundy offers the property,—twenty thousand dollars. I wouldn't have anything to do with it at any price, without an assurance that no grounds would arise for contesting the title."

"Well, Tom, said Frank, "I think we had better take a turn over the estate."

"Good Morning, Mr. Karns, and thanks for the information you have given us. Dinner at three, remember."

"Well, Tom," said Frank, as they walked in the direction of the 'Aberfoyle' Estate, "we have already made some good points. Trudell is Dennison's old housekeeper's name. She resides in the city. She heard statements made by Dennison, about another will. At the same time, he promised her a conveyance of one hundred acres, which was verified by the finding of a deed after his death, conveying to her that amount of property. I assume, therefore, that the will referred to, was also made; but what became of it? and if it still exists, where? These are the important questions that now require solution; and it may require some time, and careful manipulation to get at a satisfactory conclusion, and then rescue it from destruction if it does exist; for if Grundy thought it was likely to be discovered, self-interest would

doubtless impel him to commit it to the flames. In my opinion, it does still exist, but Grundy, alone, is in possession of the secret of its location."

"See here," said Tom, "here is an old deserted roadway through this thicket of shrubbery to the right, let us follow it, it appears to lead to higher ground, and will afford us a better view of the estate; probably this is the way, by which, in former times, approach was made to the castle, as the old building now in ruins, used to be called. I hope we shall find it so, and find ourselves at liberty to examine the premises without being shown everything, and seeing nothing. For my part, I vote guides in general a nuisance; one never has time to stop and examine anything; your guide sees for you, and you are expected to be impressed as long and as much as suits his convenience."

After walking some little distance, the old roadway opened out on a comparatively clear space, overgrown, however, with grass and weeds, and a few scattered elms, which seemed to have been at one time, the favorite shade-tree of the estate. At a short distance before them appeared the ruins of the old castle, black and solitary, its walls covered with moss, and such an air of desertion and loneliness seemed to pervade the place, that it was no matter of surprise to our friends, that the superstition of the uneducated peasantry had peopled it with ghosts. No sound broke upon the stillness of the morning air but the lowing of cattle at a great distance, which only added to the oppressiveness of the quiet that pervaded the environs of the old castle.

As they approached the ruins toward what had been the left wing of the building, and which appeared to be in a better state of preservation than any other portion of it; suddenly Tom laid his hand on his companion's arm. "Hark!" said he, did you hear nothing?"

"I hear it now," said Frank in an undertone.

"What did you hear?"

"A sound as of metals coming in contact."

This sound seemed to proceed from a small, high window directly before them.

Cautiously approaching the window from which the sound came, Frank stepped upon a mound of rubbish, and then him to look in. As he did so, he saw a man rising from a stooping posture, with his back toward the window, muttering to her sake—no harm to—self—I'll be revenged on the words: "Yes, for thrust a massive key into the lock, the door of the window. He then out, and the heavy bolt was heard to fly backward, he passed again; and the two friends, concealing themselves behind an angle of the broken wall to which a mass of tangled vines and clinging saw more distinctly the form and features, he emerged from the shadows he looked furtively, who of the man, and then walked away in the direction of 'Lynden,' may fly around, the dwelling of David Dennison had been christened 'Hall,' as housekeeper. man of by his

"Aha! we have discovered the ghost," said Frank, and now let us go round by the old road again, as I think it advisable, for the present, that our visit to the old castle should be known only to ourselves."

"And what do you think of our ghost?" said Tom, as they entered the shrubbery again.

"A ghost, sure enough," Frank replied, "but not yet free from its flesh and blood relations,—some troubled soul that cannot rest,—But did you hear what he said?"

"No, what?"

"I must put it down, lest I should forget. It may be of value some time,—Yes,—for her sake—no harm to—self—I'll be revenged."

"A troubled soul, as you say, no doubt. A case of love and jealousy, I presume. I wonder how long the place has been haunted. Could the desertion of the castle have arisen from this cause?"

"Possibly, but I am inclined to think that his bachelorship thought it too expensive, and probably too lonesome a place for him, and so built a dwelling more suitable for his limited household, and more congenial to his individual tastes. Probably the old castle was in a pretty dilapidated condition when he left it. It is wonderful, how even the most substantial structures seem to go to decay and ruin, when there is no woman to take an interest in their preservation. By the way, do you recollect, our host said this morn-

ing, that the keys of those rooms in the old castle, had been lost before Mr. Dennison's death? It appears our ghost has found them, and probably was in possession of them while Mr. Dennison was yet alive; but for what purpose? There's a mystery yet to be solved,—possibly in the interests of our client."

Our two friends now approached 'Lynden Hall.' It was a low, but neat white building, prettily situated, but not very tastefully arranged, and would naturally suggest the idea that its builder, disgusted with the unsuitable extent and gloomy pretentiousness of the old castle, had gone to the other extreme. But it would be foreign to my purpose to enter into a detailed description of the place. It is enough to say that, with a little remodeling of the buildings, and the exercise of good taste in laying out and ornamenting the grounds, it might be converted into a beautiful homestead; and the estimate given of the property in the morning by the hotel keeper was not very far from the mark.

Frank rapped at the door, and was admitted by Mrs. Gundry a lady a little past middle age, who looked upon her visitors with some manifestation of surprise, partly, no doubt, because, as she and her husband were not held in very high esteem in the neighborhood, they had few visitors; and perhaps, for the same reasons, Mr. Gundry, into whose presence they were ushered, in the library, seemed ill at ease, as if his mind had been deeply preoccupied, and he found it difficult at once to change the current of his thoughts; and our two friends were themselves somewhat disconcerted, momentarily, by the recognition in this man, of the same party whom they had seen emerge from the ruins of the old castle. To Frank and Tom, his appearance was repulsive, and yet they could not tell why. His features were not irregular, nor coarse; but his hair had a strangely rough and uncouth appearance, as if every hair were at enmity with every other hair on his head; and his eyes, which were almost of a steel gray color, were small and unfathomable in their expression.

"Mr. Gundry, I presume," said Frank.

"Mr. Gundry," said the lady.

"Am I rightly informed" said Frank, "that this estate is for sale?"

"I have offered it for sale."

"How many acres does it comprise?"

"Nine hundred."

"Did it not originally embrace one thousand acres?"

"It did, but through a whim of the late Mr. Dennison, one hundred acres were deeded to his housekeeper. It might as well have remained in the estate, for she married a shiftless fool, who spent most of it in the alehouse. It was mortgaged to satisfy creditors, till her interest in the property was wiped out."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I suppose if I wish at any time to purchase, I will have no difficulty in finding an owner. What is your price?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Are there any other buildings on the property?"

"None, except the old castle yonder, which is now a heap of ruins. There are but two sound rooms in it, and they have not been opened since Mr. Dennison died. The keys were lost sometime before his death, and as it can be seen from the windows that the rooms are quite empty, out of respect to the request of the late Mr. Dennison, I have refused to allow them to be forced open."

"Are you sure the title is good?"

"The title! certainly; who disputes the title?"

"O! no one, only you know it is customary to carefully examine titles, as the value of the most extensive estate depends upon the character of the title. There are so many instances and degrees of fraud now-a-days, that the utmost caution is necessary to save one's-self from imposition. You know the old adage, 'Deal with every man as a rogue, till you know him to be honest.' However, Twenty-five Thousand Dollars you said. Is that your lowest figure?"

"I might be induced to take Twenty Thousand, cash down, though, goodness knows, the property is dirt cheap, at my first figure."

"Well, I shall have to consult another party you know, and then examine the title. You shall hear from me again, however, soon. We will just take a stroll over the estate, and return to the hotel without returning this way, as we

have ordered dinner; and we will not be able to reach there any too soon. Good morning."

"Well, Frank," said Tom, when they had got out of hearing, "what do you think now?"

"I think we are making some progress, and it would not be amiss to make a note or two. It is clear, now, that Gundry is the ghost that haunts the castle; that he has, for private reasons of his own, had possession of those keys before the decease of Dennison; that something is preying upon his mind; that he is so anxious to sell the estate as to be willing to sell at much under its value; that he is willing to sacrifice a good deal for ready cash, and that he is not anxious we should see Mrs. Trudell. By the way, did you notice how his countenance changed, when I spoke about careful investigation of titles?" Now these things have a moral, as the story-tellers say, and I draw pretty consequential inferences this time. And now we must find Mrs. Trudell, and try if we cannot, with her assistance, develop those inferences into practical facts and figures."

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

BAVARIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

A contemporary tells us that a large proportion of the Bavarian peasantry entertain the superstitious notion that the fire kindled by lightning is not to be extinguished. When such an accident happens, they are discouraged, and do scarcely anything to check the progress of the flames. A funeral must never pass through a tilled field, not even in winter, though it might considerably shorten the way. The peasant is fully persuaded that a field through which a funeral has passed becomes barren. Except on extraordinary occasions, no funerals are allowed on Mondays and Fridays. A peasant who is in search of a wife never goes, except on a Thursday or Saturday, into the house where he expects to make his choice. The bride and bridegroom are not to give their bare hand to any body on the day of their marriage except to each other at the altar, otherwise they are threatened with poverty during the whole course of their union. It is also a very bad sign if, when the bride returns from church, she finds anybody on the threshold of her door. When a young girl finds a leaf of trefoil divided into four instead of three parts, it is a sign that she will be married within a year; at all events, she carefully preserves this leaf till her wedding day. On Christmas eve the countrymen are accustomed to frequently drive out in sledges. They think that this will cause their hemp to be more abundant and higher. They do not fail to visit the alehouse, and to drink heartily the same evening, being convinced that this is the way to make them look well till the following Christmas. They never destroy crickets by fire, being persuaded that those which escape will destroy their linen and clothes. When a peasant loses his way in a wood after sunset, he avoids calling any person to show him the way, being convinced that in such case the evil spirit of the forest would cause him to plunge still deeper into its recesses.

TOILING HOUSEWIVES.

The Greenfield Gazette says of toiling housewives that they have a hard time of it, and many of them become prematurely broken down. Rising early in the morning, and busied all the day long during these long hot days of summer, ere the night overtakes them they become worn and weary. The best relief is for them to take a nap. As soon as they can after the dinner chores are done up they should lie down half an hour and rest. They will then get refreshed both in body and mind, and so accomplish their afternoon's work with much more ease, and much less wear and tear, than they would otherwise. They may say they "Can't find time;" but they must take it, just as they take time for dinner. The one is hardly less needful than the other. They must eat and they must rest, or they will soon wear out. Take time, any way. Try it a week or two, and they will find that they have lost nothing, but gained much. They will find that they can do just as much in the course of the twenty-four hours, and that they do it with much greater ease and comfort.

OUR LILY OF LOVE.

Our babe? Alas! she is no longer ours;
 God sent His silent gardener one day
 To cull a posy of earth's rarest flowers,
 Moving at leisure 'mong love's brightest bowers,
 He paused to pluck our lily from her spray.

The tender petals closed around the fair
 Sweet heart, all innocence and purity;
 We saw our blossom droop, and pleaded, "Spare!"
 A soft voice, floating earthward through the air,
 Breathed, "Be resigned; it is the Lord's decree!"

Mutely we knelt beside our flow'et's bed,
 Hand-linked in tearful trouble, half inclined
 To murmur at the mandate that had sped
 With lightning swiftness through our hearts, and spread
 Death's deathly o'er all. Anon we grew resigned:

Resigned, because we knew she was not lost;
 Resigned, because we knew our bud of love
 (When the dark boundary of death was crossed,
 And God had wiped away the clinging frost)
 Would bloom for aye in heaven's bowers above.

Here is a ringlet of our darling's hair,
 Soft as the softest silk, and golden bright
 As sunshine shimmering through summer air;
 And here a likeness of our flow'et fair
 Who blossoms now in realms that know no night.

The days seem dull, however bright the sun.
 And we are mournful now who erst were gay;
 But we will hope until our lives are done,
 That we in heaven may see our little one
 Blossoming on a pure celestial spray.

LETO.

A Witty Teetotaler.

Says London Truth: There must be something wit-inspiring in teetotalers. We all know how expectantly the members of the Commons watch for the jests, somewhat well worn though they be, which season Sir Wilfrid's advocacy of the Permissive bill. A correspondent happened to be on Peckham Rise the other day when one of the disciples of the jocose Baronet was holding forth. He described himself as "the funny cabman," and very appropriately designated himself as a "rough customer." After a full-flavored attack on the "Government pets," as he styled the publicans, he said: "A short time ago I was coming from Aldridge's where I had been to buy a horse for my cab; I saw a woman lying dead drunk on the cellar-flap of one of the neighboring public houses; so I walked into the bar, and said to the landlord, 'One of your sign-boards has tumbled down.' The gouty old publican and his pot-boy, who was rather older than his master, came outside, exclaiming, 'Where?' 'There,' I said, pointing to the heap of rags on the flap. 'Why don't you take it inside, and put it in your window, like other respectable tradesmen do with their goods, and label it, 'Our own manufacture, made to order,' instead of leaving it here, as if you were ashamed to own it?'"

Law a Hundred Years Ago.

The Albany Law Journal finds in Hall's "History of Eastern Vermont" some account of the laws which were in force a hundred years ago:

"Burglary was punished by branding with a B in the forehead, and nailing one of the offender's ears to a post and cutting it off, and whipping; for the second offence there was the like branding, and nailing and cutting off the other ear; for the third offence the punishment was death, the offender was deemed 'incorrigible.' Counterfeiting was punished by cutting off the right ear, branding with C, and perpetual imprisonment. Perjury was punished by a fine of £50 and imprisonment for six months, but if the offender could not pay the fine he was let off by sitting in the pillory two hours and having both ears nailed and cut off. Wilful lying, to public prejudice, or deceiving or abusing the people with false

news or reports, was punished by fine, sitting in the stocks, and whipping, the punishment being increased with each repetition of the offence, except that in no case was the number of stripes to exceed the number of thirty-nine.

"Theft was punished by compelling threefold restitution, or fine by a sort of temporary slavery, the prosecution being empowered to dispose of the offender in service to any subject of the State for such time as he should be assigned to the prosecutor by the court. 'Unseasonable night-walking,' that is to say, after nine o'clock, was prohibited, as was also the convening of persons under the government of parents, guardians, or masters, after that untimely hour. 'Tavern hauntings' were punished by posting their names at the door of every tavern, and prohibiting the tavern-keeper from supplying them with any thing in the way of strong drink. No clamorous discourse, shouting halloing, screaming, running, riding, dancing, jumping, swimming, or blowing of horns, was tolerated on the Lord's day. Listening outside of the meeting-house during the time of public worship was not permitted. Secular meetings of any number of persons, in the street or elsewhere, on Saturday or Moudry evening, were forbidden under penalty of fine or stocks."

EUROPEAN CHARACTER.

The following appears in a German paper: In religion the German is skeptical, the Englishman devout, the Frenchman zealous, the Italian ceremonious, the Spaniard bigoted.

In keeping his word the German is faithful, the Englishman is safe, the Frenchman giddy, the Italian careless, the Spaniard a deception.

In giving advice the German is slow, the Englishman fearless, the Frenchman precipitate, the Italian nice, the Spaniard circumspect.

In external appearance the German is large, the Englishman well-made, the Frenchman well-looking, the Italian of middle size, the Spaniard awkward.

In dress the German is shabby, the Englishman costly, the Frenchman fickle, the Italian ragged, the Spaniard decent.

In manners the German is clownish, the Englishman barbarous, the Frenchman easy, the Italian polite, the Spaniard proud.

In keeping a secret the German forgets what he has been told, the Englishman conceals what he should divulge and divulges what he should conceal, the Frenchman tells every thing, the Italian is close, the Spaniard mysterious.

In vanity the German boasts little, the Englishman despises all other nations, the Frenchman flatters every body, the Italian estimates cautiously, the Spaniard is indifferent.

In offending and doing good the German is inactive, the Englishman does both without consideration, the Frenchman is extreme, the Italian is prompt in beneficence, but vindictive, the Spaniard indifferent.

In speaking, the German and Frenchman speak badly, but write well; the Englishman speaks and writes well, the Italian speaks well, writes much and well; the Spaniard speaks little, writes little, but well.

Servants are companions in Germany, obedient in England, masters in France, respectful in Italy, submissive in Spain.

The women are housewives in Germany, queens in England, ladies in France, captives in Italy, slaves in Spain.

In courage the German resembles a bear, the Englishman a lion, the Frenchman an eagle, the Italian a fox, the Spaniard an elephant.

In the sciences the German is a pedant, the Englishman a philosopher, the Frenchman a smatterer, the Italian a professor, and the Spaniard a grave thinker.

In Germany the princes, in England the ships, in France the court, in Italy the churches, in Spain the armories, are magnificent.

To some pungent remarks of a professional brother, a Western lawyer began his reply as follows: "May it please this court: Resting upon the couch of republican equality as I do, covered with the blanket of constitutional panoply as I am, and protected by the agis of American liberty as I feel myself to be, I despise the buzzing of the professional insect who has just set down, and defy his futile attempts to penetrate, with his puny sting, the insterstices of my impervious covering."

FRAU MARGARET.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

German Frau Margaret looks from her trellis,
 Over the waves of the murmuring Rhine;
 Sees she the cliffs overhanging the valleys,
 Terraced with vineyards and purple with wine?
 Far on the mountain path, far through the forest,
 Follows her heart where her feet may not tread,
 Wafting a prayer where their need is the sorest,
 Staying the living and shriving the dead.
 Margaret, Margaret,
 Smile, for the brave are met!
 Far to the westward their banners they fling!
 Striking quick blows they stand firm for the Fatherland,
 Giving sure battle for God and the king!

Faithful Frau Margaret, loving and tender,
 Thrills her light touch through the honors of war,
 Cheering the hearts that would die to defend her,
 'Chirassier,' gaurdsman, and gallant hussar;
 Wearily thinking when all shall be over,
 White plumes returning and battle-cloud fled,
 If her beloved lies under the clover,
 He will come home—in the list of the dead.
 Margaret, Margaret,
 Gleams the grim parapet,
 Thick with the names that shall number the slain;
 God be a shield to thee, when they come silently,
 Whitening the land from Alps to the Main!

Dreaming Frau Margaret, look to the rivers
 Flashing the sunlight from billows of steel!
 Far through Ardennes how the battle line quivers!
 Hear the artillery—peal upon peal,
 Forward thy chivalry, empire of glory,
 Charge for the guns at thy capitol gate!
 Save the bright city that trembles in story,
 Hung like a pearl, in the balance of fate.
 Margaret, Margaret,
 Moonbeams with silver fret,
 Helmet and plume neath the citadel wall;
 While on the distant air, hark! how the bugles flare!
 "Germany! Germany!" sounds the recall.

God help thee Margaret! Thine is not glory—
 God help thy sisters by sunny Garonne,
 Millions may fall upon battle fields gory,
 Each heart of woman will mourn for its own;
 Kings play for crowns, at the price of thy sorrow,
 Thine but to watch for the signals of fate;
 We may be buried or crowned on the morrow,
 Thine the old lesson—to work and to wait.
 Margaret, Margaret,
 Over thy borders yet,
 Hurry white messengers, making no sign,
 God of all holiness; lover of lowliness;
 Comfort the wives by the murmuring Rhine.

SLIPSHOD WAYS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Mark and Jane were to be married in a week. Dropping into the Taylor sitting-room one evening, Mark found Aunt Mary assisting Jane about some of her elaborate and mysterious bridal preparations. Aunt Mary was always considerate and sympathetic in her words and ways, and Mark liked her. He sat down by her now in unthought silence, and with a clouded brow.

Jane looked at him furtively from behind the clouds of white lace and muslin in her lap, as he mechanically poked over the multitudinous trifles in her dainty work-basket, making as vague and unsatisfactory answers to her numerous questions as it he were guessing conundrums. After ten minutes had been spent in this rather stupid way, Aunt Mary asked suddenly:

"Well, Mark, what is it?"

The young man started, and looked up at her with a smile as bright as if a heavy fog had been lifted off his mental horizon, as he said:

"I declare, Aunt Mary, I didn't mean to speak of it, but I am as nervous as a girl over—over—next Thursday; not the ceremony itself, mind you; I shall really enjoy the display in the church—but I refer to all the life that is to follow."

"Marriage is indeed the most important event of a lifetime, and the outlook, to every reflective mind, must be a serious one," said the sweet-faced old lady; "but may I ask what has brought up the subject so impressively before you to-night?"

"The fact is, Aunt Mary," replied Mark, hesitatingly, "I have just come from Cousin Henry's. As I was passing the gate on my way here, I heard the wood shed door open, and Susan's voice call out, 'Supper's ready.' The pleasing vision of a neat dining-room, a cosy tea-table, and two happy, contented young souls enjoying the nicely-cooked, tastefully-served evening meal rose up before me, and I could not resist the impulse to turn back and take a look at them. I ran in unceremoniously, as is my wont, announcing myself, as I opened the sitting-room door, by a hearty 'Good evening.' There was no fire in the room, but plenty of dust and disorder.

"Come right in here," shouted out Henry, and I followed his voice through the dining-room, unwarned except by the far-away warmth of the kitchen fire. A large basket of rough, unfolded, and unironed clothes was turned bottom-upwards on the extension-table, an immense clothes-horse filled half the room, and every chair was loaded with coats, hats, cloaks and shawls.

"We just use the dining-room as a sort of 'gangway' in the winter," said Henry, "and den up here, except when we have company. If anybody runs in upon us, they must take us as they find us." This was not an over-cordial welcome but I went along into the kitchen, where Henry was seating himself at the tea-table, which, if you will believe me, Aunt Mary, was their little hanging cooking-table covered over with a strip of oil-cloth. A few odd pieces of crockery were scattered upon it without regard to order.

"The little bit of a kitchen was untidy, the stove dirty and rusty. There were memories of Saturday's baking in the shape and appearance of flour, dough and grease on the floor, table and door-latches, and a salt codfish, with a cotton string tied around its tail, was hanging to the knob of the closet door. Susan's hair was rough and frowsy, and her gown was torn and soiled. Dear me, who could have imagined that such a state of things was so soon to follow their great and expensive wedding! What a picture of loveliness the bride was! They might as well hire two or three rooms in a flat to 'den up' in as to own that large, elegantly-furnished house and not use it, or so to misuse it.

"This scene rather discouraged me. Were Jane and I to deteriorate in that way, I think I would rather have every thing stop just where it is. I believe it would save us a world of trouble, and we would go on looking at married life, as we would have made it, through rose-colored glasses;" and Mark moved uneasily, got up nervously, and going around the table, seated himself by Jane's side and tenderly kissed the pretty, reproachful face she raised toward him, while Aunt Mary was considerably looking another way.

"Perhaps Henry is not altogether blameless in the premises," said Aunt Mary, coming back to the table with a red face after an energetic hunt for the shears; "did he fix himself up for tea?"

"O, dear, no," replied Mark; "he sat down and ate his bread and milk in his shirt-sleeves, collarless and cravatless, and with unbrushed hair and whiskers. He would not have shewn himself to Susan in such a plight before his marriage, I assure you."

Aunt Mary looked at the pretty Susie's clock on the mantel, took out her gold pencil, wrote a little note, and then said to the young man, "I wish, Mark, dear, you would carry this billet over to my nephew, Horace Alden's, for me. They live in the east tenement in the Rutherford Block, you know, and on the strength of your cousinship that is to be, I want you to run in without ceremony."

Mark came back in an hour with a radiant face. Removing his hat, he made Aunt Mary a low bow, saying, "I am very much obliged to you; I wouldn't surrender the opportunity that may be graciously given me of helping make a home with Jane here for any earthly consideration."

"Indeed," cried Aunt Mary, in seeming surprise, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell us what has changed your mind so suddenly?"

"Well, you see," said Mark, "I ran up stairs and opened the door at the top, as you told me, and such a charming picture that I saw. A living-room, neither parlor, dining-room nor kitchen, but a happy combination of the three, made attractive and homelike by perfect neatness, order and good taste. Such a cordial welcome that I had, to be sure. I was heartily ashamed when it came over me how well I used to know both Horace and his charming wife, and that I had not called on them before.

"I gave Julia your note, and she read it with a little laugh, and insisted that I should take off my overcoat and take tea with them. The cosy round table, with its snow-white cloth and pretty tea-service, looked so inviting I could not resist the temptation. 'Horace does not get out of the store till seven; he sees to the closing up so we have our tea at half-past seven,' Mrs. Alden said. Julia's dress was plain, but tasty and neat, set off by a dainty white apron, and her simple toilet was completed by a geranium leaf and a verberna blossom in her shining hair. Horace, in a handsome dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, looked every inch a gentleman, as he is.

"The situation made us confidential, and I asked Mrs. Alden how she had managed to settle down into being such a wonderful little house-keeper, and she said, 'I used to be somewhat inclined to be careless in my habits, and I suppose my friends had some misgivings as to my ability to keep house. Among my wedding presents was one from a great-aunt of mine who was wonderfully skilful with her needle. It was this teapot-mat,' and she held it up for my inspection. It was a scalloped circle of scarlet broadcloth, with a slipper run down at the heel embroidered in it in black worsted, with the words, 'Never get slipshod.'

"This has been a constant reminder to me,' Julia went on. 'Were I tempted to neglect any trifling duty for the first time, my eye would fall upon or recall the words of Aunt Mittie's motto, and I would not only do what I had thought of neglecting, but would do it a little better, if possible. Horace, too, has kept me from falling into slipshod ways by his own habits of neatness. He always touches up his toilet for my sake before every meal, as punctiliously as if we had company.

"Of course, when he is so thoughtful of me, I cannot be less regardful of him. All these little things take a few of the precious moments of our fleeting lives, but we consider their observance our bounden and interchangeable duty. Since housekeeping is the principal business I have in hand, I want to do my best in that vocation; to be conscientious and painstaking in that as I would in teaching music or any other accomplishment. I enjoy my work; it comes easy to me. I take both pleasure and pride in it, and I think the secret of my success in this humble sphere of mine has been my keeping every thing up from the very first, and never allowing myself in the smallest particular to fall into slipshod ways."

Mark and Jane, now settled in their beautiful, well-ordered Christian home on the banks of the Connecticut, only the other evening spoke of the two lessons that December evening brought them, and the lasting impressions they wrought. —*Phrenological Journal*.

ANCIENT ROADS.

A recent traveller in Palestine was astonished by the number and preservation of roads built in the Roman era. They were laid all on main routes, and were constructed so perfectly that in many sections they endure to-day as well as if finished not long ago. The country of Palestine was one of the most difficult sort to carry a system of roadways over, and yet its obstacles were surmounted with the least possible expenditure of labor. Every route was curbed on each side by lines of stones projecting from one to two feet above the surface of the soil. Between these boundaries the avenue was paved. Streams were crossed by bridges, whose style remains preserved alone in those of Italy to the present hour—as, for example, those of Venice. Valleys were traversed by viaducts; and causeways carried the line up or down mountain sides, either by piers of masonry or in channels sufficiently wide cut out of living rock. Often zigzags and steps were resorted to in climbing steep ascents. Whenever the street passed over solid rock the wear of the chariot wheels in course of time made ruts, which remain to-day, as plain and deep as when the last car passed over.

WILD HORSES IN KANSAS.

It is a well-known fact that from time immemorial herds of wild horses have roamed over the plains of southwestern Kansas. Their origin no man knows. It may date back to the early Spanish conquest of the country. It has been exceedingly difficult to capture them, the method pursued having been to run down and lasso them with fleet horses. Latterly, however, it has been found that they can be captured in herds. The method is to get up an outfit of a fast-walking team on a wagon carrying provisions and camp supplies, and three or four riding ponies and as many men. When a herd is found they are kept moving, no effort being made to drive them in any direction. The team and ponies are not driven faster than a walk, and every opportunity is embraced of cutting across to save distance. The wild horses are kept in motion until dark, being given no opportunity to graze during the day. At night they are too tired to graze, and will lie down. The pursuers camp, feed their horses from grain which they carry with them, and are up by daylight, have breakfast, and start again. This is kept up day after day. Every day takes some of the scare and wild out of them; they become accustomed to the sight of the men on horseback and the team, find they are not going to be hurt by them, and tired and leg-weary from constant travel and little feed, and in about eight to ten days will allow the men to ride in among them and drive them in any direction. They are then headed for the ranch, and are quite tame and docile by the time they get in. They are of the pony order, such as are used in the cattle business, make good riding ponies, and, when thoroughly broken, good teams for light driving in that country. They sell, when broken to ride, at \$15 to \$25 per head, and when broken to drive, at from \$60 to \$75 per span.

A Letter of Recommendation.

A young man in Kingston, N. Y., being out of employment, recently, requested of a former employer a letter of recommendation to aid him in securing a situation. The letter was written and handed to the applicant, who was totally unable to read it, as was every person to whom it was shown. A friend advised him to take it to a printing-office, where it could be deciphered, as compositors are noted for being able to make out the worst specimens of writing. It was given to compositors in various printing establishments, and in turn given up without being deciphered. At last, as a forlorn hope, it was given to the prescription clerk in a drug store, who had the reputation of being able to read any thing. The man of drugs took the paper, gazed at it long and thoughtfully, finally seized an empty quart bottle, and then hurried to the store, taking some fluids of various colors from square is a bottles, and finally shaking the compound most vigorously. Then handing it to the possessor of the letter of recommendation, he remarked to that much-astonished individual, "Two dollars, and a very good cough mixture it is."

ROYAL COURAGE.

A story of the attempt on the life of King George III. is worthy to be remembered. On May 15th, 1800, the English Ministers received notice that an attempt would be made to assassinate the king, and advised him not to go to Drury Lane. George III. replied that he feared nothing. On arriving, he took care to enter his box first, and as he did so a pistol-shot was heard, and a bullet lodged in the ceiling. He turned and said to the queen, who was behind him:

"Stand back for a moment—they are burning some cart-ridges."

He then advanced to the front of the box, and, folding his arms, called out:

"Now you may fire if you like."

An appeal to the sentiment and admiration of a crowd always produces its effect. The audience rose to their feet like a single man, and raised loud acclamations. After this he allowed his family to enter the box, saying:

"Now there is no danger."

Three times "God Save the King" was sung, and Sheridan, who was present, added two new verses. When the king was complimented on his courage, he replied:

"The life of a king is at the mercy of any one who is willing to expose his own. I only performed the duty of my station."

Dean Swift and the Bootmaker.

A friend having told Dean Swift that an excellent Dublin boot maker, Bamerick, was very desirous of the honor of his custom, the dean ordered a pair of boots of him, and asked when they would be ready. Bamerick named the day, and his new customer told him that he didn't want to hurry him, but that he must not fail to send them on the day named. Bamerick assured him this should be done. The day arrived, but no boots. Swift went to the shop and received ample apologies from Bamerick, with the assurance that it was one of his men who was to blame. "Well," the dean rejoined, "I was to have been at Sir A. Acheson's, in the north, to day, but this has prevented me. They will be done on Monday, you say; bring them up in the afternoon yourself, and I'll pay the bill." Bamerick duly arrived with the boots, and found the dean very affable. "By the way, Mr. Bamerick," he presently said, "I don't think you've ever seen my garden; come along. After the dean had walked the bootmaker round a bit, he excused himself and returned to the house, locking the door behind him. Bamerick waited and waited, till the sun went down, and the evening closed in dark and chill. The garden was surrounded by a high wall, and there was no way of getting out. At length the dean rose from his writing-table, took a pistol and drew out the bullets, and then called up his butler. "Robert," he said, "I am sure that there is some fellow, probably a thief, in the garden. (Call up the other man and come with me." With that the dean went to the garden gate, and opened it stealthily. Poor Bamerick rushed forward. "There's the villain, seize him!" said the dean, firing off the powder. The unhappy Bamerick shrieked out, "For God's sake don't shoot! it's only me, Bamerick." "Mr. Bamerick," exclaimed Swift, in tones of the utmost astonishment, "what is the meaning of this?" "Why, sir, you've left me here since five o'clock. You must have forgotten all about me." "Ah, dear me, to be sure," said the dean, "just as you did about the boots." Then he told the butler to give Bamerick some hot wine and see him safe home. Who has't met with a Bamerick? How many tradesmen are not daily disappointing their customers, as he did? Unfortunately, however, there most valuable—to give these recalcitrants wholesome lessons in of heat, exposed to the lung and kidney complaint not liable; and the heart

HAD GRASS IN IT.

It is a great pity, according to this, ago there lived in Trenton an editor whose women had not the circulation down in Jersey among the pines, apparel in as subscribers neglected to pay up promptly he went off on a collecting tour. One summer day he stopped at a hotel kept by a countryman. It was situated near a cedar swamp, and the bracing pine air felt good to the editor. "Give me a mint julep," he said to the countryman as he entered the bar-room.

"A what?" asked the astonished greeny.

"A mint julep," said the editor; "don't you know what that is? If you don't, I'll show you how to make one. Got any mint?"

"Y-a-as."

"Got any lemons?"

"Y-a-a-s."

"Got any ice?"

"What fool ever heard of ice in summer time?" said the countryman.

"O, well, I can get along without ice, then."

And the countryman cut some mint in his garden, brought the lemons and sugar, and soon the editor, not forgetting the brandy, had made two juleps, one for himself and another for his host.

"By gosh, but that is good!" said the latter, as he smacked his lips. "I'll make some more of that."

The editor left, and the countryman, who had never drank to excess before, now drank mint juleps by the dozen. About the same time the next year, the Trenton editor again stopped at the hotel, and before him he saw a very stout woman dressed in black.

"Where's the landlord?" he asked.

"Dead! dead!" she exclaimed, and in another moment she had burst into tears.

"Why," returned the newspaper man, "the landlord looked good and healthily when I was here before."

"Yes, yes," she replied, "and so he was, but some dirty

beast came along one day and taught him how to make a drink with grass in it, and he drank, and drank and drank, until it killed him."

For some reason or other the journalist left without presenting his bill.

AN ANIMAL'S CUNNING.

At Peel's River, Canada, on one occasion, a very old carcajou (the trapper's name for glutton) discovered a marten road on which were nearly one hundred and fifty traps. The line was visited about once in a fortnight; but the beast fell into the way of coming oftener. It was determined to put a stop to his thieving and his life together, cost what it might. So six strong traps were set at as many different points, and also three steel traps. For three weeks all attempts to catch the beast were without success. The animal carefully avoided the traps set for his benefit, and seemed to take more delight than ever in demolishing the marten traps and eating the martens, scattering the poles in every direction, and caching (hiding) what baits or martens he did not devour on the spot. As the trappers had no poison in those days, a gun was set on the bank of a little lake. The gun was concealed in some low bushes, but the bait was so placed that the carcajou must see it on the way up the bank. The path to the gun was blockaded with a small pine tree, which completely hid it.

On the first visit afterward it was found that the beast had gone up to the bait and smelled it, but had left it untouched. He had next pulled up the pine tree that blocked the path, and gone around the gun and cut the line which connected the bait with the trigger just behind the muzzle. Then he had gone back and pulled the bait away, and carried it out on the lake and devoured it at his leisure. There the string was found. It could scarcely be believed that all this had been done designedly; for it seemed that faculties fully on a par with human reason would be required for such an exploit if done intentionally. Every thing was rearranged and the string tied where it had been bitten. But the result was exactly the same for three successive occasions, as could plainly be seen by the footprints; and what was most singular of all, each time the brute was careful to cut the knot a little back of where it was tied before, as if actually reasoning with himself that even the knot might be some new device, and therefore a source of hidden danger he would prudently avoid. The trapper came to the conclusion that that carcajou ought to live, as he must be something human, if not worse. He gave it up, and abandoned the road for a period.

RIDICULE.

If ridicule is ever allowable or justifiable—says an exchange—it certainly is not so when directed against physical or mental defects. Some parents, teachers and other guardians of the young, think it wise to use this weapon for the purpose of stimulating the ambition or of improving the manners of their children or their pupils. It may, perhaps, avail where there is no sensitiveness in the individual—in which case other means will answer quite as well, and better. Indeed, ridicule is a most cruel and dangerous remedy for any fault or failing, and is likely to be productive of greater evils than that upon which it bears, especially as it is almost always aimed at those things which the poor victim is thoroughly conscious of, but is not able to help. Many children suffer martyrdom during their school-days because of their red hair, stuttering tongues, big noses, or other peculiarities, and must bear in silence the witticisms of their school-fellows, because the persecution increases at any exhibition of feeling or show of resistance. Sensitive children, if exposed to such treatment at home grow reserved and dull, sometimes becoming alienated from their homes, because they dare not express their sentiments or bestow their confidence, for fear of being laughed at. And there are women, and men as well, who would walk up to the stake if necessary, without flinching—would be brave and courageous in time of trial and danger—but who could not endure sneer, and who would be utterly overcome by a sarcastic laugh at their expense. Really good people often indulge in this sort of torture, either from thoughtlessness or from the pleasure it gives themselves. They find it vastly amusing to speak of unpleasant facts, or to bring into prominence the weak points or failings of friend, acquaintance, or stranger as the case may be, and then to enjoy the discomfort and embarrassment of the poor victim.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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Our paper will hereafter present a more uniform appearance, and be printed on a better class of paper. We would have made the change this month, but the paper ordered for that purpose has not yet come to hand.

We have been somewhat disappointed in not receiving a larger number of renewals sent in direct to this office. We have received a great many very commendatory letters, and our agents have generally been very kindly received, and have met with a hearty response from former subscribers, but notwithstanding this, many of our subscribers, particularly in small places, which our agent have not been able to reach, have neglected to renew. We are sorry for this, because our agents inform us that a great many on whom they call say they intended to renew, but have neglected it, and also because it so much reduces our income as to necessitate delay in making the additional improvements in our paper, which we contemplate doing as soon as possible. We wish with our next issue to stitch our paper and cut the edges, and this we propose to do if our old subscribers renew promptly. The new form of our paper involves an additional expense of \$700 a year, and while we are assured by others, and are satisfied ourselves that we are giving extraordinary value for the money, we wish to make such further improvements that the FAMILY CIRCLE will be everywhere recognized as the best, cheapest and most welcome literary visitor that finds a place in our Canadian homes.

We are sorry to hear complaints from some quarters, that subscribers have not received their papers regularly. Before condemning us, please ascertain if the fault is not nearer home. We have known parties to make such complaint, and afterward find the missing paper in the house, or office. We try to send every paper regularly, and if they go astray between this office and the subscriber, we cannot help it. All we can do is, as we before proposed, to send missing numbers to our subscribers on notification. We have a considerable number of July and August copies still on hand, and can supply for some time yet from the beginning of the volume.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

See club terms on second page of cover, where premiums are offered, suitable for both ladies and gentlemen.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c. And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name, we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

No one need fear being imposed upon by being called upon to pay for the FAMILY CIRCLE without having subscribed for it, as we send it to none without having received satisfaction in advance, nor do we continue to send it to any after their subscriptions expire; and the date of expiry is printed with the address. Subscribers will therefore please renew, the month before their subscriptions expire, otherwise it is very likely to be neglected, even though the parties intend to renew.

Please renew promptly, as the paper will not be sent unless paid for in advance.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

We would call attention to the unusually favorable terms on which we offer "Scribner's" or "St. Nicholas" magazine, and the "Cottage Hearth," clubbed with our paper.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS ON HEALTH.

Continued from No. 2.

"There is, no doubt, a great lack of interest among the masses of the people in reference to hygienic subjects," said Mr. Ruggles. "To the best of my knowledge, there are very few that take any paper treating on such questions, and I doubt whether the articles casually appearing in the public prints are read by any considerable portion of the community. The majority appear to imagine that the only time when it is necessary to think of health subjects is, when some of the family is so sick that some remedial agent must be employed, and then the question is whether they can do without the doctor."

"And in some cases, they might as well," said the doctor, "for, however much they may be advised by a doctor to take during his brief visit, they make no change in their surroundings, and if one attack of disease, animal or mineral way is left open for another. They are like sailors who are acquainted with the sea, and are not afraid of it, while the rain was pouring upon his roof, being asked by a passer by, why he did not benefit of those house, replied, 'O! it rains so I can't.' 'But why don't you mend it when it isn't raining,' said his neighbor. 'Just, 1878. don't need any mending.'"

There are a great many of that class, who, lest they should be troubled themselves about trouble, before trouble comes, neglect to take those precautionary measures which prudence dictates, as not only necessary to prevent the calamity of disease, but also to secure that vigor of mind and body, which are essential to any considerable degree of enjoyment or comfort.

I have frequently, when visiting the sick, been almost stifled on entering the sick room with the foul air of the apartment, which was so vitiated that one would not think it possible that even a healthy person could live for any considerable length of time in it; and yet the occupants of the room appeared unconscious that there was anything wrong. Air from outside was as carefully excluded, as if the little that had got in in a round-about way were the occasion of the patient's illness, and as if it was imagined that if any more found an entrance it would surely prove fatal. And there the patient would lay under a thick covering of bedclothes that had been saturated with the poisonous exhalations proceeding from the patient's body for weeks together: in some instances, on account of poverty, but oftener through neglect, and sometimes through laziness. It is quite impossible to enjoy health for any considerable time under such conditions, and very difficult to restore a sick person to health, without effecting a decided change in those conditions. Air and sunshine are as essential to animals as plants, and neither can thrive without a liberal supply. I suppose you have often noticed how pale and sickly plants look that have sprouted in a dark cellar; sometimes they are even poisonous, when if they grew in the sunlight they would be wholesome. A great deal of the disease that prevails would have been averted if the patients had, previous to their illness, enjoyed a liberal supply of air and sunshine."

"But do you not know," said Mr. Ruggles that the girls of the present age are frequently kept in the dark, or at least kept from the sunlight, in order to preserve a delicate complexion?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "but the mischief is, it preserves a delicate constitution also. Some women, and some men too, appear to entertain the notion, that a pale and delicate complexion, and a semi-transparency of the skin, gives a 'heavenly expression,' as I heard it designated not long since, and adds greatly to the charms of the fair sex. For my part, I admire more what I might call a *sunny* expression, giving the idea of health, strength and vivacity. Perhaps, if women were designed merely to set up somewhere for ornamentation, like a case of stuffed birds, my ideal of a woman might change; but while I look upon woman as a creature of utility, as well as ornament; as the helpful and sympathizing friend, progressing by all the instincts of her nature to the prospective relations, duties and responsibilities of wifely and motherly companionship, my ideal must ever be, a creature with all the qualities and capabilities that will be requisite in the future to bless and beautify the home circle, in process of development, without impairing the gentleness and modesty of maidenly innocence. And in my opinion, sunshine, air and exercise are essential conditions to such a development."

"I must say," said Mr. Ruggles, "that your ideal has my approbation. It has been said that the 'mothers mould the character of the nation,' and if that be true, quality and adaptation are not to be lost sight of. Another ideal might do for those who have taken upon themselves vows of celibacy, but for my part I have seen a good many nuns in my time, and I must confess they failed to impress me with their beauty as much as some of their sisters who were in the matrimonial market."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor, "you know what the fox said about the grapes that hung out of his reach. But, seriously; there can be no doubt at all that a large proportion of the diseases with which women are afflicted, may be traceable to the choice of apparel, worn with a desire to secure admiration. This is especially the case with head and foot gear, which are often very absurd in a hygienic point of view; the feet, the hands, being farthest removed from the centre of the body, are no *swamp* point, and damp, inducing colds and fevers, and other ills to which men are sometimes very little better protected. It is a public sentiment was not more in respect with the laws of health, or that the *four* will and disposition to adopt more suitable and a *four* voice of public opinion."

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

DARK ROOMS.

The former custom of shutting out the healing, purifying, soothing, and cheering sunlight from the sick-room, the church, or from the abodes of man or beast, is worthy of the dark past. It may be that for a time the glare of light may be shut out from the sensitive eyes of the patient sick of the measles, or at least modified in its intensity, and yet it is believed that even weak eyes would be benefitted by more instead of less light, gradually received; in a marked sense it is the stimulus of the sight, the food for the eye, while it is believed that one hundred weaken their sight by too little to one who may suffer from the glare of it, under unfavorable circumstances. This follows from the acknowledged principle that exercise, under favorable conditions, promotes power, health, while inactivity and over-work alike produce debility. Long continuance in darkness would destroy the sight utterly, with even the eye, as in the case of the "eyeless fish of the Mammoth Cave."

It is believed that the nervous and those troubled with impaired sight are the special victims of dark rooms, absolutely robbing themselves of the two most important agencies in the production of health—air and light.

Open the blinds, and remove the stained glass from the sombre, dismal and forbidding prison-churches, and make them appropriate for the worship of the "Sun of Righteousness." Let the sun into the dark and damp cellars, the squalid abodes of poverty and crime and loathsome vermin, naturally selecting such abodes. Scatter the gloom, the discontent and the tendency to seek more inviting resorts in the

saloons, by letting this light reach the sitting-room, let it into the sleeping apartments, as a purifier! let it into the dining-room, making that sunny and cheerful, bright and beautiful, and thus aid in avoiding dyspepsia. But it may fade the carpets and leave a little honest *tan*—nature's diploma given to her own children—and yet it will bless, cheer, and strengthen the domestic bonds.—*Dr. J. H. Hanford.*

SUNLIGHT.

It is a familiar fact that a potato-vine growing in a dark cellar is white, puny, and without strength. It would be almost precisely the same with a child confined to a dark room. It is also well known that light is somewhat essential to health, and that simple sunshine is the best medicine in many diseases. But it is not known how the hygienic effect is exerted, though there is reason to believe the effect is mainly due not to the color rays, but to the actinic—the invisible rays that paint the picture in the photograph, and penetrate to the seed beneath the sod and quicken its germ.

Some experiments, however, recently presented to the English Royal Society, have a bearing on the solution of the question. They prove that the presence of light, but especially of direct sunshine, prevent the development of the microscopic fungi which are associated with putrefaction and decay. When there are germs already present in liquid, it destroys them, and perfectly preserves a putrescible fluid in which they have not yet been developed. While this preservative quality is most powerful in the direct rays of the sun, it also exists in diffused light.

The hygiene of light will doubtless sometime be fully understood. Meanwhile we know enough to make it a sin against health not to let sun have free admission to our dwellings.

BOXES ON THE EAR.

The blindness of the late King of Hanover, says the London Lancet, was occasioned, it is understood, by an accidental and by no means violent blow upon the eye. Scarcely a day passes, we believe, without some schoolmaster (or schoolfellow, in natural imitation of his master) giving a lad a smart "box" upon the ear. Few persons would be bold enough to choose the eye as a part upon which it was expedient to inflict a violent blow by way of moral education, but there is apparently no end to the numbers who select an organ upon which violence is liable to be attended with much more dangerous results. For not only is deafness caused by "boxes," which rupture (as they continually do) the drum of the ear, but the inflammation of the internal cavity, which is so frequent a result, may be followed by disease of the bone, giving rise to abscess of the brain, and having a fatal termination. Medical men alone can be fully aware how fruitful a source of suffering and danger is represented by a box upon the ear. There are, for example, under observation at the present moment two schoolboys who have been the victims of such an assault. Surely, the schoolmasters ought to have learned, long ere this, the danger of a mode of personal chastisement that has apparently usurped the place of others, which were not attended with an equal amount of peril.

A MUSTARD PLASTER.

How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard plaster? Not one in a hundred at the most, perhaps, and yet mustard plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe the application. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour. Such a plaster as this makes is abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a flayed, painful spot, after producing far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now, a mustard plaster should never blister at all. If a blister is wanted there are other plasters far better than mustard plasters. Then use no water, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister on the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain on the part.—*Household.*

FEEDING CHILDREN.

Children, who, while growing, must form more tissue than they waste, consume more food in proportion to their weight, and possess more active digestions than adults. They should have their meals with shorter intervals, and care should be taken to avoid all influences that may disturb digestion. Prominent among these is a deficiency of clothing. The human body, like any other thing of greater warmth than the surrounding air, has a constant tendency to part with its excess of heat by radiation, and to check this cooling process we envelop ourselves in non-conducting fabrics. It stands to reason that the greater the surface exposed the more rapidly will radiation occur; and yet we frequently see children with chest, arms, and legs bared by fashion in the coldest weather, without regard to the general depression of temperature, which must also involve that of the digestive organs.

The diet of children should be regulated by a consideration of their functional capacities. In infancy, nature furnishes in the mother's milk all requisite elements in a condition requiring no mechanical treatment, but merely simple chemical action. A little later, as the first teeth begin to make their appearance, food easily separable may be allowed, and as the masticating apparatus advances towards perfection, articles requiring more tearing and grinding may be gradually added to the catalogue. The activity of the digesting secretions increases in proportion to dental development, so that many substances (such as potatoes) which are easy to masticate are not digestible in early childhood.

The milks of different animals vary in constitution as regards the proportion of their constituents, human milk containing more water and sugar than that of the cow. For this reason, when an infant is "brought up by hand," or in process of weaning, it is usual to dilute and sweeten cow's milk in order to bring it nearer the human standard. Goat's milk for the same purpose would require more dilution but not sweetening—its percentage of sugar exceeding that of the cow. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the addition of water to cow's milk serves any good purpose; and it is certain that far too much is usually added. Human milk contains about 89 parts of water in 100; cow's milk about 86—or three parts less in 100; yet to compensate for this slight difference the latter is commonly diluted with double its bulk of water before giving it to a hungry baby. Be it always remembered that an infant's properest food is its own mother's milk, and that she who can suckle her child and does it not, is guilty of a serious offence against God's law.—*Harper's Mag.*

Tobacco and Ardent Spirits as Stimulants.

All know that tobacco and ardent spirits act on the brain and nervous system, and that delirium tremens, sleeplessness, tremulous hands, and nervous headaches, are the results of their habitual use, and notably apoplexy, because their stimulants not only send more blood to the brain, but with greater force, so that the delicate veins must hold more blood and must bear an additional strain, but while this is the case they are becoming weaker every day, because the middle coat of these vessels is changed into a fatty substance from having been made of strong elastic fibres, from the effect of the increased action and fullness just named; they lose their elasticity and strength as certainly as the bow which is kept on the strain all the time; they lose their power of spring and resistance and then give way, that is apoplexy; that is the reason why so many who habitually use stimulants drop down dead without a moments warning, charitably called disease of the heart.—*Dr. Hall.*

Ignorance or recklessness of some of the most common things often endangers life. Dr. Robert Macnish, of literary fame, acknowledges that at four different times he unnecessarily imperiled his health. At fifteen he induced a dangerous brain fever by injudicious habits of study; at nineteen by excessive efforts in wrestling and jumping,—violent peritonitis was the result. After that he had an attack of inflammation of the lungs as a result of "dissecting" at an open window, in mid-winter, for several hours; and last, a dreadful fever from dancing all night and going out into the winter air without any cloak or overcoat, getting thoroughly chilled before reaching home.

A child had convulsions from taking the breast of the mother immediately after she had been thrown into a violent rage. A dog bit a woman and no harm came of it; the husband being angry, drew the brute from under the sofa, held it up by the tail and began to whip it; while doing so the dog managed to snap a piece of the flesh out of the husband's arm and he died in a few days in East Newark, New Jersey, in all the horrors of hydrophobia. These cases seem to show, that intense mental excitement of an irritating character poisons the secretions of the body, leading us to conclude that genial, gentle, and noble frames of mind on the part of the mother while nursing her children, impart those characteristics to the little ones at her breast. But what shall we say of the mother who unnecessarily allows her infant to draw its supplies from a stranger's bosom, only caring to know that the bodily health is unexceptional, while insanity, or any one of a dozen inheritable maladies, may be rankling in the veins.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.—A writer in the London Lancet, speaking of the effect of cold and warm baths, says: "The ultimate result of hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, is about the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them; and in this lies the important practical difference between the cold-water system and the thermal method of treatment."

A NEW REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—It is said that the homœopaths have discovered a certain remedy for sea-sickness. It is apomorphia, and a very small dose of it taken once an hour in water will remove the qualms. They are so certain of its success that they are going to procure a gratuitous circulation of it among vessels that carry passengers. It is also useful for beasts whose sufferings are often extreme.

A poison of any description which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may, it is said, be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. A person with a very strong constitution, ^{take} nearly twice the quantity. This oil, it is said, the doctor, tively neutralize every form of vegetable poison with which physicians and chemists are got over. the

We publish the following letter for the ^{benefit} of whom it may concern:

LONDON, 28th Aug., 1878.

DEAR MR. LATIMER,—

In the June Number of the JOURNAL OF HEALTH, the specific for Bronchitis and Asthma, and being afflicted with that dreadful disease Spasmodic Asthma, I was induced to try it, and thank God I have derived more relief and comfort from it than from anything I have tried for years. The cough was dreadful "agony" as the paper calls it, and my weakness was extreme. Now thank God I am getting strong and able to do some work. I am very anxious that others similarly afflicted should be benefited, and would recommend it highly. If you will be kind enough again to bring it before your readers, you will be welcome to use my name in your little quiet paper as authority.

MRS. C. BENNETT.

The following is the recipe referred to in the foregoing letter:

SPECIFIC FOR BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

The juice of two lemons which have been warmed in the oven to dry the skins, four ounces of the best honey, two spoonfuls of the very finest Florence oil. Mix carefully, put in an earthen jar, which keep covered, and swallow a spoonful when you feel the fit coming on.

Dr. Bigelow, who died in this city a few months since, at a ripe old age, was once asked by a young lady: "Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for consumption?" "Not at all, my dear; it is what it lives on," replied the doctor.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed an urchin who was chewing a green apple, "I've swallowed an odd fellow."

"An oddfellow!"

"Yes, he's giving me the grip."

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

CORN BREAD.—Two heaping cups of corn-meal, one cup of flour, three eggs, two and a half cups of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of lard, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt; beat the eggs thoroughly, yolks and whites separately; melt the lard; sift soda and cream tartar into the flour and meal while dry, and stir in last: then beat all very thoroughly; bake quickly in a buttered mould; less than one-half hour will usually suffice.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of lard, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful salt; flour to make a batter not too stiff. Bake in muffin rings.—Delicious.

STEAMED OATMEAL.—Soak oatmeal overnight in cold water, using water enough to cover it, as it will absorb a great deal; then in the morning add boiling water, and steam half an hour. You will find you have a very superior dish, a great improvement on the old manner of cooking, with no waste, nor danger of burning.

FAVORITE MEAT-PIE.—Take cold roast beef, or roast meat of any kind, slice it thin, cut it rather small, and lay it, wet with gravy and sufficiently peppered and salted, in a meat-pie dish. If liked, a small onion may be chopped fine and sprinkled over it. Over the meat pour a cupful of stewed tomatoes, a little more pepper, and a thick layer of mashed potatoes. Bake slowly in a moderate oven till the top is a light brown. This makes a very good dish, and is a very great favorite with parties who do not usually like meat-pie.

BEEF CAKES.—Take some cold roast beef, that which is underdone is best, and mince it very fine; mix with it grated bread crumbs and a little chopped onion and parsley; season it with pepper and salt, and moisten it with some beef dripping and walnut sauce; or some scraped cold tongue or grated ham will be found an improvement; form it into broad flat cakes, and spread a layer of mashed potato thinly on the top and bottom of each; lay a small bit of butter on the top of every cake; place them on a dish, and set them in an oven to brown.

CHEAP SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs and one cup of sugar well beaten, four tablespoonfuls of cold water or milk, one and two-thirds cup of flour, one even teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; Flavor with lemon.

GOLD CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, the yolks of four eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk and flour, with soda and cream of tartar, beat the yolks and stir in gently at the last.

Silver cake the same, only the whites of the eggs used.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—To the whites of two eggs whipped to a stiff froth, add pulverized sugar to make it stiff enough to spread with a knife, flavor to suit the taste. A tablespoonful of corn-starch improves it.

STEAM PUDDING.—One cup of milk, one-half cup of molasses, one-third of a cup of butter, or cream, two-thirds of a cup of raisins stoned and chopped, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and spice to taste. Steam one and one-half hours. Eat with sweet sauce.

SILVER PIE.—One large potato, peeled and grated; add the juice and rind of a lemon to the white of an egg, well beaten; add one cup of sugar and one cup of water; beat well together and bake in a dish, with one crust. When done, beat the whites of three eggs with half a cup of fine sugar, and pour over the top and set it in the oven to brown.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Take one cup of sour cream to two cups of buttermilk, half a teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, make with these a nice light dough, roll and cut it as for

large sized biscuit, then roll the biscuit as for pie-crust, have your apples quartered and steamed until tender, place them on the dough, sugar, and spice, then gather the edge together and press and tuck in firmly, roll in the hand to shape them a little long, lay them smooth side up in a bake pan, moisten over the top with sweet cream and sugar flavored with lemon. Then tell me if you do not think it a great improvement on our grandmother's dumplings. They are very good made of dried apples, nicely stewed, sugared and spiced. M. S.

POTATO PUDDING.—One pound potatoes boiled and well-mashed, salted; quarter pound butter, stirred in while warm; two ounces sugar; rind of half a lemon, chopped fine, with the juice; two teacupfuls of milk and four eggs; butter the tin, put in mixture, bake in moderate oven half an hour.

APPLE JOHN.—Pare, quarter, and core enough apples to fill a three or four quart crock. Make a batter a little thicker than for pancakes; put a layer of apples on the bottom of the crock, then pour over some of the batter, and so on until all is used; then put a thick soda crust on the top, and bake for three hours. To be eaten with the sweetest sauce. Very nice.

TOMATO JAM.—Take nice ripe tomatoes, pare and slice, and to one pound of tomatoes after they are cooked down considerably add one-half pound of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, one pint of strong vinegar, and stew two hours. It is much better than any catsup with corned beef.

TO PRESERVE GREEN CORN.—Boil the corn on the cobs in the usual way; when done cut off the corn, and to every four quarts of corn add one quart of clean salt. Mix thoroughly, pack it firmly in jars, either glass or stoneware, and seal, or cover with a light layer of salt, and a lid. When required for use, freshen it sufficiently by washing with water, then heat it up and season, and serve in the usual way. If properly done, it will be as nice as if just taken from the garden.

DEODORIZERS.—A pail of clear water in a newly-painted room will remove the sickening odor of paint. Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with Myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of the sick room, are excellent deodorizers.

TO CLEAN BOTTLES.—Cut a new potato into small pieces and put them in the bottle, along with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake all well together in the bottle till every mark is removed, and rinse with clean water. This will remove green marks of vegetation and other discolorations. Hard crust in bottles may be cleaned off by rinsing with water and small shot.

FOR BURNS.—Strong, fresh, clear lime-water, mixed with as much linseed oil as it will cut; shake the bottle before applying; wrap the burn in cotton wadding saturated with the lotion; wet as often as it appears dry, without removing cotton from burn for nine days, when new skin will probably have formed.

FOR REMOVING IRON RUST. Wet the spot with solution of tartaric acid and hang in the sun. The worst iron rust stains I ever had have been removed in a few hours. A bottle of the solution is very convenient to keep for removing apple, or other stains from the hands. It is very cheap, and perfectly harmless. A. N. G.

KING OF BLACK OILS.—1 oz. sulphate of iron, 2 oz. sulphate of zinc, 2 oz. common salt, 2 oz. linseed oil, 8 oz. West India molasses. Boil over a slow fire fifteen minutes in a pint of chamber lye. When almost cold add one ounce oil of vitriol and four ounces spirits of turpentine.—For cuts and bruises in cattle and horses.

We have tried the above for caulks and other sores in horses, and consider it invaluable to any one who keeps live stock.—Ed.

In reply to a letter of inquiry regarding the best method of putting up apples for winter and spring use; we give our own experience:—

Late in Autumn, we filled a barrel with carefully selected Roxbury russets. This we placed in a cool, dry cellar. We then poured over them clean dry sand, jarring the barrel till all the vacant space between the apples was filled with the sand. We then heaped sand over the top of the apples, and left them undisturbed until the following July, when, on removing the apples we found but two unsound ones in the barrel.

Doubtless other substances would answer a good purpose for packing, provided they were of the requisite porosity to absorb excess of moisture from the fruit, and prevent the air from extracting more than that excess, but we think dry sand the best, because it is not liable to chemical changes, and does not favor the development of fungus in the shape of must or mildew in the presence of moisture, as substances of vegetable origin do; besides, on account of its high specific gravity, it readily finds its way into all the interstices between the apples without occupying any of the room of the fruit.

The ordinary advantages of this method of procedure are so obvious as to require no elucidation; but there are probable reasons for its success in addition to the ordinary ones to which we do not recollect having seen any reference.

It is a well known fact that all plants give off carbonic acid gas through their pores, in much the same way as animals throw it off through their lungs. And our philosophy is, that the pores of the fruit peel or skin, when removed from the tree are filled with carbonic acid gas, which continues in minute quantities to flow out, forming, when protected from currents of air, a kind of carbonic atmosphere around the fruit, thus preventing the decay of the fruit through the action of the oxygen of the air.

If our philosophy is not sound, we would be glad to have some one more versed in such matters set us right.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

BEAUTY: A SONNET.

Amid the flower-scented hay she stood—
A little village lass with clear-cut face,
Eyelids long-lashed, dropping with pensive grace,
A mouth that quivered with her every mood—
A well-wrought picture of sweet womanhood.
And I was weak as men must always be,
And so for one brief moment bent the knee,
And worshipped beauty as life's highest good.
Then reason's voice rang clear: O, strangely blind!
Seek beauty rather of the soul and mind;
The eyes that gaze on changeless beauty tire,
When mind seeks mind and hungers all in vain,
When higher thought is met by weak desire,
Glad life is shrouded with a dull, dense pain.

G. Weatherly

Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about the "the parody of the probable son."

The London World thinks that a greater number of people eat themselves to death than drink themselves to death.

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

The man who continually does wrong under the impression that no one will find it out, is simply rubbing his nose against his own grindstone.

Error loves to walk arm in arm with truth, to make itself thought respectable.

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, the other day, little Dot murmured, "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go."

Speaking of rude remarks, any remark is rude that gets you into trouble.

The following is from Paris: A man applied for work, and the lady replied, "I have got all my servants. There is nothing for you to do." "Ah, madam, it will take very little work to occupy me," was the naive reply.

A cheerful wife makes a happy home, because the emotion is contagious, and almost unconsciously the household is happy in response, because every member of the family is cheerful by the genial influence of the wife and mother.

The novel-writers have changed the usual phrase describing their heroes to suit the times, and now say, "He was born of rich but honest parents."

"Ah, me," said a pious lady, "Our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word of God among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles."

THE EQUATOR DEFINED.—*Professor*—"Define the equator." *Student*—"It is the place where the sun crosses the line." *Professor*—"What line?" *Student*—"I suppose it's the one referred to by Euclid, that has neither breadth nor thickness." *Professor*—"Next." *Student No. 2*—"There's no such line. It has been shown to be purely imaginary—a mere superstition of sailors. Columbus sailed across it, and it wasn't there."

With four metallic qualifications a man may feel pretty certain of worldly success. They are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

Fifty-one metals are now known to exist, thirty of which have been discovered within the present century. Four hundred years ago but seven were known.

"If Colonel —— goes on drinking as he does now he'll soon not have a coat to his back," said one friend to another. "Nor to his stomach either," remarked a physician who was standing near.

"What's the news?" asked an isolated old lady of a passing stranger, who replied, "Well, nothing new, except that lying and cheating are still in vogue." "O, they're there, are they? Well, I hope they'll stay there, and not come to my neighborhood," said the old lady.

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "gather to this world gathering together a handful of thorns upon!"

"When was Rome built?" inquired a competitive examiner. "In the night, sir." "In the night! how do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"

"HALF THAT."—When young Hodge first came up to town, his father told him that it would be polite, when being helped at dinner, to say to the host, "half that if you please." It so happened that at the first dinner to which he was invited a sucking-pig was one of the dishes. The host, pointing with his knife to the young porker, asked, "Well, Mr. Hodge, will you have this, our favorite dish, or haunch of mutton?" Upon which, recollecting his lesson, he replied, "Half that, if you please," to the consternation of all present.

NOTHING TOO NICE.—A passenger on the New York Elevated Railroad remarked to Mr. Pullman: "Are not these cars too nice for the general mob?" "There's nothing too nice for the people," Mr. Pullman replied. "People behave themselves better when they enter a car like this. It is suggestive to them of refinement and elegance. It has an educating effect, I believe a refining influence, as has every thing elegant or beautiful."

BEEN THERE BEFORE.—Once upon an evening dismal, I gave her a kiss paroxysmal; called her by her name baptismal; precious name I loved of yore. Ah! she was a darling creature, pert of speech and fair of feature; but, O law! you couldn't teach her, for she had been there before, and she murmured, "Buss me more."

HIS SIZE.—A green sprig from the Emerald Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to purchase himself a pair of brogans. After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the shoemaker hinted that he would make him a pair to order. "An' what'll yer ax to make a good pair of 'em?" was the query. The price was named, the Irishman demurred, but after a "bating down" the bargain was made. Paddy was about leaving, when the other called after him, asking, "But what size shall I make them, sir?" "Och," said Paddy, promptly, "I don't mind about the size at all—make them as large as ye conveniently can for the money."

FOR REPAIRS.—An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said, "Well, no, not for damages. I've had enough of them; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs."

NEITHER.—At a funeral in Ireland the clergyman had not been informed of the sex of the deceased. He accordingly leaned over to the sexton, and said, "Shall I say 'brother' or 'sister' here departed?" "It's neither, sir," whispered the man; "shure it was only an acquaintance!"

IN A DIVING-BELL.—A well-dressed man paid his fee to go down in a diving-bell. He entered, but as it was swinging off he called out, "Stop—stop!" and, hurrying out, had only just time to make his exit ere the bell reached the water. "What's the matter?" inquired the attendant. "Matter enough," replied he; "think I'm going to trust myself in there? The tarnal thing's got no bottom!"

None says Colton, are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation.

There was some philosophy in the henpecked husband, who, being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

Words are good, says Goethe, but there is something better. The best is not to be explained by words. *The spirit in which we act is the chief matter.* Action can only be understood and represented by the spirit. No one knows what he is doing when acting rightly, but when doing wrong we are boiled for lions.

You want, says a correspondent, to deserve the proud name of wife. never abuse your husband's confidence. Beware now you prefer charges against him in the presence of others, or confide the story of your marital wrongs to comparative strangers when he is absent. Do not tell other people that he does not bring home money enough to keep the house in food, clothe you and the children, pay the rent, and appear respectable. Scorn to make reference to relatives who would rather go without themselves than see you and the children starve. You should never question the ability of your husband to earn sufficient money at his trade or in his business, nor should you seek to render him incompetent and ridiculous in the sight of others.

When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

"How comes it," demanded a clergyman of Garrick, "that I, in expounding divine doctrines, produce so little effect upon my congregation, while you can so easily arouse the passions of your auditors by the representation?" The answer was short and pithy; "Because I recite falsehoods as if they were true, while you deliver truths as if they were false."

England, with a population of 34,500,000, has 392 servicable men-of-war and a mercantile marine of 574,000,000 tons; France, with 38,600,000 inhabitants, has 339 men-of-war and a mercantile navy of 1,000,000 tons; and Germany, with 46,000,000 inhabitants, has only fifty servicable men-of-war and a mercantile marine about equal to that of France.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

IF I HAD MINDED MY MOTHER.

I went a few weeks since into a jail to see a young man who had once been a sabbath school scholar.

The keeper took a large bunch of keys and led us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, till at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of course, stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.

Without all was beautiful—the green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing of the birds, were as lovely as ever, but this young man could enjoy none of these—no, never again could he go out, for he was condemned to death! Yes, he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it! only twenty years old, and yet a murderer.

I sat down beside him and talked with him. "O," said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk; then I got angry, and before I knew what I was about I killed him. O, if I had minded what my sabbath school teacher said, if I had minded my mother, I should never have come to this! I should never have been here!"

It would have made your heart sore, as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child like you; now he is a poor condemned young man. He did not mind his mother; did not govern his temper, and as he grew older he went with bad boys, who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, till, as he said, when drunk he killed a man; and now, after a few weeks, he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him he said:

"Will you pray for me?" and he added, "O! tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers, and keep away from bad companions!"

"Take Heed How You Offend One of These Little Ones"

We were on the Western Railroad, and late in the evening a lady and a little girl entered the car. As I was alone I invited them to share my seat. The child was quiet, and slept during the night. As the daylight appeared, she roused, and felt cramped in her close seat. Before us in the next seat were two men. They also roused, and one of them, turning, saw the child, and said pleasantly, "How do, Sissy."

"I's pretty well. You got any little girls at home?"

"Yes."

"Good little girls?"

"Sometimes."

"Are they naughty sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Oh, I's sorry."

Then he invited her to come and sit on his knee, telling her mother it would rest her to change her position. She went, and seemed to enjoy the change. Presently the two men conversed together with a good deal of animation, and after a short time the child came back, looking very sober as she whispered to her mother. After a few minutes the man missed the child, and looked round, saying "Why did you go away, you said you liked me, and I want to tell you some more about my little girl." The child did not speak but her face expressed much feeling. And her new friend said, "Come, tell me what is the matter? why did you go away?"

Her mother told her to tell the reason. Looking him full in the face, she said, "You swore, you did."

Never was a man more embarrassed. His face became red and then white, and as the child looked at him she shed tears, and leaned against her mother. The man soon controlled himself, and said, "I will promise not to swear again if you will come back and sit with me; come."

The child looked sharply at him, and said, "Will you promise to God?"

"Yes, I will." She went back to him, and sat on his knee, and they talked awhile, but not as before; he felt her rebuke, and evidently she had lost her confidence in him, and he knew it.

After she came back to her mother, she looked at the man, and said, "Now remember, you must remember and never let your little girl hear you swear, you have promised to God, you know."—*Hans Dorcomb.*

HUMOROUS.

HIS FRIEND.—"I would rather vote for the devil than for you," was what a horny-fisted son told a candidate in a Sansom street saloon.

"But in case your friend might not come forward," said the unabashed aspirant for office, "might I then count upon your assistance?"

The glass glanced from off his cheek, and he passed out.

"Shall I help you to alight?" asked a city exquisite of a muscular country girl, who was about to get out of a wagon that had just come up to the porch of a rural tavern. She jumped from the wagon, and indignantly exclaimed, "What do you mean? You don't think I smoke, do you?"

Though there were not enough of righteous people in Sodom to save the city, there was nevertheless a pretty good Lot.

"I see the villian in your face," said a Western judge to a prisoner. "May it please your worship," replied the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

At an evening party a lady was called upon for a song, and began, "I'll strike again my tuneful lyre." Her husband was observed to dodge suddenly and start hurriedly from the room, remarking, "Not if I know it, she won't."

A SHOOTABLE PUN.—A ludicrous instance of punning upon a name once took place in a judicial court of New York, which is thus told: Counsel had been questioning a certain witness named Gunn, and in closing he said to him, "Mr. Gunn, you can now go off." The judge on the bench, seeing the pun, gravely added, "Sir, you are discharged." Of course an explosion in court immediately ensued.

From a Georgia brother we have this: On the first visit of Rev. Dr. — to one of his appointments in — County, he gave out two lines of a hymn, and waited for some one to lead the singing. Nobody responded. "Brethren," said the preacher, "the Lord has not blessed me with the power of song, and I will thank some one to raise the tune," at the same time looking earnestly at old Brother Jones, who seemed to be the bell-wether of the flock.

The bell-wether said, "You needn't look at me, for the Lord has left me in the same fix!"

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a Maine lawyer of a witness. "Wall, now, 'squire, she allers used me fust-rate, I'll be blowed if she didn't. As for voracity, 'squire, why, bless you, that was her big holt. Why, I've seen that air gal eat a whole—" Here the judge asked the witness if he understood the question.

"Governesses should never be required to do low menial work," said a gentleman. "Certainly not, but they frequently aspire to the hymenial," replied the lady.

Deacon Pilkins said to himself, "Falstaff asks, 'What's honor?' As though it was hard to tell. But let my wife sit behind another woman in church, and she'll tell what's on her in less than two minutes."

A LITTLE WATER.—Two neighbors had a long and even-temed litigation about a small spring which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said, "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen."

An incident mentioned by Dean Ramsay exhibits the familiar bearing of the older class of the ministers in the pulpit. A young man, sitting opposite the clergyman, in the front of the gallery, had been up late on the previous night, and had stuffed the pack of cards with which he had been occupied into his coat-pocket. Forgetting the circumstance, he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards flew about the church. The minister looked at him and remarked, "Eh, mon, your psalm buik has been ill bund."

A philosopher, who went to a church where the people came in late, said it was "the fashion there for nobody to go till every body got there."

LUCKY.—While Strobel and his wife were out walking, the other evening, somebody got into the house and carried off every stitch of his clothing, including shirts. "It was mighty lucky," said Strobel, absently, to his wife, as the full extent of the loss came upon them, "that I happened to have these on—now, wasn't it?"—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

THE GREASE.—When the triangle had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose with his usual sleekness, and said "Gem'len, if it wasn't for de wheels on a waggin de waggin wouldn't move. When de wheels am on, den what?" "Greasel" solemnly exclaimed the old man Toots. "K-rect!" whispered the president, softly, rubbing his hands together. "We hez de waggin an' an' de wheels. We will now pass de hat aroun' for de grease."

MISCELLANEOUS.

On the Death and Burial of a Little Girl.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

To school she skips along the way,

The young, the beautiful, the more than fair,
So sportive is her air, so gay

Her childish attire; fitted with such care;
And such an eye—so bright.—So fair a form,
And heart so warm.

They part at night, no more to meet,

For so to Providence it seemed most fit,
And there is now an empty seat

Between the scholars, where she used to sit—
Death's messenger has come to take her quick—
She's very sick.—

Another day of suffering,

And like a fair but fragile morning flower
She fades from earth away, poor thing!

When she has seen of life one morning?
The struggle's o'er—the flower droops its head,
Sweet child; she's dead.

Her father's friends at length collect,

And he, to please his wife and Papal friends,
And show for them a marked respect,

On Papal ground to bury condescends.—
To please his other friends, for priest they search
Of the High Church.

At length he comes in wondrous haste

(Full twenty miles the service to perform),
As he had little time to waste,

And he was Strong, though weary now, and warm—
A few sharp words, and back he fled to town
To save his gown.—

A grave was dug on private soil,

And there they laid the sleeper down to rest.

No solemn rite, nor holy oil

Was there, but tears bedewed the earth's cold breast.
No priestly absolution need be given,
She'd gone to heaven.

'Twas night, when with a solemn tread

The dark mass moved along the public way,
With taper light, to lay the dead

To mould and mingle with her kindred clay.

Then rattled down the damp earth o'er her head,
And tears were shed.—

I upward gazed. The orbs of light

Looked sweetly down, as if it were their trust,
To watch through her long dreamless night

The grave, and guard each particle of dust,
And prayed that I might die as undefiled
As that sweet child.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Mrs. Roberts in the Washington Capital very truthfully remarks: Marrying a man to reform him is like being measured for an umbrella. It may or may not be satisfactory; but you might as well try to make a politician honest as to talk to a woman who loves a man. No matter how worthless he may be, she will brave every thing, risk every thing, sacrifice every thing, for him; and I would not give a snap for her if she didn't. Not long since on the avenue I saw a man, respectable looking, in a helpless state of intoxication, a policeman on each side of him taking him to the station-house; behind him was his wife, a nice-looking, well-dressed woman. She paid no attention to the rabble following or the wondering looks of the passers-by, but stuck by him, trying to pacify and quiet him. I could not help thinking how little a man would stand by a woman. Man is of the "nobler" sex and a superior being; but he will get a woman in trouble, and then leave her to get out of it the best she can.

SARDINES.

From their name, it is often thought that they are taken off Sardinia, whence the chief supply originally came, though for a long time they have been mainly caught on the coasts of Brittany (Bretagne), where thousands of men, women and children are employed in the business. Many families have lived by the fishery for generations, and they and their labors are always objects of interest to strangers visiting the picturesque province. Their vessels are generally of eight to ten tons each, and have a crew of six to twelve persons, who go six to nine miles from land, and when they see their prey they spread their gill nets, scattering their bait, consisting of eggs and flesh of cod, mackerel and other fish and soon haul them in in quantities. Some are salted on board, but the most of them are carried ashore, the best, selected and their heads cut off, are well washed and sprinkled with fine salt. A few hours later they are arranged in almost perpendicular rows on frames, and these are immersed again and again in the best boiling (olive) oil. When sufficiently cured they are dried off on zinc-covered tables sloping toward a central groove, through which the oil runs into a vessel for the purpose. The fish are then packed in the small tin boxes so well known to customers, by women and children, sitting around the tables, and, when packed, are filled up with fresh oil and pressed down by men. The boxes are next put in an iron tub and plunged into a covered boiler of water, and after half an hour to an hour and a half, according to size. After drying, labelling and placing in wooden crates, they are ready for shipment. It is interesting to observe the industry, skill and economy of the Breton fishers, who, though somewhat rude, are sturdy, hardy, independent, and as unlike the typical French as any people of the same nationality can well be. They are so thrifty and energetic that many of them have gained what is to them a handsome independence, and they deserve it richly.

THE SERENADE.

A party of serenaders halted on Boundary Street the other night, touched the light guitar, and struck up with great feeling, "Come where my love lies dreaming," and then a great bush-headed wretch, forty-eight years old, with a beard like a thicket, leaned out of the window, and said, in a loud, coarse, unfeeling manner, "Young gentlemen, you mistake; she isn't dreaming. Far from her be it to dream, or even sleep. She's sitting on the back porch, with her feet in a tub of cistern-water, drinking iced lemonade and fighting mosquitos with a palm-leaf fan, and she isn't dressed for company. Sing something true." But long ere he ceased to speak, the summer night was still, the front yard was empty, and the voice of the harp no more awoke the night in melody.—*Hawkeye.*

BEWILDERING.—The English language is sometimes very bewildering, if we may judge by the following advertisement, which is too good not to be Hibernian: "Purse lost by a poor woman who has a sick child containing thirteen shillings and a letter." We have heard of the many new-fangled diseases which the peculiar mode of life in modern times develops, but to have a child "containing thirteen shillings and a letter" is almost too much to bear.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The Washington Monument was originally intended to be 600 feet high, which is higher than any artificial structure in the world. On the new plan it is to be carried up 485 feet, five feet higher than the loftiest pyramid. The New Haven Register thinks that it would be as well to make it 512 feet high, so as to exceed the elevation of the Cologne cathedral, which will be 211 feet high. The 27 feet is a mere trifle, if thereby the Yankee can overtop all the rest of the world.

A RETRACTION.—Jones met a friend of his in the street, and said, angrily, "Is it true, sir, that in a certain house where I have the reputation of being witty, you have said I was a fool? 'There is not a word of truth in it, sir,' replied his friend; 'I have never been in a house where they thought you witty, and, consequently, could not have called you a fool there.'"

A SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.—President Porter, in Yale, gave the following advice to the students of that institution the other day: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner, Luck is a fool; Pluck is a hero. Don't take too much advice—keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, go over a rough road and the small ones go to the bottom. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy and invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world!"

A DIRECT ROAD.—An amateur pedestrian, walking across the northern edge of Westchester County, N. Y., on a wager, stopped at the forks of a road, at a loss as to which way his course lay, and awaited the arrival of a stranger who was coming at a tremendous stride. "I say, sir," he cried out, "can you tell me which is the shortest road to Sing Sing?" "Yes, sir," said the stranger, unbuttoning a convict's striped shirt, and lifting a cap from a closely-cropped head; "you just stand here and see which way I go, and then you turn right around and go just the other way,—straight." The amateur pedestrian followed these simple directions, and arrived at the end of his course in time to win his wager.

FROM THE FIELD TO THE TABLE.—Two years ago Farmer Lawton, of Carrollton, Mo., had bread baked in eight and a quarter minutes after the wheat was cut in the field; but recently he invited fifty men to see a griddle-cake ready to be eaten in three minutes and fifty-five seconds, and a pan of biscuits in four minutes and thirty-seven seconds, from the starting of the reaper.

Says Sidney Smith: We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt and shod and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled.

MILES OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—Mile in England or America, 1,760 yards. Mile in Russia 1,100 yards. Mile in Italy 2,497 yards. Mile in Scotland and Ireland, 2,200 yards. Mile in Poland, 4,100 yards. Mile in Spain, 5,028 yards. Mile in Germany, 5,866 yards. Mile in Sweden and Denmark, 7,233 yards. Mile in Hungary, 8,800 yards. A league in England and America, 5,280 yards.

BILLS OF LADING.—The old bills of lading read: "Shipped, by the grace of God," and closed, "So God send the good ship to her destined port. Amen." This form was used as late as the year 1840, in commercial transactions between England and America, and stave ships used to have like bills of lading. Ben. Franklin advertised, about the time this form was going out of use, that bills of lading could be had with or without "the grace of God."

Soliloquy by a tippler.—The public always notices when you have been drinking, and never when you are thirsty.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

The colonel, a rigid martinet, is sitting at the window of his room, when looking out he sees a captain crossing the barrack-yard towards the gate. Looking at him closely, he is shocked to observe that, the rules and regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the captain does not carry a sword.

"Captain!" he calls from the window. "Hi, Captain; step up to my room for a moment, will you?"

The captain obeys promptly, borrows a sword of the officer of the guard, the guard-room being at the foot of the stairs, and presents himself to the colonel in irreproachable *tenue*.

The colonel is somewhat surprised to see the sword in its place, and, having to invent some pretext for calling his subordinate back, says, with some confusion, "I beg your pardon, Captain, but really I've forgotten what it was I wanted to speak to you about. However, it can't have been any thing very important; it'll keep. Good-morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner, and is making off across the barrack-yard, when he again comes within the range of the colonel's vision.

The colonel rubs his eyes, stares, says softly to himself, "How in thunder is this?" Dem it, he hasn't a sword to his waist;" then he called aloud, "Captain! O, Captain! one moment, please."

The captain returns, borrows the sword again, mounts the stairs and enters the colonel's presence. His commanding officer stares at him intensely; he has a sword, he sees it, he hears it clank.

"Captain," he stammers, growing very hot, "its deuced ridiculous, you know, but—ha! ha!—I'd just remembered what I wanted to say to you, and now—ha! ha!—it's gone out of my head, again! Funny, isn't it! Ha! ha! ha! Losing my memory. Never mind. I'll think of it and write you. Good-morning."

The captain salutes, departs, returns the sword to its owner, and makes for the gate. As he crosses the barrack-yard, the colonel calls his wife to his side, and says, "See that officer out there?"

"Yes."

"Has he got a sword on?"

The colonel's wife adjusts her eye-glass upon him, scans him keenly, and says, "He hasn't a taste of a sword."

"That's just where you fool yourself. He has!"—*French Paper*.

A ROBIN AND A CAT STORY.

The Portland (Me.) Press tells it as follows: "A gentleman residing on Chestnut Street has a cat of unusual intelligence and quick wit, but not enough to save her from ignominious defeat by the usual victim of the feline tribe—a robin. It happened thus: Wednesday evening the cat was noticed walking lazily across the street, when a robin was observed to pounce from the air directly on her head, striking it with considerable force. The cat attempted to strike the bird with her paw, but failed again and again. As the robin persisted in its attacks, at length the cat attempted to flee, but the robin was undoubtedly mad, and made such persistent renewals of the contest, or rather persecution, that Tabby changed her tactics and lay on her back, evidently waiting to strike the robin if he should make another swoop. The bird, well understanding the stratagem, retired to the neighboring fence, with eyes still fixed on the prostrate cat, who was soon frightened by a passing team only to receive another blow from her enraged antagonist as soon as flight was attempted. This unequal contest was kept up for some minutes, and always in favor of the bird, till some boys frightened at the same moment both contestants, thus ending the battle."

DESCENDANTS OF FIRST COUSINS.—Statistics from Dr. S. M. Bemis, of Louisville, Ky., show that of 2,778 descendants of first cousins, 793 were defective; 77 deaf and mute; 63 blind; 231 idiotic; 24 insane; 44 epileptic; 189 scrofulous; 53 deformed; and 627 died early.

MORE SHEEP THAN BEAR.—"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged yet: you are more sheep than bear."

By far the most valuable of precious stones—far exceeding in value even the diamond—is the true Oriental ruby. We now learn that a method of making artificial rubies has been discovered in France—rubies not merely in imitation of the real stone, but made of the same material, and, to all appearances exactly like the priceless gem. The similarity between the natural and artificial stone appears indeed complete, as they are both of the same hardness and weight, both crystallize hexagonically, and lose color when heated, and gain it when cooled. As there seems no difficulty in their Manufacture, it is probable that there will be thrown into the market a number of artificial rubies at a comparatively moderate charge, and that they will be largely used in ornamental jewelry and art decoration. Whether this new manufactured article is, however, likely to be prized as the natural product, is a question of which many will, probably at present have their doubts.

THE EXTENT OF LONDON.—London covers nearly 700 square miles. It numbers more than 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 1,000,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself: more Jews than Palestine; more Irish than Dublin; more Scotsmen than Edinburgh; more Welshmen than Cardiff; has a birth in every five minutes, and a death in every eight minutes; has seven accidents in it every day in its 7,000 miles of streets; has 124 persons every day, and 45,000 annually, added to its population; has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, and has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before the magistrates.

THE PRODUCT.—*Professor*.—"Can you multiply together concrete numbers?" The class are uncertain. *Professor*.—"What will be the product of five apples multiplied by six potatoes?" *Freshman* (triumphantly).—"Hash."

TIMELY HITS.—An uncle recently found his nephew playing the violin, and the following hits took place: "I fear, nephew, you lose a great deal of time with this fiddling!" "Sir, I endeavor to keep time." "You mean, rather, to kill time." "No. I only beat time."

A GOLDEN CALF.—A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said:

"In the time of Moses I have no doubt I was a golden calf."

"Very likely," replied a lady; "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

HIS LAST CALL.—"This is my last call," remarked a flippant young gentleman to a young lady who was soon to be married, on a recent occasion. "I never call on married women or unmarried ladies after they have reached twenty-five." "You do well, sir," gravely remarked an elderly lady present. "At that age, and after marriage, they begin to know the value of time, and do not like to waste it."

The inventor of gas-lights is said to have been a Frenchman. Philippe Le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who in 1772 adopted the idea of using, for the purpose of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his emend invention, and it was not till 1799 that he confided his discovery to the institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 he published a memorial containing the result of his researches.

Truly "manners are the outward and visible tokens of inward and spiritual grace or disgrace," as Rev. Charles Kingsley has so well said, and "flow instinctively, whether good or bad, from the instincts of the inner nature." Never were truer words spoken or written, and every day's experience of a thinking man or woman gives testimony as to its truth.

Lady (anxious to get home).—"Shall we turn to the right, or go straight on?" Thomas (the new boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted).—"Laws, my lady, it don't make no odds to me."

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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A HEAVENLY KISS.

BY ROSE VIRTNER JEFFRY.

The man in the moon has forgotten to frown,
And is stealing a kiss to-night;
See, beautiful Venus is bending down
To his cold lips her brow of light.
He's hiding himself while he steals a kiss,
For his weird face can scarce be seen
As he steals aloft to his goal of bliss
In a shallop of silver sheen.

He is singing, "Come sail with me afar,
Through the shoreless blue let us float;"
And he clasps with rapture the evening star,
As they glide in their phantom boat.
The man in the moon has not wooed in vain,
Lovely Venus is all his own;
They are sailing together—but look again,
She has left him, he drifts alone.

Like the earthly lovers who, sated, turn
From their idols too lightly won,
Do his faithless lips already yearn
For the kiss of some warmer sun;
Or has she left him and wandered away,
As maidens on earth sometimes do,
To seek a more glorious mate? Well-a-day,
Perhaps they are both untrue.

As to earthly love, let it come and pass
If this be a heavenly sample
Of truth, for the heavenly bodies, alas!
Are setting a fearful example.
False men in the future will point up and say,
"He grew tired of Venus as soon;"
False maidens will cry to their lovers, "Away,
You are as cold as the man in the moon."

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER III.

REVELATIONS.

We will now return to the ruined cottage where we left Alicia and her brother with the strange lady, whose unfortunate condition had moved Alicia's pity.

"Do come a little nearer," said the sick woman, whose illness prevented her rising; "and Robby sniff the candle, it is but a poor light and a dingy room at best. I have lived in better, but drink, accursed drink robbed me of my husband and my home, and brought me to the condition in which you now find me. But fair lady, I know I do not dream, we have met before. Your presence comes to me like a ray of sunshine that once lit up the happy moments of long departed days. But when? Not since we moved into the city; sunshine was seldom there, the curse of drink brought shadows only. I

would have died but for my love of Robby.—No, further back than that. There were bright days, glad days, when I became a wife, and John forsook his cups for love of me; before his appetite for drink returned again and he became a slave; then came sad days, and sadder, till life became a burden, and I would gladly have slipped down into the empty grave without a coffin and welcomed the clay covering to shield me from the pitilessness of a cold world, and the desolation of the darkness through which my pathway lay, only for Robbie. God bless him. I want to live yet longer for his sake. No! back of those dark days, back of the few bright days of my early wedded life—let me think! ah, yes, I have it now, Alicia, that was what he called her. Is not your name Alicia?"

"My name is Alicia, but I do not recollect that I ever saw you before. Pray where did we meet? It must have been but a momentary meeting or I should have remembered it, and it could not have been under ordinary circumstances, or you would have forgotten it."

"You were too young then to notice me particularly, and I only saw you for a day; besides, I have been misfortune's play thing during the years that have intervened, and but the wreck of my former self remains, while your change has only been one of development.

You was a favorite with your uncle Andrew, and still more so with your uncle David, but I suppose you know that as well as I do. It always seemed strange to me that your uncle's estate should have been placed in Joseph Gundry's hands instead of his brother Andrew's; but David was always eccentric in his ways, and any disposition he might make of the property need occasion no surprise."

"Is it possible that you are the person that was acting in the capacity of housekeeper to my uncle David! I now discover a resemblance in you to that person, but as you say, you have greatly changed, in the eleven years since I was at uncle David's with my uncle Andrew. But Rudolph, get a carriage and let us take her to our home. It must not be said that our uncle's old housekeeper is suffering for want of bodily comforts while we have the ability to relieve her. Uncle acted very strangely in disposing of his property, but that is no reason why we should fail in our duty, to one who had charge of his home and enjoyed his confidence."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Trudell (for my readers will perceive that the invalid was formerly the late David Dennison's housekeeper.) "Indeed, I did not seek for nor expect the gift, and though I had no claim upon your uncle's generosity I hope you will not blame me for accepting the gift so freely and voluntarily offered. The estate was but little less valuable for the gift, and though it should have afforded me a competency, if properly managed, the present, though bestowed through generosity, through my blind love was rendered a curse instead of a blessing."

"My dear woman," said Alicia, "I was not even thinking of my uncle's gift to you, much less was I inclined to censure him for it, but do not talk any more till you have had rest, and in the mean time let us prepare for your removal, my brother will be here with the carriage before we are ready."

Alicia assisted the lady to arise, and Robbie gathered together the few articles that constituted her limited possessions, and by this time Rudolph arrived, and while Robbie held the horses he entered and gently assisted the invalid to the carriage, and in a few minutes they arrived at their pleasant home, where the unfortunate woman was properly cared for, and such simple restoratives were administered as were deemed necessary.

We will now return to Frank and Tom, whom we left returning from Aberfoyle estate; and, passing over the minor events connected with their journey, which would not particularly interest our readers, we will narrate the events connected with their operations in the city.

It was night when they arrived home, and so, after making a few random inquiries, which resulted in nothing, they again sought repose and recuperation in sleep.

On the following morning they set about the prosecution of their search for Mrs. Trudell; and first they searched the directory where they found several Trudells of various occupations, and called upon those of them that they thought might most probably be the object of their search, but at the hour of noon success had eluded their most determined and persevering efforts. Having exhausted their resources in this direction they called to mind that Mr. Trudell was said to have been very dissipated in his habits, and naturally concluded that they would be likely to hear of him at some of the low grogeries, and thus find a clue to the object of their search, and when after having visited a large number of those low haunts of fallen and debased humanity they were returning to their lodgings, while passing the yard of a semi-respectable tavern, Frank suddenly laid his hand on his companion's arm, and stopped to listen.

"Aye, and a great vagabond he was too," (they heard some one say,) "the best thing he ever did was when he quietly left the world, and saved the expense of feedin another pauper and may he hangin him. It's a mighty pity for the poor woman though, she was a daacent woman, and would have made a good wife for a respectable man. I am told she has left the city, got starved out. The ould baste of a husband parted with everything in the house for drink, and died oven the landlord a purty good bill, so he did. May the Lord defend the poor woman, for if charity's as cold in the country as it is here, she'll take many a long walk on an empty stomach."

"They are talking about the party we are in search of," said Frank, in an under tone. "I distinctly heard Trudell's name mentioned just before I put my hand on your arm. Let us go into the yard and ascertain if any information can be gleaned here."

On entering the yard they found two men in conversation, one of whom appeared to be a market gardener, and the other, an Irishman whose occupation I did not learn, but who probably was employed in some capacity about the hotel.

"Good day gentlemen," said the Irishman, raising his hand to his hat as they approached.

"A good day to you," said Frank. "If I mistake not I heard you as I came by, mention the name of Trudell, John Trudell, may I ask if you know what became of him?"

"Indeed that's what I can't tell ye," he replied, "but if its John Trudell ye want to find it's not in this world ye need be seekin him for he's dead, and ye needn't go to Heaven to find him, for he's not the sort that would be there on invitation I'm thinkin, for I'm told it's select company they have there altogether."

"Do you know where his widow is? perhaps she could give me the information I want."

"Indeed I couldn't tell yon that either. I can tell you where she's not; she's not in the house where the husband died, the third door down in Dreary Lane, but the gardener here says he saw a woman that he took to be her, with a lump of a boy passing his place out on the turnpike road, on foot, and she has not been seen in this neighborhood since. We knew her very well. You see, Trudell used to stop here most of his time, and many a time both by day and night his poor wife used to come with tears in her eyes trying to coax him home."

"At what time did you see her," said Tom to the gardener.

"She passed my house on Friday morning, that is five days ago. She had on a brown or black and gray shawl over a dark colored dress, a straw hat tied with a blue ribbon, and

carried a moderate sized bundle tied up in an old shawl. I have heard nothing from her since."

"I am very much obliged for the information," said Frank, "and now I think" said he, turning to his companion, "we had better return to our lodgings."

As they walked homeward Tom remarked that the 'turnpike road led in the direction of 'Cloverdale,' and that it might necessitate a visit to that locality. "I should not object to that in the least," Frank replied; "nothing like combining business with pleasure; it's healthy, and there's philosophy in it. Persuade a boy that work is play, and he will go through almost any amount of it without feeling fatigue. Let me see—if she left here five days ago she must have got to Meadowville near 'Cloverdale' before now, unless she has got employment, or has been detained in some way. We must go down there at once."

Arrangements were accordingly made, and our two friends took the first morning train for Cloverdale.

While the events we have narrated were transpiring, Mrs. Trudell, under the influence of suitable food, invigorating rest and generous sympathy, quickly regained her strength, and on the morning of the second day, in response to Alicia's enquiries she began to narrate more particularly the circumstances connected with their meeting years before.

"I recollect distinctly," she said, how pleased your uncle was as he said with 'your womanly ways,' for you could not have been more than seven or eight years of age at that time, and how he said you would be an exception to the general rule. You know your uncle thought women in general as he expressed it, a bundle of sham, vanity and ideality, a sort of toy belonging properly speaking to the class denominated expensive luxuries. To this rule he believed there were some exceptions, but the chance of securing one of these was so doubtful that he never entertained the idea of matrimony. Well, as I was about to say, he took a particular fancy to you, and insisted that on that occasion you should sit at the head of the table and pour the tea, and in fact act the part of mistress of the establishment for the time being, so he might see what kind of a housekeeper you were likely to make when you should grow up; and so pleased was he with you, that he could scarcely wait till you rose from the table to take you in his arms and kiss you, exclaiming, 'Alicia, you are a woman, every inch of you!' And the good impression you made upon his mind and heart on that visit was the immediate occasion of your good fortune."

Just then it was announced that two gentlemen were in the library and had asked to see Mrs. Trudell. This announcement was a matter of much surprise to Mrs. Trudell, and no less so to Alicia, who was at the same time somewhat mystified, and no little amused at Mrs. Trudell's reference to her good fortune, for, incongruous as it seemed, she came to the conclusion that Mrs. Trudell must have referred to the gold watch which her uncle had given her on the occasion of the visit referred to. But this subject was entirely forgotten in the profounder mystery and curiosity as to who the two gentlemen were, and what was the object of their visit but of course Alicia's curiosity must remain unsatisfied until Mrs. Trudell, or the course of events should reveal the purport of their presence.

On entering the library, Mrs. Trudell was confronted by two gentlemen, who politely introduced themselves as junior members of the law firm of Crossin, Ayrle and Crossin, and begged her to be seated while they explained the object of their visit.

"If I am rightly informed," said the elder of the two, whom our readers will at once recognize as our friend Frank, "you were once in possession of two hundred acres of land formerly connected with the Aberfoyle estate, owned by the late David Dennison."

"I was," Mrs. Trudell replied.

"May I ask if you still retain any interest in it, and in what position the title now stands?"

"I have no interest in the property now; it was twice mortgaged, and finding ourselves unable to meet our obligations the property passed over to our creditors, and so far as I know, the property is now held by Charles Dayton, a broker residing in the city; but, unless it is essential to your purposes I would prefer to say no more about it."

"I can well understand your reluctance, and assure you that it is not in mere idle words that I offer you my sympathy."

I have heard something of your history; and if the time should come when my services would be of any advantage to you, you may count on my prompt assistance."

"Thanks for your kindness, and if any information I may be able to give would be of service to you, do not hesitate to ask."

"Allow me then to ask how long before Mr. Dennison's decease the deed of the property was made to you?"

"I do not know. He had promised to give me some land, but I was not aware that he had made out a deed of it till after his death, when on his executors searching titles the deed was found on record. Of course the deed will show."

"Did it ever seem strange to you that Mr. Dennison should have willed his estate to Mr. Gundry?"

"It always seemed strange to me, but why do you ask? That was two years before his death, as you must be aware; before the final disposition was made of his property. That will was made on one of those occasions when Mr. Dennison was particularly disgusted with society, and when Mr. Gundry, by affected sympathy and attachment had ingratiated himself in his favour."

"Do you mean to intimate that Mr. Dennison made a will subsequently?"

"Certainly; else why would he have deeded a portion of the property embraced in the first will to me?"

"Are you *sure* the two hundred acres deeded to you were embraced in the first will?"

"I am sure."

"Could you testify to it under oath?"

"I could. The will included the whole estate embracing one thousand acres."

"Aha! the plot thickens! Then there has been forgery as well as fraud."

To be continued.

SELECTED.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green when June was young and falling;
And all the whisper-haunted forest through
The restless birds in saddening tones are calling
From rustling hazel copse and dangled dell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Fragrant, fruity summer,
Sweet farewell!"

Upon the windy hills in many a field,
The honey-bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its bloom may yield,
And, knowing their glad harvest time is over,
Sing, half a lullaby and half a knell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey-laden summer
Sweet farewell!"

The little brook that babbles mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
And with a plaintive, purling voice is saying,
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell:
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding lane,
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sound of pain,
But in the lulls it sings to gentle sighing
And mourns the summer's early broken spell—
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell!"

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make moan,
With melancholy song the loss complaining;
I, too, must join them, as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's waning;
I, too, have loved the season passing well—

"So farewell summer,
Fair, but faded summer,
Sweet farewell!"

—George Arnold.

Working Both Ways—A Tale from Real Life.

When Horatio Flipper and his bosom friend, Josiah Clemmens, on the same day, in the same church, married Augusta Lawton and her dearest friend, Anathusia Meakin, a contract was made between the two couples—a contract entirely independent of that which in the eye of the law they had made when each answered "I will," in reply to the somewhat inquisitive question put by the clergyman in regard to their future intentions as to supporting, loving, and honoring each other. It was this: They bound themselves that if one family had a son and the other a daughter, that son and daughter, when they had arrived at a proper age, should become man and wife. There was nothing so novel or original in such an agreement; if there had been, the parties to the contract would never have made it, for they were neither novel nor original in anything—they were simply maudlin with romance, and this covenant was merely the effect of which a strict attention to novels, love tales and plays was the cause.

So much by way of prologue. Now for our story.

Flipper and Clemmens had died full of years and gout and rheumatism, and left each a large fortune to his wife. They had each left, as well, a child—Flipper a daughter named Kitty, Clemmens a son named Richard, otherwise Dick. The old men had forgotten, long before their deaths all about their agreement on their wedding-day, but not so with the mothers. They had been in correspondence for the last five years about nothing else. The children had now reached their majority, and the mothers were anxious for the consummation of the plan.

"Mother," said Dick, at the breakfast-table, "there is no use in urging that girl Kitty's suit, for I will never marry her."

"How do you know, my son? You have not seen her for twelve years, and you might be delighted with her," returned Mrs. Clemmens, coaxingly.

"I know I shouldn't," Dick said. "She was a red-headed abomination when she was a child, and I'm certain she's the same now."

"O, Richard!"

"Even if she was as handsome as Hebe, I wouldn't marry her. I'd feel disgusted the moment I met her, and so would she, if she had any sense. We'd be introduced, we'd look at each other, and say to ourselves, 'And this is the person I've got to marry,' and then we would hate each other."

"Well, it seems to me Dick, that you might at least wait until you do see each other, before you make up your mind. This is too bad," whined Mrs. Clemmens, wiping her eyes with a napkin, and not discovering her mistake until she rubbed some mustard into her blue orbs, which occasioned the use of her handkerchief in good earnest—"just when I thought I had such good news for you."

"What is the news?"

"She's coming here."

"Who, Kitty Flipper?"

"Yes. I received a letter this morning from her mother, saying Kitty would start in a day or two."

"O, my!" groaned Dick. "You must stop her," he said, seriously. "If she comes, I go. I know what she'll be; a little stuck-up minx, full of the French airs she acquired by studying abroad for twelve years. She'll say, 'Mon Dieu,' and 'ma foi,' and she'll talk about her naivete and her gaucherie and her chic; she'll speak bad French in the present tense, indicative mood, of the first conjugation, and she'll commence all her questions with 'Eske?' and then stick like the young man at the Veneerings' party. I sha'n't see her, that's settled. Write to Mrs. Flipper (mellifluous appellation!) and say we are going on a visit, and we don't know when we will return; or, better, go to town, see Mrs. F., explain openly that I will never marry a Frenchified wax-doll, but that I want a wife who knows how to keep a house in order, can cook, preserve, sweep, bake, darn, sew, mend, dust, and, as the advertisements say, make herself generally useful. In short, a woman like my respected ma; and, so that you may kill two birds with one stone, find a cook who can cook, and fetch her back with you."

An idea seemed to strike Mrs. Clemmens, and she answered gaily, "Well, Dick, everything is for the best. If you won't marry her, you won't, so I'll do as you say."

After breakfast she made a hurried toilet, and took the first train for the city. Toward evening she returned with as pretty a little piece of femininity as Dick had ever seen withal. The dainty, curly-haired little woman straightway went to the kitchen, and then Mrs. Clemmens informed her son that she had made matters all right with Mrs. Flipper, and that the pretty conglomeration of muslin, curls, pink and white was a new cook she had engaged.

"Ah!" cries the intelligent reader, "you can't deceive us; the pink and white little cook is Kitty Flipper, and the three women have formed a plan to catch Dick unawares." And the intelligent readers are correct, but we vow and declare that we never had any intention of shrouding the dear girl in mystery and practicing deception. If we had—but this is egotism, and we disgress. With the advent of the new cook came luxuries such as had never been seen on the Clemmens' table before. The cuisine (as Dick's Kitty Flipper might say) was perfect. Richard's stockings were mended so neatly that an old pair of socks were better than a new pair. His shirts, too, were washed and ironed so perfectly that their whiteness and gloss caused envy in the bosoms of all his male friends.

But another change had been effected by the cook. The pink-and-white young lady, whom the hottest fire never made red and white, was accustomed to take a seat in the sitting-room in the evening and attend to her sewing—the kitchen being locked up—to save gas, Mrs. C. said, and Dick remained home at nights, something unusual for him.

In fact, Dick was in love with the cook, and he found a hundred excuses a day to go to the kitchen and have a word or two with the curly-headed little woman.

At first she was very cold to him, but gradually, as she saw his respect increase with his love, the ice of her reserve began to melt under the warmth of his passion, and the young man was correspondingly happy.

Perhaps there were no conferences, with comparing of notes, between the cook and her mistress when our gentleman took his afternoon walk! O, no—of course not—why should there be?

At length Dick found himself so entangled in the net of love that nothing but marriage would free him, so he entered the kitchen one afternoon, and, with a preamble, proposed marriage.

And here is where we triumph over the intelligent reader, who says, "I knew how it would be—she accepted him, they were married, the fraud was exposed, and they lived happily evermore."

Wrong, O, intelligent reader!

"Will you marry me?" said he.

"No, I will not," she answered.

"Why?"

"I'm a cook and you're a gentleman."

"You're a lady as well as a cook, and fit to be a gentleman's wife."

"I dare say I am, but I don't want to be a cook all my life."

"Then marry me."

"And work to support you?"

"Why, my dear, I'm rich!"

"You mean your mother is."

"Well, she would deny me nothing."

"I don't know about that. You don't know how she'd act if you married her cook. Besides, I've no fancy for a man who can't support himself and his wife without help from his mother. I understand you, Dick, and I admit that I love you."

"My darling!" he cried, embracing her.

"There now, stop. You wouldn't marry a wax doll of a girl who couldn't keep a house in order, cook, carve, preserve, darn, mend, sew, dust and sweep. I heard you say so."

"That is true," ruefully remarked Dick.

"Well, I will not marry a man who cannot support me by his own labor. I don't want a club-house swell or a lardy tardy man of society for a husband; I want a real man, a hard fisted workman, who can knock down a giant if he insults me. A good honest son of toil, one whom I'll be proud to point out as my husband, and on whose shoulder I can lean my head, and, confident of his strong love, know no fear in the world."

"What do you want me to do, my darling?"

"Learn a trade; be a man, an independent man. When you have earned enough money to buy a set of furniture and can show me that you are able to support me, I'll say, 'Dick, my boy, I'm yours.'"

"I'll do it," cried Dick.

Next day, without a word of opposition from his mother, which he thought rather strange, he left home, went to the city, and made arrangements with a friend of his, a carpenter and builder, to learn a trade.

Dick was a natural mechanic. No workman was ever needed at home; he mended everything. There was no tool he couldn't use, and therefore at the end of six months there was not a journeyman in the shop that could compare with him for elegant work. Then he rented a little shop, and set up for himself.

Strange to say, his first order came from the Widow Flipper to thoroughly repair three of her new houses. Of course little pink-and-white had nothing to do with this.

Mrs. Flipper recommended him to all her property-owning friends. His business increased wonderfully. *Item:* His work was always well done.

At the end of the year he had a really good business.

Then he went home one Saturday night, with a bank book and a plain gold ring in his pocket. He went in the kitchen way; there was no one there.

On his way up stairs he met his mother. Embraces followed, and he asked:

"Where's Kate?"

We have hitherto neglected to mention that the cook's name was Kate.

"Not in," answered Mrs. Clemmens; "but Kitty Flipper is up stairs; come up and be presented."

"Hang Kitty Flipper!" said he.

"There need be no embarrassment, Dick; she's engaged."

"O, she is, eh? Well, come along."

"Miss Flipper, my son," said Mrs. Clemmens, presenting him.

Dick looked up.

"What!" he yelled, looking at the lady. "Kate, by Jupiter! what does this mean?"

"I'm Kitty Flipper and Kate the cook, too. I tried you, my dear, and you stood the test nobly. You've proved yourself my ideal of a man. Take me, if you will, my darling."

And he did take her, while the old lady discreetly looked out of the window and thought of her youth.

"And you were all in the plot against me, eh?" asked he.

"Yes," exclaimed the ladies, half-frightened now they were found out.

"Well, I'm glad of it. Kate, you've made a man of me. I insisted on my wife being a worker, and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

Three days after the little village church—but, pshaw! the intelligent reader can guess the rest.

STARTING IN LIFE.

The first great lesson a young man should learn is, that he knows nothing. The earlier and more thoroughly this lesson is learned the better. A home-bred youth, grown up in the light of parental admiration, with everything to foster his vanity and self-esteem, is surprised to find and often unwilling to acknowledge, the superiority of other people. But he is compelled to learn his insignificance; his acts are ridiculed, his blunders exposed, his wishes disregarded, and he is made to cut a very sorry figure, until his self-conceit is abased, and he feels that he knows nothing.

When a young man has thoroughly comprehended the fact that he knows nothing, and that, intrinsically, he is of but little value, the next lesson is, that the world cares nothing for him. He is the subject of no man's overwhelming admiration; neither petted by one sex nor envied by the other, he has to take care of himself. He will not be noticed till he becomes noticeable; he will not become noticeable until he does something to prove that he is of some use to society. No recommendation or introduction will give him this, or ought to give him this; he must do something to be recognized as somebody. There is plenty of room for men in the world, but there is no room for idlers. Society is not very particular what a man does, so long as he does something useful, to prove himself to be a man; but it will not take the matter on trust.

Hold Your Head Up Like a Man.

If the stormy winds should rustle,
While you tread the world's highway,
Still against them bravely tussle,
Hope and labor day by day;
Falter not, no matter whether
There be sunshine, storm or calm,
And in every kind of weather
Hold your head upon like a man.

If a brother should deceive you,
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you,
Jog along with lightsome heart;
Fortune seldom follows fawning,
Boldness is the better plan,
Hoping for a better dawning,
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth though e'er so rich and mellow,
Yields not to the worthless drone,
But the square and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station,
Hold your head up like a man.

—Guardian.

AN EMPEROR'S KINDNESS.

Emperor William, of Germany is a kind-hearted old man. Two anecdotes are told which illustrate his natural disposition:

An official of the German civil service and his wife celebrated recently their diamond wedding. The emperor, in his retirement, heard of this event, and sent a medallion portrait of himself in a golden setting, ornamented with the imperial arms, by way of a wedding present, and at the same time sent his regret that his inability to write prevented his appending his autograph, which, however, he promised as soon as he was able to do so.

The other incident is as follows: Two children of a butcher, in a village a few miles from Berlin, having heard of the emperor's fondness for blue cornflowers (our bachelor's buttons), gathered a great nosegay of them in the fields, and, without saying anything to any body, started off on the Berlin highway, trudged all the weary miles to the city, found their way to the palace, and handed the flowers to the lackey "for the good emperor."

Their appearance attracted attention, and when questioned they told their simple tale. They were taken into the palace and given a luncheon, which was probably the best they had ever eaten, and then, as the emperor divined that the parents must be by this time in great anxiety, the two little dusty and wayworn children were sent home in one of the imperial carriages, an honor which made them the most distinguished residents of their little village.

Source of Personal Beauty.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart, shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, and a tribe of gypsies in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Budness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result. There is no sculptor like the mind.

There is nothing that so refines, polishes and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a title so much of the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks, as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and ever pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections, fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness as a pervading, prevailing kindness of heart. The angels are beautiful because they are good, and God is beautiful because he is love.—*Home Journal*.

R. GUTHRIE'S PATHOS.

The late Dr. Guthrie was very diligent in visiting, and quite equal to any emergency. One day he came to the door of an Irishman, who was determined that the doctor should never enter his house. "You cannot come in here," said he, "you're not needed or wanted." "My friend," said the doctor, "I'm only visiting round my parish to become acquainted with my people, and have called on you only as a parishoner." "It don't matter," says Paddy, "you shan't come in here;" and with that, lifting the poker, he said, "if you come in here, I'll knock you down." Most men would have retired or tried to reason; the doctor did neither, but drawing himself up to his full height, and looking the Irishman full in the face, he said, "Come, now, that's too bad; would you strike a man unarmed? Hand me the tongs, then we shall be on equal terms." The man looked upon him for a little in great amazement, and then said, "Och shure yer a quare man for a minister, come inside;" and, feeling rather ashamed of his conduct, he laid down the poker. The doctor entered, and talked, as he could so well do, in a way both entertaining and so instructive as to win the admiration of the man, so that when he arose to go, Paddy shook his hand warmly, and said, "Be shure, sir, don't pass my door without giving me a call."

BARGAINING IN MADRID.

A nut-brown maid is attracted by a brilliant red-and-yellow scarf. She asks the sleepy merchant, nodding before his wares:

"What is this rag worth?"

He answers, with profound indifference:

"Ten reals."

"Hombre! Are you dreaming or crazy?"

She drops the coveted neck-gear, and moves on, apparently horror-stricken.

"Don't be rash! The scarf is worth twenty reals; but for the sake of Sanctissima Maria, I offer it to you for half price. Very well? You are not suited. What will you give?"

"Caramba! Am I buyer and seller as well? The thing is worth three reals; more is simply robbery."

"Maria! Jose! and all the family! We cannot trade. Sooner than sell for eight reals I shall raise the cover of my brains! Go, thou!"

She lays down the scarf reluctantly, saying:

"Five."

But the outraged merchant snorts, scornfully:

"Eight was my last word! Go!"

She moves away, thinking how well that scarf would look in the Apollo Gardens, and casts over her shoulder a Parthian glance, and bids:

"Six."

"Take it! It is madness, but I cannot waste my time bargaining."

Both congratulate themselves on the operation. He would have taken five, and she would have given seven.

A Lawyer's First Address.

There are few mental tortures more terrible than that which a young lawyer, constitutionally timid, suffers, when for the first time he rises to address the court and jury. No nightmare is more frightful than those twelve men honest and true, presided over by the frowning majesty of the bench. They are, then and there all the world to him, and a horrible world it is to his brain, bewildered by the sight and a natural diffidence.

Mr. John P. Kennedy tells of such a scene which was turned into a triumph by the will-power of the young man and the sympathy of the court. He says: "I remember the agony with which the confused novitiate arose a second time, having been but a moment before compelled to take his seat, in the hope to collect his routed thoughts. His second essay was not more fortunate than the first. He stood silent for a brief space and at the end was enabled to say, 'Gentlemen, I declare to Heaven that if I had an enemy upon whose head I would invoke the most cruel torture, I could wish him no other fate than to stand where I stand now.'

"Curiously enough, the sympathy which this appeal brought him seemed almost instantly to give him strength. A short pause was followed by another effort which was completely and even triumphantly successful."

A GOOD NAME,

How true it is that a good name is capital in itself. Such a capital, like every solid accumulation, is not built in a day, but is the result of years of continuance in well-doing. No man can hope by a spirit of good nature or honorable dealings to acquire an enviable reputation which is implied in the possession of "a good name." Little things done and observed in a series of years, the trifles of which life is made up, if done conscientiously, are what contribute to the result, and win for a man the confidence of his fellows; and when one has thus acquired this good name, men seek him in business, rely on his word, and prefer his goods. Such a capital is within the reach of the poorest. It commands confidence, and helps one in securing all that is desirable in life, and as it is to be acquired without outlay, does not depend upon birth or influence for its attainment. It is wonderful so many prefer to travel by crooked ways, which, though they may seem short cuts to success, do not lead in that direction at all. Let every man strive to add a good name to his other capital.

Cure For Trouble.

When disposed to grumble over things that cannot be helped, I am reminded of a neighbor of mine who once surprised me by throwing away an old rusty knife. It was one of a set of silver-plated knives, and had been soiled by carelessness. I asked her why she threw it away. "It is not worth while to be uncomfortable," she said. "'Life is short,' and I believe in being as happy as I can, and will be happy so far as I can control circumstances. What's the use of keeping a rusty, spoiled knife on the shelf, where it would cut me every time I looked at it by its unpleasant reference to my carelessness? You see, acting on this theory, I have thrown it away. I intend to pursue the same course in every thing that troubles me. What I don't like I shall put away if I can; I will not eat unpalatable food nor associate with disagreeable people, and when I feel discouraged or blue I put on my things and take a pleasant walk, or call on some cheerful neighbor, and come back cheery myself, with a good appetite for tea. People who are unhappy, discontented, and who just endure life, don't know how much they miss for the want of a little effort on their part to make themselves happy." Is not the lesson which this embodies worth learning?

TEMPTATION.

We have had a great deal to say to our young friends about temptation, because in youth a person's susceptibilities are greater than any other time in life. There is much to be said besides telling a person what he should avoid, or admonishing him to do this or that. The best way to avoid a thing is to cultivate something antagonistic to it; in fact, if one does not do this, his chances of successfully carrying out his resolves are only half what they might be. If a person can

will be in less danger than if he simply shunned bad company, and the same may be said of a good many other things. Among the greatest protective agencies is a taste for reading. One seldom sees a person of such tastes in the ranks of the fast young men who are getting in their crop of wild oats. There is nothing much cheaper than such a taste; indeed, it is wonderful how cheap are all kinds of culture compared with the different sorts of dissipation. A young man who has his business to study, and whose livelihood and hope of advancement in the world depends altogether on his own exertions, will have brief time to attend to other things, but such time may be well filled up, and by cultivating a taste for that which is improving and elevating, in whatever department it may be, any inclination in an opposite direction is effectually destroyed.

TOOK THE PRIZE.

At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend gentleman was appointed the sole judge of their pretensions.

One produced his tailor's bill, a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room, that could not be outdone, when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money which he had lent him.

"The palm is his," was the general cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have just returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at our house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the acme of honesty; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize—"

"Hold!" cried another. "I have done still more than that."

"Impossible!" cried the whole company. "Let us hear." "I have been taking my paper for twenty years, and paid for it every year in advance."

He took the prize—

What Money Can Do.

Money, no doubt, is a power, but a power of well-defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround your sick-bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame; it will encompass you with a crowd of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend; it will bribe into silence the tongues of accusing men, but not the voice of an accusing conscience; it will pay some debts, but not the least one of all your debts to the law of God; it will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt—the terrors that crown the brows of death.

BE ECONOMICAL.—Look carefully to your expenditures. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will take cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

SHE ENLIGHTENED HIM—"What are those purple posies down by the brook?" asked Gus. "If you mean," replied Clara, "those glorious masses of empurpled efflorescence that bloom in bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are appropriate retortifera."

THE BLOOM OF THE HEART.

Under the blue of the mid-May sky,
 Under the shadows of beech and lime,
 Watching cloud-shallops drift idly by,
 Free from the thralldom of fate and time;
 Lulled by the murmur of breeze and stream,
 Twitter of songster, flutter of spray,
 That sweetly blend with the waking dream,
 And whisper one magical word away;
 Held by the spell of an exquisite face,
 A voice that is dearer than all things dear,
 Ah, but the world is a fairy place
 In the bloom of the heart, the May of the year!

Sitting alone in the waning light,
 In the dead November's leaden dearth,
 Watching the mists rise ghostly white,
 And blend in the shadows, and quench the earth;
 Musing for aye on the might-have-been—
 Sweet might-have-been that may not be!—
 The tender hopes and the fancies green
 That faded and fluttered with life's fair tree;
 Haunted away by a vanished face,
 A voice that is hushed in the midnight drear,
 Ah, but the world is a weary place
 In the gloom of the heart, the gray of the year!

Look on the Bright Side.

BY MRS. SARAH SMITH.

Look on the bright side of things; it is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy, sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. Full one-half our ills exist only in imagination. There is always that before or around us that should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be, so do others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the bright side of things. What though appearances do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night land in broad day. In the long run, and very often in the short, the great balance of life will right itself. What is ill becomes well; what is wrong, right. Men were not made to hang down either their heads or their hands, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the path of true common-sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial, not the cold and repulsive the dark and morose.

LOVE OF LIFE.

How instinctively the prayer for length of days goes up from the heart of man! Christian or pagan, groping in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, or walking in the full light of heavenly wisdom, it has been always the same, even from the hour that Hezekiah turned his face to the wall, and wept sore at the death-messenger of the son of Amoz. It is natural that thus it should be, and it is well also. The earth is our present home, and it is reasonable that we should be fond of it, that we should delight in its beauties and enjoy its blessings; for it is no scene of bliss to many; and so bitter are the sorrows and sufferings often permitted to its inhabitants, that were not this bond of union between them and their abode both strong and elastic, utter disgust and discouragement would soon paralyze every energy, and turn each individual into a hopeless, aimless ghost, flitting about and searching for some avenue of escape from its wretchedness. Honest, downright love of life, too, is conducive to the easy and effectual performance of its duties; a child constantly craving for home will seldom profit by his studies; a servant perpetually longing for the close of his engagement will scarcely give satisfaction to his employer.

Yet good and beneficial as this appreciation of existence is, it may be carried to unwise extremes, or be retained too long. It is a fearful sight to witness that blind clinging to life, that terrified deprecation of the idea of death that the worldly-minded and the irreligious exhibit; it is a sad spectacle to behold the very aged, those who have long past the threescore years and ten, or even the fourscore years assigned to man, still longing to live—still choosing this low earth as their proper sphere. Youth dreads a blight upon its flowers; manhood's schemes ask time to bring them to perfection; middle age draws its home-loves around it, and feels as if it could not part with aught so dear; but age, trembling with weakness, deprived of almost every active power of enjoyment, often alone, if not desolate, what is there to chain it to its ruined home; or rather, to that foreign land, on whose shore it has long dwelt, an exile and a wanderer? What but habit; what but that dislike to change, that shrinking from entering into what we only know by report, that so many of us experience in our everyday concerns and undertakings? Yes! but there is something else that comes in to complete the work. I think we do not realize the actual fact of heaven—the positive existence of another life beyond the grave—as we ought to do. We deal too much in generalities on this, as on other subjects; we believe it is true, but is our belief as deep, as genuine, as fruitful of result as becomes our Christian profession? We need not fear to encourage such vivid conceptions; the hurry and the wear of life will too constantly dim their brightness to allow them to unfit us for our daily task. If, for one short hour, the veil of sense seems removed, and we see with clearness and rapturous triumph the glorious future laid up for the redeemed of the Lord, the experience of the next will show us wholesomely, but humbly, that we are still flesh and blood, still prone to commonplace plans and subjects, to human requirements and infirmities. Duly cultivated, this anticipation of the coming time will serve as a counterpoise to any undue love of earth; while the inherent instincts of our nature will never fail to keep our feet firmly planted on our daily road; one principle compensating the other, and producing harmony of thought and action; giving us, even in the full vigor of youth and health and strength, to remember our latter end with quiet hope, and enabling us—when the day's work is nearly finished, when the shadows of evening are lengthening around us, when lover and friend are almost all gathered to the silent house, when the silver cord is nearly loosened, and the golden bowl nigh unto its breaking—to await our summons patiently, tranquilly, but triumphantly; for

"If the call

Be but our getting to that distant land
 For whose sweet waters we have pined with thirst,
 Why should not its prophetic sense be borne
 Into the heart's deep stillness with a breath
 Of summer winds, a voice of melody,
 Solemn, yet lonely?"

It is said to be proven by statistical reports of the British army that twice as many cases of consumption originate in Jamaica as at home, among European soldiers; and that the same is true of the East Indies. Dr. Burgess, an eminent Scotch physician, shows that the disease exists in all latitudes and is as common in tropical climates as in Europe and North America. In Malta, one-third of the deaths among soldiers are from consumption; at Nice, more natives die of it than in any English town of the same population; and it is more frequent in Naples than in Paris.

SOCRATES ON FARMING.—Many farmers are exceedingly dissatisfied with their profession, and repine at their duties. On the other hand, Socrates, the wisest of ancient philosophers, said of it: "Agriculture is an employment the most worthy the application of man, the most ancient and the most suitable to his nature. It is the common nurse of persons in every age and condition of life; it is the source of health, strength, plenty, and riches, and of a thousand sober delights and honest pleasures. It is the mistress and school of sobriety, temperance, justice, religion, and, in short, of all virtues, civil and military."

Not all who know their own minds know their own hearts.

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We make this offer because we want to give the greatest possible inducements to parties to interest themselves in behalf of our paper, assured that those who can appreciate a first-class cheap magazine, will continue their patronage after becoming acquainted with its merits.

There are some persons who because we gave them the paper last year under cost on trial, want it at the same price the second year. Surely we need not remind them of the impossibility of continuing such a course, or of the injustice of asking us to make sacrifices every year, especially as those who know anything about publishing business pronounce our paper marvelously cheap at 50 cents.

One lady however, called at our office recently, and insisted on our receiving double price for the paper this year on account of the benefit she had derived from its perusal.

We design to give the best possible satisfaction to all, and if our subscribers will put it in our power, by promptly renewing their subscriptions, to go to further expense in bringing up our paper to our own ideal of excellence, we promise our readers that nothing shall be left undone to place it in the highest position in their esteem as a desirable companion to the home circle, and as a welcome, entertaining and instructive literary visitor.

Please do not think that deferring your renewal for a short time will make no difference with the publisher. Remember that you are not very different from other people, and the course you feel inclined to take will be but following the example of many others.

The way to be among the most desirable exceptions, is to

renew a little before the subscription expires. It is so easy to neglect renewing after the date of expiry, that a great many who intended to renew, unless called on by an agent, neglect it altogether; and while we do not care so much about the patronage of those who do not appreciate our paper, we do very much dislike to lose the countenance of our friends.

Come friends give us your support and let us make our paper unsurpassed, and if possible unequalled by any magazine in America.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

See club terms on second page of cover, where premiums are offered, suitable for both ladies and gentlemen.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name, we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

No one need fear being imposed upon by being called upon to pay for the FAMILY CIRCLE without having subscribed for it, as we send it to none without having received satisfaction in advance.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

If you wish the paper discontinued, please send a postal card, intimating your wish, and giving your address at which it was received, in full, so that we can find and erase the name. Do not send the paper back.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

We would call attention to the unusually favorable terms on which we offer "Scribner's" or "St. Nicholas" magazine, and the "Cottage Hearth," clubbed with our paper.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS ON HEALTH.

Continued from No. 3.

"I am not sure," said Mrs. Ruggles, "that women are any more deserving of censure for their peculiar foibles, than the men are. They may not, in general, be surrounded by the same class of influences, nor exposed to the same class of temptations as the women, but, there are some who array themselves quite as fastidiously as do their weaker sisters, and it is quite probable, that if the rougher occupation and sterner duties of the others permitted the requisite attention, a much larger proportion would subject themselves to the euphonious appellation of fops. And, really, though the very form of their dress does not admit of so great and easily noticeable changes of style, yet, so far as practicable, they do make changes in style, and almost as universally adopt them. At one time, they wear their trousers so loose, that they look like bags mounted on broom-sticks, and at another time, so tight, that by contrast, they look as if their legs were too slender to support the weight of their bodies; and their other garments are changed in cut and style, and padded, and bound, and buttoned, and filled, or otherwise ornamented, according to the fashions.

Does it not seem strange to you, Doctor, that men should go about, in the depth of winter, in coats that can only be held together with one button, leaving their chests comparatively bare, and exposed to the chilling blasts; or that they should wear hats, which leave their ears and the lower portion of their heads unprotected? No wonder, that they should, in so many instances, suffer from rheumatism, lung-diseases and other dreadful maladies.

You do not often see the women drunk, nor sucking deadly fumes of narcotic poison through an old pipe-stem, or a cigar stump to addle their brains, as is the almost universal custom with the male sex. Is it any wonder, that so few attain to positions of eminence, in those professions that require clearness of perception, and physical and mental energy and endurance?"

"Why, Mrs. Ruggles," said the Doctor, "you you are quite sarcastic, and, I must say, make quite a strong defence of your sex; and it cannot but be admitted, that your observations are quite appropriate, but, of course, the old rule applies, you know, 'excepting present company.' My sex is unquestionably chargeable with numerous follies, and there are some, that are common to both sexes, and there is ample room for improvement in some of the most common concerns of every day life. For example, I was called in a few days ago, to prescribe for a person, who was in a condition of great distress, suffering from headache, nausea and a sense of acidity in the stomach, all together occasioning about as much misery as could well be borne. I found the pulse not very much disturbed, and at once came to the conclusion, that the digestive forces had been charged with work beyond their capacity, and that in course of time nature would summon her energies and throw off the undigested mass, and then set about restoring order in the digestive laboratory preparatory to entering upon fresh work. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to hurry up the process by increasing the nausea and the result was a speedy evacuation of the stomach, and a saving to the digestive forces of the vain attempt to prepare the decaying mass for absorption and assimilation into the system. This, of Course, afforded a temporary relief, but it did not effect a permanent cure; this could only be done, as in most other maladies, by removing the cause; and this, to a person given to appetite, is no easy matter, as it requires an exercise of self-denial, which such persons are not usually willing to exercise. Said I; 'You must curb your appetite, my friend, you must curb your appetite!'"

"I am not a large eater, Doctor," he replied, "I do not think that can be the occasion of my illness, I think it comes from a slight cold I have taken."—They never think they eat too much, and are always ready to attribute it to something else; and a cold is very a good thing to throw the responsibility upon, especially, as chilliness and the development of mucus are usually associated with the malady, and persons commonly think, that if they do not devour a large quantity of food, they are not to attribute disease to eating too much.

Said I: My friend, you are mistaken." Excessive eating is not to be estimated by weight, or volume, but by the capacity of the system to digest and assimilate. Try the plan for awhile of resolutely rising from the table, as soon as the pangs of hunger are appeased, until you habitually go to your meals with a keen appetite, then you will find your strength increase, because what you do eat will be properly assimilated, and you will find your digestive powers improved so that you can gradually increase the quantity of food partaken, without experiencing any inconvenience."

"Well doctor" said Mrs. Ruggles, "I suppose you understand such matters better than I do, but please when you attack the foibles of our sex, do not pass too lightly over those of your own. Remember charity begins at home."

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

TO CURE WAKEFULNESS.—I. Wrap cloths dipped in cold water around the wrist, and sometimes lay a wet cloth on the top of the head.

II. Take a sponge bath just before retiring; have plenty of pulverized borax in the water; rub well with a coarse towel to get up a circulation.

Hoarseness can be removed temporarily by dissolving in the mouth a small piece of borax about the size of a green pea, or about three-fourths of a grain, and slowly swallowing it. It produces a profuse secretion of saliva and affords relief. Good for singers or speakers.

NOTE IN THE EYE.—Take a horse-hair, double it, leaving a loop. If the mote can be seen, lay the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object cannot be seen, raise the lid of the eye as far as possible, and place the loop in it as far as you can, close the eye, and roll the ball around a few times, then draw out the hair; the substance which caused so much pain will be sure to come with it. This method is practised by axe-makers and other workers in steel.

A gentleman who suffered misery almost indescribable from rheumatism, states that the most effectual remedy he has found for easing pain and drawing out inflammation is a poultice of raw Irish potatoes, chopped very fine, and applied to the locality of the pain.

The Effect of Diet on Liquor Drinking.

Charles Napier, an English scientific man, has been testing the truth of Leibig's theory that liquor drinking is compatible with animal food but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon 27 liquor-drinking persons with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the most striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of 60 who had been addicted to intemperate habits for 25 years; his outbursts averaged once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in seven months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but by the close of the period named had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then of about the normal weight for a person of his height.

Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas, and lentils, all of which should be well boiled and flavoured with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency to intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni and farinaceous food.

From this point of view, highly glutinous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food.

If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans, or oleaginous aliment appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive carbon in an alcoholic form.

The Relation of Diet, Air, and Bathing to Sleep.

BY EDWIN TEMPLE.

Some people refuse to believe a wakeful person unwell because they often look so well, and eat so hearty. The appetite for food is taken as an indication of health, when the expert physiologist knows that it is nature's method of quieting the excitement of the system. In the first stages of insomnia, when it is more of a habit than a disease, the waste from the nervous tissues being so great, necessitates more food, and many are led to imagine themselves quite well when working on short hours of sleep with so good an appetite. But when from long continued labor and activity, the individual becomes tired out, and finds he cannot get the rest he so much needs, it is then that the effects of this mode of life is most experienced. To have good sleep and digestion at the same time, it is necessary that all the laws of sleep should be observed. Although the sleepless person may have a good appetite, yet it will not do to indulge in heavy kinds of food, though the lighter varieties with various fruits may be eaten with benefit. Exciting drinks, such as tea and coffee, should be avoided.

Lieut. Herndon, in his Exploration of the Amazon, says of the leaf of the cocoa plant: "The leaf of this plant is to the Indian of Peru what tobacco is to our laboring classes in the south, a luxury that has become a necessity. Supplied with an abundance of it, he sometimes performs prodigies of labor, and goes without food for several days. Without it he is miserable and will not work. It is said to be a powerful stimulant to the nervous system, and, like strong coffee or tea, to take away sleep." Von Tschudi relates that an Indian employed by him in digging, worked hard for five nights and days without intermission, except for two hours each night, and this without food. Immediately after the work the Indian accompanied him on a two days' journey of twenty three leagues on foot, and then declared that he was ready to engage in the same amount of work, and go through without

food, if he were allowed an abundance of cocoa. This man was sixty-two years of age, and had never been sick in his life. Of course when the excitement was over he would be tired out.

To those suffering from insomnia, sea air is recommended as the best, although Mountain air is considered good, for those who have led too sedentary a life. An occasional ocean trip of a few days is also very beneficial, as sea-sickness is an efficient remedy for this complaint. Exposure to the smoke of fire has been known to produce wakefulness, and it is not to be wondered at when we consider that those who are suffocated by smoke die from congestion of the brain. It is always best for the patient to be comfortably dressed, or live in a warm climate, so that the circulation may be even till the system becomes strong.

Too frequent bathing is not advisable, as it produces a nervous irritability, caused by the drying up of the oils on the surface of the body. It was customary in ancient times, when bathing was a daily and universal practice, to anoint the body with some kind of oil, which would prevent wakefulness. Warm foot-baths at bedtime are always beneficial. The best time to take a full bath is one or two hours before dinner, and the water should be of an agreeable temperature. At all times the individual should study out the influence of food, air, and bathing on his health, if he would secure a speedy recovery.

COLDS.

What is frequently called a cold, is as often the result of *debility* as the direct exposure to a draught of cold air. If each individual will observe his own case the next time a cold is contracted, it will be found that more than likely it was *preceded* some days by lassitude, headache, more or less complete inability to exercise the thinking faculties with the usual success, disturbed digestion, etc., etc. These symptoms have all become exaggerated by a very slight exposure, and sometimes the cold appears without any remembered exposure. When the named symptoms appear, it perhaps would be wiser to examine into the supposed cause of *them*, rather than what particular exposure to a draught of air gave rise to the cold. While a discovery of the remote causes of the attack may place it in the power of the person to prevent a recurrence, and the cause is often a disturbed condition of the health, a judicious, generous diet and attention to fresh air will often give more relief than "Squills" and other domestic remedies of the same kind.

Many of the illnesses deplored under this head are doubtless due to the direct *shock* given by the sudden entrance of a volume of cold air into the lungs; which could have been avoided almost entirely by the simple expedient of breathing only through the *nostrils*, and keeping the lips closed, so the air shall have become *warmed* before entrance into the lungs.

The sudden changes from heat to cold do not all take place away from home. Many of the *colds*, are due to the arrangement of private houses, which appear to be built for neither heat nor cold, and do not resist either of them. A person going from the house to the outside cold air has been taught to put on a coat, but a person going from one room to another has not this fear, and steps into a cold bath without warning. We say cold bath, for practically the communicating entries of the house, with gas-burners at every landing of the stairs is just about as well a devised means of getting the heat from the lower rooms, where needed, to the garret, where *not* needed, as if specially designed for the purpose, particularly if the lower outside doors are occasionally opened. *Invalids* should therefore always pass through entries and along stairways as well protected as if going into air as cold on the other side of the front door.

Ventilation and Draught.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "If we inspire and expire forty hogsheds of air a day, rob it of some pounds of oxygen, and load it with other pounds of carbonic acid gas, we must need a very large supply for our daily use. The ventilation of buildings, public and private, is accomplished easily and safely enough, if people will take the pains and spend the money.

Yet it is sadly neglected by those who spare no trouble and expense for luxuries less important. I have been at

elegant dinner parties, where, what with the number of guests crowded together in a small apartment, the blaze of numerous lights, and the long sitting, to say nothing of the variety of wines that insisted on being tasted, the greatest care was no security against such a headache the next morning as only a debauch ought to account for. There were a dozen courses for the palate and only one for the breathing organs. Let no host expect his guests to be anything but sleepy and stupid, if they are imprisoned in an atmosphere which reduces them all to a state of semi-asphyxia.

It is our own fault in most cases, if we do not get ventilation enough at home, without any exposure to draughts. But once cross your own threshold and go abroad, and you are no longer safe. A friend grapples you warm with exercise, and keeps you talking, with the wind blowing through you, charged with catarrhs, rheumatisms, lung-fever and other complaints, any of which your particular constitution may happen to fancy. Never stop on a door-step to discuss the origin of evil, nor linger on a street corner to discuss the authorship of Junius and Eikon Basinlike, unless you are impregnable to the blast as an iron-clad to bullets. There are some, no doubt, who can run half a dozen times round the Common, and sit down on Park street meeting house steps and cool off, without being the worse for it. But sensible persons are guided by their own experience. It is not their affair how much other people can bear. Least of all must the delicate male sex be guided by their rugged, insensible female fellow creatures. Either God tempers the wind to the bare shoulders as to the shorn lamb, or these dear sisters of ours are the toughest of organized creatures—*Household*.

Any one is liable to be surprised at night, or in out of the way places, with distressing coughs, colds, sore throat, croup, and other affections of the breathing organs, such as pain, oppression, and difficult breathing; the reader who indelibly impresses the idea on his mind, will have it in his power to do himself and others a very great service by the use of a very simple, speedy, safe, efficient, and almost everywhere an available remedy, thus: take four thicknesses of woolen flannel, three such, place in boiling water, lift out one, wring out the water as soon as the hands can bear to handle it, lay it flat over the ailing part, cover over with a broader dry flannel, and oiled silk or india rubber over that, if at hand; in five minutes have another of the folded pieces ready, raise up the edge of the dry flannel, withdraw the first and introduce the second in its place as quick as practicable, removing the bed clothing as little as you can, the object being to keep the skin over the ailing part as continuously hot as possible; continue this until entirely relieved; if well done you will think it marvelously efficient.

The "Food Cure" may one day become universal; every once in a while, some article from the dinner table is discovered to have remedial merit; strong sage tea for night sweats; celery for nervousness; salt, pepper, and vinegar, for dyspepsia; and now it comes out that if a person has tape worm and eats nothing for twenty-four hours, and for the next twenty-four hours will eat nothing but the inner part of the seeds of the squash, or pumpkin, the head of the tape worm will be discharged the next day. This has proved efficient after five years of unavailing treatment otherwise.

Never sit or stand in damp shoes or in damp places, for the water is attracted inwards by the warmth of the soles of the feet, condenses the perspiration, checks it, closes the pores, leaving the feet clammy and cold. A young lady alighted from her carriage at the Central Park so as to get nearer the music, stood on the damp grass, became chilled, rode home, sickened, and died in a few days.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—Put into a jug a handful of dry sage leaves, two tablespoonfuls of salt, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper: pour upon these a pint of boiling water, cover up close, and after standing half an hour, pour clear off through a bit of muslin into a bottle.

While there's life there's hope in the physician's soul that we'll get sick.

COMMUNICATED.

We are not to be understood as either endorsing, or disapproving the sentiments contained in articles under this head, unless we distinctly say so —ED.

Electricity as a Curative Agent.

DIARRHEA, CHOLERA, CONSUMPTION, YELLOW FEVER & CHILL FEVER.

Electricity is an imponderable *principle*, entirely distinct and different from ponderable matter, not derivable from it, but perfectly independent of it, and yet having such a natural affinity for it, by the attraction of opposites, which seems to be an immutable law of nature, as to preclude it completely. Not a single particle of ponderable matter is there in creation—not an atom floating in the sunbeam, but what is attended by its appropriate share of the imponderable principle, when all the elements are in equilibrium.

This mysterious agent is extremely *subtle*—so subtle that it is imperceptible, except when condensed into the electric spark, or accumulated by the galvanic battery, or poured down upon us in the light of day, or gathered into focal intensity by the burning-glass, or exploded in the lightening flash or collected together into that capacious reservoir of electric fire—the sun.

Elasticity unbounded is one of its characteristics, and its *activity* is inherent, it being always in motion, for if the balance of the elements be disturbed at all, and there be anywhere in creation a partial vacuum, or an abstraction of the subtle fluid, so as to make that spot negative with regard to surrounding regions, it rushes in with irresistible velocity and restores that disturbed balance. *Rapidity* inconceivable characterizes its movements, and if impeded in the slightest degree in its course and accumulated by exciting causes it exhibits an energy perfectly overwhelming.

Health we consider to be the equilibrium of the electrical condition of the human system, and the more perfect that equilibrium, the more perfect the health.

Disease, on the contrary, is either a positive or negative of the whole system, or else an unequal electrical condition of the system, making one part positive and the other negative and thereby causing obstructions and stagnation of the vital fluid.

We will examine, for a moment, the condition of the human system when negative, and ascertain, whether the facts in the case will sustain our explanation:

What are the phenomena attending the distressing complaints of diarrhea, cholera, or yellow fever? The system is in a deeply negative condition. The surface is cold; the blood scarcely circulates in the external channels of its passage, or in the veins, leaving the extremities in a chilled condition; the skin assumes a bluish cast: no perspiration starts from the system, but if there be any moisture, it is a cold, clammy suffusion, the same as dew. Having left the surface and extremities, the vital currents rush with tremendous pressure upon the heart and main arteries; the delicate membranous coatings of the stomach and alimentary canal become turgid and inflamed, and in some cases, raw, ulcerated, and suffused with blood; the breathing is labored, as though the lethargies of a night-mare pressed upon the vital apparatus! the breath becomes hot and scalding; and death makes giant strides upon the debilitated constitution.

Now for an explanation of the cause of this condition of the system. It will be found upon close scrutiny that in 99 cases out of 100, where the above symptoms make their appearance, the stomach is filled with a cold, slimy, ropy, indigestible load, which is of course, a deeply *negative* substance. Now what are the consequences of this negative substance upon the system. They are deleterious in the extreme, as will be explained by a reference to the previous explanation.

The contents of the stomach being negative or *acid*, will, of course, have an attraction for the positive or alkaline polarities of Electricity, and the electric current will therefore be inward from the surface which will be left cold, while those burning alkaline polarities will irritate the coats of the stomach and intestines, the same as they are irritated in Cholera or Yellow fever, and other kindred diseases, and produce, according to strict *chemical* or electrical laws and agencies, all the fearful effects of those distressing and often fatal complaints.

A case in point, which will forcibly illustrate both the effect and phenomena of the disease we have been describing and the appropriate remedy for that disease.

Some years ago, a young man, a printer by profession, was attacked one night most violently with Asiatic Cholera. Being reluctant to trouble the family he made no one acquainted with his situation during the night, and rising early in the morning, we found him lying upon the stairs, almost perfectly helpless and exhausted. Seeing him in this condition, we roused him, and aided him to his bed. His surface and extremities had a cold bluish appearance like the collapsed or lethargic state of the cholera; he was racked with violent and almost spasmodic pains, and was evidently sinking very rapidly into the arms of death.

Causes:—most probably a want of balance of the Electric currents of the atmosphere, or some unknown agent which has so far eluded medical research. Predisposing causes: improper diet, grief, terror, excesses of any kind, exposure to night air.

The exciting cause in the case before us was acidity of the stomach. In the normal condition of the system the currents flow from the centre of vitality to the surface, thereby keeping the extremities warm; but in cholera, we find they are reversed. One first object is to restore the lost equilibrium, or change the course of the electric currents of the system to their normal outward flow, and thus change the deranged action of the stomach and all the other viscera. Hence we placed the positive at the base of the spine and with the negative secondary current, treated up the spine, all over the chest and abdomen, paying special attention to the stomach, liver, spleen, pancreas, kidneys, and large and small intestines; beginning with a moderate current and increasing it as long as it could be endured, with some degree of comfort, repeating the treatment every hour until there was a complete abatement of the symptoms. The result was surprising and almost magical; active reaction took place in the system, the cold blue complexion left the surface, countenance put on the natural hue of health, a moist perspiration started out, and the racking pains left him entirely; and he recovered without any further assistance. Now this is the appropriate treatment in Diarrhea, Cholera, Yellow Fever, and Typhoid Fever in all their forms. In all those diseases, the matter in the stomach is deeply negative, and the current of Electricity is therefore inward, instead of being outward, and the surface and extremities are left cold; the blood in thickened, stagnated streams press upon the heart and internal arteries, and while the extremities are almost rigid, the internal apparatus of vitality—is parched with a burning, withering heat. To restore normal action again, all that is necessary is simply to reverse this order of the electrical condition of the system. This is done by neutralizing the negative with a positive internally, or (chemically speaking, an acid with an alkali,) so as to give the current of Electricity an outward, instead of an inward direction, by making the contents of the stomach positive. *Thus was the effect removed by removing the cause of that effect.*

There are other diseases, that can be just as speedily removed, by understanding fully the condition of the system, electrically, and making such an application as to neutralize the cause.

Pulmonary Consumption, in the first and second stages, can be cured in 99 cases out of 100, where internal inflammation is the cause, by frequent, and severe counter-action, with the electrical currents, provided it be attended with proper diet and exercise (lung expansion). And why? Because it is an invariable law, that if the outer surface is positive, the inner is negative, and if the outer is negative, the inner is positive. Now, if the inner be positive, as in consumption, what is to be done? Why, simply produce a counter irritation with the negative current, and keep up that irritation sufficiently long, to permit all ulcerous affections to heal, as they will, when the current of electricity is outward to the surface.

We have given the phenomena of a diseased body, when negative, and suggested the appropriate remedy; we will now for a moment, take into consideration one charged positive, or a person affected with a raging fever. Some of the symptoms are a flushed countenance, turgid veins, a parched tongue, headache, owing to a rush of blood to that region, quickened and violent pulsation, rapid and labored breathing,

a hot, dry, husky surface. Now, what are the chemical causes and the appropriate remedies for such a state of the system? Owing to a cold or some other cause, the natural, healthful perspiration of the body, by which a proper electrical condition expels certain impurities, is checked and entirely stopped by the closing of the pores. The consequence is, that those impurities enter into, and derange the circulation, and are carried by that circulation through the lungs, and there come in contact with the oxygen. These impurities are burned fiercely by that agent, the heat enters into the system—both the pulsation and respiration are quickened; this increases the amount of oxygen until the blood is almost made to boil, and the difficulty is increased until the disease is either checked or else terminates in death. Now, what are the proper remedies for this positive condition of the system? Why, evidently negative cooling substances; acidulous drinks should be given internally, and for external application, electrical treatment, precisely the reverse of that used in cholera and low fevers; this will uncap the closed pores, make the impurities exude again in their accustomed channels, and thus prevent the oxygen from burning up the system by its fierce ignition of those impurities in the lungs. Bathing in volatile liquids will also evaporate rapidly, and carry off the surplus caloric, which have the tendency to aid in producing perspiration.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

ROLLS.—Pour boiling water into Graham flour, stir with a spoon, then stir in dry flour and knead. Work into rolls an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, and bake in a quick oven, but not so hot as for gems. With experience the rolls may be made much larger. Excellent for dyspeptics, and good either hot or cold.

DELICIOUS LIGHT TEA BISCUIT.—Two quarts of best sifted flour, one pint of sweet milk, in which melt one-quarter of a pound of sweet butter, one teaspoonful of salt in the milk, one teacup of fresh yeast. Make a hole in the centre, pour in the yeast (well shaken), stir diligently with a fork; Let the milk, &c., be just blood-warm (no more), then knead as bread. Cut it across, through and through with a knife. Let it rise six or seven hours, as it may require. Take from the pan, knead it well, cut in small cakes, and put to rise in pan an hour or more before baking. This receipt, with additional sugar and suitable spices, makes excellent family doughnuts.

EGG BREAD.—To one pint of corn-meal take two eggs, one-half tablespoonful of lard, and salt to taste; four tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar, mixed with boiling water enough to make the meal into batter; lastly stir in a teaspoonful of soda. This receipt makes excellent egg bread without either buttermilk or cream of tartar. With corn meal and flour mixed half and half delightful waffles and batter cakes can be made by the same receipt.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS.—Two cups of corn-meal (yellow meal is best), one of Graham or white flour, one-half cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, all rubbed through a sieve. Then with the hands rub in one-half cup of butter, or lard well beaten, a little salt, one egg beaten light. Then stir in with a spoon one and a half cups of either milk or water, in which is dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in muffin rings. These are nice without the egg, and can be made with sour milk and soda, omitting the cream tartar.

CURRENT CAKE.—Take the whites of six eggs, a cup of sugar, two cups of flour, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of soda, and a cup of currants. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream; beat up the whites of the eggs; add the eggs, and flour to the butter and sugar, a little at a time; spice with nutmeg,

SMALL SUGAR CAKES.—One cup of shortening, one and one-half cups of white sugar, two eggs, five tablespoonfuls of cold water, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, four and one half cups of flour; roll very thin.

HERMIT CAKES.—One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of stoned raisins or currants, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk, one teaspoonful of all kinds of spice, flour enough to roll in a sheet. Beat the eggs, sugar, and butter together, then add the other ingredients. Roll it to the thickness of one-third of an inch, then cut with the cover of the dredging-box, or a cake-cutter. These will keep well—are better a fortnight old than when first made. Bake in a quick oven.

FISH CAKES.—Take about a pound and a half of dried cod, cut it up in very small pieces, and be sure to take out every bone or piece of bone. When this is done set it aside until you have peeled about eighteen large potatoes, and put them on the stove to boil. Place the prepared fish in a tin pan, and pour on boiling water to well cover it; stir around three or four times, put a plate over it, and drain all the water off. Do this twice or three times if you do not like the fish cakes to taste salt. When the potatoes are done take them up, throw out the water, and put the fish right into the hot saucepan, and mash it fine with a pounder. Now put in the potatoes, and mash altogether. Add a tablespoonful of butter, and a teacupful of milk or cream. Place on the stove a frying-pan with lard sufficient to be a quarter of an inch deep when melted. When quite hot take out a spoonful at a time of the mixture and put it into the hot lard. It needs no dipping in egg or flour, as the milk makes it brown nicely.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.—To one quart of scalded milk add five tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, three tablespoonfuls of maizena or corn starch, one cup sugar, one cup milk; to be eaten the same as boiled custard.

JELLY FOR CAKE.—One quart of cranberries, one pound brown sugar; cook as for table use, then strain through a sieve and let stand until cold.

LAYER JELLY CAKE.—One tablespoonful of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one teacupful of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, three and one-half cups of flour. This receipt makes four layers; spread jelly between each layer.

TO GET RID OF MOULD IN CELLARS.—A correspondent recently asked for a simple and effectual remedy for fungus and mould in cellars. A German agricultural journal gives the following: Put some roll brimstone into a pan, and set fire to it; close the doors, making the cellar as nearly air tight as possible, for two or three hours, when the fungi will be destroyed and the mould dried up. Repeat this simple and inexpensive operation every two or three months, and you will have your cellar free from all parasitical growth.

TO PURIFY CLOTHES.—When clothes have an unpleasant odor from being kept from the air, charcoal laid in the folds will speedily remove it.

To remove a glass stopper, put a drop or two of glycerine in the crevice about the stopper. Set it one side for an hour or two. When you do give it a twist you will be surprised to see how kindly the refractory stopple yields to your fingers and how easily it is removed.

FOR INVALIDS.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Cut up a chicken, sprinkle a little salt over it, and put it into three quarts of cold water and set it on a quick fire. When it comes to a boil set it where it will only simmer. When the meat is cooked tender you can take out the white parts letting the rest remain until it is boiled from the bones. Mince fine the white part and then pound it in a mortar, adding as you pound it sufficient of the chicken water to thin it. You may thin it with water until it becomes liquid enough to drink. Put in a sauce pan and boil it a few minutes. This is called chicken panada, and taken in small quantities, will be found very nutritious. The broth may be thickened a little with rice, or may have some bread toasted very brown, not burned, and broken up in the bottom of the soup plate, and the broth poured over it.

Raspberry vinegar, raspberry jelly, or toasted bread, very brown and thoroughly dried, and made into a tea by pouring boiling water over it and let it stand until it gets quite cold, will all make very nice refreshing drinks for an invalid.

Raw egg is a restorative to strength. Break a fresh egg in a tumbler, mix with a little sugar, beat to a strong froth, and add a very little ice water if liked, or it may be taken without this addition.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

She waits and listens. Footsteps fall—
She knows they are not his.
She waits and listens for a sound
That sweetest music is.
He comes—and with a sudden thrill
And heart-beats loud and clear.
She does not hear, she does not see—
She feels that he is near,
And coyly lifting to his face
Her eyes of heavenly blue,
She murmurs, in love's softest tones,
"My darling, is it you?"

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Again she listens. Footsteps reach
And footsteps pass her door.
She listens, but her needle flies
More swiftly than before,
She hears at length the tread that time
And cares are making slow,
And with a start that sent her chair
Hard rocking to and fro
Springs to the landing, and with voice
More shrill than any lute's.
She screams above the baluster.
"Augustus, wipe your boots!"

—*Man without a Wife.*

Thoughts.—The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.

"Cities force growth, and make men talkative and entertaining, but they also make them artificial.

Poverty is the grimest foe the world holds—a serpent that stides talent ere talent can rise, that blasts genius ere genius can be heard, that sows hot hate by a cold hearth, and that turns the germ of good into the giant of evil.—*Dr. Sara B. Chase.* We may not like all the company we meet with, but if we are brought in contact with it, we must make the best of it.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.

Real estate conveyances—Dirt carts.

"I acknowledge the corn," as the man said when he pulled on a tight boot.

The road to prosperity is always a heavy upgrade to the man with a soiled shirt front.

Isn't it strange that a man's fun knee bone is the humerus of his arm.

A devoted husband says that the phonograph is simply a machine that "talks back," and he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.

A business man says the reason he takes no interest in politics is because he objects to taking much interest where there is so little principle.

What is it which, the more it is cut, the longer it grows? A ditch.

What is the only pain of which every one makes light? A window-paue.

The saying "that there is nothing like leather," is justified by the fact that it is our sole reliance."

Mr. Gladstone will not be suspected of undervaluing books; but he has the good sense to say that "he who believes that the education of the human being is confined to the school-room, will turn out in the long run to be very imperfectly educated."

The human body expands immensely with age. When eleven young men are seated on one side of a car, they can easily sit up a little closer to make room for a pretty girl, but six of them can manage to monopolize an entire side of the car when an old woman comes in.

A woman was enjoined to try the effect of kindness on her husband and since it would heap coals of fire on him, replied that she had tried "bilin water," and it didn't do a bit of good.

A dying West India planter, groaning to his favorite negro, sighed out, "Ah, Sambo, I am going a long journey."

"Never mind, massa," said the negro, consolingly, "him all de way down hill."

Among the men what sad divisions rise
For "union," one, and one "no union" cries!
Shame on the sex that such dispute began;
Ladies are all for union—to a man!

A badly bungled up Emerald islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said:

"Down to Mrs. Mulrooney's wake; an illigant time we had on it. Fourteen fights in fifteen minutes; only one whole nose left in the house, and that belonged to the tay-kettle!"

READY WIT.—At a French provincial theatre, not long ago, an actor, who was performing the part of a general, slipped on the stage and fell ignominiously at the very moment when he was supposed to be conducting his troops to battle. With ready wit, however, he saved himself from ridicule by exclaiming, "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded, but do not stay to aid me. Pass over my prostrate body on to victory."

The old maxlm, "Be chaste and you'll be happy," is contradicted point blank by a Black Hills man, who was recently chased ten miles by a party of Redskins.

Lord Beaconsfield, in the course of an impassioned speech denounced the occupants of the treasury bench as "extinct volcanos." "What does he mean by that?" an Irish member was asked. "Shure he means that they're used-up craters," was the answer.

THE DUCKS.—The little girl rattled it off as if she knew it by heart: "Why do ducks put their heads in the water? For divers reasons. Why do they take them out again? For sun dry reasons. Why do they put them in again? To liquidate their little bills. Why do they take them out again? To make a run on the banks."

JONES AND SMITH.—"I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn any thing neater than any other man in town." "Yes, Mr. Smith, I said so." "Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but, there's no man on earth can turn a thing as well as I can whittle it." "Pooh, nonsense, Mr. Smith! talk about whittling! What can you whittle as well as I can turn?" "Any thing, every thing, Mr. Jones. Just name the article that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I'll give you a dollar if I don't do it to the satisfaction of all these persons present." "Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones for trial; you may whittle and I will turn."

One of our citizens was thus accosted by his landlord :
 "As everything is on the rise, I feel it my duty to raise your rent."

Citizen replied, "Sir, I am truly thankful, for times are so hard, that I find it really impossible to raise it myself."

John, tall and a wag, was sipping his tea,
 When his landlady rather uneivilly free,
 Accosted him thus—"Sir, a man of your metre
 Must be, I think, a very large eater!
 "Nay, nay," quoth the wag, "'tis not as you say,
 For a little with me goes a very long way!"

THE OLD, OLD STORY.—A man went into a store on West Hill last night, and picked up a gun. Of course he didn't know it was loaded. It went off. So did the man. And the man who owns, or rather, who owned the gun, would give twenty dollars to know where they went.

The unappreciated living often becomes the glorified dead. when, alas! the tardy honors can do them no good; the loudest paeans never reach the ear of death; in life, the faintest smile, the lowest whisper, the shortest word of encouragement would have lighted and lifted up an almost breaking heart when disappointed, and baffled, and weighed down by crushing burdens to the very borders of despair, without appreciation, without sympathy the world over, they worked wearily on. Such were Fulton, and Morse, and Goodyear, and Howe, whose fame is now world wide.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

WHICH LOVED BEST.

"I love you, mother," said little John,
 Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
 And he was off to the garden swing,
 And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
 "I love you better than tongue can tell."
 Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
 Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
 "To-day I'll help you all I can;
 How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
 So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
 And swept the floor and tidied the room;
 Busy and happy all the day was she,
 Helpful and happy as a child could be.

"I love you mother," again they said,
 Three little children going to bed.
 How do you think that mother guessed
 Which of them really loved her best?

MEADOW TALK.

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
 Sat perched on a red-clover top,
 When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
 Came along with a skip and a hop.
 "Good-morrow," cried he, "Mr. Bumble-Bee!
 You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
 Said the bee, with a jerk,
 "Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
 Only insects like you,
 Who have nothing to do,
 Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
 And thoughtfully hunched up his knees;
 "Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
 Quoth he, "with reflections like these?
 I follow the trade for which I was made;
 We all can't be wise bumble-bees.

"There's a time to be sad,
 And a time to be glad;
 A time both for working and stopping;
 For men to make money.
 For you to make honey,
 And for me to do nothing but hopping."

—St. Nicholas.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

Once I knew a sweet little girl called Mary; and I am going to tell you how she showed old Jim the signal lights that guide us to our Father's kingdom.

Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea; and it was on one of these trips that what I am going to tell you happened.

One day she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps, Miss," said old Jim.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we did not hang out our light we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterwards shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had helped her on to the coil of rope, he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of his cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she soon came back and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

The old man looked into her face, and asked, "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you because you did not have your signal hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a little child. At last he said, "You are right, miss, I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven.—*Child's Paper.*"

Saved by his Children.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler tells the story of a physician who escaped ruin by the mimicking of his children. He began his professional life with the brightest prospects, and being thoroughly educated and skillful, soon won a large and fashionable practice. His danger was in the baneful custom of social wine-drinking in fashionable gatherings and at aristocratic dinners. The young physician was witty and agreeable, a welcome guest everywhere. The rich petted him. At their tables he found the social glass. He drank. His appetite was aroused. It grew strong. Soon he could not control it. He, neglecting his business, sank lower, losing patrons and friends, till he became a staggering drunkard. His wife and children wanted the necessities of life. Close before him and them waited the rum-pauper's inevitable fate.

One Sunday, when, half-sobered after a night of excess, he was likely to remain awhile at home, his wife went to church and left him with his two little boys. While the children played about the room, he lay upon a lounge and sank into a torpid sleep. Presently their noise awoke and angered him, but, on opening his eyes, he saw what struck him dumb. His little six-year-old son was staggering across the floor, and tumbling down, in exact imitation of an intoxicated man. The other boy older than he, laughed with delight at his performance.

"That's just like papa; let's both play drunk!" he cried, and then joined his brother in the sport. How the agony of conscience awoke in the fallen father's breast! Had he lived to become such an infamous pattern to those innocent little

ones? When next the wretched man left his house, it was not to go to the dram-shop—nor to visit a patient. He had no patient. He went forth to suffer his own self-accusings and think of his own sadly-needed cure. In misery he wandered through the fields. The sight he had seen had exposed him to himself, smiting him with ceaseless rebukes. But it saved him, for it broke his heart, and drove him to the Divine healer for help and grace. Alone with God he registered a vow that he would drink no more. He was still young, and recovery and returning prosperity rewarded the keeping of his solemn pledge.—*Youth's Companion*.

PUSS AND THE FOXES.—A pair of young foxes were once caught and given to an old cat who had a family of kittens. Puss cared tenderly for the orphans, and brought them up with her kittens. But when pretty well grown, they began to show their fox nature. First they would not let the cat family play with a live mouse or squirrel—as cats do—they would snatch it away and eat it at once. Then they began to kill chickens, and had to be put in a pen too high for them to get out. Every day puss would jump in and feed them and the kittens would often pay them a visit. But the foxes dug a hole under the pen and got out, and killed some turkeys. Then they were chained up, and puss began to look sideways at them. She would feed them but if they began to act naughty, she would give them a smart box on the ear. This is true.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Who Are the Blest?

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY.

They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scattered joy for more than custom's sake—
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;
Whose looks have power to make dissensions cease—
Whose smiles are pleasant and whose words are peace;
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
Teachers of truth and ministers of love;
Love for all moral power, all mental grace;
Love for the humblest of the human race;
Love for the tranquil joy that virtue brings;
Love for the Giver of all goodly things—
True followers of that soul-exalting plan
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man;
They who can calmly linger at the last,
Survey the future and recall the past;
And with the hope that triumphs over pain
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain;
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest—
They are the only blest!

EDUCATION FOR THE KITCHEN.

The friends of genuine social improvement may congratulate themselves that the progress of education is beginning to take effect upon this important department of domestic life. Cooking-schools are springing up in many places in the United States and in England, and the English are taking the lead in organizing them as a part of their national and common school system. Of the importance, the imperative necessity of this movement, there cannot be the slightest question. Our kitchens, as is perfectly notorious, are the fortified intrenchments of ignorance, prejudice, irrational habits, rule-of-thumb, and mental vacuity. the consequence is that we are liable to the reproach of suffering beyond any other people from wasteful, unpalatable, unhealthy, and monotonous cookery. Considering our resources, and the vaunted education and intelligence of our women, this reproach is just. Our kitchens are, in fact almost abandoned to the control of low Irish, stupid negroes, and raw servile menials that pour in upon us from various foreign countries. And, what is worse, there is a general acquiescence in this state of things, as if it were something fated, and relief from it hopeless and impossible. We profess to believe in the potency of education, and are applying it to all other interests and industries excepting only that fundamental art of the preparation and use of food to sustain life, which involves more of economy, enjoyment, health, spirits, and the dower of effective labour than any other subject that is formally studied

in schools. We abound in female seminaries, and female colleges, and high schools, and normal schools, supported by burdensome taxes, in which everything under heaven is studied, except that practical art which is a daily and vital necessity in all the house-holds of the land.

A BRIGHT PEOPLE.

A correspondent of the *Yonkers statesman* writes from Paris: The climate does much to make these people what they are. The air is so balmy and genial that it invites to outdoor life. They respond to a mild, bright and beautiful climate with the heartiest and happiest of dispositions. With a good government that insures absolute political and personal safety, with industrious habits that find gratification in constant employment, and with methods of thrift and economy that guard against all waste, it is easy to see that they have all the requisites that make a strong and wealthy nation. It was the intention of the Germans, when they had control of France, to so burden it with debt as to render it impossible for it to go to war again during the lives of this generation. The enormous impost, which startled the world by its magnitude, was paid at once, and by the people of the country themselves. There was no borrowing abroad. Prince and peasant alike had something laid away, and they all brought it out to save the State. Only seven years have passed. There are no evidences of disaster anywhere. Every thing is prospering. Paris is growing with wonderful rapidity. New avenues, wide quays, and large public buildings are being pushed forward in all parts of the city. Every thing shows the easy circumstances that warrant luxuries. It would seem paradoxical to say that in the German-French war the vanquished was the victor. The French were fearfully wounded by their defeat, but, accepting the situation, they all sprang to work to repair the disaster. They have done it. They have a better government than they ever had before, and are as happy and seemingly prosperous as any people well can be.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her carefully circumspect, prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible, and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall, in a few hours, wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow-moving ages of eternity obliterate.

How careful, then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.—*Phrenological Journal*.

CUTTLE-FISH CASTING ITS INK.

Three or four specimens of cuttles live in the Westminster Aquarium. One of them, in passing the window of his tank, evidently mistook the naturalist for a foe. "So," writes Mr. Buckland, "as he swam along he ejected from his ink-bag a jet of what looked like a cloud of the most intensely black smoke that ever came forth from a factory chimney. Instantly the water lost all transparency. Mr. Cuttle-fish then went into the middle of the water he had so artfully made opaque.

When there he ejected me ink, and in less than half a minute the water round him became blacker than the blackest thunder-cloud ever beheld. The ink gradually dispersed itself through the water, forming clouds of the most delicate shadings, fading off from the very black place under which the beast was concealed. Not even Turner, the great artist, ever imagined such a cloud. This ink is used in the arts, sepia being the very substance taken from the cuttle-fish and dried. Without doubt this power of shooting ink is a wonderful means of protection to preserve the animal from being eaten by his enemies, and it may not be impossible that the idea of gods and goddesses appearing from the clouds and disappearing into clouds, so often described by Virgil, might have taken its origin from the power of the cuttle-fish to surround itself with a cloud of ink. May we not also compare this cuttle-fish to a voluminous author who conceals his identity in clouds of ink?"—*Frank Buckland, in "Land and Water."*

Vegetable Leather.

What is termed French vegetable leather—a material invented by M. Voneche, of Paris—has recently been introduced in France and Germany, and is manufactured in the following manner:—

A wadding of wool waste or of wool itself, of uniform thickness, is laid upon a hot polished zinc plate, and a concentrated decoction of peal moss, or any similar material, poured over it, and then it is pressed down between two rollers which are placed at a distance between each other corresponding with the intended thickness of the leather; after being rolled it receives a coat of boiling linseed oil, and is then dried; finally, the dried sheet receives a thin coating of vegetable wax, and in order to render it supple, it is once more rolled between hot chambered rollers. In order to produce an inexpensive substitute for sole leather, the slimy decoction is largely mixed with flock wool until a thick pap is formed; this latter is spread with zinc plates, and covered on each side with a thin layer of wool waste, then dried, and afterward coated with boiling linseed oil. The final process in the manufacture consists in subjecting the material thus formed to a heavy pressure between zinc plates in a hydraulic press, thus securing compactness and strength.

VULGAR WORDS.—A distinguished author says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her. He kept his resolution, and became a pure minded noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader, keep your mouth free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil;" but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Where Do Sponges Come From?

It is not unlikely many of our readers could give a more satisfactory reply to this than to another question, namely, What is a sponge? For long it was doubtful whether this familiar object belonged to the animal or the vegetable kingdom, but naturalists are now agreed that it is unquestionably to be referred to the former. Commonplace article as an ordinary sponge is, it possesses a history, from its cradle in the ocean depths to its cradle uses in the nursery and elsewhere, that in point of interest and instructiveness it would be difficult to surpass. No anecdotes of its intelligence could be narrated, because it is to be classed among the lowest forms of animal life; but Dr. James Murie has ably shown that the sponge family has a charm of its own, and a very special claim

upon the thoughtful study of scientific men. But into this branch of the subject we shall not enter; pass we, therefore, to its commercial aspect.

Sponges, as is tolerably well known, are obtained in various parts of the Mediterranean, and at the Ballama Islands. Greeks and Turks mainly pursue the fishery in the former districts, and their mode of diving, etc., is familiar to many; but of the Bahama industry information is not so general. Last year, 250,000 pounds of sponges, worth about \$140,000, were exported from the islands, of which 150,000 pounds were sent to England, the remainder being reserved for the United States and Canada. About 500 vessels and 2000 persons (mostly colored) are employed in the fishery. The ships cruise about among the islands, their trips lasting from two to six weeks, according to the weather, the divers being unable to work when the water is rough. The sponges when caught are found to be a black gelatinous substance, giving off an unpleasant odor that increases with putrefaction. After the divers have collected a sufficient quantity, the sponges are taken ashore and buried in the sand, or exposed to the sun for a few days; they are then beaten with clubs, to remove the decomposed animal matter, which flies away in the shape of black dust. They are next thoroughly washed in seawater, after which they are stowed in the vessel's hold. On arriving at port the sponges are sold to merchants who trade in them, and by whom they are passed into the hands of the clipper, who cuts off all coarse matter, and otherwise trims them. This operation having been performed, they are ready for the press, where they are baled for shipment. A sponge press is not unlike a cider press on a large scale, but it is made of iron, and requires from two to eight men to turn the screw.—*Harper's Weekly.*

ABOUT CLOTHING.—Clothes should vary, not only according to the weather and temperature, but according to the active or passive state of the wearer. Heavy and cumbersome clothing should be avoided. Over-heating in this way produces feebleness and delicacy, induces too excessive and constant perspiration, and predisposes to cold and lung diseases. Moderate warmth is the grand object of all clothing. The color of clothes is very essential, and should never be a matter of indifference. Those who are unacquainted with the laws of color will be surprised to know what an effect different colors have upon the feelings and dispositions of wearers. White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, while black and dark colors absorb it; hence it is that in the summer we wear light-colored clothes. But, after all, light colors are best for all seasons, for, though black and dark substances absorb heat best, they also radiate or give it off soonest. Heavy head dresses, bandages around the neck—where all the great blood-vessels have their course, and where pressure ought especially to be avoided—tight stays, belts, bands and braces are all destroyers of health. Any article of dress so fastened as to prevent a free return of blood to the heart causes serious trouble, and sooner or later injures those following such silly customs.

VALUE OF LABOUR.—It has been estimated that cast-iron, worth in its unworked state £1 sterling, is worth, when converted by labour into ordinary machinery, £4; larger ornamented work, £45; buckles and berlin-work, £600; neckchains, £1,386; shirt buttons, 5,896. Bar iron, worth 1£ sterling, when made into knives, is worth £26; needles, £71; penknife blades, £957, balance-springs of watches, £5,000.

A NEW HORSESHOE.—In England they are adopting a horseshoe made of cowhide, and known as the Yates shoe. It is composed of three thickness of cowhide compressed into a steel mould, and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed for it that it lasts longer and weighs only one-fourth as much as the common iron shoe; that it will never cause the hoof to split, nor have the least injurious influence on the foot. It requires no calks; even on asphalt the horse never slips. The shoe is so elastic that the horse's step is lighter and surer. It adheres so closely to the foot that neither dust nor water can penetrate between the shoe and the hoof.

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—A few drops of creosote on brown paper, put in the holes of rats, will drive them away.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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IN HARVEST TIME.

I sat one morning in a little lane,
Under a canopy of bramble leaves,
I watched the reapers on the heavy wain
Pile high, with cheerful toil, the golden sheaves.
The eager little children stood around,
With tiny harvest gleanings of the corn
Under their arms, sheafwise, with poppies bound,
Their mimic labor all the merry morn.
I watched the slow-drawn, bounteous load depart,
The children following down the shady lane;
And, left alone, I asked my empty heart,
"Where are thy gathered sheaves of ripened grain?
Why comes no sound of harvest joy to thee?"
But my dumb heart no answer had for me.

"Heart," said I further, "there was good seed sown
Deep in thy furrows ere last winter's snow,
And in the spring-time tender airs were blown
Across thee, and God gave thee summer glow.
Where is thine harvest of good things and true,
The fruit of this thy ground which God hath tilled,
The crown of work appointed thee to do,
The sheaves wherewith his garner should be filled?
Where is the harvest joy, thy reaping song,
Thy blameless triumph over honest spoil?
The deep contentment satisfied and strong,
Thy worthy resting after worthy toil?
He who gave seed-time would thy harvest see."
Yet still my heart no answer made to me.

But ere the autumn seed-time came again
God smote the furrows of my silent heart,
The ploughshares of strong sorrow and sharp pain
Delved deeply, striking to the inmost part;
Wherein full soon the good seed gently fell,
The which my heart received repentant, grave,
And brought to fruit in season duly—well—
And God the increase of that harvest gave.
What though in weariness my sheaves were bound
With faded flowers of happiness and love;
What though within my heart no song was found,
A reaper's joy in harvesting to prove?
An angel lighted on the new-reaped sod,
And bare the blessed first-fruits up to God!

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE REVELATIONS.

For a few moments they sat in silence; Frank's thoughts having been directed into a new channel by the revelations of the last few sentences spoken by Mrs. Trudell. If she was not mistaken in what she affirmed, it was quite evident that the will under which Gundry held the estate was not genuine, for the original will could not have been so altered as to

exclude the two hundred acres deeded to Mrs. Trudell without mutilating it, and if so mutilated it could not have escaped observation, and would have provoked investigation, which had not been the case. It appeared therefore to Frank's mind not improbable that a critical examination of the will itself, would afford some evidence that might lead to the detection of the fraud. But, whatever might be done it was necessary to move with great caution, as, provided a second will existed, the knowledge that the spuriousness of that document had been discovered, might lead to the destruction of the genuine one.

While these thoughts were passing swiftly through the mind of Frank, Mrs. Trudell was in no little perplexity, as to what was implied in his exclamation, or what room there could have been for forgery in the settlement of the estate. But the thoughts of both were disturbed by the entrance of Rudolph, and thus it happened that when a few words would have thrown important light upon the subject those few words remained for the time unspoken.

"Frank and Tom as I'm alive," exclaimed Rudolph, as he entered. "I had not anticipated the pleasure of seeing you again so soon. I trust your visit will not be so transient as it was at 'Sunshine Meadows,' and that we shall be able to call upon our friends over there too before your return. I am pleased to know that you made a very favorable impression during your recent visit there, and even the young ladies up at the 'Fernery' have been so impressed by flattering allusions to the two young city gentlemen, that they are aching for an acquaintance. I don't know after all, that it would do to encourage an acquaintance in that direction as I have some little interests of my own to protect in that neighborhood, and you know what a jealous disposition I have."

"Away with your nonsense," said Frank. "I trust we are neither of us so susceptible to flattery as to imagine that we are especial favorites with the fair sex, but I must confess to a weakness for female society, especially of that high order whose distinction consists rather in the possession of cultured minds and refined sensibilities, than in exalted rank and external adornment. But while I must confess that, if we were so fortunate as to create a favorable impression in the minds of the ladies of Cloverdale, there was reciprocity of sentiment; and though we should be most happy to renew such pleasant companionship, we shall have to deny ourselves the pleasure, as we are here on a matter of business, and must not neglect duty for the sake of pleasure."

"I beg your pardon," said Rudolph, "if I have interrupted you. I presume you had business with Mrs. Trudell, and will no longer hinder you by my presence. I trust however we shall have some time for conversation when you have completed your business."

"Our business is not of so private a nature as to necessitate the exclusion of so trusted a friend as yourself," said Frank, "and in fact it was about concluded when you entered. I have but a word or two more to say and then will be happy to enjoy a little friendly chat, and you will remember that I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with any other members of the family."

"You will excuse me then for a few minutes," said Rudolph

as he retired from the room.

"I wish to ask you one more question," said Frank to Mrs. Trudell. "Did you see Mr. Dennison's last will?"

"I did not, but I heard him several times express his determination to make a new will, and afterward he informed me that he had done so, and gave me some intimation of its provisions."

"I fear," replied Frank, "that a verbal intimation of its provisions would not go far in point of law, yet such an intimation might form a basis for a presumption in the matter, that would materially assist in prosecuting an investigation; and if, as now seems to me evident, forgery has been committed, even a well founded presumption as to the contents of the genuine will, would at least indicate the motives for the crime. I have seen the will upon which Gundry's title to the property rests, and it is certain that it differs materially from your description of the first will; and yet if my memory is not greatly at fault, the date of the instrument is somewhere about two years previous to Mr. Dennison's death."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Gundry pretends to have a claim now upon the property?"

"Most assuredly; were you not aware of that fact?"

"I never had the remotest suspicion of it. He never pretended to me to have any claim to the property, except as a trust until the rightful heir should attain a certain age, and though he enjoined upon me to keep the matter quiet, as Mr. Dennison particularly requested that the bestowment of the fortune should be a complete surprise to the legatee upon her eighteenth birth-day."

I suppose I am the only person that knew anything about the provisions of the second will, and he no doubt thought it necessary to invent some plausible story to keep my tongue quiet. I had a suspicion that on more than one occasion, he attempted to poison me, but only entertained it for a very short time; but now that I can see a motive for it, I have no doubt he intended to get me out of the way, and in all probability my early removal from the house, and my subsequent removal to the city, are the only reason that I am in the land of the living to-day."

At this moment the door opened, and Rudolph entered accompanied by Alicia, whom he introduced to Tom and Frank, who on recognizing in Rudolph's sister, the lady he had met with on the cars, and who had made so deep an impression upon his mind during their momentary interview, though usually of easy and graceful manners, became awkward and confused, partly because of the sudden surprise in meeting with the stranger whose appearance had so powerfully impressed him on a former occasion as the sister of his old friend, and about whom he had unwittingly spoken in flattering terms in her presence. He, however, soon recovered his characteristic self possession, and under the influence of her personal charms, and no less potent refinement of manner and sentiment and brilliance of conversation, for the time forgot his business engagements, and became oblivious to the passage of time in his admiration for his new acquaintance and the pleasurable emotions with which her presence inspired him.

Tom observing the turn affairs had taken, resolved to improve the passing time, and so approaching Mrs. Trudell, who had retired to the bay window overlooking the garden, proposed some further questions regarding her knowledge of the Aberfoyle Estate, while Rudolph, pleased with the situation of affairs, asked to be excused for a few minutes and quietly withdrew.

It often happens that a quiet and observing listener to business conversations, notices important points that seem to be overlooked by the parties conversing, and Tom, who on account of his confidence in Frank's superior abilities seldom took part in business conversations in which he was engaged unless it were to call attention to some point of consequence that appeared to be overlooked, had noticed some things that appeared several times on the point of being referred to, but which had so far escaped observation; he therefore now took the opportunity of alluding to them.

"May I ask," said he to Mrs. Trudell, "to whom you understood Mr. Dennison, he had willed his estate, as I understand you did not see the will?"

"Is it possible you were not aware that the last will had reversed the former one, and given the property to his niece? Then I have been the victim of a base deception practised

upon me by Mr. Gundry, and I have to inform you that Mr. Dennison told me he had willed his estate to his niece Alicia Mercer."

"I am surprised and pleased to hear that, though it does not further the personal interests of our client; but pray have you informed Miss Mercer of what you have now told me?"

"No, I supposed she was fully aware of the fact, and in possession of the property. I see now why she seemed so surprised when one day I referred to her good fortune. Let me see—seven and eleven—yes, she must be about eighteen years of age now, and that is the age at which according to Mr. Gundry's statement she was to come into possession of the property."

"Does it not seem remarkable that he should pretend to you that he was merely holding the property in trust for the legatee, and at the same time claim to others to hold it under a will executed in his own favour?"

"It does seem strange, for, though he knew that my intercourse with interested parties would in the future be merely accidental, he could scarcely hope that his duplicity would never be exposed, unless he relied upon my regard for Mr. Dennison's wish that the bequest should be a matter of surprise to Alicia on her eighteenth birth-day, or that he would be able to sell the property and escape from the country before his perfidy should be brought to light; or, what is more probable, that he should find some means of getting me out of the way in time to save himself; and had I not removed to the city earlier than he anticipated, perhaps he would have succeeded. I recollect now that a short time before we removed he sent us a brace of wild ducks, with a polite note stating that as luxuries of that kind were not easily procurable he had sent me those for old acquaintance sake, and as I happened to be alone at the time, I cooked but one of them, and the other, becoming tainted, I threw it out to the cat, which died shortly after as did also a fine mastiff which had been given me by Mr. Dennison."

"Did you observe anything peculiar in Mr. Gundry's conduct about the time of Mr. Dennison's death?"

"Nothing except that he was very attentive to him to the last, and insisted when we wished to send for a city doctor, that it was unnecessary, that Mr. Dennison's illness was only temporary, and that he would soon be round again. After his death he appeared by turns agitated and gloomy, and spent a good deal of time especially evenings among the ruins of the old castle; this I attributed to the depressing effect of his master's death upon his mind. I was there but three weeks after Mr. Dennison's death, and then only a few days at a time, as Mr. Gundry took formal possession of the house a few days after his master's death."

While this conversation was progressing, Frank and Alicia were engaged in a lively conversation on various subjects bearing upon the relations, duties, and privileges of social life, and as might be expected, when two attractive young persons of kindred tastes and sympathies, and high intellectual and moral culture come together, were mutually pleased with each other, and thus it happened that they took no note of time, until Tom, having risen and crossed the room, recalled Frank to the consciousness that he had come to Meadowvale on business; so he reluctantly rose, (but not till he had asked and obtained permission to call again at an early day,) begging to be excused as they had but little more than time to catch the train; and he had yet a question or two to propose to Mrs. Trudell before he should return.

"I think it will be unnecessary," said Tom, to trouble Mrs. Trudell any further at present, as I have had the pleasure of conversing with her, and have received such information as she is possessed of relating to our business; but if my friend Frank will refer to his watch, he will find that it is already past train time. I knew that it was getting late, but felt reluctant to disturb a conversation affording so much apparent enjoyment."

"You are very generous," said Alicia, blushing, "but perhaps there was a little selfishness on your part after all, I must confess that I have found Mrs. Trudell during our short acquaintance, a very pleasant companion."

"You are very complimentary," Miss Mercer," said Mrs. Trudell, but as the matters we have been discussing are matters of interest to us all, and more especially to you, I think it would be but right you should be made acquainted with them, especially as in some respects we have misunder-

stood each other; and as it is connected with the business which has brought these two gentlemen here, I will leave it to Mr. Crossin to communicate the information.

"Well," said Alicia, with a serio-comic expression, it must be a consequential matter that requires such a set speech to introduce it, and I do not know but that it would be wise to fortify ourselves with a substantial dinner before receiving it, but as that would occasion almost too heavy a strain on my curiosity, I think we had better receive it now. What say you, Mr. Airlie?"

"Let us have it by all means," Frank replied.

"Well, then," said Tom, "I have only to say that it is my firm conviction, that if Miss Alicia Mercer had her rights, she would be in possession of the 'Aberfoyle' estate, her uncle David having willed it to her just before his death. Mr. Gundry got possession of this will, which he either secreted or destroyed; got the witnesses to leave the country, and forged a new will, corresponding very nearly with the old one, (only excluding the two hundred acres deeded to Mrs. Trudell;) on the strength of which he has held the property ever since."

For a few moments, no one replied, but all seemed absorbed in thought, and betrayed but little emotion, and Alicia, least of all; but at length she replied: "Now, I understand what Mrs. Trudell meant, when she referred to my good fortune, and I suppose she will understand my strange conduct at the time, when I say, that until the present moment I had not the most remote idea that my uncle David had mentioned my name in his will."

"It is too early, yet, Miss Mercer," said Frank, "for me to congratulate you on your good fortune, for, however fully satisfied we may be that the property rightfully belongs to you, it may not be so easy a matter to prove it. There is no doubt, that Mr. Gundry has either secreted or destroyed the genuine will, and it will be our business to discover which, and if secreted, to discover it; but if destroyed, to prove it, and then take the best steps possible in your interests; but in the mean time, it would be best to exercise strict privacy regarding the knowledge we possess; and for the present we are in the employ of your uncle Andrew."

"I think you may rely upon us," Alicia replied, "but as I cannot lose what I never possessed, and am by no means certain that the possession of the estate would increase my happiness, though I shall feel grateful for your efforts in my behalf, I shall not grieve much if they are not successful. And now I think it is for the best interests of all parties to repair to the dining-room."

To be continued.

SELECTED.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fix'd his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated upon the tide;

And no one ask'd in that blissful spot,
If he belong'd to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker stray'd,
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he button'd his coat straight up to his chin
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimm'd hat he pull'd down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sigh'd over that.
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipp'd off, and was seen no more.

As he enter'd heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels question'd him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all around," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And look'd rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soak'd them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonish'd, pass'd through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopp'd at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attain'd to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipp'd, as you'll see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they enter'd in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seem'd a wondrous throng,
But the men I could count as they pass'd along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The *Old* or the *New* way, which it should be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the *Old* way, and I'm in the *New*,
That is the false, and this is the true!"
Or, "I'm in the *Old* way, and you're in the *New*,
This is the false, and *that* is the true,"

But the *brethren* only seem'd to speak,
Modest the sisters walk'd, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she long'd to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice rose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the holy men";
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
"Oh, let the women keep silence all?"

I watch'd them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And Priest and Quaker, and all who died
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, "or crosses," or books had they,
No gowns of silk, nor suits of grey,
No creeds to guide them, nor MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

CURIOUS WILLS.

Some who, in life, would not have given a cup of cold water to a beggar, by their will leave enormous sums to charities, to secure for themselves a kind of posthumous admiration. Others allow not their resentments to sleep with them in the grave, but leave behind them wills which excite the bitterest feelings and animosities among their surviving relatives.

Some wills are remarkable for their conciseness and perspicuity; others for their unprecedented shape and curious contents. One man provides for a college; another for a cat; one gives a legacy to provide bread and herrings for the poor in Lent, and kid gloves to the minister; while others provide for bull-baiting, the welfare of maid servants and the promotion of matrimony.

John Hodge has kept his name out of oblivion by giving twenty shillings to a poor man to go about the parish church of Trysall, during sermon time, to keep the people awake and dogs out of church.

A Lancashire gentleman, in the last century, having given his body to the worms of the family vault, bequeathed an ounce of modesty to the editors of the London Journal and "Free Briton," giving as his reasons for the smallness of the legacy, that he was "convinced that an ounce will be more than they'll ever make use of."

Another testator after having stated at great length in his will the number of obligations he was under, bequeathed to his benefactor ten thousand—here the leaf was turned over and the legatee, turning to the other side, found that the legacy was ten thousand thanks.

A testator, who evidently intended to thwart his relations and be a benefactor to the lawyers, gave to certain persons "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area inclosed by the centre of oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun twenty-two thousand six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it."

An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew adding, "If I have not left the dozen he knows the reason." The fact was, the nephew had, some time before, stolen the twelfth spoon from his relative.

Sir Joseph Jekyll left his Fortune to pay the national debt. When Lord Mansfield heard of this, he said. "Sir Joseph was a very good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest was a very foolish one; he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriar's Bridge with his full bottomed wig!"

Lord Pembroke gave "nothing to Lord Say, which legacy I give him because I know he will bestow it on the poor;" and then, after giving equally peculiar legacies, he finished with, "Item—I give up the ghost."

Dean Swift's character is exemplified in his will. Among other things, he bequeathed to Mr. John Grattan, of Clonmethan, a silver box, "in which I desire the said John to keep

the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail."

Miltons will was noneupative—that is, by word of mouth, he being blind at the time he made it. Shakespeare's was made in regular form; so was Byron's.

Chatterton's will was a strange one, consisting of a mixture of levity, bitter satire, and actual despair, announcing a purpose of self-destruction.

Some wills contain a kind of autobiography of the testator as well as his thoughts, and opinions. Such was the will of Napoleon, which gave a handsome legacy to Chautillion, "who had as much a right to assassinate that oligarchist, the Duke of Wellington, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena."

Such, also, was Sir William Petty's which states, with a certain amount of self pride, that "at the full age of fifteen, I had obtained the Latin, French, as well as Greek tongues," and at twenty years of age, "had gotten up three score pounds with as much mathematics as any of my age were known to have."

A Story of the Tower.

It was during the stormy times in England, when the wars of York and Lancaster were raging, that Sir Thomas Wyatt, a fierce Lancastrian, was confined in one of the dismal dungeons of the Tower of London.

Sir Thomas was not very comfortable, as you may suppose. He was cold and hungry. One day, as he sat there in his loneliness and misery, a cat made its appearance in his cell. He took the animal and warmed his numb fingers in her soft fur, and laid her in his breast, where she cuddled, quite delighted with this kind treatment. Next day pussy came again, and, wonderful to tell, carried in her mouth a pigeon which she laid at the prisoner's feet.

The next time the jailer came to visit him, Sir Thomas complained of his hard fare, and begged for some meat. His request was gruffly refused. "If I provide the game will you dress it for me?" inquired the old knight.

"That I will," said the jailer, thinking himself quite safe in making the promise. What was his surprise when the pigeon was produced. But he kept his word, and brought it to Sir Thomas again nicely cooked.

The cat continued to furnish him from time to time with these rare bits. It is needless to say that she stood high in the affections of the prisoner.

After some years Sir Thomas was released. He ever afterward included all cats in his love and esteem in memory of his benefactress.

A portrait of the old knight, is still to be seen in South Kensington gallery, with his faithful cat beside him, and the pigeon in a pan.

THE OCEAN STREAM.

Here is an end of all romance about hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about peris in chambers of pearl or mermaids, or heaped treasures and dead men's bones whitening in coral caves. The whole ocean floor is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out from London in Her majesty's ship Challenger has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer unfathomable depths. The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, are fifteen miles deep which is deep enough for drowning, if not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures, which never rise to upper currents. There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep-sea soundings throw a curious light. Plato and Solon record the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind which by volcanic action was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in

the fast of Izcalli the frightful cataclysm which destroyed this land with its stately cities. De Bourbourg and other archaeologists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the Challenger corresponds with this theory. What if some keen Yankee should yet dredge out from its unfathomed slime the lost Atlantis!

EDISON, THE INVENTOR.

This remarkable inventor, of whom the public has recently heard so much, is still a young man, having been born in 1847, at Milan, Erie County, Ohio. His mother was of Scotch parentage, but was born in Massachusetts; she was finely educated, literary and ambitious, and had been a teacher in Canada. Young Edison's only schooling came from his mother, who taught him spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic. He lost his mother in 1862; but his father, a man of vigorous constitution, is still living, aged 74. When he was seven years old his parents removed to Port Huron, Mich. The boy disliked mathematics, but was fond of reading, and before he was twelve years old had read the Penny Cyclopaedia, Hume's "England," and Gibbon's "Rome." He early took to the railroad and became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk line, running to Detroit. Here he had access to a library, which he undertook to read through; but after skimming over many hundred miscellaneous books, he adopted the plan of select reading on the subjects of interest to him. Becoming interested in chemistry, he bought some chemicals and fixed up a laboratory in one of the cars. An unfortunate combustion of phosphorus one day came near setting fire to the train, and the consequence was that the conductor kicked the whole thing out. He had obtained the exclusive right to sell papers on the road, and employed four assistants; but, not satisfied with this, he bought a lot of type, and printed on the cars a little paper of his own, called the Grand Trunk Herald. Getting acquainted with the telegraph-operators along the road, he took a notion to become an operator himself. In his lack of means and opportunities he resorted to the expedient of making his own apparatus at home. A piece of stove-wire, insulated by bottles, was made to do service as the line-wire. The wire for his electro-magnets he wound with rags, and in a similar way persevered until he had the crude elements of a telegraph; but the electricity being wanting, and as he could not buy a battery, he tried rubbing the fur on cats' backs, but says that electricity from this source was a failure for telegraphic purposes.—*Popular Science Monthly*

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

A want of thoroughness in whatever is undertaken is; perhaps, one great cause of such failures. A practical writer on that topic gives the following good directions: "Never leave what you undertake to learn, until you can reach your arms around it, and clench your hands on the other side." It is not the amount of reading you run over that will ever make you learned; it is the amount you retain. Dr. Abernethy maintained that "there was a point of saturation in his mind" beyond which it was not capable of taking in more. Whatever was pressed upon it afterwards crowded out something else.

Every young man should endeavor to perfect himself in the science of the business he has chosen. Without this, he must always content himself in the lower walks of his calling. The cost of a few cigars will buy all the books he requires, and his own diligence may be made to well supply the place of a tutor. Without such diligence, the best teacher in the world could not manufacture him into a scholar. If once going over a point will not master it, he must tackle it again. Better give a week's study to a page than conclude that you cannot comprehend it.

But though it is wise to give main strength to your speciality, you should not confine yourself to such studies exclusively. The perfection of all your powers should be your aspiration. Those who can only think and talk on one subject may be efficient in their line; but they are not agreeable members of society in any of its departments. Neither have they made the most of themselves. They become one-sided and narrow in their views and are reduced to a humiliating dependence on one branch of industry. It costs nothing to carry knowledge; and in times like these, to be able to put his hand to more than one branch of industry, often serves a good turn.

There's Danger in the Town.

There, John, hitch Dobbin to the post, come near me and sit down;

Your mother wants to talk to you before you go to town,
My hairs are gray, I soon shall be at rest within the grave:
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave.
I've watched o'er you from infancy, till now you are a man,
And I have always loved you, as a mother only can:
At morning and at evening I have prayed the God of love
To bless and guide my darling boy to the bright home above.

A mother's eye is searching, John—old age can't dim its sight,

When watching o'er an only child, to see if he does right;
And very lately I have seen what has aroused my fears,
And made my pillow hard at night, and moistened it with tears.

I've seen a light within your eye, upon your cheeks a glow,
That told me you are in the road that leads to shame and woe;

Oh, John, don't turn away your head and on my counsel frown,
Stay more upon the dear old farm—there's danger in the town.

Your father, John, is growing old, his days are nearly through,
Oh, he has labored very hard to save the farm for you;
But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will frown,
If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into the town.

Your prospects for the future are very bright, my son.
Not many have your start in life when they are twenty-one;
Your star, that shines so brightly now, in darkness will decline

If you forget your mother's words and tarry at the wine.

Turn back again, my boy, in youth, stay by the dear old farm;

The Lord of hosts will save you with his powerful right arm;
Not long will mother pilot you o'er life's tempestuous wave;
Then light her pathway with your love down to the silent grave.

Waverley Magazine.

What to Teach the Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

What is it they ought to know then?

1. To be true—to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather than being learned in all science and languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than any earthly culture, more than any earthly power or position.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the societies where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral leper, a plague spot, who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry unclean, as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a general reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting in the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of depending on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things; when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor, or however rich—he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four

A "Presiding Elder" of the Olden Time.

Under this heading Rev. Mark Trafton, D. D., publishes a very interesting sketch of the life of Rev. Thomas C. Pierce, who joined the Methodist Conference in 1814—a self-made but most energetic man, who commenced his labors in the service of his Master at South Boston, in regard to which the following incident is related:

A little cluster of houses near the junction of Broadway and Dorchester Streets made up the village. On this side, mind; beyond, flats. But a few Methodist families were settled here, and the young preacher, after the week's work was done, crossed the old bridge, and gathering the scattered flock together, in some kitchen, "preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." A revival broke out, and the place was too strait for them, and they began to talk of a chapel; but where is the money? "Can you get the material?" asks the young preacher. "Yes, we might do that; lumber is plenty and low." "Very well," said the young hero, "get the lot and lumber, and I will build it myself!" and so he did. With his own hands, on a lot in "Hawes Place," this young man built the first church in South Boston! Hurrah for Methodist pluck! One thinks of Daniel Webster putting his hand into his pocket, saying, "The national debt, I will pay it." And so he might with the faith of this young evangelist.

The life of this devoted man was one of continued labor, and of marked success. In 1843 he was presiding elder of Boston District, when twenty-eight men filled the entire field. One of his sons, Rev. B. K. Pierce, D. D., of Newton, is at present editor of the *Zion's Herald*.—*True Flag*.

A Child Testing Providence.

When a child of six or seven years of age, I got from some benevolent friend a lump of sugar-candy. The nursery-maid desired me to give a share of it to my younger brothers and sisters, and I presented it to her to be disposed of as she recommended. She gave each of them a portion, and when she returned the remainder to me, she said, "That's a good boy; God will reward you for this." These words were uttered by her as a mere form of pious speech, proper to be addressed to a child but they conveyed to my mind an idea. They suggested intelligibly and practically, for the first time, the conception of a divine reward for a kind action; and I instantly put the question to her, "How will God reward me?" "He will send you every thing that is good." "What do you mean by 'good'?"—will He send me more sugar-candy?" "Yes; certainly He will, if you are a good boy." "Will He make this piece of sugar-candy grow bigger?" "Yes; God always rewards those who are kind-hearted." I could not rest contented with words, but at once proceeded to the verification of the assurance by experiment and observation. I forthwith examined minutely all the edges of the remaining portion of sugar-candy; took an account of its dimensions, and then, wrapping it carefully in paper, put it into a drawer, and waited with anxiety for its increase. I left it in the drawer all night, and next morning examined it with eager curiosity. I could discover no trace of alteration in its size, either of increase or decrease. I was greatly disappointed; my faith in the reward of virtue by the Ruler of the world received its first shock, and I feared that God did not govern the world in the manner which the nursery-maid represented. —*Life of George Combe*.

The Spirit World.

The very grave is a passage into the beautiful and glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave, but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knees, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands have clasped our neck, on whose cheek we have imprinted the kiss—we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us—but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers who educated us, who directed and comforted us, where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our lives that walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel, and who dropped from our side—where are they but just beyond us?—not far away—it may be very near us, in the heaven of light and love. Is there any thing to alarm us in the thought of the invisible? No! It seems to me that sometimes when our heads are on the pillow, there

come whispers of joy from the spirit land, which have dropped into our hearts thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's wing passed over our brow, and some dear one sat by our pillow and communed with our hearts to raise our affections toward the other and better world.—*Bishop Simpson*.

BANANAS.

Few people who see bananas hanging in fruit-stores think of them as more than a tropical luxury. In fact, they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world; and, according to Humboldt, an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as twenty-five acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that is the great obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to get a living without work that no effort will ever be made, and the men become lazy and intolerably shiftless. All that is needed is to stick a cutting into the ground. It will ripen its fruit in twelve or thirteen months, without further care each plant having from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five bananas; and when that dies down, after fruiting, new shoots spring up to take its place. In regions where no frost ever reaches, bananas are found in all stages of growth, ripening their fruit every day and every month in the year. Colonel Whitner, near Salt Lake, Fla., has probably the largest banana plantation in the United States, containing nearly 10,000 plants in bearing. Some of these are larger trees, which do not die after bearing their fruit; but the majority are of the dwarf species, which are renewed every year. Slips are planted about eight feet apart, and rapidly push up leaves disclosing six or eight small bananas behind this protection. Some plants will have sixteen or twenty leaves and bunches of fruit bending over as it ripens, forming a most beautiful sight.

CHANGES OF FORTUNE

The capacity to get money is different from the capacity to retain money. The well known fact is illustrated by the following, from the *New York Times*: A man named McNulty died recently in California who had been rich and poor, it is said, at least twenty times, dying poor at last. He had been very shrewd and enterprising, but somehow he could not keep a fortune after he had acquired it.

An example of his sudden conception and execution is mentioned at Sacramento, twenty-five years ago, when the entire business part of the town was burned. He was then wealthy, and owned many of the largest stores there. As he saw his property vanishing in flames, instead of grieving over the disaster, he went to the nearest livery-stable, hired a fast horse, mounted him, rode all night, and before nine o'clock the next morning had bought every foot of lumber and every sawmill at Grass Valley and Nevada City. He gained another fortune—making four times as much as he had lost—by the sale of his lumber so suddenly contracted for. It was eminently like an American to ride off by the blaze of his burning house into the night, and turn his calamity literally into cash.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue,
With clouds that sail the heavens through;
And mountain slopes so broad and fair,
With here and there, amongst the green,
A maple or an ash-tree seen
In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,
With cattle resting in the shade;
Far mountains, touched with purple haze
That, like a veil of morning mist,
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,
Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew
Since shining scythes did cut it through,
And corn-fields with their harvest fair,
And golden-rod upon the hill,
And purple asters blooming still,
And sunlight melted into air.

—*Scribner*.

TO TIE TO.

'Tis not the girl with the roguish eye,
And ripe lips like a cherry,
That watches all the passers-by,
And with each one is merry;
That still is false and still is fair,
A loving heart should hie to—
For she is as fickle as the air,
And will not do to tie to.

She gives a side glance and looks down,
Her heart seems in a flutter,
And at her smile or at her frown
Your thoughts you cannot utter.
She smirks, and seems all tenderness,
Perhaps she gives a sigh, too;
Heed not her signals of distress—
She's not the girl to tie to.

She has a smile for one and all,
Her heavy silken lashes
Above her bright eyes slowly fall,
As she her quick glance flashes.
She seems to love, and love the best
The one she chances nigh to.
Beware of her, and cease your quest—
She will not do to tie to.

But when you see a maiden bright,
And full of tender graces:
Upon her countenance the light
That dwells in heavenly faces:
Modest in thought, and all your speech,
Scarce ready to reply to,
Oh, then your eager arms outstretch—
For she will do to tie to.

You want, in one you make your choice,
Of modesty the haven:
The low, sweet accents of the voice
Which brings you nearer heaven.
When you have found her, bend the knee,
And make her yours—or try to.
For trust me, friend, there cannot be
A better one to tie to.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

What is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

What is that which is always invisible and never out of sight? The letter I.

A press gang—Young ladies after ferns.

Dancing-masters seldom have any money; but they're always taking steps to raise some.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a false hood.

Hanging is too good for a painting that is badly executed.

The fee-blest lawyer is often the strongest.

When a reporter attends a trotting-match he tries to write a racy account of it.

What is the only pain that we make light of? A window pane.

Prentice says that a patient is in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor isn't.

The busy bumble-bee has gone into its hole for a spell, and the busy spelling-bee comes forth for another spell.

"Give the devil his due" is all very well for a proverb, but there are lots of men around who would not be here if the settlement was required at once.

When fall comes—fall leaves.

A former Pittsfield (Massachusetts) minister of the Gospel is credited with the following: In speaking of the newspapers as being one of the many things which kept his and other congregations from attending divine service, he compared his flock to Zaccheus, who, like them, was unable to reach the Lord on account of the *press*.

Lord North and his parliamentary opponent Colonel Barré both became blind toward the close of their lives. The two were afterwards brought together on a certain occasion, when Lord North said, "Colonel, you and I have been at variance, but I believe there are now no two persons in the world who would be more glad to see each other."

"THERE YET."—An old Irish soldier who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of "Bull Run." When asked if he retreated and made his escape as others did on that occasion, replied, "Be jabers, those that didn't run are here yit!"

This is the way in which a contemporary goes for "My Grandfather's Clock:"

"My Grandfather's Clock," it was all very well,

When the song was first coming about;

But 'twas whistled and sung, 'till its numbers now swell
Upon ears that are all tired out.

It is whistled and hummed out of time, out of tune,

With an infinite feeling of pride,

'Till we all of us wish that the song had stopped short

When the old man died.

HER WEIGHT.—They were talking about the weight of different persons in a certain family, the other evening, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said, "I tell you that Jenny isn't so very light either, although she looks so." And then he looked suddenly conscious and blushed, and Jenny became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.

A woman in Vermont was offered a new dress if she would at midnight walk twice around a graveyard, and the way she walked in and won it made her husband's hair stand up straighter than if he had seen a dozen spooks.

"John" writes to ask, "How should we begin the week?" We haven't the Scriptural regulations handy, but if your folks wash on that day, one good way to begin it will be by getting out of the house before they discover that the boiler or one of the tubs leaks.—*Fulton Times*.

AN OBSERVANT MAN.—A bricklayer was one day brought to the Edinburgh Infirmary severely injured by a fall from a housetop. The medical man in attendance asked the sufferer at what time the accident had occurred. "Two o'clock," was the reply. On being asked how he came to fix the hour so accurately, he answered, "Because I saw the people at dinner through a window as I was coming down."

HEAVY.—"I can't hold this baby any longer," called out the young husband father; "it's getting too heavy." "Pshaw, Edward," replied a muffled voice from the other side of the room; "you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and baby is but a feather compared to what I was." "I was a fool!" said Edward. And she was too sleepy to dispute with him.

The eye.—What part of the eye is like a rainbow? The iris. What part is like a schoolboy? The pupil. What part is like the globe? The ball. What part is like the top of a chest? The lid. What part is like a piece of a whip? The lash. What part is like the summit of a hill? The brow.

"What is the cause of strikes?" asks a cotemporary. We know: Mosquitos. They cause more strikes than any other animate or inanimate thing on the face of the earth. We made not less than fifty strikes at one last night without hitting it.—*Norristown Herald*.

One of our barbers says he is the head man of the town.

High-toned people—Tenor singers.

HABIT.—"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first habit it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

By a law of France, a man who has twice been convicted of open drunkenness loses his right to vote, to hold office, or to sit on a jury. Multitudes would probably agree with a Western writer who says that "a similar law in this country would exclude a vast army of incompetent voters from the polls, and give us better men in thousands of responsible positions."

A watch has been facetiously designated as the image of modesty, since it always holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

Jennet—"Hech, Betty, an' here comes your granny jest cannilly full!" *Betty*—"O, ay, she always takes a muckle on a Saturday night, just to last her over the Sawbuth, for she's far too reelegious a body to drink: sperrit o' the Laird's Day!"

"In my airly days," remarked the old man, as he shovelled coal into the schoolhouse bin, "they didn't use coal to keep us school young 'uns warm, I kin tell you." "What did they use?" asked a boy near by. A sad far-away look seemed to pass over the old man's face as he quietly responded, "Birch—my boy—birch."—*Chicago Journal*.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Finest Building.

It was a pleasant group of children that were gathered in the play ground one bright Saturday in May. School was over for the week, lessons were recited, and now one merry game they must have before starting home. The play was over, and, weary with their exercises, one party of boys and girls had sat down to rest beneath the old elm tree that stood in the centre of their playground. They were busily talking—for when did happy hearts ever meet without the sound of merry voices?

"Have you seen Mr. White's new house?" said Frank Leslie to William Green, who stood beside him.

"Oh, yes; is it not handsome? so large; and then such beautiful trees all round it. I think it is the finest in the village."

"How I would like to build a house for myself!" exclaimed James Norton, one of the older boys.

"Well, Jamie, how would you like to build it?" said his sister Kate.

"Oh; it should be a great deal handsomer than Mr. White's. I would have it all of stone, with handsome carving in front, a wide hall running through it, and a conservatory at the end filled with the most beautiful flowers. Then I would have a garden; a pond filled with gold fish; and summer houses, with grape vines running over them."

"And a long drive up to the house," said Frank, "with great elm trees on each side."

"And a porter's lodge," added William, "where there should live an old woman, and some pretty children, to open the gate."

"Well" said Kate, "that would not be *my* choice. No, indeed! I do not want to live in the country all my days. I should build an elegant house in the city, like those I saw in the city last winter.

"But what would you like, Mary?" she added, turning to a more thoughtful looking girl beside her, who was her constant companion and friend. "I?" said Mary Green, "I think I should like to live in one of those old castles on the Rhine we were studying about. I would not build anything new, only make the place look pretty, and train my cows there."

"And what would Bella like?" said Kate as she bent to kiss a little girl who sat on the grass at her feet. Little Bella May was the pet of them all, and each awaited to hear her answer.

"I would build me a little white cottage, and have roses growing all over it. There should be a group of cottages together; and I would give one to you, Katie, and one to Mary and have nobody to live in them except those I love."

At this moment Bella's mother joined the children (she was walking home, and stopped at the play-ground), and to her they all appealed to know who had made the best choice.

"Would you not like my cottage, mother?" said Bella. Mrs. May smoothed back the curls from the bright face turned towards her as she answered, "Yes, my child; and it would be pleasant, no doubt, if you were sure of always having those dear friends near you. I see you would all like to build houses for yourselves, if you could, would you not?"

"Oh, yes, yes indeed."

"But, dear children, did you ever think you are all builders now?"

"What do you mean, mother?" cried Bella.

"Yes, you are each building a house for eternity; and every day you will add something to it."

"Why, Mrs. May, we are children; how can we build houses?"

"It is really so, my little Katie; and I will see if I can explain to you what I mean. Bella, what verse did you learn last Sunday?"

"In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for," you was reverently repeated by the child.

"Well, dear children, if you all love the precious Saviour who spoke those words, you will have one of these mansions in heaven. Jesus Christ has laid the foundation; he has made firm and sure, and you are to build upon it. Every good thing you do, adds an ornament to your house. Every gentle word, every obedient act, every effort to do right, makes the mansion more beautiful. You are building every day, and you may make the house in heaven a glorious one. Do you not think it better to build for eternity, than build here? The pleasantest home, whether it be in a quiet cottage, an old castle, or a city palace, can be yours for only a little while. But if you build a mansion in heaven, having the dear Saviour who died for you your corner-stone, you have a home which you shall enjoy forever. William, do you remember where the Bible speaks of Jesus Christ as the foundation on which we are to build?"

"Is it not that text, 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ?'"

"Yes; and then you know it says, 'Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest.' Now, Mary, how may we build our heavenly house of gold, silver, precious stones?"

"Do you not mean that we do so when trying to be good every day, to please our parents, and our heavenly Father?"

"Yes, my dear; and now will you not all remember that when you are tempted to do wrong, to speak quickly, to act unkindly? Will you not stop and ask yourselves if this will not prevent your house in heaven from growing more beautiful? and will you not resolve so to live that your mansion above shall be all glorious within?"—*Child's Companion*.

A Little Brown Birdie.

As I was retiring from the dinner table of a friend in the country, one bright sunny day last autumn, as I cast my eye through the bow window, my attention was attracted by a little brown birdie, sitting on the ground near a mirror, which the coachman had brought from the city that morning; and left leaning against the wing of the house. A group of friends and children immediately gathered around to look at birdie; and with one voice we said it had received an injury and could not fly; but the next moment we found ourselves mistaken, for it took wing and was off. Very soon, however, it returned, taking its position before the mirror, and by its movements we soon discovered that it was watching its own reflection in the glass, mistaking it as its foe, it gazed a moment, moved its head toward one side and then toward the other, raised its feathers, stepped back a little, the reflection

of course making the same defiant movements, and then, with all its power, rushed forward to strike its foe. The force with which it struck the mirror, of course, sent it backward. Recovering its position, it would resume the same position, and go through the same belligerent movements till exhausted. Then it would fly away for two or three minutes. On returning, it would repeat the same until exhausted, but with little variation. Sometimes before flying away to recruit, it would step behind the glass, as if looking for its foe there. The bird was left undisturbed by the family though closely watched till sunset. I do not think it was absent five minutes at any one time.

The next morning when the family assembled in the dining-room the first inquiry was for birdie. The mirror having been left in its position, we found birdie at his post, apparently with the motto in his mind, "Never give up." The same defiant spirit, and the same belligerent evolutions were acted out, with but a few minutes' recess, till late in the afternoon when the mirror was removed.

As I watched the birdie's movements, and saw its persistent, unforgiving spirit, I thought how much this was like the spirit and conduct of too many human beings, both of larger and smaller growth. How many, like birdie, are fighting shadows or imaginary enemies; how many think they have defeated an enemy, when, if like birdie, they will look behind that which caused the shadow, they will find that there was no enemy to defeat! [Examiner and Chronicle.

THE LAW OF NATURE.—A very rich old man who had married a young wife, died suddenly, upon which the widow raved like a maniac, and exclaimed to the doctor, who stood by the bedside of the departed, "O, I'll not believe that my dear partner is dead; he could not die and leave me! No, no, he's alive, I'm sure he's alive; tell me, doctor, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess that I have the means by which he may be revived. I will apply the galvanic battery." "O, no, no!" cried the grief-stricken widow. "Hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiments against the law of nature. Let him rest in peace."

The little town of T., in Indiana, is noted for its zeal in the cause of foreign missions. Not only do its inhabitants contribute of their funds for the spread of the Gospel, but they have also sent several missionaries from their midst to foreign lands. At one of their prayer-meetings a letter was read from a young man who had gone to Alaska as a missionary, whereupon Brother R. was moved to make the following remarks; "Dear brothers and sisters, we have just heard the letter from our young brother in far-away Alaska. Last week we received one from our sister who labors under the burning suns of South America. Two more of our number are toiling among the dense population of China, and O, how I feel that the Lord has blessed us in sending these persons away to the other side of the world!"

HUMOROUS.

SOULS.—Elder J. D. Coram, of East Tennessee, an able and successful minister, and for many years moderator of the Tennessee Association, delivering the introductory sermon on one occasion, administered the following severe rebuke: "Brethren, some of you are in the habit of praying the Lord to give us souls for our hire. I don't want any souls; I can't eat souls; and if I could, it would take a heap of such souls as some of you have, to make a mess for my family!"

THE TEXT

A poor man and his wife lived in the north of Ireland on a bit of farm, so small that it did not afford them a living, and they ran behind on the rent. They felt very uneasy and despondent about the rent. One Sabbath morning the wife declared her intention of going to meeting. Perhaps the minister would have a word of comfort for her. But she came home more cast down than ever.

"What's the matter? Had the minister no good word for ye the day?" asked the husband.

"Ah, no," replied she. "He held we up to shame before the whole congregation. What do you think he took for his text,

man? Why, this! '*If ye don't pay the rent, ye shall all leave the parish.*'"

"There's no such text in the Bible," said the husband.

"Deed then, there is! I saw him read it out of the Book with my own two eyes."

The husband was incredulous, and took the first opportunity to ask one of his neighbors, who had been at the service about them atter.

"Will ye tell me what the minister took for his text the Sabbath morn?" said he.

"The text? I mind it well!" said the neighbour. '*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*'"

A TRANSPARENT BODY.—Here is a merry college jest that can easily be seen through, though the key is not furnished: "Your professor has given you some elementary instruction as to bodies?" "Yes, sir." "Very well. What is a transparent body?" (Silence that would reflect no discredit upon a Trappist or a deaf-mute.) "Well, what is a transparent body? Don't you know?" Of course I do; I recollect the words in the book. A transparent—body—is—is" "It's a body through which you can see light. Now give me an example of a transparent body." "A lock." "A lock?" "Yes, sir; you can see light through the keyhole."

SCENE AT A WEDDING.—At a wedding, the other evening, as they were gathered around the happy couple (the bride was a widow) congratulating them, an over-sensitive friend burst into tears, and sobbed: "How glad I am her poor dear Arthur is not alive to see this day! It would have broken his heart to see his wife married to some one else." Then she went into hysterics and was removed, having cast a gloom over the community.

AN ADDITION.—Two brothers of the name of Lawes creating a disturbance at the Dublin Theatre were called to order by the celebrated Felix McCarthy, who was in the same box. One of them, presenting his card, said, "You shall hear from one of us—our name is Lawes." "Lawes, is it?" quoth Felix, "then I'll give you an addition to your name," and, exerting his well-known strength, handed them both out of the box, exclaiming, "Now, by the powers, you're both outlaws."

Here are two matters of a theological nature, one from Texas, the other from Ireland, which illustrates phases of belief as to the ultimate destination of the parties to the dialogues. The first is of two old Texas Rangers who had just helped bury a neighbour, and were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world, he was in real earnest.

"Wa'al," said the other, reflectively, "I think of a man gets so 't he can swop steers or trade hosses without lyin', 'at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

The next is of an Irish laborer who was lying in a ditch, very much the worse for liquor. He was encountered by the priest of his parish. Very much shocked, his reverence turned the drunkard over, who muttered:

"Where am I?"

"On the road to hell," replied the priest, sternly.

"I thought so," said Pat, "when I heard Father Murtagh's voice on the road too."

MODERN LOGIC.—If there is any way of dodging the moral law, human depravity will find it out. "Edward don't go out of that gate." He was found thirty minutes after forty rods off playing marbles, and winning another boy's last agate; "Didn't I tell you not to go out of that gate?" said the irate parent. "Well," was the reply, "I didn't go out of the gate; I climbed over the fence." That kind of logic is circulating pretty freely now-a-days.

Plug hats are unpopular in Salt Lake City; they don't like gent-tiles there.

SPICE.—A round trip—The circus rider's. A well-balanced man—The rope dancer. Crash in the dry goods business—Towels. The last opportunity—The cobblers chance. Fall openings—Unguarded coal-holes in the sidewalks. A people who "draw the line somewhere"—The ruling classes

HE FELT BETTER.—A middle-aged man, whose coat had seen other if not better days, rushed breathlessly into Miley's saloon, the other day, and said, "Woman over at post-office—just got letter—husband dead—fainted away—gin me—glassful brandy—quick!" The whole-hearted bar-tender poured it out, and the man, taking a few steps from the bar, drank it off at a gulp. "Ah!" he says, "I feel better now—stronger—braver. I never could bear to see human misery." "You'll feel it if you don't travel suddenly," says the bar-tender. He went out piously rubbing his vest at the lower button, saying, "I feel stronger, braver now."

Answering Literally.

Literal answers are sometimes quite witty. "Will you kindly put my fork into a potato?" asked a young lady of her table neighbor "with pleasure" he responded; and, piercing the potato, coolly left the fork extended from it. Again, we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street. "boy may I enquire where Robinson's drugstore is?" "Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea," said the urchin. There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady with, "Boy, I want to go to D—street." "Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go there then?" "Sometimes this wit degenerates into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky saying: "I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied: "I think they are going to thunder." Also the following dialogue: "Halloa, there! how do you sell your wood?" "By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now." And also, as when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom sadly begrimed and was indignantly asked by his officer: "Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches, sir," he replied, with an air of inimitable drollery.

Trouble in the Journal Office.

The journal's printers are selected with great care. None but the brightest intellects in the profession are suffered to manipulate the lead that preserves the pure gems of thought that ripple from the esthetic department. Yesterday a sad-eyed person made his appearance, and politely requested the foreman for a job.

"You may go to work," said the foreman, "but if you do not prove satisfactory, you may expect summary dismissal."

"Very well," said the man; "I can stand a summery dismissal at this season of the year."

This shocked the foreman, but he had presence of mind enough to say. "Go winter your alley at once and go to work."

"Yes" answered the villain, "I will fall to immediately."

"Spring, then!" yelled the foreman.

"I don't think you autumn make me—" but before he could say the rest he was a stark, dank corpse.—*St. Louis Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD NURSERY RHYMES.

BY FRANK LAWSON.

Gorgeous are the children's visions
Even building castles bright,
Over many years of life-bud
Rove their thoughts beyond their sight.
But as men grow aged and wrinkled
All those thoughts are lost in time,
Visions though of happy childhood
Come back through some nursery rhyme.

When we think of pleasing woodlands,
Or a pleasant shady dell,
Where a boy we once did ramble,
Where a child we once did dwell.
What a flood of memory rushing,
(When we think of those old times)

Comes, with all its bright enjoyments
With those dear old nursery rhymes.

Now the tempest wildly blowing
On our unprotected way,
Seems as if it were more bitter,
Than upon some distant day,
When we roved o'er hill and meadow
Listening to the bird's sweet chimes,
But it wafts sweet thoughts of childhood
With its dear old nursery rhymes.

Think we not of mother's watchings?
Of a mother's tender care,
Or a nurse's watchful mindings
All our comforts to prepare?
Ah, what pleasant thoughts do enter
Into the most busy minds,
Caused by sights of joyous childhood
And those dear old nursery rhymes.

A CHEAP ICE-HOUSE.

An exchange gives the following plan for a cheap ice-house large enough to supply an ordinary family during the year: "A pile of ice eight feet square and the same height is enough for family use. For such a pile build the house ten feet square and the same height, as there must be a foot of sawdust all around the ice—sides, bottom and top. The house can be made on the simplest plan possible—two frames of four-inch stuff for top and bottom, nailing the boards on these up: right. Only a single wall is needed. Lay a loose floor on the bottom so that the water can pass through to the ground freely. First put a foot of sawdust on the floor, taking care to level it well, with a slight inclination to the centre so that the ice will press together. Then build the ice pile on this, one foot from the wall all around, packing in sawdust between the ice and the wall as the pile rises. When the pile of ice is eight feet high—nine with the sawdust in the bottom—put a foot of sawdust on the top and cover with any kind of a board roof that will keep out the rain, leaving the ends open for ventilation. Provide some way to carry off the water that drains through the sawdust and floor, if this is not naturally provided for. This is all that is needed to keep ice. Of course the house can be made as ornamental and costly as desired, but it will not keep the ice any better than the rudest structure built as we have described, the cost of which will be trifling."

A Bird of Cunning Uses.

There is a curious bird in India known as the "glow-worm bird," from its habit of gathering luminous insects, as some suppose for the purpose of lighting its nest.

Sir William Jones endeavors to account for the presence of the glow-worms in the nest by the supposition that the bird places them there for the purpose of lurching upon them at a convenient opportunity. He, however, grants to the little feathered "Indian" various qualities which are, if any thing, more wonderful than the above. He says that it is easily tamed, and may be taught to fetch and carry like a dog. Drop a ring into a well, and the bird will, upon a given signal, dart after it, seize it before it reaches the water, and bear it with exultation to its master. It can also be taught to carry notes from one house to another. The young Hindoo women at Benares wear, according to Sir William, very thin plates of gold between their eyebrows; and when they pass through the streets it is not uncommon for their lovers, who amuse themselves with training those birds, to send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the forehead of their mistresses, and bring them in triumph to the mischievous swain.—*Habits of Insects.*

THE TRUE SECRET.—How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny disposition which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from life.

A PROPHECY.

An earnest purpose can accomplish wonders. "I will some day speak like that," said a boy, who listened to the burning words of Webster, in his great speech at Albany, thirty years ago. He was poor and friendless, but he is now in Congress, from a Western State, and one of the best and noblest of our public men. "I intend to paint pictures when I grow up" said a lad, twenty-five years ago; now, he is a prominent artist. "When I get to be a man, mother, I'll buy a whole barrel of flour," came from the quivering lips and swelling heart of a little white-haired boy, one cold winter's day, in a little settlement on top of the bleak mountains in Vermont. 'Twas hard to keep the wolf from the door. The husband and father's dissipation, the large family of little children, the rigors of the terrible winter, nearly drove the brave Christian mother to despair. The words from that brave little heart cheered and immeasurably comforted her, but she little dreamed how prophetic they were. This was thirty years ago, and the little boy is now one of the wealthiest men in the United States. Great mines and railroad lines are familiar things with him. But he scatters thousands of dollars in the by-ways and out-of-the-way places where want and suffering are found, and finds as great pleasure in it as when he blacked his fellow student's boots and sent the money home to his mother. The world has learned to know and respect him, as it must ever respect such brave, earnest workers. What a beautiful thing is the generous earnest purpose of youth or manhood!—*Waverley.*

A Delicate Question.

When a man waits upon a young woman for two or three years, without proposing marriage, although monopolizing her society, and preventing the approach of other suitors, what should she do? Terminate the acquaintance. She needn't tell him plumply that their intimacy must cease—that would look like fishing for an offer, which is an unmaidenly business—but she can stop the intimacy. Then, if his attentions have really meant something, he may wake up to the idea that love-making which does not end in an offer of marriage cannot be pursued indefinitely. No lady of self-respect tolerates impertinent assurance in a man, nor does such a lady choose her intimate friends among men she deems lacking in manliness. In cases of this kind, she is apt to be the sufferer. She waits in vain for the proposal she expects and to which she is ready to give a favorable answer, and at last she finds she has no exchange in kind for her affection, and perhaps has to tremble at the wedding of the responsive man to another. This is a bad business, and girls should avoid getting into such entanglements, and men should not lead them into them. It is a mean thing for a fellow to pay marked attentions to a girl, and then desert her unexpectedly. Episodes of this kind have been known to end tragically.

A LESSON TO FATHERS.

The great secret of success in bringing up children, is to establish and preserve perfect confidence between parents and children. If the father is the boys' best friend, as all wise mothers are the girls', there is no trouble about keeping them from bad associates, whose vicious example and silly bravado have a lasting effect upon their characters. Fathers, in your efforts to secure fortunes for your families, remember that money will not save you from many a heart-ache if your boys go wrong, and that their only safety is in being kept close by your side, helping you in your business, and you in turn sharing their fun and play. Nothing is so flattering to boys as the society of their fathers, and nothing makes a man so popular with them as his joining in their amusements. Try to do this, and your sons will try in turn to understand your cares and troubles. Take as much pains to preserve them from contamination in the shape of immoral companionship as mothers do their girls, and you will find them growing up to be modest and virtuous young men, fit companions and husbands for girls who have been carefully guarded from all knowledge of evil. Devote your evenings to family amusements and pleasures. Invite young people to your house and pay them attention, instead of going off to bed, or shutting yourself in another room the moment they make their appearance.

Selected for the Family Circle.

SUFFERING.

BY MRS. L. K. CHESLEY.

Trial when it weighs severely,
Stamps the Saviour's image clearly
On the hearts of all His friends,
In the frame His hand has moulded
Is a future life unfolded,
Through the sufferings which He sends.

Suffering curbs our wayward passions
Childlike temper in us fashions,
And our will to His subdues.
Thus His hand so soft and healing
Each disordered power and feeling
By a blessed change renews.

Suffering keeps the thoughts compacted
That the soul be not distracted,
By the world's beguiling art,
'Tis like some angelic warder
Even keeping sacred order,
In the chambers of the heart.

On Forcing Children.

Above all things, let my imaginary pupil have preserved freshness and vigor of youth in his mind as well as the body. The educational abomination of desolation of the present day is the stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations. Some wise man (who probably was not an early riser) has said of early risers in general that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all afternoon. Now whether this is true of all early risers in the common acceptance of the word or not, I will not pretend to say; but it is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes. They are conceited all the forenoon of their lives, and stupid all its afternoon. The vigor and freshness, which should have been stored for existence in practical life, have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery—by book gluttony and lesson bibing. Their faculties are worn out by the strain upon their callow brains, and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for the sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age; and the cheerfulness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work which make many a successful man what he is must be placed to the credit, not of his hours of industry, but to that of his hours of idleness in boyhood. Even the hardest worker of us all, if he has to deal with any thing above mere details, will do well, now and again, to let his brain lie fallow for a space. The next crop of thought will certainly be all the fuller in the ear, and the weeds fewer.—[Prof. Huxley.]

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in her "All Around the House," says: "We have known young people to begin life with every promise of perfect happiness, yet make entire shipwreck of all by their own unguarded words, impatient looks and unregulated temper. A talent for spicy and brilliant repartee may enliven a party, give zest and piquancy to social intercourse, and endow its possessor with a certain position, enviable or otherwise; but in the home circle it is a dangerous gift, and unfortunately one more frequently bestowed upon the wife than upon the husband."

KEEPING MEALS WAITING.—Little things interfere with our comfort very much, and one small annoyance is for men to delay coming to dinner when called. Sometimes they have an hour or more of work which they will do before quitting, and then they go to the house to find dinner cold and the cook discouraged. Nothing is more disheartening to a tired woman than a table full of dirty dishes ornamenting the table an hour and a half later in the day than usual. Punctuality is a virtue which men should learn if they are in the habit of being uncertain about coming to their meals. Any woman worthy the name of a house-keeper will be regular with her meals if it lies within her power to have them so.

If people care any thing about knowing whether milk is watered, all they have to do is to dip a well polished knitting-needle into a deep vessel of milk, and withdraw it immediately in an upright position. If the milk is pure, some of it will hang to the needle; but if water has been added, even small proportions, the fluid will not adhere.

A good story is told of a stingy man who had a case of very superfine extra extraordinary razors presented to him. He was a sailor, just starting on a voyage. "My friend said he, after acknowledging the gift, 'have you not an old razor you do not use, that you will give me.'"

"What do you want it for? You will honor me by using my gift."

"Oh, yes, I shall use your gift, but I want the old one to lend."

A WISE MOTHER.—I am acquainted (says an American writer) with a young man whose father died when he was but an infant, but whose mother always controlled and governed him. One day, in conversation upon this subject, he remarked to me, "Whenever I was guilty of disobeying my mother, and she called me to account, she would talk to me seriously, and then kneel down in prayer, and tell God all about my conduct and the consequences of my course. I used to feel at such times as if my heart would burst and I have often said 'Ma, whip me.' " Ah," said he, "it was the talking and praying that affected me more than the whipping, though all were necessary." Prov. xxix. 15.

AN ECCENTRIC WILL.—A most eccentric will is that left by the late Allan T. Wilson, of Marin County, Cal. He leaves some \$17,000 to his son, but declares it forfeited if he ever gives any money to a Catholic institution, person or cause. If he uses any kind of alcoholic liquor after he reaches the age of ten years, he shall forfeit his rights, or pass a month on a diet of bread and water for each time he commits the offence. If he smokes, also, he shall forfeit his estate, or work steadily for a year as a common farm laborer, and save one-half of his wages.

FINDING FAULT.—It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that nobody is honest. It is easy to say that the church is to blame for it. It is easy to say that the church would be all right if the minister would preach and do as he ought. But it isn't easy to look on the best side, to see that there are hundreds of faithful preachers, thousands of honest, sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, charity and humanity which outweigh all the grumbling of all the grumblers, so that it is really only the finest dust in the balance. Let us be fair and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Every body isn't a rascal. Our neighbors are not trying to cheat us. The church is doing a good work for the world, and even the grumblers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

"Beautiful, beautiful, silken hair," Philip murmured as he sat toying lovingly with one of her nut-brown tresses, "soft as the plumage on an angel's wing; light as the thistle down that dances on the summer air; the shimmer of sunset, the glitter of yellow gold, the rich red-brown of autumn forests blend in entrancing beauty in its—" And just then it came off in his hands, and he forgot just what to say next. There was a moment of profound silence, and then Aurelia took it from him and went out of the room with it. When she came back he was gone. They meet now, but they meet as strangers, and the eyes that were wont to beam upon each other with the awakened love light now glare as though life was an eternal wash day.

Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before; those who enshrined them in their hearts have been burned at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown; no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the everlasting truth. You cannot kill goodness and integrity, and righteousness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting.

There lives in—, Kentucky, a clever gentleman and an excellent lawyer as well, Judge D. This gentleman was intimate with an old gentleman, Governor R., living in an adjacent county. Governor R. was and is (for I believe he is still living) what we are in the habit of calling an old-time Virginia gentleman of stately dignity. Well, the judge was on a visit at the old Governor's house, and it happened that the Governor took him out riding in his buggy, and that in passing along the turnpike they approached a toll-gate, when the judge taking out his purse as if to pay toll, the Governor said, in his stately way, "I've been a long time trying to make you a gentleman to little purpose, I see. You must know, sir, that when a gentleman takes a gentleman out riding, he does not expect him to pay his passage." The judge put up his pocket-book and said nothing. After a while they came to a gate on the Governor's place, when the Governor stopped the buggy for the young judge to get out and open the gate; but the judge sat still, and was silent. After a while, still waiting, the Governor said "Ahem! ahem!" waiting for the judge to move, and then again "Ahem! ahem!" After a good long pause the judge said, "Governor R., you must know, sir, that when a gentleman takes a gentleman out to ride, he doesn't expect him to work his passage;" and there the judge had him sure—don't you think so?

Mosquitos are bred upon the waters. We ardently wish they would not return until after many days, and thus fulfil the Scriptural promise.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON SILK.—It is stated that a firm of silk manufactures in Lyons have succeeded in obtaining photographs on silk. Ever since the discovery of that wonderful art, efforts have many times and oft been made to secure the result that has been at length realized. Under the circumstances, it can scarcely cause surprise that the process has not been divulged, though there is ground to believe that the prints are made with salts of silver. Several pieces of silk have been exhibited with a variety of photographic pictures printed on them, some of them being large medallions of paintings by the old masters. If the Lyons firm succeed in establishing a new industry, surely no one will grudge them that meed of praise to which, indeed what ever may be the final outcome of their invention, they are already entitled.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

Balata, a substitute for gutta percha, which it closely resembles, has recently attained importance in commerce. It is obtained from a tree that grows upon the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon rivers of South America, after a manner similar to that of obtaining caoutchouc and gutta percha. The *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, in describing the characters of the substance, says, that though inferior to caoutchouc in extent of its uses, it has points of superiority over gutta percha. It gives an agreeable odor when warmed, is flexible and more elastic than gutta percha, may be joined piece to piece at a temperature of 120° Fahrenheit, but requires 270° for melting, a higher point than for gutta percha. It has various solvents and will be valuable for insulating purposes.

Chlorhydrate of pilocarpine, the active principle of the powerful diaphoretic, jaborandi, is quoted at forty cents a grain, and is obtainable in Buffalo.

A new and valuable fruit has been introduced from Japan into California, which it is said can be successfully grown in the greater part of this country. It is called a persimmon, though very different from the wild persimmon of the Western and Southern States. It ripens without frost, and obtains a large size, sometimes weighing as much as a pound. Of a bright orange or reddish color, its flavor resembles that of a plum and fig combined. The tree has dark, glossy foliage, and when the fruit is ripe looks beautiful. The fruit is a great favorite in Japan.

NIELLO.—This consists of nine parts silver, one part copper, one part lead, and one part bismuth, which are melted together, and saturated with sulphur. This mixture produces the gorgeous blue which has often been erroneously spoken of as steel blue.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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CHRISTMAS.

The gates of Heaven wide open stood, the while
Legions of glad-faced angels sallied forth,
A countless host arrayed in garments bright,
And with swift wings outstripping far the light
Fled down th' unfathomed depths impetuous
Past worlds unnumbered, till the solar orb
Lay just beneath them, and the earth between
A pyramidal shadow out through space
Flung far beyond regions aerial.
'T was night on earth; but unbefitting so,
Supernal light was kindled by God's host,
Which burning brilliant with electric glow
Lit up the plain-environed Bethlehem.
The startled shepherds, watching o'er their flocks,
Beheld dismayed the unaccustomed sight,
And spell-bound, gazed till there appeared a form
In garb angelic, of majestic mien;
But, with a voice that benediction breathed,
He bade them fear not, for said he, I bear
Glad tidings of great joy to all mankind,
For that this day in Bethlehem is born
A Saviour, which is Jesus Christ the Lord.
And then the heavenly cohorts thronging air,
Attuned their harps to joyous melody,
And in th' enraptured strains of Paradise
Broke forth in songs ecstatic, till the air
Was one vast wave of notes' harmonious,
Such as earth knew not since the birth of time,
When, at the fiat of Omnipotence
God's glorious universe from chaos sprang,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy.
But sweeter now, as moral glory far
Material glory's majesty transcends;
And in the anthem myriad voices join,
Till down the defiles of the mountains roll
Tumultuous harmonies; and then the words
"Glory to God on high, and peace on earth;
Good will to men." And as the anthem ceased,
The music, ling'ring, melted into air.
But still th' angelic beaçon like a star
Shone brightly out, and, borne by hands unseen,
Beckoned the shepherds on, until they stood
In David's city, where in swaddling clothes,
In manger cradled they beheld a babe,
And gazed upon the infant son of God;
Whom, lowly bending down, with reverent awe
They worshipped, and returned to guard their flocks,
With wonder filled, and hearts surcharged with joy.

J. F. L.

"Come, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,

Which a nail has chanced to rend."

"'Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate.

"I know" said Will, "it is rather late,

But it's never too late to mend."

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER V.

ADVANTAGES OF PROMPT ACTION.

For a short time Frank did not manifest his usual vivacity; his thoughts were so occupied with the revelations that had just been made; and somehow, while he rejoiced at Alicia's prospective good fortune, he almost wished that it had been otherwise. As for Alicia, she seemed to have forgotten that any thing more than usual affecting her interests had transpired, and only seemed, perhaps, a little more vivacious than usual; and soon, by the influence of her genial manners and entertaining conversation she made her guests forget that they had interests beyond the passing hour.

The subject of the 'Aberfoyle' estate was not alluded to during their repast, and but briefly during the short hour of their stay after they had retired to the comparative privacy of the parlor; Frank and Tom, feeling desirous of talking matters over, and laying their plans for the future, before discussing them further than propriety required with others. Frank felt desirous, however, of knowing Alicia's age, as, according to Mrs. Trudell's version of Mr. Gundry's statement, she became entitled to possession of the property when she should arrive at the age of eighteen years. But, for reasons which he felt, but had not formulated even in his own mind, he felt an unprofessional delicacy about asking her. He was, however, unexpectedly relieved of this difficulty; for, in carelessly turning the leaves of a magnificent family Bible, which lay before him, he opened on the family register, and quickly noting in his mind the date of Alicia's birth, he had no difficulty in arriving at her present age.

"It may be necessary," said Frank to Alicia as he prepared to depart, "in the prosecution of our business in connection with the 'Aberfoyle' estate to request you to be present in that neighborhood."

"In that case," said Alicia, anticipating what he was about to say, "though I cannot see what necessity could arise for my presence there, yet it would be presumption on my part to pronounce upon legal possibilities; and if such necessity should arise you have only to notify me and I am sure my brother, to whom I will communicate what has already transpired, will gladly accompany me."

"Thanks, Miss Mercer," said Frank, "I am glad to hear you respond so promptly, for I must confess that you have taken the intimation of your prospective good fortune so coolly that I feared you might not be prepared to act in case of necessity with that promptness which in such matters is always desirable and sometimes essential to success; and I proposed speaking to Rudolph before leaving, to enlist his sympathies and support in our efforts. I will, however, gladly leave the communication to be made by you, as you will be able to present the matter more fully than my time would permit me to do."

"You have misunderstood me, Mr. Airle," said Alicia, "I

am not indifferent as to the acquisition of the property, nor as to the claims of justice. I think that if Mr. Gundry has fraudulently obtained possession of the property, he ought to be made to feel that such villainy is not to be practised with impunity: at the same time, as you yourself remarked, it is too early for congratulations. Possibly the genuine will may have been disposed of beyond the possibility of recovery, and insurmountable difficulties may lie in the way of proving titles. At any rate, I think it is the most philosophical course to make but little account of prospective good until it becomes a reality. If, however, I felt no interest in the matter personally, I could not feel indifferent as to your success in accomplishing the purposes to which you are giving such earnest attention."

"Thanks, Miss Mercer," Frank replied, "for your encouragement, and I am sure the knowledge of your interest in our success will inspire us with increased energy in prosecuting the work before us; in the mean time good bye; and if anything should transpire, with which it seems to us at all desirable you should be acquainted, rest assured we shall lose no time in communicating with you."

"Well, Frank," said Tom, when they had got once more seated in the cars, "what do you think of the situation now?"

"It is becoming interesting," Frank replied, "surveyed from different standpoints. In the first place, our client's pecuniary interest in the Aberfoyle estate appears to be very unpromising. In the second place, the possibility of restoring the estate to its lawful owner depends upon our ability to discover the genuine will. My opinion is that the will is secreted somewhere, and that somewhere is, if I am not mistaken, about the ruins of the old castle. You will recollect when we visited that neighborhood a short time since, what a ghost we discovered, how mysterious the movements and expressions of that ghost were, and how we afterward saw the fac-simile of the ghost in the person of Joseph Gundry."

"O, yes, and that reminds me that when you were so interestingly engaged in conversation as to become oblivious to the passage of time, Mrs. Trudell told me that after Mr. Dennison's death Gundry spent much of his time about the old castle. The selection of that place as the repository of the will would account for it. Then you will recollect that there were two rooms in a fair state of preservation the keys of which were said to be lost, and yet lights have frequently been observed in them, which the neighbors attributed to ghostly visitation, and which, creating a wholesome dread of the place, tended to the preservation of its secrets. You will also remember that we heard fragments of some exclamations, which you noted at the time; but whether any light has been thrown upon them by recent developments, is a matter worth consideration."

"O, yes, I have them here," said Frank, producing his note book: "Yes—for her sake—no harm to—self—I'll be revenged."—"There is nothing to show who *her* represents; whether self meant himself, herself or myself; nor who he wished to be revenged upon."

"True, but if my surmise be correct, he had been debating in his mind whether he should destroy the will or not, but at length concluded that for somebody's sake he would spare it as no harm could come to himself by so doing, and it would afford him a means of revenge upon some one who had incurred his displeasure. I have been told that he does not live happily with his wife, but I do not see that that had anything to do with the matter, and I suppose it must remain a mystery unless solved by future developments."

"It is quite clear to me," said Frank, "that it will be almost impossible to establish Miss Mercer's claim to the estate if the will cannot be found; it will therefore be our duty to set our wits to work and bend all our energies to this one purpose, and if it is within the bounds of human possibility it must be found. But, Tom, I want to mention another matter. In reply to your question what I thought of the situation of affairs I said they were becoming very interesting. They are so on another account."

"Or in other words, you are in love with the beautiful and accomplished heiress of 'Aberfoyle.'"

"I did not say that Tom, but I confess that no woman ever before seemed so attractive to me, nor was there ever a woman from whose presence I felt so reluctant to depart; and somehow, while I am glad at her prospective good fortune; yet I felt a considerable degree of depression as soon as

the announcement was made to me."

"That only proves what I have said, you are in love, and the depression arose from the doubt whether your attentions would be acceptable under the changed aspect of your relative worldly circumstances. I think, however, you need have no uneasiness on that account, for if my observations are of any value, worldly circumstances will not weigh in the least in her estimation. Though it is not usually the case (and I do not think it should be) that ladies are entirely uninfluenced by worldly considerations in the disposition of their affections, I do not think Miss Mercer would allow monetary considerations to be taken into account in matters of that kind at all. In fact, I thought her manners and bearing toward you more favorable after the intimation had been made than before."

For some little time, both remained silent, their thoughts being occupied with the events that had transpired, and with the consideration of plans for future action.

"We shall have to go down to 'Aberfoyle' again," said Frank, "and perhaps remain there for some time, at least until we have discovered the will, or come to the conclusion that it is not to be found in that quarter."

"That is just what I have been thinking about," said Tom, "and it seems to me, that however unprofessional it may appear, we shall have to act the part of detectives, at least, for a time, or until we discover something more positive to work upon. Of course, upon the information we now possess, we might have Gundry arrested and a legal search instituted, but suppose we should fail to discover anything, a defeat, and, perhaps, an entire failure would be the consequence. How would it do for us to go down as a hunting party and take old Joe along with us to carry game. He could be thoroughly relied upon and might be made very servicable to us."

"I think the idea a capital one, and as delays are dangerous where so much depends upon the caprice of such a man as Gundry, we will make our arrangements to-night, and run down there to-morrow."

Accordingly, on arriving in town, they reported at the office, and then prepared their hunting suits, provided themselves with fire-arms and ammunition, and instructed old Joe, the office messenger, (whose delight at the prospect of a trip into the country was excessive) to be prepared to accompany them by the early morning train.

On their way to 'Aberfoyle' next morning, on the second seat from where Frank and Tom sat, the intermediate one being vacant, sat a woman of middle age, apparently weather-worn, and belonging to the laboring class; and while Tom and Frank were discussing the mode of their procedure on arriving in the vicinity of 'Aberfoyle,' Frank's attention was attracted to this woman by her peculiar appearance, as she slowly drew a handkerchief from her bosom, and examined it with an inquiring and thoughtful expression. Frank noticed that it was of very fine quality and did not correspond with a much more common one which she threw on her lap. As she turned it over, Frank saw on one corner the plainly but delicately wrought initials, A. M. This struck Frank as strangely familiar, and after a moment's reflection, he recalled the incident of his first meeting with Alicia, when she dropped a handkerchief of the same class, and with the same initials similarly in-wrought. His curiosity was now fully roused; he felt sure that the handkerchief belonged to Alicia, but how, or under what circumstances it came into the possession of this person was a mystery, and a mystery which he felt determined, if possible, to solve; and, as he knew that he had but a short time in which in which to do it, he at once arose, and approaching her, said: "Excuse me madam, I wish to obtain a little information, which, possibly you could give me. Do you happen to be acquainted with this section of the country?"

"Pray be seated," she replied, moving a little to make him room. "I was some little acquainted in this section, formerly, but I left these parts about seven years ago. My husband was employed on the estate of David Dennison until the time of his death, after which we left the country, and we are just now returning."

"O, then," said Frank, "you will be able to give me some information regarding my friend's last hours. Did you happen to be present when he died? I hope he died in peace."

"Well, as to that, I am not his judge, and can say but little, though I was present at his death, which was peaceful enough,

and I hope through God's mercy it was well with him; but a while before his death he suffered enough, poor man. He kept all the time asking for water, saying, 'I am burning up.' I suppose that it must have been inflammation that took him off. After awhile, he became delirious, and then he used to call for Alicia. Alicia was the name of a young niece that he thought a great deal of, and no wonder, she was a lovely child, and so womanly, too. Look at this handkerchief, there are her initials in the corner, worked by herself, when she was but ten years old. She was at her uncle's about a year before he died, and accidentally left this handkerchief behind her. Her uncle had it put away in a drawer of his own and would allow no one to use it, and when he was in his last sickness he sent me for it, and would not let it out of his hands till he died, and then I took it as a remembrance, and have kept it carefully laid by ever since; so now, as I am coming back, I thought, perhaps there will be no one at the old place that will know me; but if I find Alicia, and show her this handkerchief she will believe my story, and perhaps, find me and my husband a place for her uncle's sake. Of course she is a woman now, and very likely married, as girls who are both rich and handsome generally marry early."

"Do you know it he made a will during his last illness?"

"O, yes! when his pain became very bad he had a will made giving all his property to his niece. My husband was one of the witnesses, and another of the farm hands was the other. He, poor man, died in the United States; if he had staid here, it is likely he would be alive yet; but you see we never know what is best for us."

"What induced you to leave so soon after Mr. Dennison's death?"

"Well you see, as Mr. Gundry said, and as I suppose Mr. Dennison thought, it was very uncertain whether we would secure a situation when the estate changed hands, and then Mr. Gundry said that Mr. Dennison had advised that we should go to a new country and instructed him to give us fifty pounds apiece to pay our passage and help us to make a start in our new home. No doubt Mr. Dennison meant it as a kindness though through no fault of his, it has turned out otherwise."

"I think you intimated that your husband was returning with you."

"Yes, he is in the smoking car; ah there he comes now. My husband, Mr. Purcell."

"My name is Airlie" said Frank.

"I have just been giving this gentleman some information," said Mrs. Purcell "about the last hours of Mr. David Dennison."

"And I am very thankful" Frank returned, "for the valuable information you have given me, and now let me in return inform you that you have been the dupes of a crafty unscrupulous villain. The money paid to take you out of the country was given through the rascality of Mr. Gundry instead of the kindness of Mr. Dennison, because he wanted to get rid of the witnesses to the last will, and Mr. Gundry now holds the estate through a will forged no doubt by himself. And now as it would scarcely be safe for you to come in contact with Mr. Gundry, and would perhaps defeat the ends of justice which I am here with the Divine blessing to secure in a legal way, I trust you will place yourselves under my direction at my charges until this matter is brought to an issue, which I doubt not will be accomplished at farthest in a few days."

(To be Continued)

SELECTED.

The Little Robe of White.

In a rosewood cradle a baby lay;
Its mother was stitching, stitching away
On a little robe of white;
One foot on the rocker, she hoped to keep
Her frolicsome baby fast asleep,
To finish her work that night.

In every stitch of the garment she wrought
That loving mother fastened a thought—
Hopes for that little one;
And smiled on her baby in happy pride,

As it slept in the cradle by her side,
Till the little robe was done.

Then she folded up the cambric and lace
And kissed the little one's chubby face,
That smiled in its infant glee;
She tossed it up and down in the air—
"How pretty you'll look, little babe when you wear
That little new robe!" said she.

In a rosewood coffin the baby lay;
Its mother had wept the night away
Watching its dying breath;
With it pressed to her bosom she prayed to keep
Her darling baby from going to sleep
In the cold, cold arms of Death.

They buried the babe in the garment just wrought,
Whose every stitch a held hopeful thought,
From the loving mother's sight;
On a marble stone she wrote with a tear,
"How many hopes lie buried here,
In that little robe of white!"

In the Saviour's arms a baby lay,
From its rosewood coffin far away,
In the realms of love and light.
The angels a garment had folded about
Its little form, which will never wear out—
A seamless robe of white.

FINE USE OF LANGUAGE.

An officer detached somewhere on special duty, and allowed to charge his expenses to the war-office, duly sent there a memorandum of the different sums he had disbursed. Among these was an item of one shilling paid to a porter who had helped to carry his luggage. This item the officer had entered as "porter." Shortly afterward he received an official letter from the war-office, in which his attention was called to this "extraordinary charge." Capt.—was reminded that the Secretary of War was not disposed to sanction the cost of his beer being defrayed out of public moneys, and that in any case, even in hot weather a whole shilling for porter was decidedly excessive. My friend was much tickled. He despatched a formal reply, in which he elaborately explained that "porter" did not mean liquor that he had poured down his throat, but the man who had carried his luggage. This brought a curt reply from Pall Mall directing Capt.—to enter such charges, not as "porter," but as "portage." The gallant officer in question, a little amused, and perhaps a little annoyed at this ridiculous red-tapism, took the warning to heart. A few weeks later, in making up the account of his disbursements, he had occasion to charge eighteen pence for the hire of a cab. Mindful of the past he argued to himself that if "porter" in war-office English became transmogrified into "portage," "cab," of course, must undergo the same development; and he meekly jotted down in his modest schedule eighteen pence in what he supposed to be the orthodox manner. By the next post he received a tremendous foolscap epistle, indignantly desiring to know why Capt.—had presumed to charge eighteen pence for a "cabbage."

Law Without Justice.

A recent decision by the supreme court of California on the question of paying illegal taxes under duress, presents a legal enormity which is none the less outrageous for being, we believe, universal. Similar cases are liable to occur anywhere, and do occasionally occur in other states beside California. Wills, a tax-payer, sued Austin, the collector, for taxes illegally demanded and paid. The law under which the taxes were demanded was believed to be unconstitutional, because it gave to the board of equalization powers of assessment and taxation; but as the collector threatened to sell the plaintiff's property, the plaintiff paid the claim under protest and subsequently sued the collector to recover the money. The case went to the supreme court, and that tribunal decided: First, that the tax was illegal; and second, that the plaintiff had no remedy. The court says that the law under which the tax was levied cannot stand; "the whole section

is unconstitutional, and void *per se*; that, as a consequence, if the collector had sold the property, his deed would have been void on its face; and for these reasons, when the plaintiff paid the money to the defendant he was under no legal duress, and the payment must be deemed to have been voluntary. In such cases it is well settled that the money cannot be recovered."

Let us not be in haste to laugh at this example of California law. It is Missouri law, too; it is, if we mistake not, universal law—and universal injustice. It is absurd to hold, as the courts do hold, that the tax-payer is not bound to pay an illegal tax levied under a void law, and that there is no duress in the case; and it is equally absurd to say that the tax-payer should know the law was unconstitutional. How should he know such a thing when the legislature that made the law did not know it—and when, in the present California case, the circuit court did not know it? It is the climax of mockery for courts to solemnly declare it a duty of every unlearned tax-payer in the land to correctly adjudicate revenue laws when, in five cases out of ten, it is a toss of a copper how the supreme tribunal itself will adjudicate it, and when the chances are even that the lower court will interpret it one way and the supreme court the other. It is true, the tax-payer may refuse to pay, and allow the collector to sell his property; but this brings a cloud on his title, deprives him of the power to sell, and involves him in an expensive and protracted lawsuit beside. All this may be nothing in the estimation of a supreme judge, but it is a great deal in the eyes of the ordinary tax-payer. Beside, the doctrine as laid down leads logically to endless litigation, for it encourages every tax-payer to resist every tax until it shall have been finally determined to be valid by a supreme court. Justice requires that a citizen who pays an illegal tax to a collector ought to have a right to recover it by prompt process, without any judicial 'tomfoolery' and if the law does not conform to this it ought to be made to.

GIBRALTAR.

ENGLAND has not a foot of land on the Continent of Europe excepting Gibraltar, and probably never will have; but every Englishman who sails into the harbor of Gibraltar, and from the dock of the vessel looks up the sloping sides of the rock three miles long, feels and knows that it is worth more than any kingdom on the continent. He sees at a glance that the power which holds this holds the Mediterranean. He sees how impregnable it is, and that all the navy of the world could not take it. He sees the line of granite wall stretching along the water, from the perpendicular eastern face around the western side and to the northern face, surmounted by eighty-ton guns, pointing in every direction. From the deck of a ship in the bay is the best place to get a good view of the fortress. The town consists of two parts, both situated on the western side near the water. The residence for civilians and for business is on the northerly end of the western side. Then comes the parade ground; then a beautiful park called the Alameda, with walks, miniature lakes, bridges, rustic seats, and trees and flowers of all kinds; and then on the southwesterly side are situated the houses of the officers and garrisons for the soldiers.

The town of Gibraltar—that is, the civilians' quarters—is built on the slope which rises quite suddenly from the western side of the rock. Street rises above street, for hundreds of feet and in the evening, when the houses are lighted, it has much the appearance of the old town of Edinburgh viewed from the lower town. It has a population of about eighteen thousand, composed of all races under the sun, and clothed in every garb known to mankind. The largest portion of the people are Roman Catholics. Then the Jews come next in number; they have four synagogues. The Protestants are next in number, and then Mohammedans. The inhabitants are traders, and smuggling seems to be a chief part of their business. Eight thousand pounds of tobacco, besides immense quantities of other goods are smuggled into Spain from Gibraltar annually, and when it is remembered that one of the chief sources of revenue to Spain is tobacco, it may be seen what a thorn in the side of Spain is this English fortress. These goods are carried off from Gibraltar in small boats, at night, to the coast of Spain, where the contrabandists are ready to receive them and carry them into the mountains, and thence to all parts of the kingdom.

The Serpents' Cave, Manitoba.

A STRANGE FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

About thirty miles north west of Winnipeg there exists a large upheaval of lime-stone. This strange mountain of rock stands on the level and stoneless prairie, and is about eighty feet high and nearly a mile in diameter; the rock is level on top and covered with gravelly earth. It is on this strange elevation that the penitentiary has been erected. But the natural curiosity for which this rock is celebrated is a subterranean recess extending towards the interior. To this cave all the snakes from the immense extent of encircling prairie congregate to spend the winter months. How so many thousands of reptiles of apparently all ages and sizes know where to find the only available shelter from the extreme cold of a northern winter, is not easy to discover, but it is certain that on the approach of winter all the snakes within many miles of Serpents' Cave repair to their winter home, where they spend the time in retirement, to emerge in the spring from their seclusion and scatter over the surrounding prairie.

During the mild weather of last winter, some of the convicts of the penitentiary were set to work to build a wall around the entrance to the cave. When the time arrived for the snakes to seek their summer haunts they found their progress impeded, and soon the strange gathering was increased by fresh arrivals from the interior, until many thousands of snakes were racing and wrigling around the entrance, vainly seeking an opening in the wall. Heads with small eyes and red tongues were projecting from every crevice in the rock, and a most unearthly hissing was kept up.

Why Young Men Remain Single.

It is said that the extravagance of girls is the chief reason why so many young men remain single rather than marry girls that they could not support as wives in their ante-marry style. There never was a more absurd charge made than this. The average young man is more extravagant than the average young woman, and the young man who is afraid to marry because girls are extravagant, is usually the most extravagant of his class, and does not desire to marry, because in order to support a wife and children, he would have to cut off his extravagances. In the majority of cases, the wife is the cause of actual saving to the husband. Before marriage he lived clear up to his income—saved nothing and owned nothing. After marriage he saves money, because he is compelled to, and usually owns the house he lives in. Before marriage he was not obliged to economize, because he did not look beyond the present, with its enjoyments. After marriage he is required to economize, because he has to. Regarding the question of expenses this writer well says: "Girls, expenses are confined almost wholly to their dress; young men's expenses are confined—no, they are not confined to anything; they run wild. A young man of the class alluded to will frequently spend as much in one night among his companions as would support a wife for a week. Franklin said that one vice will bring up two children." Then two vices should certainly support one wife, and most of the young men of the day could easily give up two and still have a large variety on hand."

ALWAYS TIRED.—When people get up tired in the morning, they should try and ascertain the cause of the trouble. It is very often due to defective ventilation of the bed-room, or from using an undue amount of warm bed-clothes and bedding. Feather beds are too soft and yielding, and partially envelope the sleeper, thus producing profuse perspiration. The habit of lying too much under blankets is also very pernicious by reason of the carbonic acid exhaled by the sleeper being respired. Again, it is a common error to suppose that by simply opening a window a little at the top, a room can be ventilated. People forget that for proper ventilation there must be an inlet and outlet for the air. In bed-rooms there is often neither, and if there is a fire-place, it is generally closed up. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that foul air goes to the top of a room. Certainly the heated air goes to the top, but the chief impurity, the carbonic acid, falls to the bottom. There is nothing so efficacious in removing the lower strata of air as the ordinary open fire-place, especially if there is a fire burning.

MEXICAN BEAUTIES.

All the social upheavals in Mexico for the past sixty years have failed to mingle the blood of the Indian with the blue blood of a certain element of their conquerors. This is the guera element, which has held its own inviolate amidst the surging passion surrounding it, the temptations which nothing but a haughty pride of race would have resisted. There are two types of gueras. The first has some very distinct characteristics. The first is spirituelle, and has that subdued expression which invariably results from religious meditation, and in color as white as alabaster. The flesh is faultlessly white, tinged with a refined but healthy appearance. The eyes are usually dark, large and lustrous, and the hair abundant and black as the raven's wing. The teeth are white as snowflakes. The rubias, the second type, are superb specimens of womanhood and are so called because they have auburn or golden hair, which in some instances runs into a flaming rich red color. The eyes are often blue, soft and entreating in their expression. The flesh has a sunset tinge to it, which is a more warm and sensuous nature than that of the paler hued women. Near the town of Agua Caliente, State of Sinaloa, there is a village of rubias, the young women of which are matchless in the style of beauty. Tall and graceful, with richly rounded busts, symmetrical forms and a step as light and elastic as a fawn's they move about, the very symbols of the poetry of motion. They have something in their manner and style similar to the higher class of Russian women, whom they greatly resemble. The rubias like the gueras, live mostly in the interior, where the climate is more mild and genial, while the dark races inhabit the hot regions along the coast.

LEARNING A TRADE.

Generally, when a young man leaves a school his first inquiry is, What shall I do for a living? How can I make money the fastest and the easiest? Just here is where so many fail; they want to get along too easily, and so shirk all the hard work they can—of course fail. If he is going to learn a trade, he looks around to see how his friends are succeeding in their several vocations. He wants to compare notes and then select the one in which he thinks he will be the most apt to succeed. Or, if he is really ambitious he may have been taking his own observations while at school, and now, upon leaving school, he is ready to go to work.

But some boys do not have to look around, they have a natural taste and aptness for some particular business, and sometimes require very little instruction to enable them to proceed successfully. One, having found something which he thinks he would like, sets about to learn it; perhaps he finds it harder than he anticipated, or else gets tired of it and changes for something else. And so he keeps changing all through life; sometimes at one thing, sometimes at another and not succeeding at any. There is still another class which is composed of determined go-ahead fellows. They select their trade and then go to work to learn it. If they get tired before they get through, no matter; they are not going to give up. Give a boy a trade or profession which he really loves, and he will succeed, and you cannot prevent him. If he is faithful and industrious he will win for himself the respect and esteem of all with whom he may come in contact.

Be temperate, boys. Look around and see how many bright, intelligent young men, men who but for this cause would be an ornament to their profession and to society, are going swiftly down the road to ruin, urged on by the demon drink. Do you know a physician who drinks? and if you do, would you employ that physician if you were ill? So it is with every craft and every profession.

Discouraging Children.

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible.

"Do write and tell father of it," said he, "for he always said I had no brains."

How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten

the statement is believed; the thought that it may be partially so acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look to childhood's days and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which had such a discouraging influence over him as to tell upon his whole course of future life. We know an ambitious boy who, at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no ability to rise. But while all this appeared so dark around him, and he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies that he seemed the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities and capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation carelessly dropped in his hearing, altered his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved me." The moment he thought he could do well he resolved that he would; and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations.

ARCANA.

Secrets—every human being has some arcanum hidden away in the innermost recesses of their hearts. Some are dull and weird, and throb through the brain until it deadens itself with its complexity of thought; others, vivid as the light of autumn sunset, quicken the tide of life at its very foundations, and the crimson current courses rapidly in its tiny channels, replete with action.

Have you ever in the days of your idolatry—otherwise, youth—blindly worshipped some being of your own sex, the lightest trembling of whose eyelids awakened you to adoration? Did you desire to become the counterpart of your hero? Much of your youthful happiness depended on being with those whom you so fondly cherished, and even now you can feel the pang that you felt in the past at some real or fancied neglect. Even when wronged yourself, you excused him, and still thought him above all others in everything. Are there not flowers that, even now, can steal your heart away, because their counterparts were once held in hands you loved, and gentle fingers twined their lovely blossoms into knots for you?

Maybe your idols are dead, my friends; maybe the shrine is deserted. If you love the deity of the shrine, he will return to comfort you. Not here, among the flowers and bright things of earth, but "in the amaranthine shades of death," which is far better than to prove your early love unworthy, and the vision that you worshipped only a creation of your fancy. Better to wrap the dear remains of early friendship in the rosy mantles of enduring love. So may the dreams of your youth stay with you till the time when you approach the western hills of life; and when you reach their summit, may you find the arcana of the past—the cherished, hidden loves—the counterpart of those which lie in the petals of life's "evening glories."

ARSENICAL POISONING.

Many of the fashionable colors of the day, such as bronze green or navy blue, contain a large amount of poisonous matter. One lady, after wearing a pair of green gloves for a day or two, was attacked with a peculiar blistering and swelling of both hands, which increased to such an extent that for three weeks she was compelled to carry her hands in a sling, suffering acute pain, and being, of course, unable either to feed or dress herself. Inquiries among the writer's friends discovered three other ladies similarly afflicted. A German medical journal reports a case of serious poisoning by a pair of navy blue kids. Dress goods of woollen, silk, and cotton have been found to contain arsenic in dangerous quantities; so also gentlemen's underclothing, socks, hat-linings, and the linings of boots and shoes. In New York, the death of a child was recently attributed to arsenic sucked from a veil which had been thrown over the child's crib to keep off flies. At this rate it will soon become necessary to test for arsenic all goods purchased before venturing to wear them; or else the label—"warranted to contain no poisonous dye"—will have to be adopted by all honest and reliable makers. Something should be done to put a stop to this rapidly increasing evil.

MERAH.

Bitter is the hour of living, when our sorrows' buried dust
Sweeps upon us in the frenzy of a whirlwind's awful gust,
Bearing shreds of dreams stained darkly with an old-time
treasure's rust.

Far more bitter is the failing of a hope once brave and strong
And the anxious, nerveless waiting for a joy delayed too long
And the dying of a love that stops a young heart's happy song.

Bitterest of all the bitter is to know that far away,
Where our careless hands have tossed it in a heedless, reckless
play.
Drifts our life's one knot of heartsease, prized too late, and
lost for aye.

Ruth Reade.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

In a dirty old house lived a dirty old man,
Soap, towels or brushes were not in his plan;
For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'Twas a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat;
The old shop with its glasses, black bottles and vats,
And the rest of the mansion a run for the rats.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain.
Looked spotty in sunshine, and streaky in rain:
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,
And the panes, being broken, were known to be glass.

On the rickety signboard, no learning could spell,
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to sell:
But for house and for man a new title took growth,
Like a fungus: the dirt gave a name to them both.

Within these were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wool was half rot, and the metal half rust:
Old curtains—half cobwebs—hung grimly aloof.
'Twas a spider's elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man,
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can:
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt;
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding,
Yet the Dirty Old Man has learning and breeding.

Fine folks from their carriages, noble and fair,
Have entered his shop, less to buy than to stare,
And afterward said—though the dirt was so frightful,
The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

But they pried not upstairs, thro' the dirt and the gloom,
Nor peered at the door of the wonderful room,
That gossips made much of, in accents subdued,
But whose abode no one might brag to have viewed.

The room forty years since, folks settled and decked
The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected,
The handsome young host, he is gallant and gay,
For his love and her friends are expected to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is dressed—
The wine beams its brightest, flowers bloom their best;
Yet the host will not smile, and no guest will appear,
For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since turned the key in that door,
'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar;
The guests for whose joyance that table was spread,
May now enter as ghosts, for they're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come and go,
The seats are in order, the dishes a-row:
But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the mouse,
Whose descendants have long left that dirty old house.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust,
The flowers fall'n to powder, the wine swath'd in crust
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it is there.

The old man has played out his part in the scene,
Wherever he now is, let's hope he's more clean;
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban,
To that dirty old house and that Dirty Old Man.

A CHILD'S IMAGINATION.

WHAT a tremendous thing a child's imagination is! It goes beyond all the facts in the universe. Do you remember how easy it was when you were a child to believe anything you were told or anything you read about? in fairies, in gnomes, in invisible caps and the purse of Fortunatus that had only to be opened to be found full? You expected to have such a cap and such a purse before you died; although it is hard to believe it now, when you would not desire the invisible cap, if there were such a thing simply because you scarcely trust your best friend, and when the purse, with a hole in the bottom, has been in your pocket for years.

What a little dreamer you were! Can you go back to the time when you had not seen your first whale and your first elephant? When you believed the whale to be a mile in length and the elephant to be as tall as a mountain? And can you recall your disappointment when you were first taken to a menagerie? That a whale! that? This insignificant leathery beast an elephant! You were miserable. You loathed the deceitful world that had so imposed upon you, or you believed the menagerie a humbug, and waited vainly for the whale a mile long and the elephant of your dreams whose head was hidden in the clouds.

It is the same with children always. Take your little boy to see the giant nine feet in height and the dwarf of twenty-two inches, and his lip will quiver with disappointment. The giant is only a big man; the dwarf is the size of the new baby. He expected Fee-f-o-Fum, who could take six men under each arm and stride along at the rate of a mile a step, and a dwarf who could stand upon his own tiny palm—a dwarf of three inches, perhaps. Don't laugh at him. We are all children in some things until we see the reality. The things men hope for are big and beautiful, and wonderful in every way before they are seen, as they will never be again when the glamour of fancy shall be replaced by solid fact.

A HELPMEET.

The wise man chooses a wife who will be his helpmate in every sense of the word, and, having done so, helps her to bear the burden of daily life, making her the sharer of his pursuits, pleasures, and *purse*. But the happiest couple in the world must practice mutual forbearance if they would remain happy. The mother, occupied with her children and household cares during the day, finds heart and brain heavy at its close. Yet it is a great mistake to meet her husband on his return from business with a sorrowful face, or to pour her vexations and annoyances into his wearied ear. Neither should the husband bring the gloom of the counting house to sadden the fireside. That is a sorrowful home where the children stop their sports when the father appears, when he orders them at the least noise to be seated in different corners of the room, when he lies down on the sofa and all must be perfectly hushed, or sits before the fire and never speaks. If, on entering his home, he casts aside all business cares, how it is gladdened by his presence! The children rush to meet him, they climb his knees or sit beside him and their pleasant prattle, and the frolic that follows, divest his mind effectually. The weary mother escapes for a quiet half hour, and returns refreshed to preside with grace at the tea table. This is the time for telling all the pleasant occurrences of the day, or laughing over its mishaps; reading such family letters as may be shared in common, and telling such items of news as may interest and divert the mind of each—making home "the sweetest place on earth."

CHILDHOOD.

O happy, happy childhood. How often when wearied and worn with the cares and anxieties of every day life, do we look back to thy sunny days and golden hours.

Like the gentle strains of sweet music, thy memories come refreshingly back bringing a sweet repose to our troubled spirits.

We think of the time when we stood at our mothers knee, when the world seemed so bright and fair, that we thought no cloud could ever dim its brightness, when we received things at their best and enjoyed them to their full. It is true we had our childish sorrows for a day, sometimes went to bed with an aching heart, but generally took all our troubles into dreamland and left them there, commencing the next day undisturbed by thoughts of the last.

If we heard any one say how much of sorrow there was attached to life we thought they were mistaken, that they did not see things in their true light.

We knew no false friendship, no broken trusts. If any should happen to offend how easy they could reconcile us by a kind word, a pleased look. How easy to obey the scripture injunction, "If thy brother trespass against thee seventy times seven" "Thou shalt forgive."

Parents and guardians should endeavor to make the days of childhood bright and happy, for other days, other years will come when their lives may be shadowed when it will be a relief to look back and gather up the memories like sunbeams to cheer them on their way, when they will bless the memories of those who have passed on to the better land, and strive to live that they too may be at last accounted worthy of enjoying that rest which has been prepared for the weary and heavy laden.

Appreciating a Sermon.

I cannot resist repeating a conversation between a friend and a farm-servant, which illustrates the remark already made that an Irishman is rarely at a loss for a reply or an excuse: "That was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?" said the gentleman. "True for you, yer honor, an illigant one! It done me a power of good intirely." "I'm glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?" "O, well," scratching his head, "I don't rightly—not just exactly know. I—a—I. A, where's the use in telling lies? Sure I don't remember one single 'dividual word of it, good or bad. Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all." "And yet you say it did you a power of good?" "So it did sir. I'll stick to that." "I don't see how." "Well, now yer honor, look here. There's my shirt that the wife is after washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and the soap and the starch that's gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water, or soap, or starch, or blue, has stayed in, d'ye see. And that's just the same with me and that sermon.

It's run through me, yer honor, an it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it." There was more philosophy than he was aware of in the quaint reasoning of the man. An impression for good or evil is often left upon the mind and bears fruit when what has caused the influence has passed away from our memories.—*Chamber's Journal*.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN;—An old man of experience says:—

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in an insane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at.

I have seen a young girl marry a man of dissolute habits and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

I have seen a man depart from truth when candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortune of the family, when the husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who despised the counsel of the wise and the advice of the good, and his career ended in poverty and wretchedness.

The Largest Plant in the World.

We are accustomed to regard the great trees of California as the most gigantic specimens of vegetable growth known to man, but such is not the case. There is a submarine plant growing in the North Pacific Ocean, which according to Professor Reinsch, dwarfs all others in its vast proportions. The *Macrocystis pyrifera*, one of the *Melanospermæ*, has been known to grow to such an extent as to cover vast areas of the ocean bed. One specimen by measurement was found to cover *three square miles*, and the stem from which the growth proceeded was eight feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a plant or how a system of nourishment can be maintained through such extended channels in the living organism. Nature performs strange freaks, and certainly none can be stranger than the fact that of this gigantic species there are some specimens so small as to be microscopic, or only to be seen by the aid of powerful objectives.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

NEW MILK.

The Boston "Home Journal" tells this story:—

"Even the keeping of a cow does not always insure the family unadulterated milk. A case in point occurred in the Highlands. A cow is kept by a family who are determined to enjoy the luxury of pure milk. But a little while ago the cow seemed not in the quality of her lacteal yield, and often a good cup of coffee was missing on this account. Mooly appeared to be in the most perfect health, and the variation in the milk was unaccountable and perplexing. But one day recently the young man-of-all-work left the family, and another was engaged to fill his place. As the retiring man was inducting his successor into his duties, he confidentially informed him that he could drink as much new milk as he liked, and make up the deficit with water, and the family would never find it out! But the new man had conscientious scruples on the subject, and he informed his mistress of the secret that had been intrusted to him. This cleared up the mystery, and thereafter the coffee assumed its goodness. If other cows appear capricious in the quality of the milk they yield, this incident may help to solve the mystery to their owners."

Out of a Shark's Mouth.

In the United States Service Museum, Whitehall Yard, London, Eng., are exhibited the jaws of a shark, wide open, and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows: A ship on her way to the West Indies fell in with and chased a suspicious-looking craft which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit, the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured, and taken into Port Royal to be tried as a slaver. In the absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion, a vessel came into port, which had followed closely on the track of the chase just described. She had caught a shark, and in its stomach was found a box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box.

It's What You Spend.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape: "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the seashore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man who saves ten cents a day only, is much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time.

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We would urge upon our subscribers, the importance of prompt remittance, to enable us successfully to carry on our work.

Please do not neglect to renew, because the times are hard; let necessity alone, not selfishness decide you to withhold your patronage. Good reading should, in this age, when intellectual culture is a necessity, be the last point at which to retrench, and surely, so large an amount of interesting and useful reading cannot be procured elsewhere for the same money.

Our subscribers will observe that we have not only printed on heavier paper and stitched our Magazine for this month, but we have also trimmed the edges, thus adding considerably to our expenses. This we could ill afford to do, but we look confidently to our patrons to renew promptly and thus sustain us in our efforts to make our magazine more attractive. And, if they will meet our expectations in this respect, we pledge ourselves to give them a magazine not to be surpassed for excellence or cheapness by any similar periodical in America.

We have added to our premiums club skates, a silver watch, and a sewing machine. See club terms on second page of cover, where premiums are offered, suitable for both ladies and gentlemen.

Dear friends, let us hear from you early.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., and if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will

not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

No one need fear being imposed upon by being called upon to pay for the FAMILY CIRCLE without having subscribed for it, as we send it to none without having received satisfaction in advance.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

If you wish the paper discontinued, please send a postal card intimating your wish, and giving your address at which it was received in full, so that we can find and erase the name. Do not send the paper back.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

We would call attention to the unusually favorable terms on which we offer "Scribner's" or "St. Nicholas" magazine, and the "Cottage Hearth," clubbed with our paper.

WHO IS MY FRIEND?

Who is my friend? The man who smiles

When sunshine gleams my path illumine;

When flowers shed on me sweet perfume,

And gladsome mirth the hours beguiles;

But who, when shadows fall across

My path, would give his head a toss,

And leave me to the darkening night,

To smile on those whose paths are bright?

Who is my friend? Is he who fawns,

When fortune woos me to her shrine,

And wealth of every class is mine,

And fame's bright morn upon me dawns;

But who, when wealth and fame are fled

And friends are few and hopes are dead,

Turns coldly from my smitten heart

And bids me bear my grief apart?

Who is my friend? It is the man

Who smiles on me in sun and shade,

In time of need, who proffers aid,

And soothes my sorrows if he can;

When fortune, fame and friends depart

Finds me more room within his heart?

Such friends are neither bought nor sold,

Nor can we tell their worth in gold.

J. F. L.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

HOW TO KILL A TAPEWORM IN AN HOUR.—Dr. Karl Bettelheim, of Vienna, narrates, in the *Deutsche Archiv*, a heroic method and nearly sure cure in the short space of time of three quarters of an hour to two hours. It is this: He inserts a tube in the œsophagus, to the stomach, and pours down from 200 to 400 grammes of a very concentrated decoction of pomegranate root, having previously had his patient fast for 24 hours. The worm is stupefied, and passed, head and all, to a certainty; the patient has no sickness of the stomach, and no nauseous swallowing to do; and the drug is cheap.

THE SUN CURE.

The most famous of all women nurses, Florence Nightingale, declared that direct sunlight was not only necessary in the cure of the sick, but was indispensable to the preservation of health in the well. In this opinion, able physicians agree with her. It is a fact that men and women who are obliged to work in the dark, sunless places, grow prematurely old. The total exclusion of the sun's beams induces an impoverished state of the blood, muscular debility, dropsical effusion, softening of the bones, nervous excitability, irritability of the heart, loss of appetite, consumption, physical deformity, stunted growth, mental impairment. The offspring of those so unhappily trained are often deformed, weak and puny, and are disposed to scrofulous affections. This is a formidable catalogue of ills, and should be remedied, if possible. Great

benefit would accrue from giving children solar air baths—that is, permitting them to lie naked upon the bed or floor, free from the encumbrance of clothes, so that their bodies may be thoroughly brought under the influence of good air and bright sunlight. The children of savages, as well as negroes, who are often allowed to run about in the open air, freely exposed to the influence of light, have well developed muscular structures, and generally enjoy robust health. A famous French physician, when called upon to treat some miserable, puny children, ordered no medicines, but said, emphatically, "Take these children to the country, feed them as well as you can, but above all, roast them—roast them in the sun." And this advice is applicable in the cases of adult patients. Sunlight surpasses all other agents in restoring color to the blanched and ghost-like faces of long-housed invalids, and sun-baths, rightly used, are powerful remedies for disease. There is no morbid condition of the mind which they will not modify or cure. Then, reader, when you find vitality of mind or body running low, seek the sunshine plunge into it long and continuously, and thus find health and happiness again.

Corrosion in Soil Pipes.

Cases of corrosion in lead soil pipes are common in the experience of every plumber. Sections of a drain will be found fairly honeycombed with holes, varying from the size of a pin-head to a quarter of a dollar. They are almost invariably located on the upper side of the pipe, and hence are difficult to detect, as there is no fluid leakage from them. Their origin has been laid to the over-use of disinfectants, particularly carbolic acid, but chemical analysis shows that sewer gas alone is sufficient to cause such corrosion in unventilated lead pipe. Proper ventilation will undoubtedly guard against the evil by carrying off the gas before it can do harm.

Several cases of corrosion have come to our notice. In one instance a vent flue was carried to the roof through an attic extension which was not occupied, and there slanted across the side wall. The family were taken sick. The plumber when called suggested that a leak in this pipe might be the cause, but was only laughed at. He insisted on making an examination, and found a score of holes along the upper surface of the pipe. Just about that time the occupants began to smell something. In another case damp spots on a parlor floor led to opening a brick wall in which the soil pipe was cased, and it was found in a like state as the one first named. In still another case, a corroded pipe passed through a bed-room, which for some months was occupied by a malarial fever patient, just adjoining a water-closet and bath-room.

The Office of Perspiration.

A writer on hygiene for the *Prairie Farmer* makes the following allusions: The amount of perspiration that exudes from the surface of the skin is greatly varied by circumstances. As for example, it is large when the body is surrounded by hot, dry air, even to the extent of five pounds in 24 hours, while in a cold and moist one the amount in the same time may be but one pound. The results of these conditions are often strongly felt by man and beast. We should naturally suppose that if we lose five pounds of water in 24 hours, we should need that large amount of water to supply the place of that which has passed away. And to some extent this is no doubt true. It may have been observed by all who labor that they feel the want of a large amount of drink. The sensation of thirst does not arise from dryness of the mouth or throat alone but in part from dryness or need of moisture felt by all the tissues. They all employ the throat to make known their wants. Another fact is not to be forgotten, that the kidneys have duties so similar to those of the skin, that they aid each other. On a cold moist day the skin is disabled and cannot execute its usual amount of secretion. Moisture checks evaporation from the surface, and cold lessens the calibre of its pores. In this disability of the skin, the kidneys lend a helping hand in relieving the system of its impurities. And so if the air be hot and dry, the skin is well able to do extra duty and grant the kidneys a recess from their usual toil.

Another fact is worth a passing notice, namely, that the dryness of the skin retains the heat generated within the system and so creates a fever. Relieve the skin, help it to do duty

by warm baths or in some other way, and the fever disappears. No moisture comes upon the surface and so no evaporation and no cooling of the system could occur. On this fact is based the habit of washing the surface two or more times a day, because this process induces evaporation, cools the skin, opens the pores of the skin and lets off the heat retained.

In health, perspiration is graduated by the temperature of the air and amount of exercise. On reducing our temperature in hot seasons of the year, not only our health and comfort but our life depends. The ordinary heat of the human body is 98° Fahr. If the air surrounding us is higher, we suffer more or less. Heat disease begins to manifest its power, and the great remedy is the free application of cold water to reduce the temperature of the body and induce free perspiration. Thus it seems perspiration contributes largely to our health and comfort. But to reap its greatest good, we should daily wash the surface and so prevent the absorption of what is waste and poison. Excessive bathing, as practised by some boys, may be harmful. All that health and comfort can require is simply washing away the excretion deposited on the skin.

SICK HEADACHE.—This complaint is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. Nine times out of ten the cause is in the fact that the stomach was not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable or excessive in quantity. A diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruits or berries, with moderate, continuous exercise in the open air, sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, would cure almost every case in a short time. Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a glass of water, and draught, generally gives instant relief. We are inclined to think that the above remedies may do in some, but not in all cases. A sovereign remedy for this disease is not easily found. A correspondent from Connecticut contributes the following on this subject: Sick headache is periodical and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that there is an over alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of headache appear, take a teaspoonful of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and a similar dose at bed time; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but I have made many cures in this way.

CHANGE OF WEATHER.—In autumn, very sudden changes of weather come about without warning. A warm, moist day is often followed by a cool one. As it is not either pleasant or salutary to sit about while under the sensation of even slight cold, housekeepers should take care that some apartment in their dwellings is sufficiently warmed by stove or range or furnace to be comfortable. Health, no less than personal satisfaction, is contained in this matter. The slight ailments and occasional serious diseases which mark the change of season, arise usually from inattention to the warnings which the body gives in its protests to discomfort. It is said by some to be heroic and hardy to endure the preliminary touches of winter. But it may be that the hero or heroine is simply indolent, and afraid of the labor or care involved by going into winter quarters. And don't exclude the sunlight from your rooms; let them be well warmed and ventilated every day.

HAVE SUNLIGHT.—One of the things which we enjoy is the morning sun which shines in our homes in the early morn through the front and east window of our sitting-room. Our working-room, reading and sewing-room, is a front room from which we get a full view of the yard and street. The sun in the morning, and a front working-room for the sun to shine into in the morning, are features we would not dispense with. We do not believe in being pushed back into the rear of the house, where there is no sunshine and where there is little cheerfulness. The "Rural New Yorker" abolishes the parlor, in which we do not quite agree. Have your family room, as well as parlor, in front, and open the shutters and windows to both, and admit the sunlight and air. The best room in the house should be the family room.

TO ATTAIN LONG LIFE.—He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid every thing which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear; yes, excess of joy, become deadly. They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

LEAN PEOPLE.—A moderate amount of fat is desired by most of us, leanness is fatal to beauty. But some people cannot get plump, do what they will. Their stomachs will not tolerate oleaginous matters, or they suffer from bilious derangement by their use. It is worth noting that these conditions are usually associated with an anxious and nervous character, with more than average mental susceptibility and activity. For the most part leanness in such cases must be held incorrigible. There is, however, a much larger class whose want of adipose tissue is in no sense congenital and for whose particular behoof a few hints are given. In arresting a tendency to leanness, water is an important agent. As a rule, spare people explain, when questioned on the subject, that they take "very little water," that they "don't take a drink of water once a month," or "only drink during hot weather," etc. The fact is, however, that in the normal human subject, water constitutes about seventy per cent. of the entire weight of the body. Water is not only universally present in all the tissues of the animal frame, but it is especially abundant in the blood and secretions, where its existence in due quantity is indispensable to the right performance of their functions. If the water of tendons, skin, etc., happen to be deficient, those tissues become shrivelled and yellowish in color, which accounts for the sallow appearance of lean people. It is certain that many cases of dyspepsia are due to lack of water. Headache, too, may be relieved by increasing the fluidity of the blood. So, on all accounts, thin people should drink all the water they can. It is scarcely necessary to say that in no case should cold water be taken at meals, for the simple reason that the stomach is then at its highest functional activity, and is retarded or deranged by a reduction of temperature. On the other hand, warm fluids, like milk and tepid water, facilitate the solution of food and hasten assimilation. Milk is an excellent article of food to promote the fattening process.

COMMUNICATED.

We are not to be understood as either endorsing, or disapproving the sentiments contained in articles under this head, unless we distinctly say so.—Ed.

ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT. Philosophy of Treating Disease.

We lay it down as a fundamental principle, that there are truly only two phases of diseased conditions, which for the sake of being properly understood, we shall call *Positive* (Hypersthenic) and *Negative* (Anesthenic). Under the *positive* we include all such as are attended with inflammation, congestion, soreness, acute pain, bruises, fevers, sprains, extraneous growths, expanded muscles, and swellings of all kinds. Under the *Negative* are included paralysis, local or general debility, contraction of muscles, nervous prostration, coldness of extremities, torpid liver, and inaction in any part of the system with atrophy, or tendency to decomposition, local or general.

Corresponding to the above classification of diseases, we have the *positive* and *negative* electrodes of our electro-magnetic and galvanic batteries. We have discovered, that whenever we apply the positive electrode, it decreases the electrical action in the part; and, whenever we apply the negative electrode, it increases the electrical action, and that just half way between the electrodes the current is neutral, whilst at the two extremes we have the greatest positive and negative action; or in other words, one half the distance is positive,

the other negative. Hence, by understanding how to run the current, we can increase or diminish the electrical action in any part at pleasure; and as all diseases exist by virtue of an unbalanced condition of the electro-vital force or currents in our system, by restoring an equilibrium, we lessen, remove, or cure the disease.

We have discovered also, that the positive current is alkaline or hot, while the Negative is acid or cold; and that when the positive enters, it produces a cooling effect, which corresponds with acid condition, while the Negative produces warmth, or the alkaline condition.

As all substances can be classed under one or other of these heads, we see the philosophy of applying the electrical current both for the restoration of the lost equilibrium, and also for the production of those chemical changes necessary to restore the different parts and organs to their normal or healthy conditions.

Again, it is discovered that the course of the current is always from the positive to the Negative; hence we say the negative attracts the positive; and that the negative aggregates, or gathers, while the positive segregates, or diffuses. Therefore if we desire to reduce glandular or other enlargements, we apply the positive electrode the current goes in, and when we apply the negative, the current comes out: hence we say all positive currents are inward, all negative currents are outward.

Admitting that the nervous fluid is a modified form of the electric fluid, which undergoes in the brain and great nerve centres that change which best fits it to become the agent of the mind, we see how it really forms the connecting link between the soul and all its organs and functions of life; how it becomes the life force of the animal economy, and hence must permeate every part of the organism. It has, for its great highway and fountain, the brain and spinal cord, and a three-fold system of conductors, viz., the nerves of sensation and nerves of voluntary and involuntary motion. The vital or life fluid is subject to the laws of electrical polarity both in its general circulation and in every organ of the body. While in health, the positive and negative balance each other: but any agency which changes this relation may be the cause of disease; causing that to be abnormally positive which should be negative, and that which should be positive to be abnormally negative. We correct this abnormal polarization by properly applying the electrodes, thus curing the disease. In order to have the currents produce the desired effect, the circuit must be perfect; hence the two electrodes must inclose the body, or the part to be treated between them, which then acts as a conductor, and makes the current complete.

These things are absolutely necessary in the successful treatment of disease, viz., a correct diagnosis, a thorough and scientific knowledge and application of the agent employed, and correct habits on the part of the patient. After making our diagnosis, we must, in treating our patient, pay especial regard to polarity. As was before stated, when the two electrodes are in contact with the body one half the distance is positive, the other half negative, and the centre may be said to be neutral.

In treating inflammatory, or positive conditions, we must bring all those parts under the influence of the positive part of the current, for if we do not we shall fail in changing the polarity and curing the disease. In treating all inflamed or painful conditions, it favours the operation to run the current with the nervous ramifications because its effect is more soothing. Even in treating such cases *through and through*, it is well to keep the negative a little below the positive.

In treating sub-acute affections, we must act according to the necessities of the case; but, as a general rule, it is best to subdue the pain and irritation first, by treating with the positive over the painful part, although in some chronic cases it may, strictly speaking, be a negative disease. As all negative diseases require increased action, the parts affected must be brought under the influence of the negative end of the current; and in many cases of wasting, or atrophy, and paralysis, we often allow the current to run against the nervous ramifications, as it is more warming and tonic in its effects. But in this case we must be governed by that class of nerves which are paralysed. If it is the nerves of sensation, we must run the current from the spine to the extremities; but if the nerves of voluntary motion, we must run the current from the extremities to the spine, bearing in mind that the current runs

from the positive to the negative, and takes the most direct course and the best conductors. The dry skin is a bad conductor; hence we moisten it with our moist-sponge electrodes, water being a better conductor. But fresh water is not so good a conductor as salt water; hence the fluids of the body that are impregnated with salt are good conductors.

Some writers claim that the muscles are better conductors than the nerves; but, since no part of the muscles are devoid of nerves, it is hard to determine to a certainty concerning the living body. We have reasons for believing that the nerves are the true conductors, both of the electrical and every other system of circulation. Every kind of action,—chemical, mental and mechanical,—is, philosophically speaking, electrical in its nature; and we are warranted in affirming that every atom, cell, and organ has its positive and negative polarities, its alkalies and its acids, and is in itself a miniature galvanic battery. This is equally true of every organ of the mind. It is also true of the body as a whole, for we know that in health the mucous membrane is alkaline, while the skin is acid. This accounts for the fact, that the centre of the body and all the organs are relatively positive, while the external or skin is negative. It also accounts for the very important fact, that all the electro-vital currents, in their normal state flow from the centre to the periphery; thus illustrating the same universal law, that the current always flows from the positive to the negative.

Another important principle we should here consider. The skin is the great eliminator of the body; and the currents which constantly flow to the surface throw out, through its untold millions of pores, those elements, which if retained, would cause immediate disorder, as is evinced by taking a severe cold, the pores thus becoming closed, and fever to a greater or less extent resulting. What is now the condition of the electrical currents? The polarities are changed or alternating. If the change is permanent, we have constant burning heat on the surface, which is fever. The currents are set inward; or, in other words, the surface, or external, has become abnormally positive, while the centre, or internal is negative. The appetite fails, there is soreness all over the body, with languor, headache, and many more unpleasant symptoms. Or there is an intermittent condition; sometimes the surface is hot, sometimes cold. Nature is struggling hard for the ascendancy, but the pores are too firmly sealed, and the power of reaction is growing less and less. In this critical state of affairs, what is to be done? Why, the system needs an addition to its vital force, rather than to have it still further reduced, and thus made an easy prey to the destroyer. But it may be asked, how can electricity change this abnormal to a normal condition? We say, simply by changing the polarity, and adding to the vital force, thus co-operating with the *vis vitalis*, or life force of the organism. This we do by sitting the patient on the positive electrode, and treating with the negative all over the body, thus establishing the normal flow of the currents from the centre to the periphery. This process opens the pores, and aids the system in throwing to the surface the morbid accumulations, cooling the surface, restoring equilibrium, and curing the disease. This is the work of only a few minutes, or at most, only a day or two; for it seldom requires more than three *sittings* to break up a fever, especially if it is taken in its early stages. In some cases (and generally, when practicable,) we place the patient in a warm galvanic bath, and apply the electrodes as before. Usually one treatment of this kind will be sufficient.

We said a short time ago, that all the functions were carried on by the electrical action, even the circulation of the blood. It is now generally admitted, that by the law known as the correlation of forces, all the changes and motions, in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdom, and in the universe, so far as we know of it, are one essentially in character; that all have their origin in the law of attraction and repulsion, aggregation and segregation, centrifugal and centripetal, chemical and electrical, positive and negative conditions and relations of the different elements, each being convertible into the others; and, in the last analysis we are forced to the conclusion that electricity in the hands of Deity is the cause of all. Let us see how the blood is made and circulated. First the food is masticated in the mouth, and mixed with the saliva, which is alkaline; then it passes into the stomach; and the gastric juice, which is a powerful acid, quickly com-

bines with the alkaline, in the food, and resolves it into a pulpy mass. It is thence passed to the duodenum, where it is mixed with the bile from the liver, which produces another chemical change, it being alkaline. The pancreas also contributes a fluid, changing it still further. It then passes through the small intestines, and the nutritious part is absorbed by the lacteals, and conveyed through the mesenteric glands into the thoracic duct; thence to the left sub-clavian vein, mixing with the venous; blood thence to the heart and lungs, when it comes in contact with the oxygen of the air in the lungs, and is changed from a dark purple to a bright red color. It is thence conveyed to the heart, and from thence by the great aorta and arteries, to the remotest parts of the system; and is then conveyed from the arterial capillaries to be renewed and repeat its course through the system.

Now, what is the nature of this action of which we have been speaking? You may say that it is mechanical and chemical. But we state that it is electrical and magnetic, and we claim, that so far as the circulation of the blood is concerned, it is wholly electrical, as we shall now proceed to show. In the first place, we will again state the fact, that two positives and two negatives equally repel each other. The whole organism is operated by means of the *nervio-vital* fluid under the control of the soul-life,—the blood being the source of this subtle fluid, the oxygen of the atmosphere supplying the blood. The blood being oxygenated or electrified is positive; and the lungs being constantly kept in that positive condition, there is a mutual repulsion; and since the lungs cannot leave the chest, the positive blood must, especially as the lungs are being constantly supplied by negative venous blood between which and the positive lung there is a mutual attraction. The blood thus repelled from the lungs returns to the heart, and from thence is attracted into the great aorta from thence through the whole of the arteries; the most distant being most negative, attracts the blood onward to the extremities of the capillaries; and the venous capillaries being still more negative all the way to the heart and lungs, the blood is attracted through its whole course on electrical principles. Now as nerves accompany the arteries and not the veins, we can see clearly that these are for the purpose of attracting the electrical element from the blood, and conveying it to the cerebellum or small brain, to be used by the mind and involuntary nerves to perform all the functions of the body.

Again, as the positive blood, laden with all the rich elements of nutrition, courses through the arteries, each organ and part attracts for itself what is needful for its support; at the same time, the waste material, or broken down cells, is attracted into the current, and according to its kind eliminated by the different depurating organs of the body, such as the kidneys, liver and lungs.

Further: it is a well known fact, that everything taken into the system as medicine, if it does any good, does it by virtue of the electrical principle of its action, either by being attracted to diseased parts, to build up and renovate, neutralize morbid elements, or aid the organs in repelling morbid elements from the system.

This being the case, it is no wonder that so much is claimed for this most potent and all pervading element, as a therapeutic agent in every department of the healing art. We see also, how it becomes a power, in healthy organisms, for the cure of any diseases, and that in a very limited time, compared with drug medication alone. Hence we say that all the good produced by hand manipulations, or human magnetism, is in accordance with universal law of electrical action; and is all the more potent as the will of the operator and the faith and will of the patient act in harmony.

Since all diseased conditions originate in the disturbance of these subtle elements of our nature, a corresponding element is needed to restore the equilibrium; and as human magnetism and electricity is the nearest approximation to the soul element or *nervio-vital* fluid, we see why it is the most reliable and potent when wisely and scientifically applied, for the cure of disease.

We also see how, in certain mental and nervous conditions, a word, a look, or a touch from the healer, produces wonderful changes in the all-believing subject. This too is in perfect harmony with law; and it makes no difference whether these things are done by man or angels, or both combined; law, universal and unchanging, is the foundation of it all.

Understanding this, and the adaptability of the agent we use to diseased conditions; the process of healing is simple, easy, and natural, and capable of being explained on the most rational principles, as we have endeavored to show.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHICKEN PIE.—Cut up a chicken, boil it until tender, take out the meat, simmer down the gravy to a pint, add three pints milk and one-half pound butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt; bring the gravy to a boil; line a tin pan with a crust made by taking one-fourth as much butter as sour milk, and a little soda and flour, to make a nice paste; line the tin pan, put in the meat, pour over it the gravy, put on a top crust, leave a vent, bake two hours and a half.

CREAM PIE.—One and a half cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus. Cream for inside, one pint of milk, one half cup of sugar, a little butter and salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour or (corn starch). Flavor with lemon. (Make two pies). Stir into the milk while boiling till sufficiently thick.

CORN MUFFINS.—Two eggs, one cup of corn meal, two cups of flour two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of sea foam (or baking powder), and milk for batter as stiff as giddle cakes. Bake quickly in hot gem pans.

MINCE PIE MEAT.—Four pounds of meat after it is boiled, eight pounds of apples, one and one-half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins, four pounds of sugar, two quarts of cider, one pint of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of mace, three nutmegs.

CINNAMON MUFFINS.—One cup of sour milk, half cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water.

PRESERVED CITRON.—Cut the citron in slices, pare it, remove the seeds, cut it into small squares and weigh it, then put it in water in which a little salt has been dissolved, and cook until you can pass a straw through the pieces; pour off the water and to each pound of citron add three-fourths of a pound of white sugar, cook slowly until the syrup is thick like molasses, take it from the fire and while it is still hot, stir in lemon extract until it is strong enough to suit the taste, then put it in a jar, cover closely, and keep in a cool dry place.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sifted flour, two of powdered sugar, four well-beaten fresh eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one-half teacupful cold water, one tablespoonful soda dissolved in a very little hot water; flavor with the juice and grated rind of half a lemon; bake twenty minutes in shallow tins.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—One cupful good butter, the same of sugar, beaten to a cream; add one cupful molasses, three cupfuls sifted flour, four well beaten eggs (beat whites and yolks separately), and half a teaspoonful soda (use no cream of tartar), one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ground cloves, allspice and nutmeg; at the last add half pound of well-washed and dried currants, the same of seeded raisins, and one quarter pound of thinly-sliced citron, dredge the fruit well with flour before adding; bake in a moderate oven an hour and quarter.

CITRON CAKE.—One cupful of good butter and two of white sugar beaten to a cream; three cupfuls sifted flour, four well-beaten eggs—whites and yolks separately—one cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in the flour, one half teaspoonful soda dissolved in the milk, half pound of citron (or less) cut in very thin pieces, well dredged with flour, and added at the last; flavor with lemon or rose.

ICING FOR CAKE (like the bakers).—Break the whites of two eggs into a bowl without beating; stir into this pulverized white sugar until quite thick, add one tablespoonful of good vinegar, and one tablespoonful of cornstarch; this will dry in a few minutes

INDIAN BATTER CAKE.—Two cups of Indian meal, half a cup of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a spoonful of soda, and a little salt. Bake and try with a straw to see if done.

MAGIC CAKE.—One pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup butter; flavor with lemon.

TUMBLER CAKE.—One tumbler each of sugar, molasses, butter, and raisins, four tumblers of flour, and one tumbler of milk for mixing. Spice as for fruit cake.

CHEESE CAKE.—Line patty-pans with nice pastry, fill half full with preserved fruit of any kind, and the remaining space with any plain cake. These are very nice.

STARCH CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one cup of corn starch, one and one-half cups of flour, whites of six eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

BREAD PUDDING.—To one quart milk, new or not skimmed take two eggs, and three large spoonfuls of sugar, nicely beaten and mixed together; then crumb in bread and crusts until the deep, brown earthen dish is nearly full, press all the dry bread in under, have no dry bits sticking above; scatter in a few raisins if you like, sprinkle sugar over the top, set the dish in a hot oven and bake half an hour. When cold put in dessert dishes with three or four spoonfuls of sweetened cream over each one, and a little grating of nutmeg on the top.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—This very excellent and healthy dish is seldom seen, but it has only to be tried once to learn its excellence. This receipt is very simple. Put in a tolerably small bread pan a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and set it where it will melt; then pare, quarter, and core a few apples; halve the quarters; if they are large make them in thirds. Now place in the buttered pan as many slices or pieces of bread as will cover the bottom, then a layer of apples a little sugar and four or five little chips of butter; another layer of bread as will cover the bottom, then a layer of apples etc., and so on till there is enough for dinner or until the pan is full. Butter the upper layer of bread. If the oven is too hot and browns the top too fast, before the centre bakes, with a spoon drip a little hot water over it. Serve hot, with or without sauce.

HOW TO PREPARE COFFEE.—French cooks say good coffee cannot be made by boiling; it must be leached; the aroma and flavor of the coffee goes off in the steam if it is boiled. The ground coffee must be put in a vessel that is like a fine sieve in the bottom, pour boiling water on this, and as soon as it passes through it is fit for use, and if not used immediately, should be placed where it will simply keep hot and not boil.

POTATO YEAST.—Take four large potatoes, peel and grate them, add half a cup of sugar, tablespoonful of salt, to this add two quarts of boiling water, when blood warm, add one-half cup of old yeast, set in a warm place to rise; and if made at noon, you can rise your bread at night with it. Then with good flour, one cup of yeast to two quarts of flour, mixed with either milk or water, you will have three nice loaves of bread.

TO MAKE CASTOR OIL PALATABLE.—Rub up two drops oil of cinnamon with an ounce of best glycerine and add an ounce of castor oil. Children will take it readily and ask for more.

CLEANING THE TEETH.—A writer says: A good way to clean the teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine white Castile soap, then dip it in prepared chalk. I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth as the chalk is prepared; but with a good stiff brush and the soap it is as effectual as soap and sand on a floor.

For working butter that is to be kept for months an expert recommends the use of the following composition, rather than salt alone. Take one part saltpetre, one part loaf sugar, and two parts fine rock-salt; beat the mixture into a fine powder and use one ounce of the composition to each pound of butter. This will give a peculiar rich flavor, but should not be used for two or three weeks at least. For immediate use salt alone is preferable.

TO CURE HAMS.—PRIZE RECIPE.—To each green ham of eighteen pounds, one dessert-spoonful of saltpetre; one-fourth pound of brown sugar applied to the fleshy side of the ham and about the hock; cover the fleshy side with fine salt half an inch thick, and pack away in tubs; to remain from three to six weeks, according to size. Before smoking rub off any salt that may remain on the ham, and cover well with ground pepper, particularly about the bone and hock. Hang up and drain for two days; smoke with green wood for eight weeks, or until the rind assumes a light chestnut color. The pepper is an effectual preventive of the fly. I never bag hams. This recipe took the first premium.

IMPROVEMENT IN STARCHING.—Take two ounces of whitegum Arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the degree of strength required), and then having covered it let it stand all night. The next day pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of this gum-water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner will give lawns (either white, black or printed) a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobinet.

A GOOD CEMENT.—A good cement for mending almost anything may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or any coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash-boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, etc. Holes an inch in diameter can be filled and used the same for years in boiling water and food. It may also be used to fasten on lamp-tops, to tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, to tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon-hubs, and in a great many other ways. In all cases the articles mended should not be used until the cement is hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water, hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat.

TO REMOVE INK FROM MAHOGANY.—Dilute half a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol with a large spoonful of water, and apply it to the ink spot with a feather. Let it lie for a few minutes, and rub it off quickly, and repeat it if not removed. An excellent receipt.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

In the following love couplet there is a great paucity of words, but as much meaning as there is in many most moving love-songs that have a fashionable run:
I looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved again;
But looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved in vain.

The slightest excess of expenditures over income is poverty and the slightest excess of income over expenses is wealth.

"Mamma, can I wear my silk dress in heaven?" "No, my child, dresses will not be worn there." "Well, ma, how will the Lord know belonged to the best society?"

Professor to late students: "You, gentlemen, should come in a body and not be straggling in in this way." Thoughtful student: "I did come in in the body, sir."

The editor of an American paper recently insisted that poets must be brief. The next day he received a composition entitled "The Ballad of the Merchant:" "Trust—Bust!"

There are people in this world to whom the prosperity of others is wormwood and gall. They cannot see a man go into bankruptcy and fix up to live comfortable the balance of his days, but they must harrow up his feeling by telling him about what he owes them, and trying to prevent his discharge. —*Cin. Breakfast-Table.*

Kind words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad.

"Prayer," says the Koran, "will bring the believer half way to God; fasting will bring him to the door of his palace; but charity and benevolence toward his fellow-creatures, by which the Supreme Being is best worshipped, will gain him admittance."

If we would have powerful minds we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

WOMANLY CHARMS.—No beauty has so sure a charm as the inward one of the mind, and a gracefulness in the manners is much more engaging than that of the person; that meekness and modesty are true and lasting ornaments.

THE WIND.—At an auction art-sale, the other day, a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure, when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed earnestly, "My stars, if there ain't a vessel drifting on to the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore." The artist took his work home to rearrange the wind.

A BILLION.—A billion is a very large sum. A mill which makes 100 pins a minute, if kept at work night and day, would only turn out 52,596,000 a year, and at that rate a mill must work 20,000 years, without stopping, in order to make 1,000,000,000 pins.

CLOVES.—"Ink can be preserved from mould by putting a clove in the bottle." When Mrs. Spriggins, wife of Spriggins of the Morning Awaker, read the above, she cried excitedly: "There! now I know what Mr. S. always carries cloves in his vest-pocket for!" And the good old unsuspecting soul looked as pleased as if she had just heard of a new way of putting up barberries.

Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing and thrust it forward to to-morrow's events, you are in a restless condition: it is like refusing to quench your thirst by fearing you will want to drink next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow will come in time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of to-day and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to to-morrow.

DESPONDENCY.—The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope for him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world; if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

Boys, the habit of obeying at once is one of the best habits in the world. It makes prompt, active, energetic business men. Why, it is the "now at once, right off," that leads all the work in the world, and gets pay for it too. A boy that is prompt and ready will be just the boy that will get recommended for a place in a store, or an office, and when he gets the place he will keep it until he gets promoted, till finally he becomes a member of the firm, and probably its manager. All this because he is on hand, ready and prompt; sees what needs to be done, and is ready to do it.

HUMOROUS.

WILLING TO WORK.—"Saw wood! Saw wood for my dinner!" said a tramp, with a look of horror. "Not much, I won't. It isn't that I object to labor. I yield to no man in respect for the God-given privilege of earning my sweat—I mean sweating my earnings—that is to say, breading my earn, by the brow of—you know what I mean! I am ready, nay, anxious to work. Give me some hay to spread, right out here in the snow. Show me where there is a stone wall to lay—behind. Anything but helping in the most distant way to devastate the mighty forests of this broad land that the Almighty meant to gather moisture and induce the reviving rain to fall upon the moist earth. Why, do you know that this continent is doomed to become an arid desert if this destruction goes on? It's a fact, and I won't be a party to it. No forests, no rain—everything dry—dry as I am. I decline the responsibility for it. Tell me you've got some coal to carry in, and I'll see if I can't send you a boy to do it, but no wood-sawing for me, if you please."

*** NERVOUS.**—Very young—very polite, but very nervous—he trod on a lady's foot as he entered the car.

"A thousand pardons! Have I hurt you?"

"Not at all, sir!"

"I am very sorry!"

A moment's reflection, and nervousness set in, and everybody seemed pleased but him.

A SHARP RETORT.—Dr. Johnson had a habit of eating very fast, and using his fingers in place of a fork. One day the cynic was dining with a company, when a young would-be wit remarked, "Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar." "Nebuchadnezzar," replied the doctor, his mouth full of victuals, "ah, yes. That's because I'm eating with the brutes."

THE POWER OF BOOTS.—A compositor on an agricultural paper, whose girl's father had helped him down the front steps on the evening previous, had some copy entitled "The Perforating Power of Boots" given him to set up. He composed it in sympathy with his own feelings, and the next day the article came out headed, "The Perforating Power of Boots."

GOOD WINE.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, during his stay in San Francisco, was presented by a lady with a box of delicious grapes and two bottles of wine, which was stated to have been made by "a good Presbyterian elder," and for "Medicinal or Communion purposes." Mr. Beecher, in a characteristic note acknowledging the present, says: "As to the wine, I have taken temperance sips of it, and find it rather enticing for 'Communion use.' It might lead people to too free and 'open communion.' However, if made by 'a good Presbyterian elder,' the Calvinism may save it."

In a recent trial in New York, in reference to alleged cruelty to a horse, by the performing of an operation, A. Orkey Hall asked a horse dealer who was on the witness stand; "Were you at the preface or the epilogue of the affair, or there throughout?" The witness looked puzzled. Mr. Hall explained—"At the beginning or at the end?" The witness—Well, sir, I was near the tail."

A HAPPY RETORT.—A meddlesome old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said, "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it!" "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

IN WANT OF A PREACHER.—The Methodists have in their church circuit preachers, local preachers and exhorters. In the early days of Methodism, and in the West, an old lady, not familiar with the nomenclature, of Methodism, applied to the bishop to send into her neighborhood a "circus" preacher. "Well, madam," said the bishop, "we have not any circuit preachers; they are all engaged." "Then send us a 'locust' preacher." "All our local preachers are employed," remarked the bishop. "Well, then," rejoined the old lady, "send us an 'exhausted.'"

WHAT IT LACKS.—A correspondent of the *Worcester Spy*, writing from North Platte, Nebraska, tells this story: Two men met to-day on the piazza of the Railroad Hotel; one claimed that Nebraska was all a good country, or should be.—"All it lacks," said he, "is good society and water." "My good Lord!" said the other, "that is all hell lacks."

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Cottage Home.

In a little fairy valley,
Where the oak and maple twine,
Where a silver streamlet wanders,
Is this pretty home of mine
Where the wild flowers bloom the sweetest
And the robins love to come,
And the brightest sunbeams linger,
Is my little cottage home.

I have heard of fairer countries,
And of skies that brighter seem,
Where the flowers are ever blooming,
And the trees are ever green;
And of cities with their splendor
Far beyond the ocean's foam,
Yet I am well contented
With my pretty cottage home.

To be sure, no terraced gardens
Are around my simple cot,
No choice exotics, yet as sweet
The wild forget-me-not;
No peak except the forest,
Where the red deer loves to roam,
Yet nature seems to bless me
In my quiet cottage home.

Some boast of fame and glory,
And others solid wealth,
Yet I care not for their glitter,
With the blessed boon of health.
The king may claim his palace,
And the titled lord his dome;
They know not the enjoyment
Of a simple cottage home.

'Mary Had a Little Lamb.'

It has often been a source of wonder to me, and perplexing thought, to consider wherein consists the attraction, or what causes the popularity of the above favorite poem. In what lies its Samson-like power? Perhaps, in the hair, *i. e.* wool, and if the author had described the animal in question, as shorn, it might not have excited such universal interest. In order to come to a satisfactory conclusion with regard to this matter, it will be necessary to dissect the piece, and gain, if possible, among the fragments, some clue to the success of this *sheepish* lay. One principal cause of popularity in authorship, is universally acknowledged to be the choosing of a subject within the comprehension and grasp of the many. And no one will dispute that the author of the stanzas in question, has made a good hit in that direction. The groundwork of the poem is exceedingly simple; so are the characters described therein. The incident is naturally, interestingly and vivaciously told. A wholesome rusticity pervades the plot, which does not deal with high flown unattainable felicities. Mary's bliss is within the reach of every one. Lambs are very cheap.

Then this idyl of a lamb touches upon a period of life, which is, perhaps, cherished more fondly in after recollections than any other time of youth. School-days are represented in Memory, as her dearest and brightest vistas of past joys. Trembling with eagerness, she arranges her magic lantern, throwing a false radiance on the bare walls of the old man's heart, and in the wondrous circle makes some tiny juvenile figures cut fantastic capers. Yes, this is a tender, susceptible spot in the consciousness of every one. But there is something unreasonable, and even ridiculous in the fondness with which we look back to an inferior state of being. Preserved in deposits of years, Memory displays some fossilized

fragments of past pleasures, from which we construct a completed form on a too greatly extended scale. The boy longs for the liberty and dignity of manhood; the man looks back with vain regrets to the irresponsibility and buoyant spirits of youth. But the boy is more logical and sensible in his anticipations of the future, than the man in his weak longings for the paltry pleasures of the past. Besides, the dreams of youth may be partly realized. Manhood is but the work of time, and some of the ambitious flights of youth may be attained by the slow climbing of years. But the vain longings of maturity for the careless happiness of youth are unilluminated by hope. Childhood, indeed, has its prototype in sad servility, but there is no second boyhood.

Another source of the extraordinary success of this ditty, besides the happy choice of subject, is the simplicity of its style and language, which are within the comprehension of every one. No abstruse ideas or polysyllabic words mar the modest narration of this episode of school life. Its vocabulary contains no more difficult words, and its analysis reveals no more occult ideas, than are to be met with in those interesting compilations from literature, styled 'Second Reading Books.' For these reasons, no doubt, it enjoys an enviable popularity as a recitation piece in school examinations. How often, O, how often, has 'Mary had a little lamb' been whispered feebly to a crack in the floor, by a timid little girl, who, with downcast eyes and drooping head endures the horrors of martyrdom, while she hurries over the lambkin's frolic, which fond relatives strain every auricular nerve to hear, but in vain. Perhaps, they feel angry and chagrined at her bashfulness, and will remonstrate severely with her anon, but let them remember their own shortcomings in this respect, when many years ago, in the old log school-house, marshalled to the foe by an ancient school master, long since an inhabitant of the churchyard, with fear and trembling they repeated the same time honored pastoral, which has been a cuckoo's song heralding the spring time of youth for successive generations.

But there are other reasons for regarding this effort of the muses with interest besides these which have been mentioned. Its popularity with country people affords a gauge of their understanding and appreciation of literature. Thus far they go, but no farther. They can follow the fortunes of Mary and her little lamb, with a clear and undistracted intellect; their imagination can keep step with her, as she wends her way to the village school followed by her woolly favorite; can see the amazement and join in the laughter of the youthful rustics, on the entrance of the quadruped in their midst, while their judgment will yet acquit the teacher in his seemingly heartless measure of expelling the intruder. But their wits dulled by long disuse, and the blunting influence of excessive out-door labor, are unfit for the comprehension of more thoughtful compositions. They can gather pebbles on the shores of the river of literature, as it flows by them, may even make them skip over its surface, but they cannot dive for pearls in its depths. This is the main cause of popularity of the subject of this sketch. Preserved by its simplicity, it will continue to be quoted and recited in rural circles long after more pretentious productions of the Sacred Nine have withered in their first leaves like showy annuals, compared to which it may be called a perennial herb, modest and hardy, its longevity symbolized by *thyme*, its ideas in their scope and depth satirically signified by *sage*.—WM. MCGILL.

VARNISH FOR SHOES.—Put one-half pound gum shellac broken up in small pieces, into a quart bottle or jug, cover it with alcohol, cork it tight, and put it on a shelf in a warm place; shake it well several times a day, then add a piece of camphor as large as an egg, shake it well, and in a few hours shake it again, and add one ounce of lamp-black. If the alcohol is good, it will be dissolved in two days; then shake and use. If it gets too thick, add alcohol, pour out two or three teaspoonfuls in a saucer, and apply it with a small paint brush. If the materials are all good it will dry in about five minutes giving a gloss equal to patent leather, and will be removed only by wearing it off. The advantage of this preparation, over others is, it does not strike into the leather and make it hard, but remains on the outside and yet excludes the water almost perfectly. The same preparation is admirable for harness, and does not soil when touched, as is usually the case with lamp-black preparations.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.—An amusing story is told of a Belgian bridegroom who being about to start for Paris on his honeymoon tour, was informed by his bride that she thought of concealing several thousand francs' worth of lace about her, hoping by its sale to pay the cost of their journey. The bridegroom was not smitten with this frugal project, and pointed out that there were Custom-House officers and a female searcher at Erequeles, who were sometimes struck with an unaccountable fancy for examining the passengers' pockets. This he said, being a timid man, and his bride, to humor him, promised to give up her plan; but of course she secreted the lace all the same without telling him about it. Arrived at Erequeles, the bridegroom reflected that if his bride were not searched, after all, she would have a chance to laugh at him for his fears. So he whispered to the proper official, "I think if you search that lady yonder you may find some lace." The douanier winked; the happy bride was accosted with an invitation to walk into the female searcher's room; she turned pale, tottered, but was led away, and five minutes later dismal sounds of hysterics were heard. Then the douanier reappeared and said to the horrified husband: "Thank you, sir; it's a good capture. The lady will be taken to prison, and half the fine will go to you." Imagine the feelings of the ingenious Benedict, and the scene which ensued between him and his bride.

BURIED CITIES IN ASIA.—From recent researches made on the borders of the great desert of Gobi, in Central Asia, it appears that cities of great importance once occupied the place now covered by barren wastes of sand. The desert sands swept onward and onward till, as in Egypt, everything disappeared beneath their ever increasing accumulation. The inhabitants of the cities fled before the resistless invader, and now, after many centuries have elapsed, our explorers are discovering the ruins of past glories—gold and silver ornaments, coins, glass, china, pottery, copper, vases, and other treasures which show that not only people inhabited those cities, but that they were also acquainted with the arts. In some cases it would seem that the inhabitants failed to escape in time, for their skeletons have been found in unearthened houses with their apparel and furniture intact and uninjured. The "Dunes" formed by the drifting sand are in places more than one hundred feet in height, and the sands are moving onward to make fresh conquests.

PRACTICAL THEOLOGY.—A colored Georgia minister preaches the following practical theology: "Brethren, my 'sperience is dat it ain't de perfession of 'ligion, but de 'casional practice of it, dat makes a man 'ceptable up yonder. Wen yer gits to de golden gate, an' Peter looks yer right in de eye, an' yer shows him yer long creed, an' says, pompous-like, dat yer 'longed to a big church, de postle'll shake his head, an' say, 'Dat ain't nuff ter git yer through.' But if yer takes all yer bills under yer arm, yer grocer bills, an' yer rent bills, an' he looks them over an' finds them all receipted, he'll say, 'Yer title's clear,' an' unlock de gate an' let yer pitch yer voice for de angels' song. But t'ain't no use ter trable along dat narrower path 'less yer can carry, folded up in yer creed, a good rec'mendation from yer creditors. Hebben ain't no place for a man who has to dodge roon' a corner fur fear ob meetin' some one who'll ask for dat little bill dat nebber was paid."

WILFUL WASTE.—The bad manager is a wasteful house-keeper; she has no idea of utilizing the fragments—of stopping the small leaks. Many times bread goes into the swill-pail which might be put to good use. If dried in the oven and pounded fine it can be kept for a long time in bags, and used for veal cutlets, bread puddings, stuffing of fowls or fish, and making bread pancakes. The dripping pan is scraped into the swill-pail and the water from boiling meat thrown out instead of being allowed to cool, and the grease carefully removed from it, and used in a variety of ways. The flour is wasted in the sifting, that falling on the floor being swept up and thrown out; dough is left sticking to the bread pan; the pie-crust left over is dropped in the flour-barrel to be forgotten and grow sour. Cold puddings and vegetables are thrown out as useless; she does not appreciate the excellence of vegetable hash. Soap is left in the dish water to waste away. Tins are allowed to rust. The knife brick is wasted; tubs and barrels are left in the sun and the hoops come off; the diuing-room

knives are used to scrape potatoes, and the silver ware finds its way into the kitchen and is used to toast bread or scrape kettles. The spice boxes are left open and the spices lose strength; the salt is spilled on the shelves, and the mustard allowed to dry in the pot. The cheese moulds; bones that would make good soup are thrown away, lard used freely instead of tried-out suet which is cheaper and more wholesome. In these, and a hundred other ways, does the unthrifty housekeeper recklessly waste money.

MUSINGS.

Written for the Family Circle.

When we recall the pleasant past,
The present to beguile,
How oft the intervening years
Will check our joy the while.

They stand like champions clad in mail,
Their gauntlets on the ground,
In challenge to the roving mind,
Ere it can pass their bound.

With sorrows, cares as swords and spears,
They guard th' enchanted way,
To the lost Eden of our youth,
Where we would fondly stray.

And when they do not smite, they frown,
On memory passing by,
Demanding in a trumpet tone
The tribute of a sigh.

And thus, the questions of to-day
In varied cloud and sheen,
Yield as much joy as by-gone bliss,
With such stern guards between.

WM. MCGILL, Ryckman's Corners.

Waking up the Baby.

Just at dusk, the other dismal day, three children, the oldest of whom did not seem over ten years old, were huddled together on the rickety steps of an old house. A pedestrian peeped over their heads to read the number on the door, and the children looked so frightened that he asked:—

"Children, where are your mother and father?"

"Father's been gone for ever so long, and mother goes out to wash and hasn't got home yet," answered the eldest, a girl.

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes, sir; but baby is on the bed. He's been asleep an awful long time, and we can't wake him up. If we could we'd play hide and seek and let him find us."

"Is the baby sick?" inquired the man.

"We don't know, sir, but we can't wake him up. I touched him and tonched him, and Charlie tickled his feet, but little Sandy never moved once. I guess he is awful sleepy. Don't you think you could wake him up?"

"I'll try," replied the man as he went in, and when the girl had lighted the lamp he followed her into a bedroom in which there was neither carpet nor furniture.

Pushed back against a broken wall was a poor old straw tick and a single quilt. He bent over to look at the child, and the first glance showed him that little Sandy was dead. On the window sill were some pieces of bread and a cup of milk which the children intended to feed him. The dead child's hand clasped a rag doll made of an old calico apron, and its thin little feet and pale face were evidences that it had known sickness and hunger throughout its brief life. While the children waited for him to open his eyes and romp with them and drive the gloom out of the house, the angels had whispered to him and his eyes had unclosed to behold the splendors of heaven.

THE ROSE.—ROSES can minister to the appetite, it seems. Not long ago, a confection of rose petals was served to Emperor William. It was the gift of an English lady, and came from Alexandria, where the rose thus prepared is considered a strengthening as well as delicate dish; but Egyptian cooks

are said to be the only ones who understand the art of preparing it, and the right species of rose for this purpose grows only in that region. A Smyrna house, however, exports a jelly of roses. Perhaps research might find a way of converting other flowers beside Eastern roses into delicate food. In that case, cookery and floriculture would strike up a closer alliance than it now seems possible for them to have.

SELF-RESPECT.—Always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicious manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

SCIENCE NOTES.

NEW COLORING MATTER.—A new red coloring matter has been obtained by treating peach leaves with ether and afterwards with alcohol. Crystals are formed in about two days, which are soluble in benzine or chloroform, resulting in a beautiful rose color.

A metal that will expand in cooling, is made of nine parts of lead, two parts antimony, and one part of bismuth. This metal will be found very valuable in filling holes in castings.

UTILIZING SOLAR HEAT IN ALGERIA.—M. Mouchot, the inventor of a successful form of sun-engine, has presented to the Paris Academy an account of his experiments with it in various parts of Algeria. In that country he has demonstrated that solar heat can be utilized for cooking food, baking bread, and distilling alcohol, besides furnishing the motive power for machinery.

MAKING GEM.—A general idea of the process by which M. Feil and Fremy have succeeded in making real gems has been made public in Paris. The materials used are aluminate of lead and silica. The alumina is crystallized into white corundum, by exposing these substances to a red heat for twenty days. To make rubies, a little bichromate of potash is added; to make sapphires, a little oxide of cobalt. The quality and beauty of natural gems are said to be reproduced in the precious stones thus obtained.

IMPROVEMENT IN EYE-GLASSES.—An attachment to the ordinary spring eye-glasses, by which they can at will be transformed into spectacles, and as quickly relieved from the attachment, is among the most recent and useful devices that have been brought forward. It was Dr. Cid, the well-known Paris surgeon, who found that the spring eye-glasses injuriously compressed the arteries by which the nose is nourished making that organ long and thin. The effect of this improved mechanism is to remove all pressure from the spring, and at the same time to hold the glasses firmly in position, and thus is avoided the irritation caused by a continued use of ordinary spring glasses, as in reading, writing, &c. The advantage of being able thus to convert at once the same lenses into eye-glasses or spectacles is obvious.

THE TURQUOISE.—The beautiful gem known as the turquoise is so celebrated for its tint of blue that it has given a descriptive name to that soft, rich color known as turquoise blue. Yet, though so lovely, the color is not permanent, but changes and fades out by age and exposure to the light. It is said that the color can be restored by keeping the gem a long time in the dark. There are two kinds of the turquoise stone, known as the oriental and the occidental turquoise. The former is the best and has the most permanent color. It is found in Turkey and Persia, also in Siberia, and has a different chemical composition from the latter. The occidental turquoise is found in Lower Languedoc, in the south-east of France, and is a fossil ivory, colored with the phosphate of iron. The other is a tri-phosphate of alumina, and derives its color from the oxides of iron and copper.

A GLASS OF ALE.—When Mr. Pitcher was in charge of the bar-room at the Tremont House, a fellow came in and asked for a glass of ale. Having drunk it, he asked, "Whose ale is this?" Pitcher replied, "Mr. Bass's." "Ah! I know Mr. Bass. I will settle with him." Then the fellow made for the door. Pitcher called him back, promising not to hurt him, and gave him one of his nicest cigars, saying, "You deserve this consideration, for I didn't think you or any one could beat me so neatly."

An Englishman was boasting to an American that there was a book in the British Museum, which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh that ain't nothin," retorted the American, "the Museum in Boston they've got the lead pencil that was used to check off the animals with that went into the tomb of Cicero."

A LAME BACK.

An old sea-captain, well known in the days of Henry VIII, who "sailed the sea over" for fifty years and decided to tell that in the early part of his first voyage when he had but just turned twenty-one, his calf was lame. He complained of a lame back. There was a medicine chest whose contents it was the captain's duty to draw out to the best of his knowledge and ability. In the drawer at the bottom of the chest were three fly-plasters ready spread on kid, and one of them he decided to apply to the boy's back. It worked like a charm. The little fellow sent to bed. In the morning he was bright and early, but the captain's usual morning call was missing. "Cook isn't up, sir," was the answer. "Why not?" asked the captain. "Says he he's got a lame back." "Why not?" "Says his back hurts him, sir." "The matter with his back?" "The plaster, you mean?" exclaimed the captain; "I didn't see it on his back." "No, sir; but I did," whimpered the boy. "Did you, young rascal?" howled the captain. "What on earth did you do that for?" answered the boy, getting well out of the bunk. "I put a bootjack or other missile that might chance to come within the captain's reach, when I woke up in the night, that I had to take it off. The cook was in the bunk sleeping, and I just slipped it on his back. I didn't see the plaster, sir." And he didn't. It worked like a charm, keeping the poor cook in bed with a sore back for a week, and in the next bunk, keeping him company, was the captain, who, with a sore back, but it wasn't the plaster that did it. A rope's end was a favorite prescription in those days.

Too Old for Them.

The other day a man with a satchel called into a ferry-dock saloon wherein fifteen or twenty old salts were lying about their adventures on the high seas, and after warming his hands at the stove, he said to the barkeeper:

"Sir, I am the agent of a French wine-house, and I should like to sell you a few barrels of a brand now over one hundred years old."

The saloonist thought he wouldn't invest, and the man took a pint bottle from his satchel, held it up to the light, and looking around on the crowd, remarked:

"Gentlemen, this is a sample of wine over one hundred years old. I have no doubt that you will all do me the honor to taste it."

A perfect shower of tobacco-quids and half-consumed cigars fell on the big stove-hearth, and the crowd had its mouth all ready, when the agent scrutinized the bottle and said:

"Ah! I am mistaken. I left the wine at the hotel, and brought along my hair invigorator in place of it! Gentlemen please remain seated while I go and fetch the old wine."

At the end of a long hour he had not returned, and one of the victims slowly arose and said:

"Gentlemen, you hear me! If I meet that man on the street, I will kill him and drink his hair invigorator to the last drop!"

"So'll I shouted all the others; and they opened their tobacco-boxes and went on with their lying."

Why are tramps always on the move?—Because their sole support lies in their boots.

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ONE DROP OF

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"Walter," said his mot

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"Oh! mother, who woul

would blacken a glass so?"

"Yes, it has charged the co

It is a shame to do that. Just pu

and restore its purity," said Mrs Kirk

Why, mother, you are laughing at

dozen, nor fifty won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I canno

of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with y

ing—many drops of which will make no impr

Children; if you ever get naughty and cry, put
in a bottle. Bottled tears cure heartache.

lucky chap," growls John, over his small beer, as Peter dashes by in his carriage. "Everything he puts his hands to prospers." And why? Because Peter has always been industrious, temperate and frugal. Now here are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business; you can hear the music of his hammer late and early; he is in love, it may be, with some girl on the next street; he has made up his mind to be a man, to succeed, to make somebody happy, to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination, he can see his own fireside, with the light falling on the faces of wife and child. The other five gentlemen, as little as they can, spend Sunday in dissipation, have a headache Monday, and, as a result, never advance. The industrious one, the one in love, gains the confidence of the other, and in a little while he cuts out work for these fellows. The first thing you know he has a shop of his own, the next a store. He does well, marries, builds a house of his own, and is happy. By-and-by he becomes a capitalist; and the other five shoemakers, unthrifty as ever, are in the conflict between capital and labor, and continue to drink small beer.

DID HE REASON?

A diligent dog stands at the head of the brute crew, trying to associate ideas. Zion's Herald, in telling an authentic anecdote of a dog, asks did the dog reason?

One of the purest Newfoundland extraction, and faithful and affectionate. It so happened that this gentleman lived was occasionally visited by a man from the most suspected of dishonesty. One day when he was all ready for a fishing excursion, and had left the house with his pocket-book, containing considerable money, lying loose upon the library table. Finding himself, he returned to the apartment, and his purse threw it to the dog, saying, "Take care of it," and walked out of the house.

Afterward, the same woman called, and as it happened the same pocket-book was lying in the same place. Finding the library, Carlo rose from the rug, walked to the table, picked up the treasure, and deliberated for a moment, then he stretched himself before her, and looking his eyes from her face; nor could she move.

Did the dog perfectly understand the case, and if he did, was it a process of reasoning?

THE LOCUST.

The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts, which are not known to us. The old historians and modern travellers remark that locusts are very numerous in Africa and many places of Asia; that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned that these creatures were commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries. Dr. Shaw, Neibuhr, Russell and many other travellers into the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes that, when they are sprinkled with salt and fried, they are not unlike in taste to our fresh water cray-fish. Russell says the Arabs salt them and eat them as a delicacy. Neibuhr also says that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried and kept for winter provisions. The ravages of the migratory locust have been, at particular times, so extensive, as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts and even kingdoms. In the year 593 of the Christian era, these insects appeared in such vast numbers as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them in 537. In 852 immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables, not even sparing the bark of trees or the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, etc. Their daily marches were observed to be about twenty miles each; and it is said that their progress was directed with so much order, that there were regular leaders among them, who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour the next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1141

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life of holiness, that sun shall set in its
brighter shall be the world that lies beyond
als.

FRANK A. MARSH.

HOW IT IS DONE.

men are generally considered lucky by their poor
Only that and nothing more. "He was always a

Gundry struck a match which flared a little and went out, and he had just struck a second one when the sound of approaching footsteps alarmed him and he sprang to lock the door, but too late; the door was forced open, and after a brief struggle, in which Tom and Joe were both thrown to the floor, Gundry was firmly secured and, informed that he was made a prisoner in the Queen's name, under a charge of forgery and fraud.

Seeing it in vain to make further resistance he submitted, and now demanded to know who they were, and by what authority they had thus assaulted him; then recognizing Joe, while a dark frown gathered on his brow he exclaimed sarcastically: "Ah, you are the beef merchant looking for fat cattle?"

"Yes, of a particular grade, for special customers," said Joe, "and I have at least found a fat calf, a *thorough-bred* scoundrel."

"And I," said Mr. Purcell, "have returned to thank you for your generosity in paying the expenses of my journey while travelling abroad."

"And we," said Tom, "have returned after inquiring into your title to the estate, as we promised, to make further arrangements about the disposal of it."

"And I," the constable added, "am here to invite you over to 'Squire Manly's, to make arrangements for your retirement from the anxieties of business life."

A deep groan was the only reply of the wretched man as he recognized the parties around him, and began to realize his situation.

Frank having taken possession of the papers, sent Joe down to the Cottage to announce the situation of affairs, and the party set out for the residence of 'Squire Manly.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those who do
Work that is earnest, good and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so,

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
O'er worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

OPPOSITES.

Once upon a time I had two neighbors, and one was the laugh and one was the cry of my life. I nicknamed them Sunshine and shadow. They were both well-to-do men, each with a comfortable house, a good garden, a flourishing business, a pretty wife, pretty little boys and girls, plenty of

friends, and in short, all and everything that reasonable people need in this world to make them happy. And one was happy—my bright, blessed sunshine; but the other was miserable, my sad, down-hearted Shadow.

Sunshine would walk with me past 'Squire Elwood's palatial mansion, and say, with emphasis:—"It does me good to see that pile of marble, for the 'Squire deserves just such a house. He has nobly earned it, and I hope he may live there until he no longer needs an earthly habitation. It's an ornament to the town, too," and then he would point out some minute bit of chiseling that had escaped my near-sighted eyes, and I would go home and be glad that 'Squire Elwood lived in our town, and wish we had a hundred more just like him.

Shadow would walk with me past the same fair mansion, and say, with a long drawn sigh: "It makes my heart ache to see so much gold and silver locked up in that house. No kind of use there, when if put at interest it would bring seven per cent. in the State and ten out West. The 'Squire ought to have known better than to have wasted his hard earnings that way; but he'll come to want yet. Such extravagance always breeds ruin. Quite out of place, too, in a small town like this. He'll end his days in the poor-house, mark my words now." And then he would point out some stone that to his eyes was not set by plummet and line, and I would go home and wonder if 'Squire Elwood wouldn't have done better to build a wooden house, and put his thousands at interest, and actually begin to think that the mansion was out of place in our town, and that the 'Squire was setting a bad example by his extravagant architecture.

Sunshine when asked to sign a note for a friend, would do so after taking all reasonable precautions to satisfy himself of the man's integrity and financial strength, and when he had signed it, he would go on his way rejoicing, never allowing the fact to cost him the loss of a nap or a meal. Shadow would sign one, taking all the precautions of Sunshine, and then—he would go about sighing, and the burden of his sigh was, "I did wrong to do it—I know I shall have to pay every cent myself."

Sunshine, getting a large bill changed, would give one quick, shrewd look at each note as he counted it, then thrust the roll in his pocket-book, and forget all about it till called upon to pay for something. Shadow, doing the same thing, would be constantly examining the notes, and worry himself into a fever lest there should be a counterfeit amongst them.

Sunshine, having just cause for anger with a man, would have it all out with him in plain, serious talk, and then be ready to shake hands and forget all about it. Shadow, instead of the square talk, would go ponting about the matter till he was ready to believe all men liars and thieves.

Sunshine would say to his darling wife: "When my ship comes in I'll dress you in velvets and diamonds; but meanwhile I'll love you heartily in your gingham and jets." Shadow would say to his darling wife: "You may as well make up your mind to wear calico all your life; my ship will never come in and if it did the lightning would strike it just as it was anchored."

Sunshine would walk in the graveyard and as he bordered his plot with beautiful flowers, would say tenderly, "I like to think of my last bed being out here under the sky, blossoms scenting the air, and birds filling it with music." Shadow would walk to his plot and as he trimmed a sombre fir-tree, would say bitterly, "This is the end. Just as one gets rich enough to live without labor, he is carted off to the bone-yard."

And so it went; Sunshine finding silver linings to all his clouds; Shadow seeing in his only the threatening thunder-bolt; Sunshine's heart full of singing voices; Shadow's full of sad prophecies; Sunshine's home a spot from which you hardly tear yourself away; Shadow's one from which you shrink as from a November storm. God bless you, my Sunshine; God help you, my shadow.

C. A. S.

KEEP BUSY.—The boy who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do little jobs, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we may forget our troubles. The boy whose mind and hands are busy, finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No one ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

THE NEW YEAR.

(By Buzz.)

A happy new year I wish you,
My loved one, my bonny wife;
With all my heart I wish it,
May you long enjoy this life.
May your path be plain and even
With here and there a care,
To remind you that of earth's troubles
E'en you must have a share.

A happy new year I wish you,
My children joyous and true;
With all my heart I wish it,
May you long enjoy life too.
May your school-days e'er be happy
Your after life the same
When Jordan's tide behind you rolls
May you heaven's blest shore gain.

LATCH-KEYS.

The moral latch-key for the use of young persons of the male sex, if not actually invented by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was improved and applied by him in a manner which makes his name stand high in the great patent office where angels register the good works done by man for men. The average pre-Arnold schoolmaster started with the axiom that the boy was a young wild beast by nature, and a matured liar by instinct. He treated him as such, and if he did not find him what he thought him, he made him so without delay, unless some special interposition of Providence or parents was exerted in his favor. School was a place of sharp punishments and sham rewards. We got kicks which we did not deserve, and halfpence which we did not earn. I have in my recollection a school from which every boy took away a prize when he went home for the holidays. Thus one of two results—both favorable to the school—was secured. If by a wise reticence the prize-holder led his parents and guardians to believe that his was the premium for distinguished merit, he got tipped, and so his mouth was shut about the caning. How could the best boy in the school deserve whipping? If he told the truth, and used his "Thompson's Seasons" as Becky Sharpe did her bible, then his ingratitude showed what a bad boy he was, and how richly he deserved his punishment.

Later on, I found myself under the other system. School life was made pleasant; punishments were carefully measured and carefully imposed; rewards not in the shape of regulation prizes to be shown at home, but of privileges at school which made the holder respected—were granted, and we were put upon our honor.

Now the natural shield of the weak—be their weakness physical or moral—is a lie, and lies are of many kinds. There is the lie direct, the lie by implication and evasion, the acted lie, and so on. At the first school I have mentioned we were made liars because we were not believed, at the other we told the truth because our word was taken. If some sneak lied, he did not escape, when the door of the "Doctor's" study closed behind him with a grim "You may go, sir," in his ear; he had to face another tribunal. The doctor sends for the monitor of the week, or the head of that sneak's house and says, "I do not think that sneak, Secundus, has told me the truth about what he was doing in the town last evening. Will you please see about it?" and seen about it is, upon this principle—if Sneak is to escape upon a falsehood, confidence would be impaired. Trueman might not be credited with a truth, and as there are more Truemen than Sneaks, there arose lamentations in Sneak's house that afternoon.

As the world we live in is but a school on a large scale similar principles ought to prevail. Do they? We have tried—other nations are trying still—the practice of repression and distrust. We are experimenting upon the opposite system. In our school there are two opposition houses; the one dame allows no latch-keys at all, the other scatters her *pas-pas-looks* broadcast. And if the bad boys—as represented above by Sneak—were in the minority, it is possible that the Truemen would keep order for her, and take care that her confidence is not misplaced. But unfortunately the Sneaks have it; they give tone to the establishment, and make its laws. The consequence is that riot and license prevail.

A LECTURE.

A few days ago we heard a brief conversation between two men, neither of whom was recognized by his voice, and we could not see them; but there was something of a moral to it that is too good to be lost. So here it is:

"How are ye? Just the man I was looking for. Got a fifty spot about you? I'm in a hard place."

"Yes, I have fifty dollars about me. But what do you want to do with it?"

"I want to borrow it, of course."

"Yes, I understand so far. But what use do you want to make of the money?"

"Why to pay bills with. What else could it be for?"

"What kind of bills?"

"Living bills. I can't raise money enough to keep, even if I'm to find a more fortunate fellow to borrow of, for creditors are urgent."

"But wait a moment. Ought I to lend you fifty dollars? Your income is as large as mine. I don't smoke; you do. I walk; you ride. My wife does her own work; yours keeps two girls. My wife makes her own dresses, all but the fitting; yours has a Boston dressmaker for a fortnight at a time, at a cost of three dollars a day."

"Stop your nonsense. Let's have the money, for I'm in a hurry."

"Not quite so fast. I am getting along in years, my wife and I are trying to lay up a little as we go on from year to year. Is it my duty to draw from those savings, to aid you? If circumstances were reversed, would you lend me fifty dollars?"

"Well, perhaps I wouldn't; but I wouldn't preach you a moral lecture. Good-day."—*P., in Salem Register.*

TIMELY JESTS.

Many a promotion has been secured by a timely jest. Marshal Junot, while still a young subaltern, attracted the attention of the commander-in-chief by coolly observing, as an Austrian shell scattered earth over the despatch which he was writing, at the latter's dictation, "It's very kind of them to 'sand' our letters for us."

The traditions of the English navy have preserved another instance of the kind well worth quoting. When the duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., went down to Portsmouth to inspect the British Seventy-fours, the guide allotted to him was a battered old lieutenant with one eye, who, lacking a "friend at court," had served for years without promotion.

As the veteran removed his hat to salute his royal visitor the latter remarked his baldness, and said, jestingly, "I see my friend, you have not spared your hair in your country's service."

"Why, Your Royal Highness," answered the old salt, "So many young fellows have stepped over my head that it's a wonder I have got any hair left."

The Duke laughed loudly at this professional joke, but he made a note of the old man's name at the same time, and in a few days after the latter was agreeably surprised to receive his appointment as captain.

"Whence come the fashions?" is a question often asked. The Transcript knows where one fashion came from. Several years ago a leading New York house imported, through a blunder, a large amount of a certain very ugly material, which would not sell, and lay dead upon their hands. Something had to be done. The proprietors of one or two fashion-papers were interviewed. The next week their columns told thousands of eager readers that there had recently been shown a new and stylish fabric which promised to be very fashionable and the statement was widely copied by the daily press. Retail dealers found their customers inquiring for it, and sought it of the jobbers. The jobbers in turn sought it of the importers, who quickly unloaded their whole stock at a handsome profit. The goods were voted "beautiful" and "stylish" and the fabric in question was "the rage" for a time. Just how much the fashion-papers were paid was never divulged. All of which shows how one fashion was "set," and "What fools these mortals be."

Any body can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let it go, like the man who caught the bear.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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Written for the Family Circle.

TO THE ROSE.

The Angel of the Flowers one day
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay,
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven;
Awakening from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the rose.

Oh! fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee,
Then said the rose with deepened glow,
On me another grace bestow.

The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace is there that flower has not.
And in a moment o'er the rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws.
And robed in nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower the rose exceed.

—H. G. Denman.

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER VI.

CLEVERLY CAPTURED.

As they had now nearly arrived at the station nearest to the Aberfoyle estate, Frank requested Mr. and Mrs. Purcell to go on with him to the next station, about two miles further, which was a more retired spot, and would afford them better opportunities to prosecute their enquires without arousing dangerous suspicions or subjecting themselves to awkward questions.

On arriving at their destination accommodations were arranged for at the little hotel which constituted the only dwelling in the immediate vicinity of the station, and which though of limited capacity was cleanly and orderly kept, the host being one of that class of men so highly appreciated on some occasions, who mind their own business and let other people's alone; dividing his time between the hotel, where he was usually found on the arrival of trains, and a piece of ground adjacent, which he cultivated with great care. Their hostess did not impress them so favorably; a certain restlessness of eye, and glancing from one to another indicated a degree of curiosity that was likely to seek gratification. So, after dinner, before going out, Frank cautioned Mrs. Purcell against letting a word drop that would lead to any suspicion of the object of their visit.

"You may trust me" said Mrs. Purcell.

Frank and Tom, Mr. Purcell and Joe then started, fully equipped for an afternoon's sport, in the direction of the wooded portion of the Aberfoyle estate.

"I am heartily glad," said Frank, when they had got away from the hotel, "that Mr. and Mrs. Purcell have come, for, with their evidence and that of Mrs. Trudell, I doubt not we can break the will under which Mr. Gundry holds the property, and convict him of fraud and forgery, but whether the property could then be secured to its rightful owner, or whether it would be distributed among Mr. Dennison's heirs as though no will had been made, would require a legal process to determine; but one would suppose that the evidence which would dispossess one would possess another. In any case it would be a question for a court of Chancery to decide, and if we should fail to discover the genuine will we will have that to fall back upon; but if we can obtain it, we can secure the ends of justice more certainly by a more summary and less expensive method."

As the game of which they were in search did not require the expenditure of ammunition, and would be more likely to be secured by a species of what in sportsman's parlance might be called still hunting, after making a detour for the sake of learning the lay of the ground, and meeting with nothing but a few pheasants, to secure which would involve interference with the quiet which they wished to observe, Tom remarked that he thought it best they should cultivate a humane disposition by allowing them to live. Joe, however, who did not so fully comprehend the importance of their humane decision advised to 'let drive' at them. Frank simply shook his head, which Joe interpreted to mean that not only was shooting inadmissible, but that it was also desirable he should keep the exercise of his vocal organs within more restricted limits. It was therefore with comparative quiet that they continued their walk which they soon changed to the direction of the old castle near which they at length seated themselves in a position where they could observe all that might transpire between the castle and the cottage without being observed themselves.

The only thing, however, that rewarded their attention was the fact that Gundry was on the premises, he having been observed going to and fro between the house and the stables.

"It appears to me" said Tom, "this thing is likely to grow monotonous. "It looks too much like four fools watching a fifth. We might watch here a fortnight without any results. Suppose we make a raid upon the old castle and see what we can discover."

"Not so fast Tom; be patient," said Frank. "It is true, if we waited here for something to turn up, we might have to wait a long time but I do not propose to do that. It is, however, a good place to consider what is best to be done, and to arrange plans; and if something does not turn up we must turn something up. I do not think, however, it would be prudent to make a raid as you say on the old castle at present; as the only thing we would be likely to discover would be that we were discovered. The question is: how can we most expeditiously and with least risk of failure conduct operations leading to the recovery of the will. And as there would be too much risk of failure in searching for it openly without any definite idea of its locality, I think it will be necessary to spur up Mr. Gundry's sensibilities on the subject a little

and let him hunt it up for us, we in the mean time keeping watch and when the proper moment arrives quietly possessing ourselves of the document."

"A capital idea," said Tom, "but it will hardly do for us to go as thieves or robbers to take violent possession of the property in an unauthorized way. If a course like that is to be pursued we must arm ourselves with a warrant for the arrest of Gundry, which if we make no discovery we will have to do in the end, and then if we can get him unconsciously to reveal the secret hiding place of the will before arrest it will be so much clear gain; as in that case, we may be able to seize upon both the villain and the will at the same time."

"Very true," said Frank, and as time is precious I propose that we make arrangements to put our plans in execution to-morrow, as I cannot see that anything is to be gained by delay and on the contrary all may be lost."

"But we have no plans as yet," said Tom, "unless you have some ideas which you have not communicated."

"I have a plan," Frank replied, that I think will bring matters promptly to a crisis: it is this—having armed ourselves with the requisite legal authority, we will send Joe down to the cottage to-morrow afternoon, and let him in course of conversation drop a hint that Mr. and Mrs. Purcell have returned to the neighborhood; and if that does not set him to thinking seriously about the will and make him anxious to look at, and handle it once more, I miss my calculations. The question will arise, what is to be done with it? It assists most men when they wish to dispose of anything to see or handle it, before making up their minds, and if Gundry should contemplate making any other disposition of the will he must of course lay hands upon it before he can do so, and as I am satisfied from what I have already learned that the will is somewhere about these old ruins, we will stay here awaiting developments, and in the mean time let Joe after leaving the cottage secrete himself where he can watch Gundry's movements. "What do you think of the idea?"

"Capital! capital," they all exclaimed.

"Do you think you can manage your part of the programme Joe?" said Frank.

"Trust me for that said Joe," I'll drop in to buy some fat cattle; it looks to me as if there are some down there in a field near the barn."

"Good! it is all arranged then," Frank replied. And now as the sun is getting low we will return to our lodgings and make our arrangements for the morrow."

They accordingly arose, and on their return were fortunate enough to shoot a brace of pheasants, which their hostess prepared for the morrow's breakfast.

To this after a good night's repose they did ample justice, and then after hunting up a country squire and making the necessary deposition, obtained a warrant for the arrest of Gundry, on a charge of fraud and forgery. The warrant was placed in the hands of a constable who consented to act under their direction.

Early in the afternoon they returned to the position occupied the day before near the old ruins, and Joe passing along the old road through the shrubbery until he struck the travelled road leading from the highway to the cottage, soon presented himself at the door and enquired for Mr. Gundry. He was shown into the parlor, and in a few minutes a gentleman entered looking enquiringly at his visitor.

"I suppose you are Mr. Gundry the *manager* of this estate," said Joe.

"That is my name; what may be your business with me," Gundry replied.

"That is just what I was going to come at," said Joe.

"I suppose you have occupied this estate for the last seven years?"

"I have, but why do you ask?" Gundry responded with a slight change of color.

"Oh! nothing, only I wanted to be sure you were the same party. You see I am looking for a high grade of fat cattle for special customers, and while coming to this neighborhood I fell in with a man that told me he had lived here some seven years ago, and that you always had the best cattle in the neighborhood. He didn't know whether you was still in charge of the estate, but he thought if you was I could get just what I wanted here."

"May I ask who gave you that information? That is, do you know what his name is?"

"I think he said his name is Purcell. He and his wife were returning after an absence of seven years. They said the estate was about changing hands when they left, the former owner having died, and left the estate to a young girl, and that probably you might be managing it still, that is why I wanted to know if you were the same party that raised the fine cattle formerly."

Gundry who was deathly pale and greatly agitated replied: "The cattle are in the field just beyond the barn, you can go and see them and if they suit, there will be no difficulty about the price, but you will excuse me going out as I am quite unwell, and this conversation has called up recollections of my old friend's death that have quite upset me."

"Very well, after I have seen them I will call and let you know whether they will suit."

After inspecting the cattle Joe called at the door and requested the girl who opened it to inform Mr. Gundry that the cattle did not suit.

He then went toward the highway, and after passing out of sight secreted himself among the shrubbery, where he could have a good view of the house, and observe if Mr. Gundry left the building.

In the mean time, Mr. Gundry paced up and down the room in violent agitation, cursing the fate that brought back Mr. Purcell to thwart his schemes, and wrest from him the property he had so long enjoyed. And then he began to think what was to be done. And first he said to himself; "I must see him and buy him over, or get him to leave the country, or—let him get sick and die, as Dennison did: 'dead men tell no tales.' But there's his wife; where one goes the other must go.—I must get them here to live with me, then I can manage them. I wish they were where the will is, or where Dennison is—may be they would be better off, ha! ha! Fool that I am, that I did not send them to a place where they would have to stay.—I fear they have done mischief already!—The will must be destroyed this very night, and tomorrow I must get them here—to stay! yes, to stay!—If I want her to get the property at my death it can be done without the will.—No room for conscience now. If one will be a villain he must be one out and out and stick at nothing."

With that he took his hat, procured a dark lantern out of a closet, and concealing it in a capacious pocket, left the cottage, as he thought, unobserved, and taking his course down past the barn he came to a depression running in the direction of the old castle, which he followed.

Joe now lost sight of him, but cautiously ascending to a higher elevation along which the old road ran, he saw that Gundry was moving in the direction of the castle, and must be in full view of Frank and Tom.

It was now close upon sunset, and the shadows of the forest to the west were already throwing a mantle of gloom over the ruins, and contracting the range of vision, so that objects at the distance of the cottage were but dimly discernible when Gundry entered the ruins, and was lost to sight. Our friends now feared that he had gone to some secret room on the opposite side of the ruins; but they were soon reassured when they heard a sound as of returning footsteps and then more distinctly, the sound of a key entering a lock, and then they saw a dim light shining out through the dust covered window, as they had seen it on the occasion of their first visit to the castle.

They now approached the window noiselessly, and Frank standing upon some rubbish was enabled to look in. As he did so Gundry set down the lantern and pressing against a spot in the wall which concealed a secret spring, a stone in the floor turned up edgewise on pivots, and revealed a little opening. Into this Gundry thrust his arm and drew out a package of papers, from the middle of which he selected one. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "my beauty, here goes your title. I once thought to have restored it after making a fortune for myself, but sentiment and conscience are ruled out now; to the flames I shall commit you, and no better place than here."

"Now is your time," said Frank in a whisper, "quiet but quick! or it may be too late."

Tom, the constable, and Joe, who had now joined them, made a rush for the entrance to the room as fast as the rough nature of the ground would permit; and in the mean time

Gundry struck a match which flared a little and went out, and he had just struck a second one when the sound of approaching footsteps alarmed him and he sprang to lock the door, but too late; the door was forced open, and after a brief struggle, in which Tom and Joe were both thrown to the floor, Gundry was firmly secured and, informed that he was made a prisoner in the Queen's name, under a charge of forgery and fraud.

Seeing it in vain to make further resistance he submitted, and now demanded to know who they were, and by what authority they had thus assaulted him; then recognizing Joe, while a dark frown gathered on his brow he exclaimed sarcastically, "Ah, you are the best merchant looking for fat cattle?"

"Yes, of a particular grade, for special customers," said Joe, "and I have at least found a fat calf, a *thorough-bred* scoundrel."

"And I," said Mr. Purcell, "have returned to thank you for your generosity in paying the expenses of my journey while travelling abroad."

"And we," said Tom, "have returned after inquiring into your title to the estate, as we promised, to make further arrangements about the disposal of it."

"And I," the constable added, "am here to invite you over to 'Squire Manly's, to make arrangements for your retirement from the anxieties of business life."

A deep groan was the only reply of the wretched man as he recognized the parties around him, and began to realize his situation.

Frank having taken possession of the papers, sent Joe down to the Cottage to announce the situation of affairs, and the party set out for the residence of 'Squire Manly.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those who do
Work that is earnest, good and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so,

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
O'er worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

OPPOSITES.

Once upon a time I had two neighbors, and one was the laugh and one was the cry of my life. I nicknamed them Sunshine and shadow. They were both well-to-do men, each with a comfortable house, a good garden, a flourishing business, a pretty wife, pretty little boys and girls, plenty of

friends, and in short, all and everything that reasonable people need in this world to make them happy. And one was happy—my bright, blessed sunshine; but the other was miserable, my sad, down-hearted shadow.

Sunshine would walk with me past 'Squire Elwood's palatial mansion, and say, with emphasis:—"It does me good to see that pile of marble, for the 'Squire deserves just such a house. He has nobly earned it, and I hope he may live there until he no longer needs an earthly habitation. It's an ornament to the town, too," and then he would point out some minute bit of chiseling that had escaped my near-sighted eyes, and I would go home and be glad that 'Squire Elwood lived in our town, and wish we had a hundred more just like him.

Shadow would walk with me past the same fair mansion, and say, with a long drawn sigh: "It makes my heart ache to see so much gold and silver locked up in that house. No kind of use there, when if put at interest it would bring seven per cent. in the State and ten out West. The 'Squire ought to have known better than to have wasted his hard earnings that way; but he'll come to want yet. Such extravagance always breeds ruin. Quite out of place, too, in a small town like this. He'll end his days in the poor-house, mark my words now." And then he would point out some stone that to his eyes was not set by plummet and line, and I would go home and wonder if 'Squire Elwood wouldn't have done better to build a wooden house, and put his thousands at interest, and actually begin to think that the mansion was out of place in our town, and that the 'Squire was setting a bad example by his extravagant architecture.

Sunshine when asked to sign a note for a friend, would do so after taking all reasonable precautions to satisfy himself of the man's integrity and financial strength, and when he had signed it, he would go on his way rejoicing, never allowing the fact to cost him the loss of a nap or a meal. Shadow would sign one, taking all the precautions of Sunshine, and then—he would go about sighing, and the burden of his sigh was, "I did wrong to do it—I know I shall have to pay every cent myself."

Sunshine, getting a large bill changed, would give one quick, shrewd look at each note as he counted it, then thrust the roll in his pocket-book, and forget all about it till called upon to pay for something. Shadow, doing the same thing, would be constantly examining the notes, and worry himself into a fever lest there should be a counterfeit amongst them.

Sunshine, having just cause for anger with a man, would have it all out with him in plain, serious talk, and then be ready to shake hands and forget all about it. Shadow, instead of the square talk, would go pouting about the matter till he was ready to believe all men liars and thieves.

Sunshine would say to his darling wife: "When my ship comes in I'll dress you in velvets and diamonds; but meanwhile I'll love you heartily in your gingham and jets." Shadow would say to his darling wife: "You may as well make up your mind to wear calico all your life; my ship will never come in" and if it did the lightning would strike it just as it was anchored."

Sunshine would walk in the graveyard and as he bordered his plot with beautiful flowers, would say tenderly, "I like to think of my last bed being out here under the sky, blossoms scenting the air, and birds filling it with music." Shadow would walk to his plot and as he trimmed a sombre fir-tree, would say bitterly. This is the end. Just as one gets rich enough to live without labor, he is carted off to the bone-yard.

And so it went; Sunshine finding silver linings to all his clouds; Shadow seeing in his only the threatening thunderbolt; Sunshine's heart full of singing voices; Shadow's full of sad prophecies; Sunshine's home a spot from which you hardly tear yourself away; Shadow's one from which you shrink as from a November storm. God bless you, my Sunshine; God help you, my shadow.

C. A. S.

KEEP BUSY.—The boy who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do little jobs, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we may forget our troubles. The boy whose mind and hands are busy, finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No one ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

THE NEW YEAR.

(By Buzz.)

A happy new year I wish you,
My loved one, my bonny wife;
With all my heart I wish it,
May you long enjoy this life.
May your path be plain and even
With here and there a care,
To remind you that of earth's troubles
E'en you must have a share.

A happy new year I wish you,
My children joyous and true;
With all my heart I wish it,
May you long enjoy life too.
May your school-days e'er be happy
Your after life the same
When Jordan's tide behind you rolls
May you heaven's blest shore gain.

LATCH-KEYS.

The moral latch-key for the use of young persons of the male sex, if not actually invented by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was improved and applied by him in a manner which makes his name stand high in the great patent office where angels register the good works done by man for men. The average pre-Arnold schoolmaster started with the axiom that the boy was a young wild beast by nature, and a matured liar by instinct. He treated him as such, and if he did not find him what he thought him, he made him so without delay, unless some special interposition of Providence or parents was exerted in his favor. School was a place of sharp punishments and sham rewards. We got kicks which we did not deserve, and half-pence which we did not earn. I have in my recollection a school from which every boy took away a prize when he went home for the holidays. Thus one of two results—both favorable to the school—was secured. If by a wise reticence the prize-holder led his parents and guardians to believe that his was the premium for distinguished merit, he got tipped, and so his mouth was shut about the caning. How could the best boy in the school deserve whipping? If he told the truth, and used his "Thompson's Seasons" as Becky Sharpe did her bible, then his ingratitude showed what a bad boy he was, and how richly he deserved his punishment.

Later on, I found myself under the other system. School life was made pleasant; punishments were carefully measured and carefully imposed; rewards not in the shape of regulation prizes to be shown at home, but of privileges at school which made the holder respected—were granted, and we were put upon our honor.

Now the natural shield of the weak—be their weakness physical or moral—is a lie, and lies are of many kinds. There is the lie direct, the lie by implication and evasion, the acted lie, and so on. At the first school I have mentioned we were made liars because we were not believed; at the other we told the truth because our word was taken. If some sneak lied, he did not escape, when the door of the "Doctor's" study closed behind him with a grim "You may go, sir," in his ear; he had to face another tribunal. The doctor sends for the monitor of the week, or the head of that sneak's house and says, "I do not think that sneak, Secundus, has told me the truth about what he was doing in the town last evening. Will you please see about it?" and seen about it is, upon this principle—if Sneak is to escape upon a falsehood, confidence would be impaired. Trueman might not be credited with a truth, and as there are more Truemen than Sneaks, there arose lamentations in Sneak's house that afternoon.

As the world we live in is but a school on a large scale similar principles ought to prevail. Do they? We have tried—other nations are trying still—the practice of repression and distrust. We are experimenting upon the opposite system. In our school there are two opposition houses; the one dame allows no latch-keys at all, the other scatters her *pas-pas-touts* broadcast. And if the bad boys—as represented above by Sneak—were in the minority, it is possible that the Truemen would keep order for her, and take care that her confidence is not misplaced. But unfortunately the Sneaks have it: they give tone to the establishment, and make its laws. The consequence is that riot and license prevail.

A LECTURE.

A few days ago we heard a brief conversation between two men, neither of whom was recognized by his voice, and we could not see them; but there was something of a moral to it that is too good to be lost. So here it is:

"How are ye? Just the man I was looking for. Got a fifty spot about you? I'm in a hard place."

"Yes, I have fifty dollars about me. But what do you want to do with it?"

"I want to borrow it, of course."

"Yes, I understand so far. But what use do you want to make of the money?"

"Why to pay bills with. What else could it be for?"

"What kind of bills?"

"Living bills. I can't raise money enough to keep, even if I'm to find a more fortunate fellow to borrow of, for creditors are urgent."

"But wait a moment. Ought I to lend you fifty dollars? Your income is as large as mine. I don't smoke; you do. I walk; you ride. My wife does her own work; yours keeps two girls. My wife makes her own dresses, all but the fitting; yours has a Boston dressmaker for a fortnight at a time, at a cost of three dollars a day."

"Stop your nonsense. Let's have the money, for I'm in a hurry."

"Not quite so fast. I am getting along in years, my wife and I are trying to lay up a little as we go on from year to year. Is it my duty to draw from those savings, to aid you? If circumstances were reversed, would you lend me fifty dollars?"

"Well, perhaps I wouldn't; but I wouldn't preach you a moral lecture. Good-day."—*P., in Salem Register.*

TIMELY JESTS.

Many a promotion has been secured by a timely jest. Marshal Jnnot, while still a young subaltern, attracted the attention of the commander-in-chief by coolly observing, as an Austrian shell scattered earth over the despatch which he was writing, at the latter's dictation, "It's very kind of them to 'sand' our letters for us."

The traditions of the English navy have preserved another instance of the kind well worth quoting. When the duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., went down to Portsmouth to inspect the British Seventy-fours, the guide allotted to him was a battered old lieutenant with one eye, who, lacking a "friend at court," had served for years without promotion.

As the veteran removed his hat to salute his royal visitor the latter remarked his baldness, and said, jestingly, "I see my friend, you have not spared your hair in your country's service."

"Why, Your Royal Highness," answered the old salt, "So many young fellows have stepped over my head that it's a wonder I have got any hair left."

The Duke laughed loudly at this professional joke, but he made a note of the old man's name at the same time, and in a few days after the latter was agreeably surprised to receive his appointment as captain.

"Whence come the fashions?" is a question often asked. The Transcript knows where one fashion came from. Several years ago a leading New York house imported, through a blunder, a large amount of a certain very ugly material, which would not sell, and lay dead upon their hands. Something had to be done. The proprietors of one or two fashion-papers were interviewed. The next week their columns told thousands of eager readers that there had recently been shown a new and stylish fabric which promised to be very fashionable and the statement was widely copied by the daily press. Retail dealers found their customers inquiring for it, and sought it of the jobbers. The jobbers in turn sought it of the importers, who quickly unloaded their whole stock at a handsome profit. The goods were voted "beautiful" and "stylish" and the fabric in question was "the rage" for a time. Just how much the fashion-papers were paid was never divulged. All of which shows how one fashion was "set," and "What fools these mortals be."

Any body can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let it go, like the man who caught the bear.

The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay me"—repeat it darling."

"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep," "To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord,"—the sound came faintly—
Fainter still—"My soul to keep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Provoking Chirography.

Professor S., whose loss is deeply lamented in the scholastic circles of New York, was at one time a highly-valued contributor to the journal of which he afterward took charge and being one day introduced to its editor, was greeted with every expression of cordiality and respect. It was a great pleasure to meet one whose learning and services had been etc., etc. "But, professor," added the editor, turning upon him and seizing his hand with sudden earnestness, and with solemnity in his face, "I hope you pray for my printers!"

The professor replied that he was very happy to offer his prayers in behalf of any who were in need of them; but what was the special urgency in this case?

"Ah!" answered the editor shaking his head impressively "if you could but hear them swear when they get to work on your manuscript!"

A SHARP REBUKE.

At the close of the troubles of 1871-1872, in Paris, when the salons were shyly opening their doors, an elegant soiree was going on in the apartments of a distinguished American. Among the guests was a young French lieutenant, the bearer of an ancient name and of a decoration gallantly won. A German musician sat down to the piano and began to play the triumphal march of the Emperor of Germany. The company exchanged glances; the lieutenant rose gravely went to the mantel-piece, took the tongs, snatched up the piece of music, and threw it into the fire. Turning towards the amazed musician, he said, coolly, "It is not sufficient, monsieur, to be an artist of talent; it is of still more importance to be well bred."

THE WIFE.

Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; her opinion asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain and toil and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein any adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed in words and deeds for I have not one spark of faith in love that never creeps out—is to a house as a person to a machine—one is life, the other mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is an entire stranger. The deep happiness of her heart shines out in her face. She gleams over. It is airy, graceful and warm and welcoming with her presence; she is full of devotion, and plans sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done

with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

It is sad to see persons who might enjoy much of happiness in the world, hunting their surroundings for some dark, forbidding and unpleasant thing to be groaned over, instead of living in the sunlight, and gathering pleasant things in the garden of observation and experience. The present is a dark time in the nation, yet there are many pleasant things to contemplate in connection with it, and now. The following thoughts are well timed, and may be profitably treasured up:

Look on the bright side of things. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy, sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. Fall one half of our ills are only an imagination. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten inches where it is black one. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to the man. There would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill where there was nothing to disturb the calm surface of the ocean.

It is the duty of every one to extract all the enjoyment and happiness he can without and within him; and above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn and night end in broad day. In the long run, and very often in the short, the great balance rights itself.

What is ill becomes well; what is wrong, right. Men were not made to hang down either their heads or their lips, and those who do so only show that they are departing from the path of common sense and right.

ACTIVITY NOT ENERGY.

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others as well as to themselves, they are industrious, prudent and economical; yet after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say fate is always against them. But the fact is that they miscarry because they mistake mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy they would be certain to advance their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would succeed is like a marksman shooting at a target; if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might as well have been left undone. Everybody knows some cone in his circle of friends, who, though always active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in various ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive capacity when he should have a directive one; in other language he makes a capital clerk of himself when he ought to do the thinking of the business. In other cases what is done is not done either at the right time or in the right way. Energy, correctly understood, is activity proportioned to the end.

RICH AND POOR.—That man is rich who lives within his income; he has enough and to spare. He is rich or poor according as he limits and controls his desires; and when he has sufficient for his needs he should remember that all additions are a burden, that the temptations and perplexities incident to overgrown wealth more than counterbalance its seeming advantages. The sage of old desired neither poverty nor riches. "Tell your master," said a Roman general to the ambassador of the King of Persia, who came to bribe him with great wealth, and found him washing the vegetables that were to constitute his dinner with his own hands, "tell your master that all the gold in Persia can never bribe the man who can contentedly live on turnips." That is the real secret of happiness: be content with what you have.

UNGUARDED TONGUES.

Tongues unguarded throw disaster
 Right and left, for words run wild,
 Cutting deep, dividing fond hearts,
 Turning parents from a child.
 Pleadings cannot stay their mischiefs,
 Tears cannot assuage each wound;
 Sorrow hovers o'er the places
 Where unguarded tongues are found.

I have seen the laugh of childhood
 Checked by some forbidding tone;
 For harsh words of constant chiding
 Wear like drippings on a stone.
 Fed by frowns, the child of nature
 Dons a moody, sullen air;
 Innocence gives place to boldness,
 Joyfulness to grim despair.

I have seen the cheek of girlhood
 Blanch beneath a thoughtless word,
 While a rush of bitter anguish
 All unsought the young heart stirred;
 Visions of a faithless lover,
 Trusted, while the trust proved vain—
 These, cold words of careless meaning,
 Quick aroused to fresh, deep pain.

I have seen the eye of old age
 Under tears grow dim and blurred—
 Tears that gathered fast by tauntings,
 Or by some unfeeling word.
 Sad indeed to see the aged
 Hurried to their graves by woe!
 But they whisper, very often,
 "We are burthens, well we know."

O, how keen a wedge is driven
 In fond hearts by words that sting—
 Words that ever stand out boldly,
 Though years pass and changes ring!
 Unkind words were better banished
 From the lips of old and young;
 Each should learn and heed the motto,
 "Set a guard before thy tongue."

RASHNESS AND MODERATION.

There are people whose natural movements are quick. Their physical organization is such that they act on the instant. A highly-strung nervous system, a mercurial temperament, a mind of ready and comprehensive grasp, these are sure to overcome sluggishness, break the barriers of restraint, and force a man hurriedly on to the arena where he must do, or fail to do, his best possible work. The counterpart of the characteristics named is always observable.

Heavy, phlegmatic people, unaccustomed to sudden motion, unable to overcome physical or mental inertia in the twinkling of an eye—such as these one need not go far to meet. They demand time for the execution of such tasks as fall to their lot. They will tell you that Rome was not built in a day, and deprecate every kind of work that is turned off in haste. If forced to declare which of these distinct classes has an advantage over the other it is probable that the decision would be greatly influenced by one's own constitutional peculiarities. But the question of superiority may be dropped for the time, allowing comment to run more exclusively upon the wide-awake, agitating, impetuous kind of people, known for better or for worse in all the walks of life. Dash is perhaps as expressive a word as can be used in the description of a quality which has made heroes in a day, and also brought on as sudden overthrow and disgraceful notoriety.

Much is jeopardized, the stake is great, when impetuosity strikes wildly for some object. It may waste itself for naught. It may go wild of any prize whatever. Or, luck on its side, or quick-sighted intelligence, then it will make a brilliant hit, putting in the shade all timid and lagging rivals. Will you be fast, taking all the chances of shattering yourself into pieces; or slow, incurring little danger and most likely falling into a dull sort of content? Temperament, your whole

bodily and mental make-up, will settle the question. The ardent man with no little difficulty can quench his zeal. He is all alive with enthusiasm as soon as he confronts a stirring issue. Excitement may possibly disturb his mental equilibrium so much that his judgment cannot safely be trusted; but he can wait for no careful adjustment. His impulse is to dash; and if reason attempts to hold him back, then reason will be disowned. Nor are we to believe that reason always declares against precipitous action.

Generals have decided the issues of battle by orders growing out of situations suddenly sprung upon them. Politicians have taken, as for dear life, to this or that faction of a divided party, at the beginning of some exciting canvass. So have the boldest of them struck out on ambitious ventures, raising new issues, breaking away from old leaderships, if only they might themselves become leaders. Business men are constantly presenting illustrations of what dash can do for the fortunes of men. The stock board is feverish almost to the degree of delirium. It is life or death whether there is an advance or falling off from the prices of to-day's purchase. The decision to build a mill for manufacturing purposes, at the cost of a million, foreseeing what may come from dull times, labor strikes, over-production, and what-not, is a dash, it may be, into financial ruin. Let this ready, off-hand style of doing things have all that can reasonably be claimed for it.

It keeps the world in motion. There are enough cool, calculating, conservative people, who will apply the brakes when the motion threatens serious danger. An occasional catastrophe might be preferred rather than to be forever hovering around one's hearth-stone, afraid to step outside into the circle of the world's pleasures or business. Opposite to precipitancy, which often borders upon recklessness, is excessive caution. Tame people will be sure to prefer the latter. So may some strong minds of peculiar tendencies. But some robust spirits, mighty forces in moving the affairs of the world, will not deplore altogether those sudden and violent strokes for fortune or position whose results human ken can so faintly forecast.

Winter Plants.

In winter my plants are in my kitchen, where they have an abundance of steam and the benefit of a wood fire; I have not much faith in gas-heated rooms for plants; then on Monday I just roll out the table, and give them first a shower bath of suds, then of clear water. For bottom heat, nothing easier; just turn those shelves, which most housewives have on their stoves for bread-raising, etc., so there will not be too strong a heat, and you have it; or if the aforesaid shelves are occupied, and all at once you are inspired with the idea that some of their toes are cold, just set them in a saucer of hot water. I generally take it when boiling, and have never killed any yet, and let them suck up all they want, then after a while throw out what is left. Never let them stand in water for a long time.

Whenever bottom heat is mentioned in this article, just imagine them either on the shelves or standing ankle deep in hot water. If any one is skeptical about the hot water, just try it first on some poor specimen that wouldn't be a great loss, and see how it works.—*Household.*

Outdone by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand-boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him about being so small, and said to him:

"You will never amount to much; you can never do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

A WOMAN'S DEATH WOUND.

It left upon her tender flesh no trace.
The murderer is safe. As swift as light
The weapon fell, and, in the summer night,
Did scarce the silent dewy air displace.
'Twas but a word. A blow had been less base.
Like dumb beast branded by an iron white
With heat, she turned in blind and helpless flight,
But then remembered, and with piteous face
Came back.

Since then the world has nothing missed
In her in voice or smile. But she—each day
She counts until her dying be complete.
One moan she makes, and ever doth repeat,
"O lips which I had loved and kissed and kissed
Did I deserve to die this bitterest way?"

—From *"A Masque of Poets."*

STUDIOUS BOY.

About the year 1596 a poor lad of seventeen was seen traveling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of a stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and in his pocket an old purse with a few pieces of money given him by his mother, when with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road, a short distance from their own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious people, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor hard for a living. He was a goodly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk; and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the bookseller's window, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University of Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arrived at the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirits depressed, he knew not what to do.

He had heard of Exeter College in Oxford, and there he went, and to his great delight, was engaged to carry fuel into the kitchen, and to clean pans and kettles, and such kinds of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might often be seen reading a book.

His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into the college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants.

He studied hard, and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very successful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a great scholar, but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say: "If I had been a parish clerk of Uxborough I should never have been Bishop of Worcester." He left many works as fruits of his industry and learning.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Many parents who have sons and daughters growing up are anxious for them to get into good society. This is an honorable anxiety, if it interprets good society after some lofty fashion. Parents, your daughter is in good society when she is with girls who are sweet, and pure, and true hearted; who are not vain and frivolous; who think of something else besides dress, or flirting, or marriage; between whom and their parents there is confidence; who are useful as well as ornamental in the house; who cultivate their minds, and train their hands to skillful workmanship. If society of this sort is not to be had then none at all is preferable to a worthless article. See to it that you impress this on your children, and above all, that you do not encourage them to think that good

society is a matter of fine clothes, or wealth or boasting to be somebody. As you value your child's soul, guard her against these miserable counterfeits; and impress upon her that intelligence, and simplicity, and modesty and goodness, are the only legal coin. The same rule holds for boys as well as girls. You would have these enter good society. Do not imagine that you have accomplished it when you have got them in with a set of boys whose parents are wealthier than you, who dress better than your boy can afford to, and who pride themselves on their social position. Good society for boys is the society of boys who are honest and straightforward, and who have no bad habits, who are earnest and ambitious. They are not in a hurry to become men. They are not ambitious for the company of shallow heartless women, old enough to be their mothers, and are not envious of their friends who fancy there is something grand in dulling all the edge of their hearts hope upon such jaded favorites. There is nothing sadder than to see either young men or women priding themselves upon the society which they enjoy, when verily it is a Dead Sea apple that will choke them with its dust, when they see some generous juicy fruit to cool their lips and stay the hunger of their souls!

A Christian in the Smoking Car.

One objection to the habit of using tobacco is the bondage into which it brings a man. It is not merely that the habit itself is fastened on him so that, in most cases, he cannot get away from it if he would; but it is that he is bound and limited by it in his daily life, so that he must find time and place for it however he is circumstanced; and in meeting this necessity he is often compelled to choose between putting himself in the worst of company and in the most disagreeable of places, or he must make himself bad company, and the place where he is disagreeable. It takes time to smoke a cigar, and more time to smoke five cent cigars. It is not always that a man can smoke in the presence of ladies, or in the common apartments of the home where he finds himself. If he is a guest where there is no smell of stale tobacco in the house he needs to leave pleasant companionships and go out of doors to enjoy his cigar, or be made uncomfortable by its lack. If he is at a hotel, or on a railway train, he must seek the place of tobacco users, which is commonly a filthy apartment where are sure to be found the vilest occupants of the establishment, whoever may be there. If tobacco using were otherwise desirable, it would indeed be a pity that it forced a decent Christian man into the air and associations of the average smoking car, and necessitated his remaining there, on a level for a time being, in his tastes and pursuits, with those who are there assembled. If a refined and sensible mother had no other inducement to struggle and pray in dead earnest to keep her loved boy from the love of tobacco, she could find it in her desire to shield him from smoking car influences and companionships. The tobacco user is in bondage by his habit to evil associations which he might otherwise avoid; and the necessity is, by that habit upon him, of often separating himself from the influences of the purest and most refining society and of having in their stead influences which, as far as they go, are polluting and debasing.—*S S Times*.

LABOR.—Labor, honest labor, is mighty and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life and its highest relish. Luxury and conquests are the result of labor; we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and ordinance of God. Suspend labor and where is the glory and pomp of the earth? the fruit, fields and palaces, and the fashionings of matter, for which men strive and war? Let the labor-scorner look to himself, and learn what are the trophies. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot (unless he is a Carib, naked as the beast) he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tricked him into the stature and appearance of a man. Where gets he his garmenting and equipage? Let labor answer. Labor, which makes music in the mine and the furrow and the forge, Oh! scorn labor, do you, man, who never yet earned a morsel of bread! Labor pities you, proud fool, and laughs you to scorn. You shall pass to dust, forgotten, but labor will live on forever, glorious in its conquests and monuments.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Benefits Derived from Perspiration.

The skin contains about seven million of little perspiratory tubes, the mouths or openings of which are called pores. Each of these tubes is about a quarter of an inch in length, and constitutes a drain pipe for carrying impurities and deleterious matters from the body. Two-thirds of the waste and effete matters of the system are carried off in this way. These pores often become partially closed, and this causes disease; if entirely closed, death results in a few hours from accumulation of poisonous matters in the blood.

Fourcault coated cats with pitch, and guinea-pigs with varnish, and they died in consequence. He partially coated rabbits with tar, and produced in them scurf and consumption. He covered the fore part of a dog with gum, and the animal became paralyzed in its hind legs.

Taking cold is simply a partial obstruction of the functions of the perspiratory tubes. Fevers, inflammations, rheumatism, gout, consumption, paralysis, and a host of other diseases are thus caused. The Turkish Bath, or anything that will promote free perspiration, tends to carry off the poisons which occasion disease, and thus restore to health.

By drinking pure water, and perspiring freely, the blood is cleansed of its impurities, and a vigorous and healthy action of that important fluid is promoted.

CARELESS.—Carelessness about the use of poisons is not confined to Americans. A strange thing recently occurred at Gais, in Switzerland. A school-master was explaining to his pupils the nature of certain vegetable poisons, and, to illustrate his lessons, he had produced a bunch of belladonna. After showing the class how to distinguish the berries of this plant, he threw it, somewhat thoughtlessly as would appear, in a corner, intending to destroy it when the class was over. Meanwhile, his little boy, who was playing about in the school-room, picked up the bunch, and before he was noticed, ate several of the berries of the deadly belladonna. A few hours afterward the child died in great agony.

TREES.—Certain kinds of trees, if placed in a malarious district, will neutralize the dangerous effects of impure gases. The gum bark trees of Australia belong to this order. Another tree has been mentioned, which should, if it will perform the service claimed for it, be very generally cultivated, as it can be easily obtained and readily grown. This is the common willow. It is asserted by those professing to have had experience, that, if cordons of these trees are planted around areas from which malarious gases exude they will effectually prevent their diffusion. The remedy is certainly a simple one, and if it can be demonstrated to be reliable, there is no reason why it should not be put in practice.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING.—An excellent antidote for arsenic is a chemical substance called hydrated peroxide of iron, freshly prepared, which can only be obtained of a druggist. But do not wait for this. While it is being sent for, and at the first moment after discovering that arsenic has been taken, pour down dose after dose of water slightly warmed, promoting vomiting by thrusting the finger or a feather down the throat. Keep up this until the stomach has been literally washed out, at least a dozen times. A friend of ours took a teaspoonful of arsenic in mistake for cream of tartar, but discovering his error soon after, he ran to the stove and drank all he could of lukewarm dish-water, throwing it up as fast as he took it, and in this way swallowed and vomited half a pailful of water. He recovered without any other remedy. This treatment is good for most kinds of poisons, if adopted soon enough.

DYSPEPTICS.

Dyspeptic people are to be pitied, I admit; but in many cases they bring their afflictions upon themselves, and deserve to be punished for their imprudence. One fruitful cause of dyspepsia is the custom of eating between meals. I know this from my own experience. I used to be a forlorn dyspeptic, weak and tremulous. About ten in the morning I fancied I wanted something to eat, at dinner perhaps I had no appetite, at three hungry, when a trifle would supply my wants.

no appetite at tea, but about nine in the evening, ravenous, when cold mutton and even cold potatoes tasted nice. But I have learned better things, while I defy anybody to tempt me to partake of dainties between meals. I consider it a sin, for it is everybody's duty to keep in health, not so much for their own sake as for those in the household with them. I have seen dyspeptics who thought themselves privileged to be in a chronic bad humor, snapping and snarling at everything and everybody, and never to utter a civil word excepting once in a while blurring out an apology by telling everybody about this awful dyspepsia. It is a shame for an intelligent man to have dyspepsia. He should know enough to keep himself in health. If dyspeptics could be sent to an asylum where the meals were served at regular hours, no late suppers allowed, and nothing between meals, they would get well. Ye dyspeptics, be advised, be firm, establish just such an asylum in your own home. It is silly to allow others to restrain you when you can do it with less expense and more comfort at home. Faithfully try this plan for six months, and you will be surprised at the result.

Cure for the Diphtheria.

A correspondent of a Victorian paper writes: "should any of your family be attacked with diphtheria do not be alarmed, as it is usually and speedily cured without a doctor. When it was raging in England a few years ago I accompanied Dr. Field on his rounds to witness the so called "wonderful cures," he performed while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy to be so rapid must be simple. All he took with him was powdered sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine glass of water and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in man, beast and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria.

"If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it; let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die. If plentifully used the whole room may be filled to suffocation, and the patient can walk about in it, inhaling the fumes, with doors and windows closed. The mode of fumigating a room with sulphur has often cured most violent attacks of colds in the head, chest etc., at any time, and is recommended in cases of consumption and asthma."

We published something similar to this before, but insert it again by special request—Ed.

THE SUN.—In our kitchens and working-rooms the sunshine lies bright and warm; for sunlight is the best tonic in the world. The sun in the morning, and a front working-room for the sun to shine into in the morning, are features we could not dispense with. We do not believe in being pushed back into the rear of the house, where there is no sunshine and where there is little cheerfulness. The sun brings happiness with its rays. Have your family room, as well as parlor in front, and open the shutters and windows to both, and admit the sunlight and air. The best room in the house should be the family room. No dreary, locked-up parlor for us!

SANITARY EFFECT.—Housework in moderation is beneficial rather than otherwise to women, who need bodily exercise. A physician for woman's diseases, found that in women who themselves performed all their household work there was no trace of certain complaints; that these complaints begin to make their appearance in women with one servant, become more pronounced in women with two servants, or worse still with those who have three servants, and so on. He showed statistically that the deaths from child-birth were four times greater in the case of women with four servants than those with none. So hard work has its advantages.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.—Physicians are well-agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations, especially in France, have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases have been traced to this practice. If you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of an invalid old lady, if you wish to grow feeble and thin, if you wish to look sallow and puny—we do not know any better way than to smoke tobacco. It will make a drain on your nervous system which will be sure to tell after a while. Let us hope that if a thousand boys read this, some of them will be saved forming a habit which most men regret.

KEEP THE CHILDREN WARM.—Half the illness and fretfulness of little children might be prevented by keeping them warm enough. They are often so unequally dressed—some covered to excess, and others, more vital still, left almost unclothed, that they are in constant discomfort. They cannot tell the difficulty, and thoughtless mothers dismiss the whole subject with the general complaint of crossness. Warm underflannels and good home-made woolen stockings are a comfort beyond computation in the winter season. When worn in winter, it is common to delay putting them on until the seeds of a sad cold are sown, which may last for the season or even for life. If the mother is only beforehand with her calculations for the changing seasons, this might all be prevented. In the warm season make up the woollens, if it does look unseasonable and seem as though you would never need them.

Physicians of Berlin have sent forth an urgent warning against the use of the popular baby-carriage in which the little ones sit facing the nurse and are pushed backward. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing this normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to effect injuriously the development of both sight and brain.

Keeping the mouth shut saves strength in walking, modifies excessive perspiration in sleep, prevents the vacant appearance so observable in country people when they come into the city, supplies the lungs more regularly with air, tempers a cold atmosphere in its passage to the lungs through the circuit of the head, and tends by the deeper breathing to strengthen the breathing organs.

All breaking out on the body is "a good sign;" at the same time it is an indication of disease, in the sense that "boils are healthy;" the philosophical meaning is that nature is endeavoring to throw out on the outside of the body, certain particles which were in the blood and which were poisoning it; the "sign" is that she is vigorous enough to do it, if she had not been, the patient would have died.

Carbonic acid gas, which destroys life in a very short time is generated by breathing; at every expiration some of it is thrown out into the room; it is its presence which gives the disagreeable odor observed on entering a close apartment in the morning in which several persons have slept all night. This gas, in combination with the moisture of the breath, is heavier than the common air; hence, its tendency is to the surface of the floor. Cold condenses this gas and makes it heavier; hence, the colder a room is, the more does this gas seek the floor; for these two reasons persons should avoid sleeping on the floor. The poverty of the humble poor sometimes compels them to part with some of their furniture; the bedstead is supposed to be one of the things which can be most conveniently spared, thus adding the risk of sickness to the misfortune of poverty.

HASTENING EVENTS.—Death sometimes comes at the invitation of mortals whose imprudence hastens the inevitable. Goldsmith fell a victim to his own folly in prescribing for himself in opposition to his medical adviser. The eminent scholar Ludolph Kuster, a name which can never be mentioned without respect by philologists, brought about his death in a singular manner. It was his habit to study at a low table surrounded with three or four circles of books placed on the floor. The continual stooping which was thus necessitated by the position of the books and the table caused an abscess in the

pancreas, from which he died. A surfeit of melons brought another mighty scholar, Argyropulus, to the grave. Shenstone, the poet, died as he had quarrelled with his housekeeper, who, it would appear, was dearer than housekeepers should be, and poor Shenstone, relapsing into a fit of sulks, insisted on sleeping in a cart in his backyard to spite his mistress. The result was a fever which carried him off. Parnell, the author of that beautiful poem the "Hermit," drank himself to death in his grief for his wife's death; and Daniel Morhof died of grief on account of a similar bereavement, without the aggravation of alcoholic poison. The poet, Fletcher—who had his foibles, fell in some degree a victim to personal vanity. He had ordered a new suit of clothes, and refused, though the plague was raging, to leave London before they were sent home. He stayed in town, caught the plague, and died. Charles Lamb's death was caused by a slight stumble and abrasure. Dean Fletcher smoked himself to death—a warning to lovers of the weed.

SANITARY USES OF GUNPOWDER.—A correspondent writes us from the Sandwich Islands saying that during a long life spent in tropical fever districts he has been able to escape infection and miasma by the use of gunpowder, supplemented by a few simple precautions against sudden changes of temperature, sunstroke, bad water, and the like. He uses no water that has not been boiled and afterwards kept from air contact; but his main reliance is upon the practice of burning a thimbleful of gunpowder in his bedroom and very small quantities in his trunk, wardrobe, etc., so as to keep his clothes in an atmosphere feebly charged with gunpowder gas. In Madagascar, Reunion, Mauritius, the East Coast of Tropic Africa and other fever-smitten lands he has found such simple means a sure preventative of epidemic and endemic diseases, and has thereby been often brought to the philosophic reflection that gunpowder is destined to invert the aim intended by its fabrication.—*S. American.*

A Doctor Astonished.

A small yearling youngster out at Fort Wayne, in Indiana, had the misfortune to suck a kernel of corn into his windpipe the other day. The doctor was sent for in haste, and announced that it would be necessary to perform the operation of tracheotomy to save the child's life. The Hoosier mother familiar with a practice of domestic surgery of a sort, and not pleased with the idea of having the child's windpipe cut open, seized the sufferer by one leg, and holding him up, head downward, administered sundry resounding spanks. There was a sound not unlike the sound of a pop-gun, and the kernel of corn was ejected with great force. The child was at once relieved, and recovered of course. The doctor said he was thoroughly familiar with phlebotomy in all its forms, but he had never had any experience of this kind since he was a boy, and even then he had never known it to be resorted to for surgical purposes. It will enter into the practice of surgery hereafter largely, particularly in corn countries, although it does not necessarily follow that those who resort to it should be called corn doctors.—*Troy Times.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BAKED CODFISH.—To a large teacup of codfish picked fine add two cups mashed potatoes, two cups of milk, two well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and half cup butter; mix thoroughly, and bake half an hour.

BREAD STUFFING FOR FISH.—Take about half a pound of stale bread and soak in water, and when soft, press out the water; add a very little chopped suet, pepper, salt, a large tablespoonful of minced onion, and, if preferred, a little minced parsley; cook a trifle, and after removing from the fire add a beaten egg.

BAKED FISH.—Open the fish, wash, wipe perfectly dry, and rub over with salt; lay in a dripping-pan with a little butter and water, and bake fifty minutes in a hot oven, with or without stuffing.

OYSTER STEW.—Put two quarts of oysters in the saucepan with the liquor, and when they begin to boil skim them out and add a pint of cream or rich milk and seasoning; skim

well; add to the oysters butter to taste, and pour the hot liquor over them, and serve.

PRESSED VEAL OR CHICKEN.—Put four pounds of veal, or two chickens in a pot; cover with water, stew slowly until the meat drops from the bone, then take out and chop it; let the liquor boil down until there is a cupful; put in a small cup of butter, a tablespoonful of pepper, a little allspice, and a beaten egg; stir this through the meat; slice a hard boiled egg; lay in your mold, and press in the meat: when put upon the table garnish with celery tops or parsley.

STUFFING FOR A TURKEY OR CHICKEN.—Take some bread crumbs and turn on just hot water enough to moisten them; put in a piece of butter, not melted, the size of a hen's egg, add a spoonful of pulverized sage, a teaspoonful of ground pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt; mix thoroughly, and stuff your bird.

TOMATO SOUP.—Five cents' worth of bones, two quarts of water; put on at ten o'clock, boil slowly, at four, put in two onions and one can of tomatoes; about fifteen minutes before dinner strain, blend two teaspoonfuls of flour, boil fifteen minutes, strain again, ready for the table.

GERMAN PEA SOUP.—Prepare a thickening by gradually mixing in a stew-pan three ounces of sifted flour, with one quart of chicken broth; in another stew-pan boil up two quarts of chicken broth, into which stir the thickening; add a little salt and sugar, and one quart of fresh shelled peas previously well washed; continue stirring with a spoon till the soup boils, then simmer till the peas are done; skim, pour the soup in a tureen, and stir in an ounce and a half of butter.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter rubbed into the flour, one-half cup of yeast, one pint of warm milk; stir this up at night, and put it to rise; in the morning stir in flour enough to have it knead without sticking, and then put it back in the same dish to rise again, and when it is risen light and nice make it out into rolls; put them in the tin you wish to bake them in, and let them be in a moderately warm place until tea-time; then, if they are not risen enough, put them near the stove a few minutes until they do rise, then bake in a quick oven.

PEASE PUDDING.—Tie a pint of split peas in a cloth, leaving room to swell, but not more; put them into a pan of cold water, where let them boil half an hour until tender, but not at all watery; then turn them out of the cloth, rub them through a hair-sieve into a basin, after which add a quarter of a pound of butter, season with a little white pepper and salt, and mix all well together with the yolks of three and one whole egg; lightly flour a pudding-cloth, which lay in a small round-bottomed basin; pour in the mixture, tie up the cloth and put the pudding to boil for an hour in a sauce-pan of boiling water. When done, turn it from the cloth upon a dish and serve with any joint of boiled pork.

FRITTERS.—Two eggs, two teaspoonfuls sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, four tablespoonfuls butter, and flour to make a stiff batter; fry in hot lard, and serve with sweet sauce.

POP-OVERS.—One pint sifted flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, large teaspoonful of melted butter, and, lastly, two eggs, beaten very light; bake in gem-pans.

OATMEAL MUSH IMPROVED.—Much better than the old way of stirring the oatmeal into boiling water, is of cooking it in a farina kettle. If no farina kettle or steam-cooker is at hand one may always be improvised in this way: Set a stone jar or a tin pail containing the food to be cooked, into a kettle of water, putting a couple of sticks under the jar to keep it from coming in contact with the bottom of the kettle.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One teacupful butter, two of sugar, one of sweet cream, two eggs, half teaspoonful saleratus; sprinkle sugar on top of cookies while warm. You can put in enough flour to make them the proper thickness to roll out.

CRISP CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, three well-beaten eggs, four cups of sifted flour (always sift flour after measuring it), one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, sifted in the flour, one cup of raisins, well dredged with flour.

APPLE FRUIT CAKE.—Soak three cups dried apples over night in cold water; in the morning chop and stew till soft in three cups of molasses; when cold mix with three cups flour, one cup butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, spices, two cups raisins, one of currants, one lemon chopped fine; this makes two pans of cake.

GOOD PIE-CRUST FOR DYSPEPTICS.—Equal parts corn meal Graham flour, and white flour; wet up with sweet cream, and add a little salt; bake in a hot oven.

LEMON PIE.—Grated rind and juice of one lemon to which add nearly a cup of sugar and piece of butter, half the size of an egg; into one cup of boiling water stir one tablespoonful of corn starch, beaten with the yolks of two eggs; bake with an under crust, and when done, spread over the top the whites beaten stiff, with a little powdered sugar, and return to the oven to brown.

CURRENT CAKE.—Cream one cup of best butter and two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three well-beaten eggs—the whites and yolks separately—three cups of sifted flour, two cups of well-washed currants—dried and well dredged with flour—two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—Grate a pineapple; cream half its weight of butter with its weight of sugar, add the yolks of four eggs, beaten light; then add a cup of cream; bake with an under crust, with the beaten whites of the eggs on top.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Into one quart of boiling milk stir a half pint of corn meal; when cool, add one half cup sugar, teaspoonful butter, one cup raisins, and four well-beaten eggs, mix well, and bake an hour and a half.

DYSPEPTIC'S PUDDING.—Boil a cup of rice until done soft; then take two eggs, a cup of sugar and one of milk, and stir all together and add to the rice; pare six good cooking apples, slice small and place in bottom of the pudding dish, and pour the rice custard over them; place in a moderate oven long enough to bake apples. To be eaten warm, either with or without cream.

LEMON TART.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup boiling water, one-quarter cup vinegar, one-half cup butter, flavor with lemon; pour in buttered plates to cool.

CHOCOLATE Caramels.—One-half pound chocolate, two pounds sugar, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, two teacups milk, one lump butter, twice the size of an egg, six tablespoonfuls molasses; boil until it hardens in cold water.

POTATO YEAST.—Take half a dozen medium-sized potatoes boil and mash fine, and two cups of flour, a good tablespoonful of ginger, one of salt, one-half cup of white sugar; add two cups of boiling water, and beat until smooth; when hot warm add a cup of yeast or two yeast cakes.

PERFUMES.—Every new perfume which we see advertised is but an admixture of old ones, sold under a popular name. The practitioners of mixing render the public a considerable service by providing new pleasures and suggesting to those who have a superabundance of cash how they may best bestow some of it to advantage. The object of this note is to propose to the ladies of the household the mixing of perfumes as a pastime. With a few staple commodities to begin with, and a little care in experimenting, some remarkable results may be attained. As a rule *eau-de-cologne* is a good basis, and may be detected as the principle ingredient in many fancy perfumes. One mixture that will surprise no less than delight those who make it is to mix patchouli and lavender water in equal proportions; and again mix them in varying proportions, and you will have a series of scents to which you may give fancy names at pleasure.

Written for the Family Circle.

THE DINNER-HORN.

When the sounding dinner horn
Greets the farmer, weary worn
In his meadows far away,
Toiling on a summers day;
Do you wonder that his face
Brightens with unwonted grace,
Half a smile and half a leer
At the prospect of good cheer?
That the dreary monotone
By a buxom female blown
Wakes more echos in his breast
Than the skillful organist?
Think but on his daily life
Of its stern and stubborn strife,
Without thought except as care,
Dull unreasoning dread or fear
Of a failure of his crops,
Of a downfall to his hopes;
Do not marvel that he takes
Pleasure in the pies, and cakes,
Or when daylights toils are o'er
In a long and quiet snore,
For his joys are very few
And he wins them hardly too,
Mind ignored like him of old
Soul for mess of pottage sold;
Let him then enjoy his meal
Greatest pleasure he can feel.

William McGill.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

Headquarters—A pillow.

Cheese is sometimes miter than the sword.

A *miss*-take—Marrying a girl. (This is hardly *fair* on the *fair* sex.)

In Ireland, in old times, a man could seldom sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

Sleight of hand—Refusing a marriage proposal.

A noisy fellow annoys a fellow.

Birds are melancholy in the morning because their little bills are all over due.

Sun beams should be used in building a lighthouse.

A paper that is always full of good points—A paper of needles.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

The perfectly contented man is also perfectly useless.

Canon Farrar, in answering the question, "What is heaven?" says: "O, to be honest, true, noble, sincere, genuine, pure, holy, to the heart's inmost core—is not that heaven? Is not heaven a state rather than a place? Is it not a temper rather than a habitation? Is it not to be something rather than to go somewhere?"

A gentleman gives the following advice in relation to dogs: "If you enter a lot where there is a vicious dog, be careful to remove your hat or cap; as the animal approaches you, hold the same down by your side between yourself and the dog. When you have done this, you have secured perfect immunity from attack."

An Ohio man went out and hanged himself the other day because a Columbus dentist told him his tooth was affected with "nodular calcification of the pulp." He left a note to his wife saying he didn't want to live on and give it to her and the children.

Every man is a miserable sinner in church, but out of church it is unsafe to say much about it, except to a small man.

When a man is hanging by his toes from the cornice of a high building, and expects momentarily to drop, nothing so completely reassures and so thoroughly satisfies him as the sudden discovery that he is safely at home in bed.

I'm waitin' 'neath the window, love, upon the porch's seat, I'm waiting here till you come down, your own true love to greet. Don't be too long a-fixin' up; for, if I may make bold, I ain't a-goin' to wait here long, a-sittin' in the cold.

The art of putting things was well illustrated by Dr. Ganse, of St. Louis, when he said to the workingmen, in speaking of the value of Sunday to them as a rest-day, "Don't girdle the tree that shades you."

"My husband always tells me every thing that happens," said Mrs. Smith, in a delighted, happy tone. "That is nothing," said Mrs. Jones; "my husband tells me any number of things that don't happen."

"Better call her a woman," said Judge Nelson to a lawyer who was talking about a lady the other day; "God made woman, but a lady is only a modern fixture in a fine dress."

A little girl seeing her father, who is a lawyer, honing his razor, said, "Pa, is that the knife you sharpen your cheek with?"

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

WEIGHING THE CHANCES.—A clergyman who had been fishing and came home without any spoils of the finny tribe, told his wife that he had seen but one fish, and that was a pike, that looked at his bait and seemed weighing the chances between catching it and being caught himself. The wife responded, "And of course he was able to weigh the matter correctly, because he had so many scales." "That fin-ishes me," exclaimed the clergyman, as he dropped into a chair.

GRACEFUL SPEECH.—The value to a young lady of a copious, elegant and expressive vocabulary can hardly be overestimated. Were she never to use the pen in epistolary or rhetorical composition, the beauty and charm of cultivated conversation would be a power that would add to her influence among intelligent persons more than all the jewels ever worn. Add to this fact that woman's tongue is her principal weapon—next to her eye, at least—in appeal and menace, in raillery and scorn, in love and guidance, in song and prayer, what is there to equal a woman's speech?

A WITTY PATIENT.—The brother of judge Bond, of the United States District Court, was a famous Methodist editor and wit. He had been educated a physician, and in his last sickness knew his own case better than his doctor. His wit came out even on that solemn occasion: Two or three eminent doctors called and examined him, and then one of them, with some prelude and hesitation, said, "We must tell you that your end is near." The patient made answer, "Why, I knew that a week ago, but was afraid to tell any one for fear of hurting Dr. P.'s (his family physician) professional feelings!"

How will this posey do, on a lady's choice of a husband:

Maria, just at twenty, swore
That no man less than six feet four
Should be her chosen one;
At thirty she is glad to fix
A sponse exactly four feet six
As better far than none.

There is no part of a man which will stand so many blows as his nose.

HUMOROUS.

"How much shall you charge for a bologna sausage that will reach from one of my ears to the other?" asked a soldier in Berlin of a dealer. "Fifty kreutzers," was the reply. "I take the offer," replied the soldier; "one of my ears was cut off in a battle a thousand miles from here." There was a compromise.

Angell, the defaulting secretary of the Pullman Palace Car Co. has been arrested, and \$30,000 of the missing money found on his person. We regret to say that the chances of this unfortunate person ever dropping the final "l" in his name are growing slim—*Oil City Derrick.*

Extract from a late story: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

THE SMALL BOY.—Every day we have evidence that the small boy has no soul. The other day a crowd gathered around a farmer whose wagon load of butter and eggs was fast in a mud hole, and while some suggested that he pull his horse gee, and others that he pull him haw, the ever-present small boy yelled, "It's no use, mister. Yer old horse ain't stout enough. Take him out an' hitch in a roll of yer butter." *Oil City Derrick.*

THE NEW GEL.—"You are commencing early to be late," said a lady to her new hired girl, who came yawning down stairs the first morning after her engagement, when breakfast was already well under way. "I've a wakeness for slape, morn," was the reply. "I enjoy me slappin' best whin I'm a-wake, and so I remain lyin' down an hour after I get up, sure."

CHARLIE AT CHURCH.—The rector had finished the morning service, and had retired to his study to don his surplice for the sermon. He left the door partly open, and little Charlie, who was at church for the first time, was so placed that he could look in. There was a very decided sensation when he informed his mother, in a whisper so loud that it was heard all over the church, that he could "see the minister changing his shirt."

KNOW THYSELF.—A scientific lecturer put out flaming handbills headed "Know Thyself." A wag soon called on the lecturer and told him he was inducing a great many people to form acquaintances of a very low order. The lecturer looked at the wag a moment, and said, "My friend, you are right, but it never so occurred to me until I saw you."

FARO.—It is related that in a gambling trial out west it was thought best that the jury should be instructed in the practical working of a faro table, and the judge ordered the necessary apparatus to be brought in, and directed the defendants to give an exhibition. All hands became so interested in the game that the sheriff, seeing how things were going, went outside, summoned a posse, and arrested the whole room full, including the court itself.

When you wake up at night and hear baby crying, look out for danger—for there is a rock ahead.

A female teacher threatened to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school. "I wish you'd make it half an hour," said the appreciative youth; "for you're the prettiest teacher in this town!" He got off easily.

VERY SELECT.—Dr. Newman spoke in a recent sermon, of "the sad funeral procession" which followed Abel to the grave. An irreverent woman in the audience nudged her companion, and whispered, "Not such a large procession, but very select—none but the first families."

HIS NAME.—"Wat is your name?" inquired a German salesman of a customer. "My name is Cox," replied the gentleman. "Vell, how vos dot name spelled?" asked the salesman. "Why C-o-x" said the customer. "O! yah, I see," said our German friend, as he wrote down C-o—"But you'll you please deff me how you shpell dot X?"

A GLASS OF ALE.—When Mr. Pitcher was in charge of the bar-room at the Tremont House, a fellow came in and asked for a glass of ale. Having drunk it, he asked, "Whose ale is this?" Pitcher replied, "Mr. Bass's." "Ah! I know Mr. Bass. I will settle with him." Then the fellow made for the door. Pitcher called him back, promising not to hurt him, and gave him one of his nicest cigars, saying, "You deserve this consideration, for I didn't think you or any one could beat me so neatly."

An Englishman was boasting to an American that they had a book in the British Museum, which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh that ain't nothin'," retorted the American. "In the Museum in Boston they've got the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals with that went into the ark."

A LAME BACK.

An old sea-captain, well known in the days of Havre packets, who "sailed the sea over" for fifty years and more, used to tell that in the early part of his first voyage as captain, when he had but just turned twenty-one, his cabin-boy complained of a lame back. There was a medicine chest aboard, whose contents it was the captain's duty to dispense according to the best of his knowledge and ability. In a shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest were three or four Spanish-fly plasters ready spread on kid, and one of these the captain decided to apply to the boy's back. It was done, and the little fellow sent to bed. In the morning he was on hand bright and early, but the captain's usual cup of coffee was missing. "Cook isn't up, sir," was the boy's explanation. "Why not?" asked the captain. "Says he can't get up, sir." "Why not?" "Says his back hurts him, sir." "Back? What's the matter with his back?" "The plaster, sir." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the captain; "I didn't put the plaster on his back." "No, sir; but I did," whimpered the boy. "You did, you young rascal?" howled the captain, jumping from his berth; "what on earth did you do that for?" "Well, sir," answered the boy, getting well out of the range of any stray bootjack or other missile that might chance to be within the captain's reach, "when I woke up in the night, it hurt me so that I had to take it off. The cook was in the next bunk asleep, and I just clapped it on his back. I didn't want to waste the plaster, sir." And he didn't. It worked to perfection, keeping the poor cook in bed with a sore back for over a week; and in the next bunk, keeping him company, was the boy, also with a sore back, but it wasn't the plaster that made it so. A rope's end was a favorite prescription in those days.

Too Old for Them.

The other day a man with a satchel called into a ferry-dock saloon wherein fifteen or twenty old salts were lying about their adventures on the high seas, and after warming his hands at the stove, he said to the barkeeper:

"Sir, I am the agent of a French wine-house, and I should like to sell you a few barrels of a brand now over one hundred years old."

The saloonist thought he wouldn't invest, and the man took a pint bottle from his satchel, held it up to the light, and looking around on the crowd, remarked:

"Gentlemen, this is a sample of wine over one hundred years old. I have no doubt that you will all do me the honor to taste it."

A perfect shower of tobacco-quids and half consumed cigars fell on the big stove-hearth, and the crowd had its mouth all ready, when the agent scrutinized the bottle and said:

"Ah! I am mistaken. I left the wine at the hotel, and brought along my hair invigorator in place of it! Gentlemen please remain seated while I go and fetch the old wine."

At the end of a long hour he had not returned, and one of the victims slowly arose and said:

"Gentlemen, you hear me! If I meet that man on the street, I will kill him and drink his hair invigorator to the last drop!"

"So! I shouted all the others; and they opened their tobacco-boxes and went on with their lying."

Why are tramps always on the move?—Because their sole support lies in their boots.

Snatches—by Ploughboy CANADA.

We have maidens fair, and flowers most rare,
And birds of every hue;
We have enough and some to spare,
And sure a favored race we are,
With plenty of work to do.

REVERIE

Whenever I want a hearty laugh,
Whenever I want to weep;
To recall events of the long time past,
Or ponder the future steep;
I take a ride by the river side,
Where the breeze blows soft and free;
Or else recline where the sweet woodbine
Throws a shadow over me.

WINTER.

I love the merry winter, when snow lies on the lea.
When Jack Frost toils the painter, and ice bergs gird the sea:
All hail the merry Snowflakes, with snow-shoe, bell, and sleigh;
I'll hasten to the frozen lake, and skate the hours away.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Children Give Attention.

We are old, and know some things, and have forgotten a great many more. Our text shall be a short one—it is *pay attention!*

1. Pay attention to what you see. Our eyes were given us to see with, and a thousand things are around us all the time to look at. If we would know a good deal, we must learn to attend to what we see.

2. Pay attention to what you hear. Our ears were made for hearing. We may pick up a great deal of knowledge from what we hear if we will only give our attention.

3. Pay attention to what you read. Books are made up of what other people have seen, or heard, or know. By reading therefore, we may learn all about the world in which we live. We may not be able to go to Europe, or Asia, or South America. But we can take our maps and look at them, and then we can take our books and read about them, and then we can come to know a great deal about them. Our sermon is a short one, and we close with a short application.

If boys and girls would become wise and wish to know a great deal, they must learn to pay attention to what they see, and what they hear, and what they read.

Some boys look at ever so many things and really see next to nothing. Some girls hear much, and it only goes in one ear and out of the other: but girls and boys, and men and women read many books and remember very little. They fret and scold about it and blame their memory, when the fault is their own. They have never learned to pay attention

ONE DROP OF INK.—"I don't see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"Oh! mother, who would have thought one drop of ink would blacken a glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training—many drops of which will make no impression on him."

Children; if you ever get naughty and cry, put the tears in a bottle. Bottled tears cure heartache.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Give me one friend with cultured mind,
 With loving heart and tastes refined.
 Whose kind reproof and counsels wise
 From sympathy and friendship rise,
 Who sees my faults, and knows his own,
 And both is willing to condone;
 To cure them, gently, firmly strives,
 'Till like one stream flow our two lives,
 One who, though hard, perhaps, to win,
 Remains a friend through thick and thin.

J. F. L.

A Curious Marriage.

A curious fact in regard to the marriage of John Kemble, the actor, is told in Bannister's memoirs. One of the daughters of a noble lord, formally holding high office, but then living in retirement, had fallen in love with the graceful and showy actor, merely from seeing him on the stage. Kemble was sent for by the father, and, to his astonishment, acquainted with the circumstances. The noble lord told him further that it was in his power to do him either a great evil or a great favor, and that, if he would do the latter, by relieving him of all apprehension of the lady's indulging her fantasy, and relieving him effectually by marrying any one else for whom he must have an attachment, his wife should have a dower of £5000. Kemble immediately proposed for Miss Brerton, a pretty actress, at that time performing at the same theatre as himself, and the marriage took place without delay. But the amusing part of the tale is that the afflicted and magnanimous father instantly recovered his spirits and lost his memory. On being applied to for his thousands, he declared that he had no recollection whatever of the compact, nor indeed any of the idea, further than some general conversation on such matters with the "very intelligent person in question," adding that, if he "was to pay £5000. for every whim of his daughter, he must soon be a much poorer man than he ever intended to be." It is believed that Kemble never got a shilling from this very sensitive nobleman, and that for the rest of his life he attached a new value to the vulgar etiquette of signing and sealing beforehand, even with the most plausible of mankind.

TWILIGHT.

As I sit at my frost-stained window, the last rays of the setting sun are dying beyond the distant hills, and twilight, clad in garments of gray, comes forth upon the snow-covered world. Silence, enthroned as a monarch, reigns supreme in the valleys and on the hills, save where the frost crackles in the chilly air, and the zephyrs strike symphonies among the ice-mantled trees.

What a glorious train of reflections comes gliding across the soul in the evening twilight! The mind, rested from care and toil, turns to delightful joys of pleasant memories. There is an influence in the very air that soothes the soul of man.

There is no portion of the day, particularly in the warmer months of the year, that is more adapted to pleasure than the dusk of the evening. It is a time when lovers breathe their holy vows, and this world seems nearer to heaven.

While I sit here, memory's beautiful pictures of childhood are presented to my mind. As I gaze across the flowery paths of life, the days of my early youth return in memory to my soul, when I looked forward to the anticipation of a future when life would be in its glory, and happiness realized in its fullest sense.

This life is but a day compared with eternity. Soon shall come the evening twilight of the soul, when the sun of life shall vanish on the hills of time to rise on a brighter shore. If we have lived a life of holiness, that sun shall set in its fullest glory, and brighter shall be the world that lies beyond the ken of mortals.

FRANK A. MARSH.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Rich men are generally considered lucky by their poor brethren. Only that and nothing more. "He was always a

lucky chap," grows John, over his small beer, as Peter dashes by in his carriage. "Everything he puts his hands to prospers." And why? Because Peter has always been industrious, temperate and frugal. Now here are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business; you can hear the music of his hammer late and early; he is in love, it may be, with some girl on the next street; he has made up his mind to be a man, to succeed, to make somebody else happy, to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination, he can see his own fireside, with the light falling upon the faces of wife and child. The other five gentlemen work as little as they can, spend Sunday in dissipation, have the headache Monday, and, as a result, never advance. The industrious one, the one in love, gains the confidence of the employer, and in a little while he cuts out work for these other fellows. The first thing you know he has a shop of his own, the next a store. He does well, marries, builds a house of his own, and is happy. By-and-by he becomes a rich man; and the other five shoemakers, unthrifty as ever, talk of the conflict between capital and labor, and continue to drink small beer.

DID HE REASON?

An intelligent dog stands at the head of the brute creation in ability to associate ideas. Zion's Herald, in telling the following authentic anecdote of a dog, asks did the dog know what he was doing?

This dog was of the purest Newfoundland extraction, and exceedingly faithful and affectionate. It so happened that the house where this gentleman lived was occasionally visited by a woman whom the host suspected of dishonesty. One day she entered when he was all ready for a fishing excursion, and was about to leave the house with his pocket-book, containing considerable money, lying loose upon the library table. Hastily bethinking himself, he returned to the apartment, and seizing the purse threw it to the dog, saying, "Take care of that, Carlo!" and walked out of the house.

A few days afterward, the same woman called, and as it happened, the same pocket-book was lying in the same place. As she entered the library, Carlo rose from the rug, walked with dignity to the table, picked up the treasure, and deliberately approached her with it between his teeth. Then he gave a low, ominous growl, and stretched himself before her, never once taking his eyes from her face; nor could she move that he did not follow her step by step.

Now did the dog perfectly understand the case, and if he did, was it a process of reasoning?

THE LOCUST.

The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts, which are not known to us. The old historians and modern travellers remark that locusts are very numerous in Africa and many places of Asia; that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned that these creatures were commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries. Dr. Shaw, Neibuhr, Russell and many other travellers into the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes that, when they are sprinkled with salt and fried, they are not unlike in taste to our fresh water cray-fish. Russell says the Arabs salt them and eat them as a delicacy. Neibuhr also says that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried and kept for winter provisions. The ravages of the migratory locust have been, at particular times, so extensive, as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts and even kingdoms. In the year 593 of the Christian era, these insects appeared in such vast numbers as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them in 537. In 852 immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables, not even sparing the bark of trees or the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, etc. Their daily marches were observed to be about twenty miles each; and it is said that their progress was directed with so much order, that there were regular leaders among them, who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour the next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1141

incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravaging all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748 afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe, as far north as England.

A Marvelous Watch.

One Horse Gulch will keep time hereafter for all creation, for one of the boys has carried off the famous Swiss watch which did not find a purchaser at the Centennial Exhibition. It was about the size of an ordinary "stem-winder," and was a minute repeater, striking on musical bells the hour, the half-hour, the quarter and the number of minutes that elapsed of the unexpired quarter. In addition to this it told the time to the fifth of a second; and, by the means of a double arrangement, noted the passage of two distinct occurrences at the same moment—timing two horses, for instance, starting at different instants. It was a calendar, also, showing the days of the week, of the month, and the month of the year, and by means of a wheel which made a fourth of a revolution a year, noted the quadrennial recurrence of the twenty-ninth of February. Finally, as if overleaping all the other triumphs in its mechanism, it showed the phases of the moon as that luminary presents them, by means of a diminutive moon. The watch was not sold in Philadelphia, was offered in vain to New York millionaires and was finally sent to a San Francisco jeweller. Three weeks ago an Arizona miner, who had struck a wonderful lead and regarded two thousand dollars as a small dime, stepped into the store, looked at the watch, and in ten minutes said he would take it. He paid the money without winking and remarked that he thought the boys up at the Gulch couldn't beat it.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

Dew is a sign of fine weather, and is never seen except under a cloudless sky. Wind and clouds are sure preventatives of dew, for the simple reason that clouds are able to retain some of the solar heat; and, as they can give forth warmth, the radiation from the earth is checked, and the warmer temperature preserved. Wind evaporates the moisture as fast as it appears; and if the wind is westerly, there is little dew or cloud to be seen. The contrary is observed with easterly wind, but a west wind blows over a vast expanse of land, and having lost its vapor, dries up any moisture it may come across; while an east wind, crossing the Atlantic, is full of vapor and sheds dew on all sides. These remarks, of course, apply chiefly to particular localities, but the influence of a west wind may be seen in the spring. Dew is more copiously deposited in the spring and autumn than in summer, as there is usually a great difference in those seasons between the temperature of day and night; in the spring, however, there is a small deposit of dew when a west wind prevails; but in autumn, during the soft influences of south and east winds, the earth is covered with moisture. It has also been observed that there is a greater formation of dew between sunset and midnight.

PRAIRIE MIRAGES.—How beautiful are these mirages! It is early morning, in the sweet gray dawn. The earth stands inverted in the sky. The ground work of this illusion is a grayish, semi-opaque mist, but the smallest object on the plain is limned against it with marvellous fidelity. Objects far beyond the range of vision over the prairie are brought into plain view by this ethereal mirror. I have seen a little village some thirty miles away over the plains standing in the sky, every feature traced with the minuteness of a line engraving. I could distinguish the dogs wandering through the steets, the cows standing idly about the yards, and the opening of a door in the cabins. In all these cases the ground does not appear: only the objects growing upon or passing over it. Everything has the appearance of growing or standing in water. The feet of animals, the roots of trees, the foundations of houses, are all lost in an aqueous mist. The illusion continues but a few minutes, and then dissolves before the rays of the rising sun.

VENTILATION OF CUPBOARDS.—The ventilation of cupboards is one of those minor matters that are frequently overlooked

in the erection of houses, while the want of a thorough draught is apt to make itself unpleasantly apparent to the smell. The remedy of the defect is, however, very simple: if possible, have perforations made through the back wall of the closet, and a few in the door; when the wall of the closet cannot be perforated, bore holes freely in the door on the top and bottom. To prevent dampness, with the accompanying unpleasantness and injurious effects of mildew in cupboards, a tray of quicklime should be kept, and changed from time to time as the lime becomes slacked. This remedy will also be found useful in safes or muniment rooms, the damp air of which is often destructive to valuable deeds and other contents. *Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.*

THE EMPRESS' SENTINEL.—One day, said the prince, I was walking with the Emperor of Russia in the summer garden of St. Petersburg, when, on coming upon a sentinel in the centre of a lawn, I took the liberty of inquiring why the man was placed there. The Emperor did not know. The adjutant did not know. The sentinel did not know, except that he had been sent there. The Adjutant was then dispatched to ask the officer of the watch, whose reply tallied with the sentinel's—"Ordered." Curiosity awakened, military records were searched without yielding any satisfactory solution. At last an old serving man was routed out, who remembered hearing his father relate that the Empress Catherine II., one hundred years ago, had found a snowdrop on that particular spot, and given orders to protect it from being plucked. No other device could be thought of than guarding it by a sentinel. The order once issued was left in force for a century.—*Dr. Busch's Diary of Conversation with Bismark.*

FROST-BITTEN.—Frost-bitten plants may be revived if treated properly. The proper way is, when the frost has been partially drawn out of them, naturally to drench them with cold water from a fine-nosed watering pot, and immediately cover again and let them so remain until they regain their natural color. When they are removed clip off all such parts as are blackened. As soon as it is discovered that a plant has been touched by frost remove it to a cool dark room, and on no account suffer the sun to shine on it. If they can be covered so as to exclude air as well as light it is better still. Dahlias, cannas and the like need not be removed until the frosts are severe enough to blacken the leaves.

DIM AND HAZY.—Long words disguise our meaning. Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals and we call it "detalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth and we are told that is a case of prevarication, it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrong-doing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear, crisp English terms.

CHILDHOOD.—Children are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our "capital" employ a greater portion of our population in their service and occupy half of the literati of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of woman in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full grown mustaches must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates in miniature disguises, children form in their present state of pigmy existence a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a bawling infant that can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for gravity, bustle for formality and unite hearts which time has divided.

THE DAIRY.—By the way, did you know that for the past eight months your wife has been using the dairy you started in January for an account-book with the grocer and butcher? We saw it the other day, and right under the last paragraph you wrote in it, where you said, "I feel a lifting of my being into a higher life, I feel my feet stepping upon a higher plane,

the soul of poesy is calling me into a sphere of grander action, and I throw off the trammels and the coarseness of every-day material life and its animal existence, as I arise to obey the call of genius"—right under that it says: "Two pounds of mutton suet, half a calf's liver, a pound of bone to boil, and a pound of link sausage, forty-five cents."

INDISPENSABLE.—Talent cannot arrive at its perfection without health. A man without it may be a giant in intellect but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, thews, and sinews of a man, and he will set failure at defiance. A man has good reason to think himself well off in the lottery of life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind rather than the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach. For of the two, a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a great mind with a crazy constitution. A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy.

UNPLEASANT THINGS.—The well regulated mind does not delight in petty gossip; there are some things he does not care to know, and it is a great annoyance to have a gossiping neighbor insist upon making you the depository of such unpalatable secrets, and then, perhaps, going on with a series of questions intended to worm out of you an opinion which you are not disposed to give. It is equally annoying to have a person of this sort intimate that there is something which he might tell you that would greatly surprise and grieve you, but which he will for the present withhold out of regard to your feelings. It is also an annoyance and an impertinence to be questioned as to your views of a certain matter, it may be, in the presence of the very people before whom you would be most unwilling to state your opinion.

USELESS EXPENDITURE.—At funerals and weddings, as conducted nowadays, money is literally wasted in ostentatious display, which is always objectionable, but particularly so at funerals. Very often, too, they involve expenses which the survivors are poorly able to meet, and which entail distress and sometimes dishonor. Still, the natural feeling that impels the lavishing of honor upon the newly dead is very strong and hard to be controled. Too often the conscience of the survivor smites him for his neglect or wrong of the dead while living, and he wishes to make compensation. "It is the last thing that can be done, let us do it well," is the thought. But this feeling should be kept within proper bounds. An evidence of good sense is to be seen in the growing simplicity of our wedding festivals. It is becoming considered in rather bad taste to permit, at the weddings even of our most wealthy people, the profuse displays, either of apparel, jewelry or bridal presents, that were deemed the correct thing a few years ago. A quiet, elegant, but inexpensive wedding is now becoming the rule, in the best circles, rather than the exception. This is all right and shows a wholesome tendency to practice thrift and economy.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Dangers that Beset Submarine Cables.

Every one who has at all studied oceanic telegraphy perfectly, understands the dangers to which the shore ends of the communicating wires are exposed from the action of currents, the anchors of ships, &c. But the general idea prevailed that once the cable was laid in the gloomy depths of the ocean it was in safety. Such, however, is not the case, for the inhabitants of those regions seem to resent the intrusion. In many cases, owing to the inequalities of the bottom of the sea the wires cannot rest wholly on the bottom of the bed, but in some places hang in festoons. Then they are liable to accidents from the larger denizens of the sea, among which we may particularly mention the sun-fish (*Orthogoriscus*). That peculiar but little known animal is nearly circular, of a brilliant silvery white, and at night emits a powerful phosphorescent light, whence its name probably arose. When swimming it turns round like a wheel, and moves with great rapidity. It grows to an enormous size, often attaining four feet in diameter, and some of them are said even to reach eight feet. Specimens have been caught weighing 500 pounds. It is found in all seas from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle.

Where the tail is in ordinary fishes, this curious creature has a sort of flattening in its circular shape from which bony spines project. Not long since, an interruption occurred in a cable, and on examination it was found that it had been penetrated by one of the caudal spines of the sun-fish. Even when the wire lies quiet at the bottom it is not safe; for a species of marine weevil attacks the gutta-percha and gradually destroys the conductivity. But the most curious instance of damage inflicted on a cable is that which lately befell the one from Portugal to Brazil. A fault having been found, the tests were applied and the precise spot indicated. The wire was fished up and was discovered to be broken. In one of the ends was entangled a large whale. The monster was covered with parasites, and, in attempting to free itself from its tormentors, had broken the cable, and then managed so to twist itself in the coils of one end that it was held fast a prisoner, and, not being able to rise to the surface for air, was drowned.

A watch about the size of an egg, said to have been made by a Russian peasant, is on exhibition at St. Petersburg. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance, and the sentinel on duty. While the spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinel drops, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek Church at eve.

THE HEART.

A popular error, of countless ages of duration, has assigned to the heart functions which it has not and cannot have; and the language of nearly all nations has consecrated this delusion. In the heart it places the passions and feelings of the mind, and a "hard heart," a "bad heart," a "kind heart," expressed in brief terms the amount of the error which ascribed to a hollow, muscular organ, insensible under ordinary circumstances, the great and noble and tender passions which ornament or dishonor humanity. But although such delusions have been long exploded (with the scientific world), enough of interest still attaches to this organ to render it worthy of all attention. Its mysterious, unceasing rhythmic action, hitherto unexplained, the strength and peculiar character of its muscular fibres, its supply of nerves and of nervous power from a source which seems to remove it from the control of the mind or will, and the unknown ways by which, notwithstanding, it betrays the secret feelings of the soul, becoming the tell-tale of that of which it can know nothing, the necessity which connects its motion with life—all these are points which give to its anatomy an interest second only to the brain itself.—*Dr. Knox.*

SIZE IN THE EYE.—Size with the eye, as with the brain, is generally conceded to be a measure of capacity. A large eye has a wider range of vision, as it unquestionably has of expression, than a small one. A large eye will take in more at a glance, though perhaps with less attention to details, than a small one. Generally speaking, large eyes see things in general, and small eyes in particular. The one sees many things as a whole, considering them in a philosophical or speculative way, often seeing through and beyond them; the other sees fewer things, but usually looks keenly into them, and is appreciative of detail. Some eyes, however, look at everything and yet see nothing. Fullness of the eye, causing a bulging of the lower eyelid, is a well-known sign of language. Persons with this sign large have not only a speaking eye but also a speaking tongue, whereof their fellows do not long remain in ignorance. A general projection or fullness of the eye above and below, which brings the eye-ball forward on a line with the face and eyebrow, denotes the quality of physical perception, or the capacity to see quickly whatever appears upon the surface of things. A person with such an eye, would, on entering a room for the first time, note rapidly the shape, size, arrangement and general appearance of the different articles of furniture in it, the color of the walls, curtains, ornaments, etc.; take in with equal facility the features, color of the hair and eyes, size and appearance of any person who might be present. In looking at a picture such a person would at once incline to examine the details of color, number, grouping, attitude and costume of the figures composing it.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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RESIGNED.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one.
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should sink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone:
But rise, and move, and love, and smile and pray,
For one more day.

And laying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which harkens ever, "Lord, within thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender
My soul would lie
All the night long, and when the morning splendour
Flashed o'er the sky
I think that I could smile, could calmly say
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clow
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this,
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be.
While led by Thee?

Step by step, feeling Thee close beside me.
Although unseen,
Through storms, through flowers, whether the tempest hide
Thee,
Or Heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

I may not know, my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise;
Along the path no deepening shadow stealeth.
No voice replies
To all my questioning thoughts, the time to tell
And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always;
Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's,
Thou canst not come too soon, and I can wait
If Thou come late.

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER VII. DIPLOMACY.

When they arrived at the hotel, they found their landlady and Mrs. Purcell in a state of some little anxiety on their account. Mrs. Purcell on account of the interest she felt in the success of the hunting party in the enterprise they had undertaken, and the conviction she felt that matters were being brought to an issue; and the landlady because the supper had been a long time waiting, and everything, as she expressed it, "was either cold as a stone or cooked to death!"

When however the party arrived they manifested no disrespect for the edibles; their appetites having been wonderfully sharpened by the exercise they had taken, and the short extra abstinence imposed upon them by the lateness of their arrival. Gundry however was an exception; his appetite was defective.

Having refreshed themselves, they proceeded accompanied by Mrs. Purcell, at Frank's request, to the residence of the magistrate who, on hearing the evidence in the case fully committed Mr. Gundry to stand his trial at the next assizes on the charges laid against him.

All this was done so quietly that it was difficult to realize how much had been accomplished, and time had not been taken to inquire what further action was necessary. So when they returned to the hotel, Tom and Frank retired to their own room to consider what part of their task was yet unaccomplished, and how they were to do it, while Joe and Mr. Purcell discussed in a less private manner what had been done, and the part they had taken in it.

"It is my opinion," said Frank, "that so far as the disposition of the 'Aberfoyle' estate is concerned, there is no further difficulty to be apprehended. Our client Andrew Dennison, I see is mentioned as one of the executors of the will, and our old friend Benjamin Mercer at Cloverdale is the second, while the third, Mr. Prentiss, has gone beyond the reach of worldly cares. It seems to me therefore, that the most that could be necessary would be to procure an order in our clients name from the county judge to take possession, and then go through a little installation ceremony in which Miss Alicia Mercer would occupy the most prominent position."

"Yes, but the will says the property is to be handed over to her on her eighteenth birthday, so your interesting ceremony will have to be deferred till that date."

"Not long to wait," Frank replied, as the eventful anniversary will be here next Thursday."

"Can it be possible? How do you happen to be so well informed?" Tom enquired.

"I was studying the bible on my last visit to Meadowvale, while you were gossiping," said Frank.

"Studying the genealogies, eh," said Tom, "well I never took much interest in bible genealogies, but it appears you came across an interesting character not noticed in my copy. Perhaps though, if I had enjoyed the pleasure of the acquaintance of some of those ancient maidens, I should have felt more interest in their parentage and the place and date of their birth. I do not think however that even the acquisition of the lovely Rachael would have induced me to toil seven years for her father, much less fourteen."

"If Alicia were Rachael, and I were Jacob, I would toil as he toiled for the same prize. But I am not Jacob—only Frank."

"Well, beas *Frank* with Miss Mercer as you are with me, and I guess she will accept your offer, and reduce the time a little."

"Stop your joking," said Frank, "the subject is of two serious a nature for levity. Had not the misfortune of a fortune come between us I might have hoped, but now I feel that I never can ask her to become my wife."

"To my mind," Tom replied, "the fortune would not be a serious encumbrance. I would not discount the girl of my choice in the least, on account of the slight inconvenience of having a fortune to look after. If, however, your nature, under the metamorphic influence of sentimentalism has become so overhauled as to luxuriate in regions altogether above the substantial phases of "bread and butter" existence, you can just turn over the fortune to me, and I will, on account of our intimate friendship, accept the responsibility, and relieve you of the burden. I don't know, but in that case, I might go up to 'Cloverdale,' and enter a suit with a view to acquire a relationship."

"Tom, I believe you are demented; do you imagine that Ellen Mercer would give a thought to your fortune? not she. If you did not suit her without the fortune, you would not suit her with it. When she marries, it will be for the sake of the man, not the fortune, for what he is, and not for what he has, or my judgement is at fault."

"I was not considering the question in the same light that you were; but under the conviction that the physical part of our nature would flourish best under the influence of suitable nutriment, I thought it would be very convenient to have ample provision made for that department of our existence, and I think if Miss Ellen Mercer was otherwise suitably impressed with a suitor, she would have good sense enough to recognize a fortune, no matter from which side it came, as a by no means undesirable accident in the partnership. And I doubt not, Miss Alicia would view matters in the same light. The fact of the matter is, I believe your pride is a little touched at the idea of receiving instead of giving; you forget that love affairs are not to be conducted on commercial principles, in which each puts in a certain amount of capital, and receives proportionate dividends. Genuine love sees in the object of its awakening full value for all it gives, or can give; and fortunes are but straws that do not add sensibly to its weight."

"Why, Tom, you are quite a philosopher on affairs of the heart. I did not imagine there was so much *Cupidity* in your nature."

"I am glad that you are not too far gone for a joke," said Tom, "it indicates to me that your *matter-o-money-al* affairs may yet be adjusted without entailing upon me the responsibility of taking charge of the 'Aberfoyle' estate. But come, it is getting late; what do you propose to do next?"

"I propose to acquaint Andrew Mercer with the state of affairs, and request him to do his duty as one of the executors of his brother's will, and leave the rest of the business to be governed by circumstances; but if possible, I propose to see the rightful owner in possession of the 'Aberfoyle' estate on Thursday next. And now, as no more is necessary to be done at present, we will bid the world good night."

The next morning, after dispatching Joe with an account of the events that had transpired, to the head office of the firm in the city, they took a conveyance and proceeded to the residence of Andrew Dennison, who, on being apprised of the turn affairs had taken, entered heartily into the spirit of Frank's plans, and declared that his niece, who had always been a great favorite with him, should, in accordance with the instructions of the will, enter into possession of the estate on her eighteenth birthday,

and declared his purpose of being personally present, to see that the provisions of the will were carried out. An order was therefore procured from the judge to take possession, and in the mean time Frank was entrusted with the duty of communicating with Alicia, in order to secure her presence at 'Aberfoyle,' on the date of her birthday anniversary. And after some little consideration, and one or two unsuccessful attempts, he finally wrote and mailed the following letter;—

To Miss Alicia Mercer,
Meadowvale.

My Dear Miss Mercer,

Allow me to congratulate you on the fact that our efforts in regard to the 'Aberfoyle' estate have been so far successful, that the genuine will has been discovered, and the illegitimate occupant of the estate arrested. But, in order to secure the property to its lawful owner, a legal process involving the necessity for your presence at 'Aberfoyle' appears to me to be requisite, and in this, your uncle Andrew, who has been made acquainted with the whole case, concurs. Availing myself, therefore, of your kind promise, I have to beg you will not fail to come to 'Aberfoyle' by the morning train on Thursday next, the 26th inst.

Yours faithfully
Frank Airlie.

As but two days would intervene before the 26th, Frank deemed it advisable to return to 'Aberfoyle,' to make such a disposition of affairs there, as might appear necessary to prepare the way for the little "installation ceremony," as he had seen fit to call it. And first it was necessary to dispose of Mrs. Gundry, who still occupied the premises. This could be done either with or without a legal process; but in either case, it might involve unpleasantness and delay. He therefore thought it better, as did also Mr. Dennison, to endeavor to secure her removal by diplomacy. So, on arriving at 'Aberfoyle,' he waited upon Mrs. Gundry and informed her that, as her husband had fraudulently held possession of the property during the last seven years, and as the presumption was that she was accessory to the fraud, probably, to secure the ends of justice it would be deemed necessary to order her arrest. He further informed her that any goods found on the premises were liable to seizure to secure indemnity for the use of the estate during the time her husband had held fraudulent possession. He expressed regret that such a course was deemed necessary, "But you know," said he, "that in a few days, all the chattels might be moved off the premises, and then it might be impossible for us to recover compensation. However, I will leave the matter with you till tomorrow, and perhaps by that time you will be prepared to submit some offer to compromise the matter."

"I know nothing of the matter," Mrs. Gundry replied, "I know that my husband has been arrested; but what crime he has committed I do not know, nor on what grounds, nor by what authority he has been arrested. And at present, I do not see what there is to compromise about. However, you can call tomorrow to receive my answer, but I do not think my mind will be at all changed."

These words were spoken with little manifestation of embarrassment, but a peculiar light in her eyes told Frank that his address had taken effect; so he simply said: "Tomorrow, then, at ten o'clock," and bade her good morning.

At ten the next morning, Frank and Tom went down to the Cottage, and, as Frank expected, found the premises vacated. The house and grounds were in confusion. The stock had been driven off, and everything of value removed; but the keys had been left in the doors, and no violence had been done to the premises. Whether the fugitives had fled they knew not, nor did they care to inquire, being only too glad that the obstacles to quiet possession had been so easily disposed of.

Tom now went over to the hotel near the station, where he obtained a couple of assistants, by whose exertions with a little assistance from Frank and Tom the house was swept and tidied, and before night was, but for the absence of anything of value in the way of furniture, rendered comparatively presentable. Having thus made the best arrangement they could under the circumstances, they returned to the hotel, looking forward with no little interest and anxiety to the morrow, which they felt was to be a day of unusual interest, marking a new era in the history of their lives.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

WHO IS THE CHRISTIAN MAN?

Who is the genuine Christian man?
 Portray for me that righteous man!
 Is it he who neither drinks nor swears?
 But goes to church and says his prayers;
 Looks pious, pays his tithes and then
 Thanks God he's not like other men;
 Rolls up his eyes and cries, "Ah me?"
 How dreadful wicked sinners be!"
 And most intently disapproves
 Of all sin save the sin he loves;
 Is he the Christian? Bless you! he
 Is just the snuffling Pharisee;

Who is he, then, the Christian man?
 How shall we know that blessed man?
 Is it he who leads the poor with prayer,
 And gives them cant for clothes to wear?
 Is it he who with a solemn whine,
 Exhorteth me but stealeth mine;
 Who casting satan out on Sunday,
 Invites him in again on Monday?
 And deems the foulest wrong is right
 If it be covered well from sight;
 Is he the Christian? Not a whit;
 He's but a Canting Hypocrite?

Who is he then, the Christian man?
 Come, let us see this wondrous man;
 Is it he who ere the east is red,
 On week-days blithely leaps from bed,
 And marches on with cheery song
 To toil for mammon all day long;
 But Sunday, sleeps till noon and then
 Loiters to church and sleeps again;
 Returns a visit takes a ride,
 And deems his God is glorified;
 Is he the Christian? Nay, I paint,
 The features of a modern saint.

Who then is he, the Christian man?
 Point out the noble hearted man,
 Is it he, the pious soul, who pays
 For preaching by his chants of praise,
 And gives for fuel and repairs
 His exhortations, psalms and prayers?
 Then sits and sings with holy glee,
 I'm glad, I'm glad salvation's free;
 Nor of the wealth that Heaven hath lent
 Will ever yield the Lord a cent,
 Is he the Christian? if he be,
 Salvation must indeed be free.

Who is he, then, the Christian man?
 Constructed on the Gospel plan?
 Is it he who gives the Lord his pelf,
 And therefore lives to suit himself,
 Deeming the builded synagogue
 Absolves him from the Decalogue;
 Who never fasts and never prays;
 And holds it cause for just complaint
 Unless you reckon him a saint:
 Is he the Christian? Nay I guess
 The Lord regards him something less.

Who is he, then, the Christian man?
 It's he who with a soul sincere
 Loves God and holds his neighbors dear;
 Denies himself nor swerves from right
 In darkness more than in the light;
 Who renders God and man their due,
 Even when no law compels him to,
 And builds his life upon the plan
 That serving God is blessing man.
 Such men are Christians; but I fear
 They are not over numerous here.

TRAIN THE BOYS FOR BUSINESS.

There is one element in the home instruction of boys, to which, says a Boston paper, too little importance has been given, and that is the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility. In too many households, boys from twelve to seventeen years are too much administered to by loving mothers or other female members of the family. Boys' lives during those years are the halcyon days of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it—in fact, having nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. He goes into an office where everything is system, order, precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, file letters, do errands—in short, become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds task masters, more or less lenient, to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life.

In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous; blunders, overlooked at first, get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtaken, and the boy is told his services are no longer wanted. This is his first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise to the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is for every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that hour to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book learning.

Legend of the Wandering Jew.

Brought into Europe from the East, shortly after the first Crusade, under Peter the Hermit, late in the eleventh century, was the well known legend of the Wandering Jew. This appellation was given by the popular voice to almost every mendicant, with a long white beard and scanty clothing, who, supported by a long staff, trudged along the roads, with eye downcast, and without opening his lips.

In the year 1228, this legend was told for the first time by the Armenian bishop, then lately arrived from the Holy Land, to the monks of St. Albans, in England. According to his narrative, Joseph Cartaphilus was doorkeeper in the prætorium of Pontius Pilate when Jesus was led away to be crucified.

As Jesus halted upon the threshold of the prætorium, Cartaphilus, the doorkeeper (so says the narrative) struck him in the loins and said,—

"Move faster! Why do you stop here?"

Jesus, the legend continues, turned round to him, and said, with a severe look,—

"I go, but you will await my coming."

Cartaphilus, who was then thirty years old, and who since then has always returned to that age when he had completed a hundred years, has ever since been awaiting the coming of our Lord and the end of the world. He was said to suffer under the peculiar doom of ceaselessly traversing the earth on foot. The general belief was that he was a man of great piety, of sad and gentle manners, of few words, often weeping, seldom smiling, and content with the scantiest and simplest food, and the most poverty-stricken garments. Such was the tradition which poets and romancists, in various lands and many languages, have introduced into song and story.

As the ages rolled on, new circumstances were added to this tale. Paul of Eitzen, a German bishop, wrote, in a letter, of a friend that had met the Wandering Jew at Hamburg, in 1564, and had a long conversation with him. Instead of Joseph Cartaphilus, he then was called Ahasuerus.

He appeared, the bishop said, to be fifty years of age. His hair was long, and he went barefoot. His dress consisted of

very full breeches, short petticoat, or kilt, coming to the knees. He attended Christian worship, prostrating himself, with sighs, tears, and beating the breast, whenever the name of Jesus was spoken.

The bishop further stated that this man's speech was very edifying. He could not hear an oath without bursting into tears, and when offered money would accept but a few sous. The story of his meeting our Lord, as told by Bishop Paul, of Eitzen, differs somewhat from the older and ordinary version, and goes more fully into particulars.

Cartaphilus, this "second edition with additions" states, was standing in front of his house in Jerusalem, with his wife and children, when he roughly accosted Jesus, who had halted to take breath while carrying his cross to Calvary.

"I shall stop and be at rest," was all the Lord said, "but you will ever be on foot."

After this sentence, Cartaphilus quitted home and family, to do perpetual penance by wandering over the whole world. He did not know, the bishop said, what God intended to do with him, in compelling him so long to lead such a miserable life, but had hope and faith in His mercy.

IRRESISTIBLE WEAPONS.

A wife's irresistible weapons are those of love and affection, and she makes a great mistake when she endeavors to coerce man by any other. Those weapons are a sure pull if he has anything human left in him. Forbear mutual upbraidings. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of her child as to the exterior, therefore let calmness, peace, affection, and firmness rule her conduct toward her children. Children are great imitators; whether they have scolding or peaceful mothers, they are generally sure to learn from the examples set before them. And thus the consequent joy or sorrow is transferred to other families. Therefore let mothers take heed to their conduct. It is not possible to exercise too much judgment and prudence before entering on married life. Be sure that the affections on both sides are so perfectly intertwined, that the two form as it were one mind.

How to Select a Husband.

It has been profoundly remarked, that the true way of telling a toadstool from a mushroom is to eat it. If you die it was a toadstool, if you live it was a mushroom. A similar method is employed in the selection of husbands; marry him, if he kills you he was a bad husband; if he makes you happy, he is a good one. There is really no other criterion. As Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof. Some young men that seem unexceptionable, indeed very desirable, when they are single, are perfectly horrid as soon as they get married. All the latent brute there is in the heart comes out as soon as a sensitive and delicate being seeks her happiness in his companionship. The honey-moon lasts a very short time, the receptions and the rounds of parties are soon over, and then the two sit down to make home happy. If she has married a society man, he will soon begin to get bored; he will yawn and go to sleep on the sofa. Then he will take his hat and go down to the club and see the boys, and perhaps not come home till morning. If she has married a man engrossed in business he will be fagged out when he comes home. He may be a sickly man that she must nurse, a morose man that she must seek to cheer, a drunken man that she must sit up for, a violent man that she fears, a fool whom she soon learns to despise, a vulgar man for whom she must apologize—in short, there are thousands of ways of being bad husbands, and very few ways of being good ones. And the worst of it is, that the poor silly women are apt to admire in single men the very traits that make bad husbands, and look with contempt or ridicule upon those quiet virtues which make home happy. Men with very little personal beauty or style, often make the wife happy—and sometimes quite the reverse. The number of ways of being a bad husband is almost as great as the number of ways of being ugly. No one can tell from the demeanor of a single man what sort of a husband he will be. Meantime she must marry somebody. Eat it: if you die it was a sort of toadstool, if you live it was a sort of mushroom.

SERMON FROM A PAIR OF BOOTS.

There lived, forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived heard of this, and felt that he must give him a lesson.

He did it in this way. He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in said to him:

"Master, take my measure for a pair of boots."

"With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot."

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room. But, as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him:

"Master, my son also requires a pair of boots."

"I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?"

"It is not necessary," said the pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last."

"Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise.

"I tell you, sir, to make my son's on the same last."

"No, your reverence, I cannot do it."

"It must be—on the same last."

"But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

"Ah then, master shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit; and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last,—of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do, either."

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said:

"I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbors less harshly in the future."

A Christmas Present.

A lady, we may call her Mrs. Bright, was so unhappy as to be the wife of a man who was a constant drinker of intoxicating liquors.

Every way that love and womanly wit or indignation could devise, Mrs. Bright had tried, in vain, to reform her once beloved husband. Indeed, he was yet dear to her, as her emotion when she spoke of him and his condition testified. He had been a very handsome man, and rather vain of his good looks. He had also been a person of much dignity of appearance, and of a great regard for propriety. But all was now sadly changed. Being always under the influence of his evil habit, he was bloated, his eyes were red, his expression was that of stupidity, and his unsteady steps rendered him an object of anything but admiration or respect. He had fallen so low that he would enter any gin hole or corner grocery for his dram. This his poor wife knew, as she had more than once seen him do it, and it mortified her exceedingly.

The Brights were people of considerable wealth, and they had a fine family of sons and daughters, who grieved and blushed for their father. "He might at least spare us the shame of making his disgrace so public," thought Mrs. Bright.

"I will see if I cannot prevail on him to keep out of such places."

Christmas was near. On Christmas morning, while all the younger members of the family were rejoicing over their presents, Mrs. Bright called to her husband to come into her chamber and see what she had bought for him. "It is too heavy for me to carry to you," she said, "so come and get it."

Mr. Bright entered, curiosity depicted on his face.

What should he behold but a straw-covered hamper containing several gallons of brandy!

"What—why—well, really, wife, I am much obliged to you, I am sure; but—how did you come to buy me this?"

"I wanted to please you, husband; and I thought this would please you better than anything else would. And now all I ask of you is—if you do feel obliged to me—that you will always keep this supplied, and do your drinking in your own house, not in low rum holes."

Mr. Bright promised. He was a good deal embarrassed—

hardly knew what to say to the children who had come in to view their father's present. But he kept his word, devoted himself wholly to his own brandy bottle, and had nearly finished what his wife had given him, when he was taken very sick in consequence of his potations.

He grew rapidly worse, and at length, feeling that he was about to die, he began to give his wife instructions as to what she had better do after he was gone.

"Your part of the property will be plenty to support you and Jennie [the youngest child, about ten years of age] quite comfortably in the retirement of some small country village," he said. "You had better move out of the city as soon after the funeral as you can get away."

"I shall do no such thing, Mr. Bright," replied the lady, with much spirit and determination. "Do you suppose I am going to bury myself and Jennie in any out-of-the-way corner? Not I."

"But how will you support yourself in the city?" inquired the sick man, taken rather aback by the words and manner of his wife.

"Oh, leave me to see to that. I shall not starve. I shall remain in the city; and shall see that Jennie has her proper education, and her proper place in society."

Quite irritated, Mr. Bright then asked,—

"Do you mean to marry again?"

"Very likely I may," returned his wife, coolly. "At any rate, I shall if I think best. You may be satisfied that I shall not shut myself up to mope life away, as some widows do. There is too much to do in this world for that."

"The sick man became silent. He turned over with his face to the wall—but not die. He came to the conclusion that he would much rather live. He knew, well enough, what it was that was killing him. He would not be killed. He would never touch a drop of the accursed stuff again. He would live; and that other man, whoever he was, should not have Mrs. Bright. No; and he'd yet make her feel that her first husband was the only one she would ever want.

These resolves endured. At this day that man is alive and well, and his wife is a happy woman loving and admiring her husband as of old. They are both professed Christians.—*Helen Bruce.*

THE GARDENER'S LESSON.

Two gardeners had their early crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient about the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work to plant a new crop. After a while, the impatient man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor.

"But don't you ever fret?" he asked.

"Yes, I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done."

"Why then you have no need to fret at all!"

"True," said his friend; "and that's the reason I put it off."

A GAME FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

A writer in the *Christian at Work* describes a new fireside sport likely to afford pleasant practice for both manual and mental skill. It is called the game of "Artists and Critics," and of course the biggest bunglers at it will make the most fun.

Slips of paper and lead-pencils must be distributed among all present. Then each person makes a sketch at the top of the paper, representing any thing he pleases, as ambiguously as possible, and at the bottom of the paper writes what he intended it for, and folds it over, as in the game called Consequences.

The papers are passed to the next in turn, and each person after scrutinizing the design, writes what he thinks it means and folds that over. This goes on until the papers have made the tour of the circle, and then all are opened and read aloud, first the real meaning of the drawing, then the guesses, which are sometimes very amusing.

A picture meant to represent "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" was by successive examiners pronounced "Chicago in Flames," "A Madonna, or something of that sort," "Brig in a Cyclone," and "The Burning of the Vouchers."

POLICE PHILOSOPHY.

A badly frightened stranger, whose dress betrayed the fact that he hadn't much ready cash, called at the Central Police Station yesterday, and complained that two men had been following him around for several hours with a view to robbery.

"Well you had better leave your money here until you get ready to leave town," suggested the captain.

"But I haven't got any—not a dollar," was the reply.

"Then how can they rob you?"

"That's so—never thought of that!" chuckled the man, as his face brightened. "After they've gone to the trouble of knocking me down and dragging me into some alley, they won't find a red in my pockets—ha! ha! ha!"

He went away highly delighted, declaring that a great burden had been taken off his mind.

A SHREWD FARMER.

During the Franco-German war two hundred Uhlans arrived in a Norman village. One of the peasants hurried to a neighboring hamlet to warn a well-to-do farmer that he might expect a visit from the unwelcome raiders. The farmer was equal to the emergency. Calling his wife and daughters, all went to work with a will. Torn quilts, tattered petticoats, dilapidated gowns, were thrown over the backs of the cattle, enveloping them up to their horns, while their feet and heads were bound with straw. Then the sheep and goats were treated in the same manner; bottles of medicine were scattered about; a large trough was filled with water, and in the midst was a large syringe. Up came the Uhlans; but at the sight of the strangely-attired animals and the monster squirt they hesitated. At last one of the troopers inquired what was the matter. "The rinder pest," said the farmer. He had to answer no more questions. His visitors turned their horses' heads and galloped off to make requisition elsewhere.

BLUNDERS.

In some rare old pictures amusing blunders may be discovered—as, for instance, representation of "Israelites Gathering Manna" in which they are armed with guns, Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of Christ with a pair of spectacles on his nose, and Rubens committed the same error in "Mary Anointing the Feet of Christ." Albert Durer painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in founced dress. The same artist, in a picture of "Peter Denying Christ," introduces a Roman soldier smoking a German pipe. A Flemish picture of the wise man worshipping the infant Christ has one of them depicted in a white surplice and in boots and spurs. In this incongruous dress he is represented in the act of presenting the child with a model of a Dutch man-of-war. Belini has pictured David playing on a harp. In a French picture of the "Last Supper" the table is ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters. The crowning blunder is shown in a painting of the Garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve are represented in all their primitive simplicity, while in the immediate background appears a hunter in a modern sporting suit in the act of shooting ducks with a gun.

Americans as Eaters.

"Did you ever hear tell of Abernethy, a British doctor?" said the clock maker, Sam Slick.

"Frequently," said I; "he was an eminent man, and had a most extensive practice."

"Well, I reckon he was a vulgar critter," he replied, "that he treated the Hon'able Alden Gobble, Secretary to the American Legation at London, dreadful bad once; and I guess if it had been me he had used that way I'd a fixed his flint for him, so that he'd think twice afore he'd fire such another shot as that 'ere again. I'd a made him make tracks, I guess, as quick as a dog does a hog from a potato field. He'd a found his way out of the hole in the fence a plaguy sight quicker than he came in, I reckon."

"His manner," said I, "was certainly rather unceremonious at times, but he was so honest and straightforward, that no person was, I believe, ever seriously offended at him. It was his way."

"Then his way was so plaguy rough," continued the clock maker, "that he'd been the better if it had been hammered

and mauled down smoother. I'd leveled him flat as a flounder."

"Pray, what was his offense?" said I.

"Bad enough, you may depend. The Hon'ble Alden Goble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great oncasiness arter eatin', so he goes to Abernethy for advice. 'What's the matter with you?' said the doctor—jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—what's the matter with you?' said he. 'Why,' says Alden, 'I presume I have dyspepsy.' 'Ah!' said he, 'I see; a Yankee swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.' 'I am an American citizen,' says Alden with great dignity; 'I am Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St James.' 'The deuce you are,' said Abernethy; 'then you will soon get rid of your dyspepsy.' 'I don't see that 'ere inference,' said Alden, 'it don't follow from what you predicate at all; it ain't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office.' (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and I believe diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) 'But I tell you it does follow,' said the doctor; 'for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian.'

"It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one ravin' distracted mad. 'I'll be hanged,' said he, 'if ever I see a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole like a boa-constrictor. How can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor time to masticate. It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets instead of your food. It's disgusting, it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and fast as he can pitch it in with a dung-fork and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh! infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.'

"'I don't understand such language,' said Alden (for he was fairly riled and got his dander up, and when he shows clear grit, he looks wickedly ugly, I tell you), 'I don't understand such language, sir; I came here to consult you professionally, and not to be——' 'Don't understand?' said the doctor, 'why it's plain English; but here, read my book,' and he shoved a book into his hands and left him in an instant, standing alone in the middle of the room."—*Ex.*

TOBACCO.

We are glad to know that there are a few journals in the land which are not afraid to speak out against tobacco, that vile weed of which Columbus spoke when he said, describing what he observed when he discovered this continent, that he "saw the naked savages twist large leaves together and smoke like devils." We are so glad to note that the number of journals as well as the number of public lecturers who are willing to aid in arousing the public to the evils, present and future, arising from the use of this filthy drug, is constantly increasing. The following article on tobacco we quote from the *Christian*, a journal which has won for itself an enviable reputation as an able and earnest advocate of all true reforms:—

"It is estimated that about three hundred millions, or about one-fourth of the entire human family, use tobacco. It is used by men of every nation; civilized or uncivilized; old and young; learned and unlearned; rich and poor; saint and sinner; Christian, Turk and heathen. No pope, prince, president, or king wields a scepter over so wide an empire. It is computed that the whole number of smokers, snuffers, and chewers consume five hundred tons of tobacco annually, or one billion pounds' weight. The expenditure of time, labor, and money laid out one way and another for tobacco, is prodigious. The aggregate of all these that enter into the raising of the weed, making it into plugs, snuffs and cigars; the transporting, the buying, and selling, and using is a problem for mathematicians who know how to compute figures that rise beyond millions.

"The time spent by a single individual in taking chews,

and lighting and puffing pipes or cigars, would, if properly improved, in many instances, be sufficient to acquire a thorough knowledge in several sciences. Multiply this by the whole number of tobacco chewers, and it will amount to centuries of precious time consumed in useless practices. The labor of producing tobacco and preparing it for use is amazing. Five and a half millions of acres are cultivated in this soil-impoverishing crop throughout the world. In one great tobacco factory in Seville, Spain, five thousand young girls are employed in a single room. In the city of Hamburg, ten thousand persons, many of them women and children, are engaged in the manufacture of cigars. A printing press is occupied entirely in printing labels for the boxes of cigars, and other matters connected with the immense tobacco business of that city.

"A church member, known to the writer, uses seventy-five dollars' worth of tobacco yearly. A young man in a neighboring town confessed to smoking ninety-one dollars' worth of cigars in a year. In an annual report of a State almshouse there is the following item of expenditure: 'Nineteen dollars for tobacco, snuff, and pipes.' Communities must be taxed additional in order to provide tobacco for paupers! It is estimated that the clergy cost the United States six hundred thousand dollars annually; criminals, nineteen million dollars; tobacco, forty million dollars; rum, one and a half billion,—nearly seven times as much for tobacco as for preaching of the gospel, and enough, if applied for sixty years, to wipe out the stupendous national debt. What does tobacco cost you?"—*Ex.*

AT THE TABLE.

Have you ever noticed the disposition some people have to choose gloomy subjects of conversation? They delight in personal details. To them, nothing is more interesting; and one who does not appreciate the inside history of a person should never be invited a second time to one's table. Such people are always delighted with the description of rheumatic disorders. There is a terrible fascination in rheumatism, when the mode of its working and its results are vividly set forth by a person that has experienced them, at the table. Matrimonial infelicity is a rare tid-bit, especially if there be positive charges against the virtue of both parties. Such narrations are always piquant and edifying. We have never known a sewing society meeting a total failure with a good divorce case stitched into it. We have known, on the other hand, an elopement to save the circle from irretrievable and unconscionable stupidity. There is no telling to what happy uses we can put our tables, if we would only pay some attention to the matter. The resources of entertainment in this direction are not half explored. If the thing is well worked, we are confident that great effects might be produced on the digestion and the happiness of ourselves and our guests.

SHARP EYES.

A man has sharper eyes than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the bird he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near where he alights.

I find I see, almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through—a flit of the wing, a flit of the tail is enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them—and that with like ease the birds see me, though unquestionably the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern who did not have the walking fern in his mind.

Nevertheless the habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady, deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharp-shooter picks out his man and knows him with fatal certainty from a stump, or a rock, or a cap on a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate not only

form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individuality—that which separates, discriminates, and sees in every object its essential character. This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye notes specific points and differences—it seizes upon and preserves the individuality of the thing.

Persons frequently describe to me some bird they have seen or heard and ask me to name it, but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or else it is totally unlike any bird found on this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely. Not so the farm youth who wrote me one winter day that he had seen a single pair of strange birds, which he describes as follows:—

"They were about the size of the 'chip pic,' the tops of their heads were red, and the breast of the male was of the same color, while that of the female was much lighter; their rumps were also faintly tinged with red. If I have described them so that you would know them, please write me their true names."

There can be little doubt but the young observer had seen a pair of red-polls—a bird related to the goldfinch, and that occasionally comes down to us in the winter from the far north.

Another time the same youth wrote that he had seen a strange bird the color of a sparrow, that alighted on fences and buildings as well as upon the ground, and that walked. This last fact showed the youth's discriminating eye and settled the case. I knew it to be a species of lark from the time, size, color, etc., the tit-lark. But how many persons would have observed that the bird walked instead of hopped? —*Waverley.*

An Interesting Historical Discovery.

A short time ago a discovery of several mounds, evidently artificially constructed, and not the handiwork of nature, was made at what is known as Sheridan's drive, on a range of hills immediately to the west of Fort Leavenworth. Within these mounds were traces of stonework as artistic and nearly perfect as that of the present day. Some days ago a party went to the mounds, and found a sort of book of records written or translated rather, upon pieces of bark, and placed together like the leaves of a book, and tied with smaller pieces of bark. Among the exploring party was a gentleman from Boston, who had made the language of Mexico a study, and who, upon examination of the records found in the mounds, found a similarity between the writings in the records and the ancient language of Mexico during the time of the Montezumas.

The record is a history, a chronicle of events; no dates are given, but from historical analogy, it is to be inferred that it must have been about 1420, during the reign of the Montezumas in Mexico, when the emperors of that name had it all their own way, in not only their own section of the country, but up this way as well. The records give the details of a great battle, probably on the very spot where the metropolis of Kansas now stands. According to the records, the battle raged for three days, and the ground was strewn with slain, and after the conflict was over, the victors, with the prisoners they had taken, reversed their steps, and went back to Mexico, where the captives were to be offered up upon the altars as a sacrifice to their god of war. The records were evidently written by the victors, and placed by them in the mounds where they were found.

The records consist of ten large pieces of bark, flattened out about ten or twelve inches in size, and bound tight together by thongs of bark cut into long strips and pressed. They have been sent to Boston, and are to be placed in the State Historical Museum there.—*Leavenworth (Kan.) Times.*

A CLEVER THIEF.

Two young men, according to a Paris paper, were, a few afternoons ago, seated in front of a cafe on the Boulevards, when one of them, named Lucien W., informed his friend that he had just come into possession of 5000 francs, adding that the 5000 francs, in bank-notes, were safe locked up in a drawer in his room, and he should not then trouble himself with business. He had a sum of fifty francs in his pocket, with which he proposed that he and his friend should go to Asnieres and enjoy themselves boating, dining, a ball, etc.,

and not return until two o'clock in the morning.

At a table close to them was a well-dressed man, who, although apparently absorbed in the perusal of his journal, did not lose a word of the conversation. He was an accomplished thief, named R., alias "the Aspic," who had but recently returned from a tour in the provinces, which he had found it necessary to make in order to withdraw himself from the observation of the police. The bait of 5000 francs was too tempting for him to resist, and he immediately resolved to obtain possession of it. Having noticed that Lucien W. had placed his hat on a stool, a short distance from him, the Aspic adroitly substituted his own for it, and after paying for what he had taken, walked out. He knew that the 5000 francs were deposited in a drawer in the young man's room, and the address of that room he hoped to find by means of the name at the bottom of the hat. Seeing the hatter's address, he went to his shop and told him that he had, on leaving a restaurant, taken a hat which did not belong to him, and which he was anxious to return to the owner, if the hatter happened to know the address of his customer. The information was readily obtained, and in a very short time after, the thief had paid his visit to the apartment of Lucien W., and gained possession of the money. About an hour after the young man went to the hatter's also, and was informed of what had occurred, but, not thinking of any danger for his money, he merely bought a straw hat, and with his friend proceeded on his trip to Asnieres. On his return home at night he discovered his loss. Information was immediately lodged with the police, and, from the description of the man given by the hatter he was, on the following day, arrested while on a party of pleasure, which he had also devised with some friends, to the river-side. In his pockets were found the 5000 francs, minus 400 francs, which he had expended.

SMALL ROOMS.—There's fine art in furnishing a small room to the best advantage. In the first place, the wall paper should be of a small pattern. If the rooms are low; the more space there is between the top of the picture and the ceiling the higher your room will look. It is a very common mistake to imagine that the higher pictures are hung the higher a room will appear. The next to be considered is the furniture. Anything large ought to be avoided. It is not the quantity but the size of furniture in a room that seems to crowd it. A number of small tables in a small drawing-room will take far less room, and be far more useful than one large one. Even the ornaments should be chosen judiciously; much character is displayed by small things; they ought to be small and delicately shaped, and harmonious in color. Shelves and small cupboards should occupy convenient corners. Even these may be turned to ornamental as well as useful purposes for nothing is easier than to get plain deal cupboards, painted black and gold and with pretty designs on the panels. Shelves too, covered with cloth the same color as the curtains or furniture in the room, add to its affect, and help to keep it tidy. Thus, you perceive, it is by no means impossible to live very comfortably and tastefully in a small house. Where there's a will there's a way, in this as in other matters.

PERSEVERANCE.—There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations, and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice was again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if mortal strength or brains in my case were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which a learned professor taught one of his students in the lecture-room after some chemical experiment. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some article had been dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up.

"Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir whether we find it or no."

"That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it."

Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its result. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail!"

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A book has been published in London, entitled "Consumption: Its cure, by an Entirely New remedy." Of this book the London Sunday Times says:

This is the third edition of a work upon one of the most difficult medical questions of the age—the treatment of consumption, so as to secure the restoration to health of those suffering from it. Dr. Alabone resides at Lyton House, Mildmay road, N., and in a modest preface to his book he wins our sympathy by stating that he was at one time suffering from consumption, and was actually pronounced incurable. Having experimented upon himself with success, he has become celebrated in the metropolis for the wonderful results which have followed his treatment of consumption. Nor does he make any secret of his mode of dealing with his patients, but states every thing openly and boldly, for the criticism of brother professionals. The preliminary observations show the author to have made a profound study of the parts most deeply affected by the disease; and he wins confidence at once by his frank discussion of the symptoms accompanying the presence of consumption. It is not in our power to criticise the learned disquisition which is furnished on the best mode of dealing with this disease, but the dietary which should be adopted will be acceptable to all our readers:

On waking in the morning, say about seven o'clock, half a pint of warm milk should be taken, with a biscuit or a piece of bread and butter. A teaspoonful of rum may be added to the milk; should acidity arise, also add a teaspoonful of lime-water.

Breakfast, at nine o'clock, to consist of milk (at least half a pint), with cocoa, coffee, or oatmeal, bread and butter, bacon fish, or lightly-boiled egg.

At eleven o'clock a pint of milk with an egg beaten up in it, or some meat juice.

Dinner, at two o'clock, to consist of roast mutton or a mutton chop, with as much fat as can be taken; poultry, game &c., with vegetables, and any light pudding, such as arrow-root, tapioca, rice, or sago. Fish should form at least an item of the meal, and if the patient feel so inclined, he may make the meal from fish entirely. A good glass of ale may be taken, provided it cause no unpleasant symptoms, such as flushing of the face, increase of the pulse, drowsiness, &c., but good Burgundy wine will be found in all cases preferable.

Tea at five o'clock, when fish can be taken, with milk and, coffee or cocoa, bread and butter and watercress (these may be

eaten freely).

Supper, from eight to nine o'clock, must be a very light meal, consisting of three-quarters of a pint of milk, with oatmeal porridge or farinaceous food, or two eggs with milk to drink.

During the night a cup of milk with a little light pudding or a biscuit, should be placed beside the bed, and be taken by the patient if he be awake. By adopting this dietry it will be seen a larger quantity of food can be taken than it would be possible to give if the ordinary hours of the meals were adhered to; and as it is taken in small quantities, the vital actions are not allowed to subside. It is, however, obvious that alterations must be made in certain cases.

The meat juice referred to is a most valuable item of food to the consumptive patient. It is best prepared thus: Take about two pounds of fresh beef, without fat or bone, plunge it for a few minutes into boiling water placed over a good fire; this will harden the outside of the meat, and so afford resistance to pressure. Now cut the meat into small pieces, and pass them through a meat-press, when the juices will be expressed. This must be mixed with equal parts of a broth composed of stewed bones and gristle, thickened with vermicelli, and flavoured with salt and pepper. No more should be made than is sufficient for one day's consumption. It may be taken at any time in the day, according to the appetite and digestive power of the patient. All cough lozenges and draughts must be cautiously avoided; they invariably injure the stomach, and so diminish the appetite.—*True Flag.*

THE CROWD KILLS.

An interesting subject has been lately re-introduced to the notice of sociologists, and is awakening a good deal of speculation and enquiry. It is as to the dangers to health and life resulting from the overcrowding of the populations of large cities. Those who take the pessimist view of city life have gathered the following among other facts: When the individual has an average to himself of 400 feet, his average of life is 50 years; with 300 feet it is 40 years; with 60 feet, 30 years, and with 20 feet, 25 years. These figures are professedly given on the basis of carefully gathered statistics and on high authority. In England the death-rate per 1000 ranges between 15 and 39—taking a stretch of ten years; in every instance the result of the test corresponds with the average area allowed the individual. Thus in Liverpool, where the average space is least, 12 square feet, the rate is 39 per thousand. Where it stands 15 per thousand the area is four acres per head; where 31, one-tenth of an acre; and where 39, one-hundredth. There is a uniformity of progression in the facts which have been collected, which makes the existence of a law a certainty; but there are conditions which must considerably modify the operation of that law. There are conditions of soil and climate, for instance,—Mark Tapley and Martin Chuzzlewit had any amount of acreage at Eden, but had a somewhat rough time notwithstanding; so of air and water; sewerage; employment; emission of noxious gases from factories; inducements to vicious indulgences, and fifty other things which may affect any general reckoning of this kind, but of which as a rule the statistician takes no heed. Then there is the *reductio ad absurdum* that aboriginal tribes with unlimited acreage ought to reach patriarchal longevity, which they do not.—a difficulty which the statisticians surmount by simply affirming that they don't. One thing, however, would seem to be established by the facts lately collected, namely, that the odds of long life are greatly in favor of people living in the country; and whether this be so or not the odds in respect to health, independence and enjoyment are certainly with them.

TRICHINÆ IN CHICAGO.

Our friend Dr. H. F. Atwood of Chicago, Treasurer of the American society of Microscopy, and Dr. W. T. Belfield, demonstrator of Physiology in Rush Medical College, have been for some time engaged in the investigation of the trichinæ question, undertaken for the health department of that city. Each morning a health officer brought to the microscopies several specimens of pork taken from different parts of one or more animals, and different packing houses in the city. Of one hundred hogs examined, eight were found to be infected with trichinæ, the degree of infection varying from thirty-

five to thirteen thousand per inch of lean pork.

The investigators have conducted a series of experiments for the purpose of determining facts in the natural history of the parasite. Most of their experiments were performed on rats, who were fed upon small quantities of the diseased meat at intervals of two or three days for a number of weeks. Very curiously, the rodents did not seem to be particularly inconvenienced by the parasites. One rat which weighed but two ounces, was killed after having eaten trichinous pork for six weeks, and after examination its body was found to contain at least 100,000 of trichinæ; yet the rat had never shown the least symptom of illness.

The conclusion which the investigators draw from this experiment is that any animal or man may take trichinæ in small quantities without a fatal result, and may carry them in his body for years. Indeed, they believe that large numbers of persons are infected with trichinæ who have no suspicion of it. Possibly this may account for the numerous wandering pains, soreness, stiffness, weakness, and other muscular symptoms of which some great pork eaters complain. It is evident that a person's muscular fibres could not be crowded with the living progeny of trichinæ, inlosed in their calcareous sheathes, without the occurrence of serious results of some sort.—*Good Health.*

TAKING COLD.

The Periscope says, "When a person begins to shiver the blood is receding from the surface; congestion, to a greater or less extent has taken place, and the patient has already taken cold, to be followed by fever, inflammation of the lungs, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. All these evils can be avoided and the cold expelled by walking, or in some exercise that will produce a prompt and decided reaction in the system. The exercise should be sufficient to produce perspiration. If you are so situated that you can get a glass of hot water to drink, it will materially aid the perspiration, and in every way assist nature in her efforts to remove the cold. This followed, your cold is at an end, and whatever disease it would ultimately in is avoided; your sufferings are prevented; and your doctor's bills saved."

REST FOR HEADACHES.—Dr. Day says, in a late lecture: Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in every severe headache. Rest which the busy man and the anxious mother cannot obtain, so long as they can manage to keep about, is one the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye, and it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out effectually. It is a practical lesson to be kept steadily in view, in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained.

There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. See that the head is elevated at night, and the pillow; for, if it be soft, the head sinks into it and becomes hot, which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy;

COMMUNICATED.

We are not to be understood as either endorsing, or disapproving the sentiments contained in articles under this head, unless we distinctly say so.—Ed.

ELECTRICITY AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

Electrical Diagnosis and Medication.

In treating upon this subject, it is well to state that no two persons are precisely alike, either in temperament or susceptibility, to the electrical currents; neither is every part of the system equally sensitive to the current in the same person. Consequently, the same strength of current does not produce the same effect on every individual. Fleishy persons feel less sensibly than lean. This being the case, we must in our diagnosis, make due allowance for any difference that may exist. As a general rule, those parts where the bones are thinly covered with muscle and fat feel it the most, especially if prominent nerves pass over the bones: hence the forehead and

scalp, shoulder-blades and over the ribs and sternum, shins, hands, and internal ear, are among the most sensitive parts of the body.

When any part of the body is more sensitive to the current than natural, and a dull or sharp pain is produced, we infer that there is a too *positive* condition of that part or organ; and, on the contrary, if there is a lack of sensibility, we conclude that that organ or part is too inactive or *negative*. In treating, one will require soothing, the other tonic or stimulating application. As the hair, in a dry state, is a non-conductor of Electricity, we just, in commencing our diagnosis, moisten the hair; next seat the patient on the Negative Electrode, and with the sponge electrode in one hand, and the other moistened with water, with a very gentle current, touch the upper part of the spine to test its strength. If right, commence on the top of the head, and pass the hand down on all sides to the neck; lastly, pass the hand over the forehead and upper part of the face; and if any sensitive or painful spots appear, these spots require treatment with the *positive electrode*; but, if you find any part in the opposite condition, it needs treating with the negative. Sometimes diseased parts may be known by their unnatural heat: such conditions always denote positive action; and sometimes the hand alone is sufficient to allay irritation.

After thus diagnosing the head, increase the current, and with either two or three fingers, or a small sponge electrode pass gently down the centre of the spine to its base. Then make similar passes down each side of the spine, and if no tenderness appears in any part, increase the current, and repeat the operation. If, after doing so with a pretty strong current, no tender places appear, you may conclude the spine is not at fault, unless some parts are devoid of natural sensation: in that case, there is a lack of action, and may be paralysis; and in either case, the treatment would have to be according to the case. After diagnosing the spine, place the positive electrode on the cervical vertebrae, and pass the negative over the scapula, clavicle and upper part of the sternum and chest, lowering the positive on the spine to a little above the negative. In this way pass the negative over the kidneys, stomach, liver, spleen, pancreas and bowels, down to the pubes. Wherever there is more or less sensibility than natural, or an enlarged, contracted, or torpid state, the parts are either unnaturally positive, or negative, and need treatment according to their respective conditions. Next seat the patient on the positive; and if a male pass the negative over the spermatic cords; and if there is great tenderness, or susceptibility to the current, there is indicated, seminal weakness, impotency, or some other trouble of that nature. If a female, and there is a great weakness of the abdominal muscles, and tenderness over the uterus and ovaries, with pain in the social and lumbar region, there is prolapsus uteri, with dyspepsia and nervous prostration. If there is any enlargement over the ovaries, there may be ovarian tumor. In order to diagnose internal organs, it may be necessary to use the speculum.

Next, place the feet on a metallic plate, or large moist sponge, with the negative, and apply the positive from the roots of the seratic nerves down to the popliteal spaces between the tendons; thence down each side of the legs, to the inner and outer sides of the feet; and if any unnatural sensitiveness is found in any part, on the whole course of the nerves, treatment is needed: it may be a case of sciatica, and must be treated accordingly. In making your diagnosis, have the parts exposed as little as possible, and rub every part dry as you finish its diagnosis. Make the diagnosis as speedily as possible, and avoid producing unpleasant sensations as much as you can, and be sure to avoid giving any shocks. If your patient is very nervous and sensitive, better leave some unimportant part undiagnosed, than either frighten or fatigue your patient. In addition, it is well to examine the pulse and tongue; and if the lungs are affected, apply the stethoscope or ear. Use all the discrimination and judgment you can to comprehend the real condition of your patients, and gain their confidence; knowing that a correct knowledge of the disease is absolutely essential to the cure.

§1. How to give a general tonic treatment: Seat the patient on the positive electrode, secondary current; and either with the sponge electrode, or the metallic handle in a sponge, treat all the way up the spine to the cervical vertebrae; also over the sides, chest, and abdomen, and over the arms and hands; then

moisten the hair, and treat gently the cerebellum, and give a few passes also over the forehead and temples. Finish by placing the positive at the feet, and treat with the negative all up the limbs to the body. Treat from twenty to thirty minutes, and rub each part dry as you finish treating it. In treating all kinds of cases, the strength of current and time required will depend on the nature of the case, and must be left to the judgment of the operator, after making a careful diagnosis. Shorter treatments need to be given to the nervous and more protracted to the robust, as their systems are capable of little reactive power, which consideration should always govern our treatment as to the length of the seance and strength of current.

Medication. We are aware that some very intelligent Electropathists entirely discard every other kind of *Medication* and claim that Electricity, unaided and alone, is sufficient for all emergencies. To all such we would say, you are welcome to your one-idea system, for such it really is; but it can scarcely claim a relation to the progressive developments of the present age. For ourselves, we can say that we positively know of many remedies that are powerful aids in many cases, when, were the best electrical treatment alone would either fail, or require a much longer time to effect a cure without them. Our practice will continue to be, not to discard any known and reliable means which we have proved to be efficacious in curing disease, and relieving the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. Having thoroughly studied and tested the merits of hydropathy, and practiced extensively according to the allopathic rule; having also graduated in the Electropathic and Hygienic schools,—we have reason to know that each has its merits; and we would advise all students to give their patients the advantage of the best medical treatment within their knowledge, not discarding any known remedy, of whatever school it may be, or from whatever source derived. This do in connection with your electrical treatment. Besides, we would advise every advantage to be taken of all Hydropathic and Hygienic agencies within our knowledge, human magnetism included; for, be assured, there is healing power in healthy organisms; and when there is a *will* that *good* should be done to the patient, it can be done. This is just as certain in this day, as that the eyes of the blind were opened, the lame made to walk, and the lepers cleansed, two thousand years ago. In a word, we say, be free to use all available means for good, and, our word for it, you will heal more sick, and make more cures, than by limiting yourself to any one method alone.

Chronic Diseases.—Diseases not local. My first object here is to speak of a fundamental misapprehension underlying the profession of medicine. This misapprehension is, that *diseases are local*. Let me give an illustration. A doctor attempts a case of catarrh. He opens the nostril with his speculum, turns in a strong light, takes a long, careful look, then examines, with a microscope, some of the fluid which the patient blows out of his nose, and then the doctor says, this is a sick nose. It is a case of nasal catarrh. The pituitary membrane is congested, and is secreting a morbid mucous. Then the doctor proceeds to insert various stimulating caustic fluids into the nostrils. He gives snuff. He introduces a crooked tube into the man's mouth, and turns the end up back of his palate, and getting into the back opening of the nostrils, he blows in certain medicated powders. The nose is better at once, the treatment is continued, and the patient is soon cured; with the first cold or stomach derangement the symptoms return, the second cure is more difficult, the third is very difficult, and the patient goes to another doctor, who tells him he is very sorry that he has been so quacked, but that he will make a sure cure. He goes through with the same performance with similar results. The patient now abandons hope and goes snuffling about, to the great discomfort of himself and friends. In just this way a hundred maladies are treated,—an inflamed eye, a noise in the ear, a rheumatic knee, a gouty toe, through the whole list. The doctor finds the sick place, and then proceeds to attack it. The idea that the disease is in a certain part of the system, and that the artillery must be directed to that precise spot, is not only common among the doctors, but is so plausible that the people all adopt it. This is the fundamental misapprehension underlying the disastrous failure of medicine. The catarrh is not of the nose, but of the man, showing itself in the nose. The bronchitis is not a disease of the

throat, but of the man, showing itself in the throat. The sore eye is not a disease of the eye, but of the man showing itself in the eye.

A local disease is impossible. The organism is one and not many. Even a gunshot wound is not a local trouble. Suppose a man's little finger is shot away, he is not in the condition of a table with a corner shot off; he is not even in the condition of a steam engine with a valve or a screw destroyed. Neither approaches the case of the man with the maimed hand. The table is, except the small point touched by the bullet, exactly as before. Feel of it; there is no unnatural warmth, no trembling, no sympathy with the wounded corner. In fact, the table is quite well, except where it was hit. Now examine the man with the hurt finger. Look at his face, how pale and excited! Feel his pulse, it is much above the usual number of beats; the skin is in a peculiar condition; what is the matter with the man? All his parts are suffering from a wound in his little finger.

While no physician fails to talk much of the *Vis Medicatrix naturee*, while the condition of the general system is constantly invoked to explain this and that, the treatment of most local affections is conducted on the plan of repairing the wound in the corner of the table. Here is a man limping. He shows an ulcer on his ankle. The disease is not of his ankle, but of his whole system. Direct him how to improve his general health, and the ulcer will begin to disappear with no local treatment whatever, except cleanliness. He cannot be cured by any drug being put upon the sore. This is the flag of distress which nature hangs out to give notice of trouble within. We are at sea and decry a vessel with a flag of distress. Our captain believes in the doctrine of local diseases, and sends a boat's crew to cut down the flag; whereupon he struts about the deck exclaiming, we have done it! we have cured them! The physician who treats an ulcer, salt rheum, catarrh, or any other local manifestation, as the disease itself, is about equally bright. But here is a bad case. How pale and weak he seems! His pulse is 110, he is distressingly emaciated, and seems ready for the grave. His cough and labored respiration suggest consumption, and we apply the stethoscope to the chest. Ah, it's all of a piece. His lungs are terribly ulcerated. "Now," says the wise physician, "here it is." We have found his trouble. We must bring our medicines to bear upon these ulcers." Then he proceeds with his inhalations, and keeps up the pitiful suffocating farce, until the patient, notwithstanding this most skilful treatment, sinks and dies. As a matter of fact, this man's system, from some inherited taint, or from some unhealthy mode of life, or some other cause, was sick all through for months, or even years, before the malady was localized in his lungs. The ulcers in his lungs, like his rapid pulse, emaciation, and sickening perspiration, are simply manifestations of the disease. *The real disease is systematic, and like all others, must be treated by lifting up the general vitality. This must be done, through and by Nature's remedial agents, Electricity, movement cure, wise diet, cleanliness, much sleep &c. To give such a patient medicated vapors, drugs for the stomach, or whiskey, is a barbarism, that must soon give way before the advancing light of Science.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

CORN LOAF.—At a show of two hundred and fifty specimens in the New York Agricultural office a few years ago, a Pennsylvania lady took a ten dollar premium for a loaf made as follows:

Take two quarts corn-meal, with about a pint of thin bread sponge, and water enough to wet it. Mix half a pint of wheat flour and a tablespoonful of salt. Let it rise, and then knead well a second time. Bake one and a half hours. This loaf was of good form, cut light, and was of fair quality when three or four days old. For cheapness and quality this stands pre-eminent.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

CORN BREAD.—Two tablespoonfuls molasses, one teaspoonful saleratus, one and a half teacupfuls buttermilk, the whole to be thickened with rye flour till of the consistency of thick paste, and then bake about half an hour. Of course cream and eggs improve the mixture, if one's palate is educated for such delicacies.

BISCUITS.—Into a quart of sifted flour put two heaping teacupfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt: mix together while dry; then rub into it a piece of lard a little larger than an egg: mix with cold sweet milk; roll thin; cut with a tin cutter, and bake a light brown in a hot oven; send to the table immediately.

CORN MEAL GEMS.—To two cups of boiling milk add two cups of corn meal, salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and butter size of a hickory nut; mix well and leave until cool; then add three eggs, beaten very light; bake in gem-pans.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Set the iron gem pans on the stove to heat; beat one egg light in a basin; add one teacupful sour milk and two tablespoonfuls sugar: stir well together; add a nice pinch of salt; stir in Graham flour to make a rather stiff batter; mix thoroughly, with the addition of one tablespoonful melted butter; and, lastly, stir in one-third teaspoonful soda dissolved in a teaspoonful hot water; the latter, when ready to drop into the well-heated and greased gem-pans, should be so thick that it will not run from the spoon, but just drop nicely. This will make one dozen excellent gems.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Take warm water and thicken it with flour, to which add a tablespoonful of molasses, to make them brown well. Brewers' yeast is best, but it can not generally be obtained except in large towns. In the morning add a little soda. If the batter is of the right consistence, and the cakes baked quickly and eaten direct from the griddle, they will be quite different from the tough, heavy things too often stacked up before the fire.

SOFT BUTTER TOAST.—Toast stale bread nicely and keep hot in the oven. Have ready a shallow pan, with one cup of butter, one pint of water, and bring just to a boil and no more. Dip each slice of toast into this and saturate it all thoroughly. Put into a tureen and pour the remaining gravy over it. Some prefer to thicken with a little flour or corn starch. In that case, dip the crust edges of the toast in boiling water to soften before putting in the gravy.

SCOTCH SHORT CAKE.—One pound flour, half pound butter, one-fourth pound sugar; cream the butter and sugar together and add the flour. Roll it half an inch thick, and bake slowly. If the cake is preferred very sweet, use six ounces sugar.

FRITTERS.—One pint of milk, one egg well beaten, flour to make a rather stiff batter; before dropping in to the boiling lard, add one teaspoonful of baking powder. May be varied by adding sliced apples.

JUMBLES.—One cup butter, two sugar, three eggs, four cups flour; mix soft; bake in round cakes.

CREAM PUFFS.—One cup of hot water, one half cup of butter; boil the water and butter together, and stir in a cupful of dry flour while boiling; when cool, add three eggs, not beaten; mix well, drop by the tablespoonfuls on buttered tins; bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes. This makes fifteen puffs.

To make the cream for the puffs—One cup of milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of flour; beat eggs and sugar together, add the flour and stir in the milk while boiling; flavor when cool; when the puffs are cool, open and fill with cream.

SPONGE CAKE.—Ten eggs, one pound granulated sugar, half the weight of the eggs in flour, one lemon. Two persons must make this cake—one beats the whites of the eggs, while another beats the yolks with the sugar; the flour must be sifted and warmed, the pans buttered before beginning to beat and the lemon juice squeezed in a cup, and the rind grated; never stop until it is in the oven, but only stir in the flour after all the rest is beaten.

LEMON PUDDING.—Line a pudding dish with a nice pie paste; make a custard of a pint and a half of milk, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour or corn starch, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon; pour in the dish and bake; when done, spread whites, beaten, over the top and brown.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of bread crumbs, one quart milk, one cup sugar, butter size of an egg, yolks of four eggs; flavour with lemon and bake as custard; heat the whites of four eggs to a froth, mix with a cup of powdered sugar, and juice of a lemon; spread a layer of fruit jelly over the custard while hot; cover with the frosting, and bake until slightly brown. To be eaten with cold cream, or warm, with any sauce that may be preferred.

MINCE PIES.—Take two cupfuls of minced meat, two of large fresh raisins seeded, one of citron, two of apple, one lemon, peeled and chopped fine, one of molasses, one of sugar, one nutmeg, half teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one bottle of russet cider; for crust, two cupfuls of butter, four of prepared flour. This will make four pies; they should bake one hour in a moderate oven; if the oven is too hot the juice will run out.

CUSTARD PIE.—One quart milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful corn starch, one dessert-spoonful extract vanilla, one cupful sugar, a very small pinch of salt; beat the sugar and eggs together, mix the corn starch in a little of the milk, and stir all well together. This is far superior to the ordinary custard pie made with four eggs. Less sugar may be used, if preferred.

JELLY WITHOUT FRUIT.—One pint of water, one-half ounce of pulverized alum, boil a few minutes, then add four pounds of white sugar, continue the boiling a little longer, strain while hot, and flavour with strawberry, pineapple or lemon.

MITES IN CHEESE.—Cheese kept in a cool larder or cellar, with a cloth wrung out of clean cold water constantly upon it, will never have mites in it, or if it has, this soon will destroy them, and also improve the cheese, keeping the cloth always moist.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Nothing adds more to the cheering influence of a home than fresh, growing plants; but great care must be taken to keep them green and thrifty. As many plants suffer from too much, as from too little water. The soil is not unfrequently kept thoroughly soaked. The roots of plants need air as well as water; and if the soil is kept full of water, they are deprived of air. The rain which in summer so refreshes growing plants, always contains ammonia. By dissolving an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia in a gallon of water, ordinary spring or well water can be made even more conducive to vigorous growth than rain water. Plants should be slightly watered with this solution once or twice a week. The soil should always be kept loose; this can easily be done by daily stirring the earth with a common hair-pin.

GLUE.—A good fluid glue, ready at all times for use without any preliminary preparation, is one of the most useful articles of the household. Such a preparation may be made by melting three pounds of glue in a quart of water, and then dropping in gradually a small quantity of nitric acid. Glue thus prepared may be kept in an open bottle for a long time.

REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Dry and powder mullein leaves as fine as you would powder sage; then smoke as you would tobacco, letting the smoke escape through the nostrils instead of the mouth. This is one of the best of remedies for catarrh in the head. It has entirely cured a case of over twenty years standing, when every other remedy heard of had failed to do so. It may require a little practice to let the smoke escape through the nostrils. Mullen will be stronger gathered before the frost injures it, but will answer even if dug from under the snow. It will also be found an excellent remedy for cold in the head.

ROACH POISON.—Equal parts of powdered borax, Persian insect powder, and powdered colocynth, well mixed together, and thrown about such spots as are infested with these troublesome insects, will prove an effectual means of getting rid of the scourge. This powder, in all cases where its use has been persistent, has by long experience been found an infallible remedy.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

Storm signals—Umbrellas.

A bad habit—A dilapidated nister.

A brakeman—An extravagant wife.

Young X. rebukes his uncle for making calls. For his partner has a horror of them.

"You are wrong, my boy. No visit can fail to give pleasure; if it is not in going in it is in going out!"

Many a hoy who handles a hilliard-cue with consummate skill can't get the hang of a snow-shovel, or a buck-saw.

The label upon a bottle of ague remedy, requesting the patient to shake well before using, is superfluous.

An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The inquiring horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat?—because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

A witty dentist having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth gave up the task with the felicitous apology, "The fact is, madam, it seems impossible for anything had to come out of your mouth."

If "every man is the architect of his own fortune," the most of them had better abandon the architecture and go to sawing wood.—*Binghampton Republican*.

We have known many a man to sit around waiting for something to turn up, until that something was his toes.

A DECEIVER.—When Johnny was questioned as to why his engagement with Miss H. had been broken off, he rolled his eyes, looked very much pained, and groaned, "O! she turned out a deceiver." But he forgot to mention that he was the deceiver whom she had turned out.—*Puck*.

How much is contained in the one word "happiness"? How much more happiness there would be if we thought more of the happiness of others than of our own! But we are often so selfish in looking out for our own pleasure that there is not much room left in our hearts to think of anybody else.

A man too busy to take care of his health is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

TRYING.—There are some things which human nature cannot hear. An editor is pretty certain to lose a patron when his foreman inadvertently puts a marriage notice under the head of "Another swindle come to light." The groom, instead of accepting the blunder as a new sample of American humor, gets awfully mad and wants to murder somebody.

It takes a fellow who has been kicked off the front stoop by the irate parent of his girl to tell the story of the missile toe.

One who never arranges his locks says the beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle is that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

If you can't keep your resolutions, don't break 'em, but give 'em to some poor fellow who hasn't any.

PAPA'S SPRAIN.—A little boy, whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilizes the whisky in her husband's bottle to bathe the little fellow's wrist with. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming, "Ma, has Pa got a sprained throat?"

THE NEW BONNET.—A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the host's new bonnet, when the owner queried, "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied, "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me." Laura's mother didn't stay long after that.

BASHFUL.—He was rather a bashful young man, and was over head and ears in love. He could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered, "Martha, I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware that the Good Book says—er, says that it is not g-g-good that man should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested. And he ran.

"I have noticed," said Leigh Hunt, "that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity or peevishness or a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual scene of such movements. Remark the reverse, and make similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it cannot in the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us."

Let every man do his best to discountenance the abominable habit of swearing, and shun it as an accursed sin in every way. No respectable person will allow himself to be guilty of it. Business men who make a habit of swearing will find themselves avoided by their best customers, for it is known that some persons can suffer no mental punishment equal to profane language. Besides, every man known as a profane swearer, will not be credited by those whose good opinion is worth having, even when he may be telling the truth.

SHARP PRACTICE.—An instance of "sharp practice" is that of a man in Ohio, who was acquitted of murder on a plea of insanity. He had secured his lawyers by giving them a mortgage on his farm, but now repudiates the mortgage on the ground that *he was insane when he made it*, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.—Sit up to a table when you read, easy chairs abolish memory. Do not read the same book long at one sitting. If you are really weary of one subject change it for another. Read steadily for three hours a day for five days in the week; the use of wet towels and strong coffee betrays ignorance of how to read. Test the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put your facts in order as soon as you have learned them. Never read after midnight. Do not go to bed straight from your books. Never let your reading interfere with exercise or digestion. Keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a cheerful heart.

HUMOROUS.

A Vicksburg wife informed her husband the other morning that she was working herself into the grave for the want of a hired girl, and as he went out, she leaned back and fell to weeping. The children were making a noise in the hall as he passed out;—

"You want to stop this racket! Your mother won't live a week longer, and when you get a step mother here next spring she won't put up with any such feeling!"

When he went home to dinner, his wife met him with a smile, and said,—

"Isn't ours a cosy home, Richard, with only our own little family to look after?"

A policeman, seizing a man who was about to blow his brains out, cried, "Unhappy man, what are you going to do?" "Kill myself; my misery is too great." "But reflect then! If you commit suicide now, what will you do if times become worse?"

Two Irish laboring brick-layers were working at some houses in Russell Square, and one of them was boasting of the steadiness with which the could carry a load to any height

that might be required. The other contested the point, and the conversation ended in a bet that he could not carry him up in his hod up a ladder to the top of the building. The experiment was made. Pat placed himself in the hod, and his comrade, after a great deal of care and exertion, succeeded in taking him up and bringing him down safely. Without any reflection on the danger he had escaped, he observed to the winner "To be sure, I have lost; but don't you remember about the third story you made a slip—I was then in hopes."

The little folks wanted the head of the family to spend the evening with them. Father said he thought of attending a meeting. Various measures were discussed for keeping father at home when Tommy, aged 5, addressed his brother, aged 7, as follows: "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll put a sign on the front door—No admittance to go out of this house nights."

A FINE INSTRUMENT.—At a large fire at a celebrated pianoforte maker's an instrument worth two hundred guineas was burnt. "Dear me," said a gentleman to the proprietor, "how was it they could not contrive to save that splendid instrument?" "Why," replied the proprietor, who, being insured, could afford the joke, "the reason was that the engines could not play upon it, I am told."

THEY WOULD WASH.—"Do you allow your salesman to lie?" asked an infuriated customer of a pious merchant a few days ago. "Certainly not, sir. If you can prove to me that one of my young men wilfully misrepresented any article of merchandise to you, he forfeits his place at once." The customer explained his cause of dissatisfaction, and pointed out the salesman. "Did you tell this gentleman these paper collars would wash, Mr. Quinn?" said the merchant, in a severe tone, to the too anxious salesman. "Yes, sir," readily answered the offender; "but I did not tell him how they would look after washing." He was hired over again at an increased salary.

Many a disciple of Lavater, and of Spurzheim will tell you that physiology and phrenology are each, and of themselves, infallible tests of character. But, as Robert Burns sings:

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aglee;"

a fact which was very humorously illustrated at the recent trial of the Michigan railroad conspirators. A man entered the crowded court-room one day, during the progress of the long-protracted trial, and looking eagerly around, asked of a by-stander which were the prisoners? A wag, without moving a muscle, pointed to the jury-box, and said:

"There they are in that box!"

"I thought so!" said the inquirer, in a whisper. "What a set of gallows-looking wretches they are! If there's any thing in physiology and phrenology, they deserve hanging, any how!"

The jury were all "picked men" of that region!

GO WEST YOUNG MAN.—The "Burlington Hawk-Eye" is doing its best to encourage young men to go West and grow up with the country. This is the advice it gives them: Yes, son, yes; go out West and buy a farm. There is no life so independent as that of the honest farmer. Do not be discouraged if the work is a little hard at first. The grasshoppers will eat up all your first planting, but they will devour it so early in the season that you could plant a second time. They won't eat that planting until just about three days before harvest. Then you will have nothing to do all the fall and winter, and you can put in your full time starving. The next year's crop will be destroyed by constant rains and floods. The third year a drought will burn everything up that has a root or a leaf within ten miles of your farm. The fourth year, however, will go. You will raise a blooming crop, get it all in and safely housed, and sit down happy and contented, waiting for the market to rise. Then a prairie fire, as big as a butt end of the universe, will come along and burn up everything you have in the world except the clothes you have on. Buy a farm! A young man is neglectful of his best interests and solemn duties who does not buy a farm right away."

A PEDDLER'S PACK.—He was a civil fellow, and bestowed considerable time on his customer, a woman very hard to please. After examining his goods, she coolly observed that she had made her purchases the week before, and "only wanted to see if them dry goods men cheated me." With commendable good nature, the disappointed fellow repacked his goods and went his way. A month or so passed, and once more he knocked at the same farmer's door, this time not to sell but to buy. "Can you get me up a first-class dinner?" he asked. "Something good; I've got the money, and I want to see your very best." The woman bustled around at a lively rate, the vision of a good fee for the meal lending alacrity to her movements, and presently she returned to the room where the peddler was waiting, and announced that dinner was ready. After examining the viands critically, he said composedly, "I don't want any thing; I just paid for my dinner at the house below, and I thought I'd find out whether they cheated me." And he vanished.

A MONITOR.—"What is meant by conscience?" asked an English schoolmaster of his class. "A hinward monitor," is the almost simultaneous reply. "And what do you understand by a monitor?" "A hiron-clad," yells an intelligent youth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CLOUDY REVERIE.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

Stands the farmer at the doorway,
Gazing upward at the sky,
On the clouds so slowly moving
As the evening breezes sigh;
Seems he to divine the weather
Whether bodes it foul or fair?
Or is he but idly musing,
Only idly lounging there?

Something in the wild appearance
Of that cloud-land far away,
With its continent dark threat'ning,
And its lake and thunder bay,
Like a dream almost forgotten,
Half recalls his early joy
When he saw the same appearance
When the farmer was a boy.

But the thoughts, the fancies, feelings,
Never may he find again,
For the easy grasp of childhood
Gropes the grown up man in vain.
Then to such a heart unburdened
Could they aught but pleasure bring?
Now 'tis but a tug at memory
And the pleasure wears a sting.

Though the glorious scene above him
Wakes an echo in his breast,
'T is a hollow indication
Only of a sad unrest;
Like the flares of dying torches
Such emotions soon sink down,
And his face resumes the feters
Of a calculating frown.

Many of our happiest moments
Pass unnoticed like the dew,
And the effort to recall them
Finds us dry and dusty, too.
As he views the meadows dark'ned
By the shadow of the rain,
Half his joy is avaricious,
Half his thoughts are thoughts of gain.

Ah! he dreams, the hopes of childhood
Which oblivion enshrouds
Are more fickle, are more transient
Than the forms and hues of clouds,
For the wind, though fitful ever,
Paints the picture o'er and o'er;
But youth's visions, bright and vivid,
Vanish, to return no more.

Claude Hooper.

The Leisure of the Farmer.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

The leisure of the farmer is like Euclid's imaginary. The model farmer, as depicted by agricultural papers, is most busy while at leisure. It is then that he performs the odds and ends of work, those many little jobs which it is so desirable to have done, and in the doing of these, his praiseworthy person is supposed to manufacture into useful fabrics, all the stray threads of the web of time, which would otherwise run to waste. It is then that he mends and oils his harness, mends and paints his wagons, ploughs, harrows and other belongings; or bends with industrious weight over the rushing grindstone. It is in his leisure moments that he invents and manufactures machines of varied agricultural utility, puts into elaborate repair, his barns, stables, sheds and workshop, gives 'local habitation and a name' to many an 'airy nothing' and wild conceit of an irresponsible editor, his eye all the while in an industrious frenzy rolling. Thus improving every hour like the bee; the leisure of this assiduous person is reduced to a fine point, existing only in the imagination, useful to agricultural editions and other rustic advisors, as expressing a season for the doing impracticable, chimerical and quite unprofitable performances, but having no appreciable existence capable of being expressed in hours and minutes. This is the leisure of the model farmer, the ideal agriculturalist; it never comes to an end, like the widow's cruise, though it is being continually drawn upon, for the physical, mental and material imprisonment, delectation and prosperity of the farmer. But the practical farmer has leisure. He takes it. With calm, unflinching eye, and imperturbable fortitude, he sees his wagons and implements in need of paint or shelter, his harness in a state of disrepair, his tools in that condition, which is described by the wise man, as requiring more strength to be put forth by the wielder, one thing and another going to wreck and ruin, and calling for immediate personal action on his part; yet none of these things move him. He merely pulls out a short, black pipe, (a favorite engine of his for consuming leisure) lifts one leg a little, and rakes a match into a flame upon it, shuts one eye as he puffs the tobacco into a state of incandescence, and throwing out volumes of smoke ever and anon, gives himself up completely to the enjoyment of the serenity which the pipe is wont to give to labor-surfeited souls. Let me here say a word in defence of the pipe. Whatever it may be to other mortals, to the farmer it is the pipe of peace, the calumet that betokens a cessation of hostilities in his conflict with the ground. It would be using an inapt metaphor in the case of the farmer, to say that he is wont betimes to dash his cares to the ground, for it is there that they most distract him; nor would it be much better to say that he casts them to the winds, for often, like the plagues of Egypt, they come to him through the medium of elemental disturbance; it is more appropriate to describe him as driving them from him as he would a pestilential disease, by the process of fumigation.

Exhausted soul! who is so harsh and crabbed as to grudge thee a little breathing time from thy hard struggle with nature? Begrimed with honest sweat, the dust of the conflict clinging to thee, thou earnestly hardly the little respite thy long-winded antagonist allows thee. Let no rude knave pert with the energy that an untoiled, easy life engenders, disturb thy short and infrequent tranquility with his censorious croakings. Let no penny-wise penurious, petty-minded arithmetician cause thee uneasiness by parsimonious calculations of the worth of thy single luxury, which is, indeed, a necessity to thee, giving thee calm, tranquil moments in the midst of toil and worry. These are binders of burdens grievous to be borne, which they are free enough to lay upon others, but will not touch themselves; from such prophets turn aside and possess thy pipe in peace.—*Claude Hooper.*

COUNTRY LIFE.—Health is more general, and the average of life is longer, in rural districts where due attention is paid to the laws of physiology, than is found elsewhere, owing, probably, to simpler habits of living, comparative freedom from anxiety incidental to trade, and the diversity of exercise, that gives more uniform action to the muscles. And as to rational enjoyment, a farmer with a grateful heart, a generous soul, a neighborly spirit, and a will to use life as his Creator intended, may have all that can be realized on earth.

CHROMOS.—The custom of giving away cheap chromos with tea or coffee originated in England, and was received with great favor by the working people. Indeed, it is still a profitable idea. The only drawback seems to be that people ultimately get their house fully stocked with pictures and other trumpery and then they want something more substantial. This has led a Glasgow house to introduce a "new system," which consists in giving each buyer of tea the sugar to sweeten it "for nothing," at the rate of four pounds of sugar to one pound of tea. How much more than the cost of the sugar they add to the price of the tea they prudently refrain from telling. Not to be outdone, a Swansea tea company offer to give, on certain days, a hat worth five shillings with every pound of tea, or, if the purchaser prefers, a splendid silk necktie. This is much better than chromos, even if the hat is not a work of art; and doubtless the tea is just as bad in the new system as in the old. For, as the enlightened well know, shop-keepers are not apt to give away something for nothing, and the articles professedly "thrown in" are paid for by the credulous customer.

Japan is pushing ahead quietly but steadily with her industries, and much faster than some people will like. The large cotton mills and spinning-factory erected at Sakai several years ago are in successful operation. A visitor to these establishments reports that the buildings are very substantial and that they are provided with good machinery. In the factory there were employed about one hundred and fifty hands. In considering the conditions of successful foreign trade, it will not do much longer for Western nations to overlook what the people of the East are doing for themselves, not only in Japan, but in China and India.

ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF THE CROWN ORNAMENTS OF CYRUS THE GREAT.—Dr. Schliemann is not alone in his discoveries. In Galicia—unless the report is to be discredited—no less a treasure has been unearthed than the crown ornaments of Cyrus the Great. About three weeks ago, it is said, a peasant woman, while working in the fields in the neighborhood of Michalkoy, on the Danister, dug up several strange pieces of metal. She shook off from them the accumulated dirt of centuries; poised them, and, with a genuine feminine instinct, came to the conclusion that they were pure gold.

It turned out that she was correct. There were goblets, brooches or pins, adorned with the heads of dragons, a massive crown, and—most important of all—a huge staff or sceptre. So entirely free from any alloy or baser kind is the precious metal that the intrinsic value of this rare treasure-trove for the purpose of the crucible and melting-pot alone—is estimated at no less than one hundred thousand florins, or ten thousand pounds in English money. Its market value as bullion, however, is its least claim. Dr. Pioglouski, of Lemberg, an archaeologist whose fame is European, has, we are told, come to the conclusion that the treasure thus unexpectedly unearthed is none other than a portion—the chief portion it may be—of the regalia of Cyrus the Great, who, now, as nearly as may be two thousand five hundred years ago, fell in battle against the Massagete, a barbarous tribe on the shores of the Caspian, after he had taken Babylon, the great city of the West, and made himself an Emperor ruling from the rising of the sun to its going down.

NATURAL BRIDGES.

When caverns in which the streams disappear are of small extent, and open at both ends, they form natural bridges. These are frequently met with now in localities where no water exists. A remarkable curiosity of this kind occurs in the valley of Leonozzo, or Pandi, in Mexico. It spans a chasm three hundred and twenty-five feet deep, at whose bottom winds a small current, the Rio de la Summa Paz, enclosed in an almost inaccessible channel. The principal bridge measures forty-eight feet in length by thirty-nine in width, and is six and one-half feet thick. Sixty-five feet below this bridge is found a second, consisting of three blocks, which support themselves without any adventitious aid; the central is perforated with a hole, through which the bottom of the abyss is visible.

The bridge of Arc, over the river of Ardeche, is a natural arch, ninety-eight feet in height, and one hundred and ninety-five in span. The bridge of Veja, near Verona, is one hun-

dred and twenty-five feet high. The magnificent rock bridge of Virgiuia spans an abyss which separates two mountains—an abyss of two hundred and twenty-five feet, in the deep obscurity of which whiten and seethe the restless waters of Cedar Creek. The marvellous arch is nearly one hundred feet in length, and forty-two feet thick; it is a natural curiosity, which no spectator can survey without feelings of admiration.

In the Lebanon, a torrent emptying into the Beirut river passes under a natural arch two hundred and fifteen feet in height, locally known as the Ain el Laban. A similar bridge is thrown over the Litany, the ancient Leontes, near Tiar Kuraone, where the river has tunneled through a rock upward of ninety feet thick. The road from Wady el Leim to Nihah is carried across this wonderful arch. The arch over the Dog river, near the Niban el Liban, is hollowed out in the solid rock. It is ninety feet thick, its span one hundred and fifty-seven feet, and the height of the lower side nearly two hundred feet.

The Grass Tree.

Among the anomalies of Australia is a singular growth of the forest that deviates as much from a tree as a kangaroo from the ordinary types of animals, although it is called a tree. The grass tree grows in rocky plains unfavorable for other vegetable productions. Absolute barrenness is a spot where the plant flourishes best, apparently, though elements must abound there which are appropriate nourishment. A mass of grass-looking fibres gradually rise out of the ground. From day to day there is an increase of bulk and height very much resembling an elevated tuft of long grass gracefully falling off from a central shaft. Those pendant threads are leaves. Very soon from the top of the pile a slender stalk shoots up perpendicularly from four to ten feet, terminating in a spike. That is sought by natives for spears, being hard and somewhat elastic. Within the pith is an article of food. In the rude and savage condition of the indigenous Australians the grass tree furnishes a weapon of extraordinary usefulness for meeting the circumstances of a barbarous state of society. Without it no other equally efficient instrument of defence against enemies, or for contending with ferocious animals, is at their command.

MIRTHFUL ECHOES.—A child's mirth is easily aroused. How still is the house when the little ones are all fast asleep, and their pattering feet are silent. How easily the fun of a child bubbles forth. Take even these poor, prematurely-aged little ones bred in the gutter, cramped in unhealthy homes, and ill-used, it may be, by drunken parents, and you will find the child-nature is not all crushed out of them. They are children still, albeit they look so haggard and wan. Try to excite their mirthfulness, and ere long a laugh rings out, as wild and free as if there were no such thing as sorrow in the world. Let the little ones laugh, then; too soon, alas! they will find cause enough to weep. Do not try to silence them, but let their gleefulness ring out a glad some peal, reminding us of the days when we, too, could laugh without a sigh.

THE MAHWA TREE.

Mr. E. Lockwood, who was for several years a magistrate in Monghyr, India, has described in the *Journal of the Linnean Society* the economic uses of the mahwa tree, which he speaks of as "a fountain yielding food, wine, and oil" to the inhabitants of the country where it grows. This tree (the *Bassia latifolia* of botanists) grows in the plains and forests of Bengal, and attains a height of 40 to 50 feet, with numerous spreading branches, forming a close, shady, rounded crown. Standing on the Kharakpoor hills, 250 miles north-west of Calcutta, a hundred thousand of the trees are visible in the plains below. They might be mistaken for the mango, but while the mango is uncertain in its yield, the crop of the mahwa never fails. The part eaten are the flowers, which are sweet tasting and succulent, and fall in great profusion during March and April. The natives collect these, dry them, and store them as staple articles of food. Each tree yields two or three hundred weight of the corollas; so that the total yield in the Monghyr district alone, it is estimated, cannot fall short of 100,000 tons. The nourishment is good, for the Santhals,

who use it largely, are plump and happy. The mahwa had its share in alleviating the Indian famine, and during the scarcity which prevailed at Behar (1873-4) the crop, which was unusually abundant, kept thousands of poor people from starvation. The flowers are still more useful for feeding cattle; and again the same recommendation may be advanced that while the potato, maize, and barley are uncertain in their crop, there has never been a season when these edible corollas have been known to fail. Their keeping powers are excellent; a ton, dried and put into sacks, was exported, and, examined after two years' time, was found to be undamaged. The tree furnishes a hard and strong timber used for carriage wheels, etc. The seeds yield a greenish-yellow oil, used for burning in lamps, making soap, and for culinary purposes. The flowers, in addition to their use as food, are now largely employed in the distillation of a strong-smelling spirit, resembling whisky, and which is consumed in great quantities by the natives. This liquor, when fresh, proves very deleterious to Europeans. The mahwa is considered by the Bheels as essential to their very existence, and this fact is taken advantage of by the government in dealing with refractory tribes; it is only necessary to threaten the destruction of their mahwa trees to bring them to submission.

Some of the English papers believe that there is a possible commercial future for the economic products of this tree, especially for its oil, which is said to be worth \$175 per ton in India.

BOOKS.—The Japanese are a scholarly nation. Whoever walks through the streets of Japan, town, or village, will be surprised to notice the number of books exposed for sale in almost every shop. On looking inside he will probably find one or more of the attendants, if otherwise disengaged, busily reading, or listening to something being read by one of the company. In walking through the outskirts of the town, it is not unlikely he will come suddenly on a knot of children, seated in a snug corner out of the sun, all intently engaged in looking through some story book or other they have just bought at a neighboring stall, and laughing right heartily at the comical pictures which adorn the narrative. The conviction is thus brought home to a man's mind that the Japanese are a reading people.

A USEFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT.—In a family where the custom of reading aloud is cultivated, the evenings pass pleasantly under almost any circumstances. The art of reading well is easily acquired and cheaply taught, and the expressions of literature are abundant and varied. If sorrow has befallen the family, the needed antidote can be found in prose and poetry. If fun is called for, then fun can be had for the asking; for the language is so full of humor so quaint and subtle that the bare recital of the author's words brings the point out and "sets the table in a roar." History, tragedy, comedy, wit, pathos, sublimity, every spring at which the human mind loves to drink can be opened and the sweet waters be freely given to every one. You miss a great deal if you neglect to acquire the art.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Color of the Ocean.

It is a commonly observed fact that the usual color of the ocean is a bluish green, of a darker tint at a distance from land, and clearer towards the shores. According to Dr. Scoresby, the hue of the Greenland sea varies from ultramarine blue to olive green, and from the purest transparency to great opacity. The surface of the Mediterranean in its upper part, is said to have, at times, a purple tint. In the Gulf of Guinea the sea sometimes appears white; about the Maldivé islands black, and near California it has a reddish appearance. Various causes must of course co-operate to produce this diversity of tint. The prevailing blue color is generally ascribed to the greater refractivity of the blue rays of light, which, by reason of that property, pass in greatest abundance through the water. The other colors are ascribed to vast numbers of minute animalculæ—to marine vegetables at or near the surface—to the color of the soil, the infusion of earthly substances—and very often the tint is modified by the aspect of the sky.

The phosphorescent or slimy appearance of the ocean, which is a common phenomenon, is also ascribed to animalculæ and to semi-putrescent matter diffused through the water. The temperature of the ocean also exhibits some peculiar and interesting phenomena. Within the tropics the mean temperature is about eighty degrees, and generally ranges between seventy-seven and eighty-four degrees. At these depths the temperature is probably nearly the same under every latitude. In the torrid zone it is found to diminish with the depth, while in the polar seas it increases with the depth.

IMMENSE STONES.—In the erection of the Pyramids of Egypt, the immense stones used were obtained from the quarries in the Arabian hills, and were carried over the river by a bridge of boats. They were then brought by means of a caud way, which of itself took ten years to construct, and which is said to have been a fine work, with its polished stones and figures of animals engraved on them. One hundred thousand men were employed at a time, and these were relieved by the same number at the end of three months. A long time was spent in levelling off the rock on which the edifice stands, and twenty years for the edifice itself. The stones were raised step by step, by means of a machine made of short pieces of wood; and, last of all, commencing from the top, the stones were cemented together by layers of cement not thicker than strips of paper, the strength of which is proved by the age of these enormous materials.

WHENCE COMES THE COAL.—It has been abundantly shown, and is now everywhere acknowledged, that the coal beds consist of the charred or carbonized remains of an ancient and most luxuriant vegetation. The primeval forests were probably swept into basins and covered with mud, which became solidified into rock, and in that condition the wood has gradually altered to coal. The source of the carbon was therefore the same as that of coal or wood nowadays. In this mode of growth and the source of its elements, the tree is the same now that it ever was, and we know that the charcoal of wood now comes from the atmosphere. It is derived from the carbonic acid of the air. We therefore reach the remarkable conclusion that previous to the deposit of the coal formations, they existed in the form of a poisonous gas in the air. The quantity of carbonic acid must have been very great, and the atmosphere in an excessively poisonous condition. How could animals breathe that atmosphere? Clearly enough, they could not, and hence geologists have failed to find the remains of any air-breathing animals in the rocks below the coal-beds. The animals that appeared below the coal inhabited the water and were of the lowest organization. But as the coal was deposited through the growth of a vastly exuberant vegetation, the atmosphere was purified of the noxious element—its carbonic acid was withdrawn, and thus the ancient atmosphere underwent an alteration which fitted it for the appearance of higher animal races. At the same time, by the formation of immense reefs and islands in the ocean, vast quantities of carbonic acid were locked up in the coral-formed limestones. Those little animals that dwelt in the depths of the sea, were thus co-operating with the colossal vegetation above, to deprive the air of its poisonous and deadly constituents.

SAFE HYDROGEN GENERATORS.—Dr. Fresenius, with a view to avoid the dangers of explosions in hydrogen generators, which, as every chemist knows, are of frequent occurrence despite the exercise of both patience and care, has applied thereto the principle of the Davy safety lamp. A number of discs of fine wire gauze are placed in a short glass tube and held in position by cotton wool pressed against them on both sides. This little tube is introduced near the exit of the gas, and prevents the explosion from extending to the wash bottle and generator itself.

CHEAP BLASTING POWDER.—It has been found by experiment that unslacked lime compressed into cartridges like blasting powder and well tamped down into a hole, being then expanded by saturation with water, is even more efficient than powder for blasting coal, besides being free from the numerous dangers which attend the use of explosives. The coal is by this means torn apart without being shattered.

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A WORD OF COMFORT.

Comfort take thou, child of sorrow,
All is ordered well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

'Child of grief does this world move thee?
Transient scene of Transient pain,
Think! O Think! of worlds above thee,
Countless worlds—a glorious train.

There are mansions now preparing
For the chosen sons of God,
Here a pilgrim and way faring
There shall be a long abode.

There shall thou abide forever,
With thy best and greeted friend,
Naught from him thy soul shall sever
In a world that knows no end.

There amidst assembled nations
Eye to eye, and face to face,
Thou shall see thy tribulations
Sent as Messengers of grace.

Comfort take thou child of sorrow,
As is ordered well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

(RIVERSDALE.)

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INSTALLATION.

The morning of the 26th broke upon the earth in such a glorious combination of celestial and terrestrial harmonies, as is expressed in an unclouded sky, balmy, dew-laden and flower-scented air, golden sunlight, and the wild, but joyous warbling of numerous and many-hued song birds. Indeed, all nature, with its grand adornment of verdure and foliage and flowers, its voices and vivacities seemed to breathe an inspiration, leading the soul unhabituated to grovelling, instinctively to higher thoughts and sensibilities and purposes.

Frank and Tom were early out, luxuriating in sights and sounds and scenes, such as can only be found on such a morning, and in rural districts.

"What a glorious morning for a birthday," said Tom. If the heiress of 'Aberfoyle' was born on such a day as this, it would almost seem prophetic of a grand development."

"If prophecy were history past, as well as history prospective, any one might be a prophet," said Frank, "For my

part, I have not much confidence in omens. What interests me most is, that it is a glorious anniversary of the birth of one whose development is quite in consonance with my ideas of the highest type of woman—" "I hope no untoward circumstance will prevent the arrival of our expected guests. By the bye, I think we should have some lunch prepared to take down to the cottage. It would be an unusual thing to have guests and no provision for their entertainment."

"By all means," said Tom, "Though we cannot expect to entertain them in as good style as we could wish, still, we must try and make the day as enjoyable as possible, and further than that I think our circumstances will excuse us."

Preparations were accordingly made and a collation was sent down to the cottage, and being thus engaged, the hours of the morning passed swiftly by, and when the morning train arrived, Frank and Tom were at the station, in readiness to receive the expected visitors.

When the train drew up at the station, Frank and Tom were equally surprised and pleased to find that Miss Ellen Mercer had accompanied her cousins.

"We had not anticipated this pleasure," said Frank, as, after assisting Alicia to alight, he turned to Miss Ellen, but I am heartily glad you have come; and I am sure my friend, Mr. Crossin participates in the pleasure."

"You see," said Alicia, "we thought we might combine pleasure with business, and so insisted upon our cousin accompanying us. I must confess to a little selfishness in the matter; but I trust that business proprieties, in which I am not well versed, will not necessitate any very severe censure for having done so."

"On the contrary," Tom replied, "we will give you a unanimous vote of thanks; and if the term selfishness has any appropriateness in this case, it only proves how selfishness, though usually very contracted in its beneficence, is sometimes indirectly very diffusive. I am sure if you had studied our pleasure rather than your own, you could not have contributed to it more effectively."

"Thanks for the compliment," Miss Ellen responded, "and if in the future I can look back to the day, with the consciousness that in any way I contributed to the happiness of others, the reflection will be a sufficient reward."

But what a funny place this is, why there is nothing here but a tavern, one little store, a blacksmith shop, and two or three small dwellings. Where is the Aberfoyle Estate where uncle David used to live?"

"We shall go there presently," Frank replied, "and as we have arranged to transact our little business there, I think we may as well go down there at once. "Business before pleasure," you know. The distance is about half a mile. Shall we order a carriage at the hotel?"

"O, no," Alicia responded, "we would prefer walking in such pleasant weather, it will do us good after our ride in the cars, besides, we will have a better chance to look around, and I think it will be more enjoyable."

"And I will go ahead and look about a little, if you will excuse me," said Rudolph. "Some of the scenes about here are familiar to me, as I was twice in this neighborhood when I was a boy."

"May I ask," said Alicia, as they sauntered along the way leading to the cottage, "what is the particular nature of the business that required my presence here at this time? I have thought it no trouble to come, but rather a pleasure, but it seems to me rather unaccountable that such a necessity should arise."

"I would prefer to leave that matter untouched, until we arrive at the cottage, when your brother, and probably your uncle Andrew will be present. It is not a matter so essential but that it might have been dispensed with, I presume, but your uncle agreed with me, that it was better to request you to be present. But now, as we surmount this little elevation, we come in view of the cottage, and see, away to the right are the ruins of the old castle. It was in one of the rooms of the old ruins that the genuine will was found, and sometime I must tell you by what stratagem the discovery of its hiding-place was made. Gundry was a consummate scoundrel, but not as sharp as he might have been, or he would have occasioned us much more trouble. Much of our success, however, is owing to either luck or Providence, for, as we were on our way here, we met a party on the cars, who gave us very valuable information, and the only one in this country that could have imparted it."

Alicia, whose curiosity had been fully aroused by these brief references to their exploits, was anxious to hear the whole narrative, but feeling that there would not be sufficient time, she simply complimented Frank on his success in accomplishing so much in so short a space of time.

When they arrived at the cottage, they found Rudolph and Andrew Dennison, who had arrived a short time previously, seated in the arbor in the garden, and after a hearty and affectionate greeting between the nieces and their uncle, he proposed that they go to the cottage, and attend to the little matter for which they had met.

What was Alicia's surprise, when Frank opened the door unceremoniously, and on entering, they found the house unoccupied.

Baskets of provisions, however, were placed on the table in the dining room, and some of the old furniture formerly belonging to the deceased David Dennison had not been removed.

Alicia was placed at the head of the table, where she sat years before when she poured tea for her uncle David, and the rest of the party drew up on each side of the table.

"My dear niece," said Mr. Dennison, addressing Alicia, as he rose to his feet, you will probably remember that some eleven years ago, when you visited your late uncle David, you occupied the same place at the same table where you now sit. And such was the favorable impression then made upon him by the manner in which you discharged the duties of the occasion that he resolved you should have the opportunity of filling the position again. Through the perfidy of an unmitigated scoundrel, however, you had nearly been deprived of your rights; but by the skillful exertions of our two friends here, of the firm of Airlie, Crossin & Airlie (whom I had employed, to investigate the case, with a view to ascertain whether in law and equity, I could not establish a claim to the estate, or some portion of it), the genuine and last will of my unfortunate brother has been discovered. Mr. Airlie will read so much of the will as at present concerns you, which will explain the reason of your being sent for."

Frank then took from his pocket a document, and read as follows:—

"I, David Dennison,———, devise and bequeath unto my niece, Alicia Mercer, of 'Meadowvale,' all my estate, real and personal, with all my effects of every character and description whatsoever, excepting only such sum or sums, as shall be necessary to defray my funeral expenses and such charges as may be just and necessary for the administration of this, my last will and testament; the property so bequeathed, to be handed over to her on the anniversary of her eighteenth birthday, she being present at the head of the table in the dining-room of the dwelling on the premises conveyed in this bequest, and known as the 'Aberfoyle' estate. But in case of sickness, or other calamity rendering her presence there impossible at that date, then and in that case, possession may be given at another time, or by handing over to her the title deeds.

And I hereby constitute and appoint my brother, Andrew Dennison, my brother-in-law Benjamin Mercer, and Philip

Prentiss, of Oaklands, executors of this my last will and testament, &c., &c.

"Some of the minor stipulations of the will," said Mr. Dennison, "are rather eccentric, but it would not be in keeping with the character of my brother if it were not. To-day," addressing Alicia, "as Mr. Airlie has informed me, 'is your eighteenth birthday. I have therefore in compliance with the letter of your uncle's bequest, only to hand over to you the will and title deeds, which I now have the honor and pleasure to do, at the time and in the place appointed. You are now mistress of the Aberfoyle estate, and at the head of your own table, on which, as my appetite is in good condition, I propose that you order some lunch spread, after which I advise that with the assistance of these legal gentlemen and Rudolph you search the premises for papers; for your uncle was supposed to have funds invested, and I would not be surprised if Mrs. Gundry in her haste left the papers relating to them behind, and it is not improbable she was not aware of their existence."

For a moment Alicia looked sober and troubled, and heaved a little sigh, whereupon the whole party burst out into a fit of laughter.

"You need not laugh," said Alicia, "it is no light responsibility for an unexperienced girl to have a large estate thrust upon her, and not know what to do with it; however, as uncle suggests, I order lunch; but as I have no servant, I suppose I shall have to do duty myself," and suiting the action to the word, she began laying the table, and, with the assistance of Ellen, who laughingly begged to receive her commands, soon had the repast prepared, after having partaken of which they visited the various rooms and explored the closets and drawers.

"I am quite at a loss to know what to do with my possessions," said Alicia to her uncle as the party entered the library. "I shall have to look to you for advice and assistance in the matter."

"Well, then said Mr. Dennison, my advice is to get some reliable party, I would suggest Mr. Airlie, who has been instrumental in securing it to you, as the most suitable party, to undertake the business for you. I think you will have no difficulty in arranging the matter with him, and I think it would be as well for you to talk over the preliminaries at once, while we explore the other portions of the house."

"Will you undertake the business for me," said Alicia to Frank, as the rest of the party passed on. "You may ask any reasonable remuneration."

"What if I should ask what you would deem unreasonable?"

"Then I would remonstrate, and you would have to modify your demands; but I do not apprehend any such difficulty."

"Suppose, then, I should accept no pecuniary reward at all?"

"Then, I could not accept your services, as it would increase the obligations I am already under to you, and of which I hoped to ease my mind by giving you liberal remuneration for managing the estate."

"Do not speak of obligations. I have no desire to make money out of any transaction in which you are concerned. The consciousness of having rendered you a service, or of having contributed at all to your happiness is a sufficient reward; yet, for once in my life, I wish I were rich. I would then make you an offer, which it would be presumption for me to do now."

"Contributing to the happiness of others, is certainly very commendable, and often acts reciprocally, but does not always improve our temporal affairs. But pray what would you do if you were rich; make me an offer for the estate on speculation?"

"O, Alicia! do you not know that there are more precious things than gold, or houses, or lands, or even worldly honors; heart treasures that gold cannot buy, and without which everything else is unsatisfying?"

"Admitting all you say is true," said Alicia, looking out upon the lawn: "that gold cannot buy sympathy and affection, and confidence, and piety, and yet these are precious and desirable things; you cannot wish to be rich on their account, as you say they are not to be procured for gold; why then associate riches with them at all: do you not think that the love and sympathy and piety of the poor are as genuine, and as precious to them, and as sacred in the sight

of Heaven, as are the same passions and sentiments among the wealthy classes?"

"True, true! but while love cannot be bought, *men can*, and sometimes women too, and the strongest and purest love is sometimes looked upon with cold suspicion, and spurned as mercenary and hypocritical."

"There are so many cases in which professions of love on the part of those in poor circumstances for the wealthy, are hollow and false, that it is no wonder there should be suspicions sometimes, when there is dissimilarity of worldly circumstances; but there is no necessity that such dissimilarity should be any barrier to the exercise of the purest affection; but even that being admitted, there may be other reasons for the rejection of proffered love, that would reflect on neither the purity of motives nor sincerity of attachment on the part of the suitor. But it appears to me we are getting away from business, my uncle suggested that I ask you to take charge of the estate, which has just fallen into my hands, will you undertake it?"

"I will with pleasure; and since you wish to be very generous in the remuneration for such services, I will leave that matter wholly to yourself; but, will you believe me, while I have done my utmost to secure to you your rights in the possession of the estate, I have sometimes wished that it had been given to some one else. I know it was an unworthy and selfish thought, but the estate seemed to rise up between me and the only woman I had ever loved. O, Alicia, believe me, from the time I first beheld you in a momentary glance, on the cars, your image has ever been present with me. I loved you before I knew who you were or what were your circumstances in life. I have refrained from declaring my passion before you knew that your title to the estate was secure, because it might be thought that I was taking advantage of the knowledge I possessed from mercenary motives. Now, since you have entered into possession of the estate, the inequality of our worldly circumstances had almost suppressed the expression of my feelings. May I hope that at some future time at least, when I have proved myself worthy, and have risen to a higher position in life, I may claim the first place in your heart?"

"Just then Mr. Dennison entered the room and prevented a reply to his declaration, but a gentle pressure of his hand as it clasped hers, and the look of tenderness that met his own gaze told him that his suit was not unfavorably received."

To be continued.

SELECTED.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

With tragic air the lovelorn heir
Once chased the chaste Lousie;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed
His sighs of woeful size;
"Oh, hear me here, for lo, most low,
I rise before your eyes.

This soul is sole thine own, Louise—

"Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I for aye shall feel,
Tho' mean may be its mien!"

"You know I cannot tell you no."
The maid made answer true—
"I love you aught—as sure I ought—
To you 'tis due I do!"

Since you are won, Oh, fairest one,
The marriage rite is right—
The chap-laine I'll lead you up
This night," exclaimed the knight.

—Eugene Fields.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

BY PERSIS.

Silence reigns in the little cottage. The shutters are closed, and from the knob of the front door hangs a streamer of black crape. Footsteps are light and voices toned down to a whisper. The master of the cottage is dead, and in the

modest parlor his earthly remains now lie, awaiting interment, and Mrs. Eggleston weeps in all the anguish of widowhood. She rejoices that one comfort remains to her—her darling boy. Already his arms are around her as he pleads, "Mother, don't cry, I am with you. I am almost a man now, and I am going to take care of you and be your comfort and help you to bear your troubles."

A year has passed, and sad and lonely the widow sits in her parlor and dreams of the happiness which might have been hers had her husband been spared. Something very much like dissatisfaction takes possession of her while she feels like saying, "Why was it thus?"

A light step in the porch is heard and Gerald bounds in, his face flushed and his eye flashed. "Oh! mother, I have got a place at last!" he exclaimed. "At least, I haven't got it yet, but I can if you will let me. Here, read the advertisement." He thrust a paper in her hand and pointed to the following:—

Wanted.—In a wholesale liquor house, a boy that is willing to make himself generally useful. Salary first year \$100. Apply to No. 418 ——— St.

As the mother read the advertisement her face showed a marked contrast to that of the son, for her heart sank as she thought of the temptations to which her boy would be exposed. Conscience whispered, "don't let him go. Trust in God who has taken care of you thus far and who has promised to be 'a father to the fatherless.'"

"I am sorry it is in a liquor store, Gerald, I would rather you should not apply for it," she said.

"Not apply for it, mother?" he exclaimed. "I have applied, and who do you suppose is the owner of the store? Why, Mr. Brooks, who belongs to our church, and everybody thinks well of him. He is so rich and he gives away so much money that nobody stops to ask how he made it."

"Yes, but think of it yourself, my son. How would you like to become a drunkard?"

"But, mother, Mr. Brooks is not a drunkard, and he has been selling liquor for a long time. He says he knew father, and when I told him I wanted to make money to take care of you, he spoke so kindly, and said I was a fine boy, and if I did well he would give me \$150 the first year."

With many misgivings the widow consented, and Gerald entered on his duties next morning. Why was it that the widow's morning prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," was offered with less faith than ever before? She had shown that she could not trust God, and leaned upon a broken reed. Did it pierce her through? We shall see.

Years have passed. Gerald is now a man. The widow is in the same little parlor. There is a careworn, anxious look upon her face, and there are grey hairs smoothed back under her cap. There is a footstep at the door as before, but oh! how different from the joyous bound with which Gerald entered when last we saw him. There are strong traces of dissipation upon his face and the widow throws her arms around him in an agony of Grief, as he mutters incoherently about "a treat," and "just a wee drop too much."

"Oh! that I had borne the bitterest poverty rather than come to this," cried the widow, as her distrust of God came up before her.

Silence reigned again in the cottage. Death has again visited the dwelling of the widow. She weeps again, but this time she mourns her darling boy. He fills a drunkard's grave, and the widow is left with no support, but that of her Father. She sees it all now, but can only pray for forgiveness, and trust in Him for pardon.

Henceforth she must live a lonely life, but she has found true consolation in the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—*Household.*

THE RAINING TREE.—The island of Fierro is one of the largest in the Canary group; it has received its name on account of its iron-bound soil, through which no streams flow. It has but very few wells, and these not good. But in the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but resolved itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are daily supplied.

To a Departed Child.

Thou art gone to the realm of the blest,
That wert so sweet and dear to us all;
To the Paradisal bowers of rest.
The Lord of love has deign'd thee to call:
Thou art gone—we will not deplore thee;
All things are ordain'd for the best:
Thou art free—to us nought can restore thee;
This thought, the rising tear repress.

Thou art become an Angel of Glory,
One of Spirit throng, happy and bright,
Who hymn Salvation's grand story,
And stand—worthily stand in God's sight:
While we in life's struggle sorry,
Must still join issue, and fight,
Till death—that grim terror hoary!
Ope to us too, the portals of light!

—H. Patterson.

APPRECIATION OF OTHERS.

Among the many uses to which a vivid imagination can be applied, there are perhaps none that would be more valuable, were it followed up, than the practice of putting ourselves in the places of others. That this is seldom done with any degree of correctness must be manifest to every thoughtful observer. That it is extremely difficult to do cannot be denied. Yet, upon our ability to attain some degree of power in this direction depends most of the justice with which we treat our fellow-men. It is perhaps impossible to do this, to any sensible extent, when considering the conduct of different races of men, or those who lived in remote ages. When we read of ancient superstitions and usages we instinctively deem them so irrational and absurd that we regard their adherents with amazement. This is because we interpret them from our own standpoint, and judge of them with faculties so far beyond those of the ancient barbarian, and by modes of thought so utterly foreign to his, that we fail to arrive at any correct conclusion respecting him.

The belief once held by the Hindoos, that one of their deities descended in the form of a boar, the symbol of strength, to draw up and support on his tusks the whole earth, which had been sunk beneath the ocean, appears to us so unnatural that we count the believers themselves as absurd as their doctrines. Yet were it possible for us to divest ourselves for a moment of our accumulated knowledge and habits of thought, and to assume the mental state of the ancient Hindoo, we should probably discover that he accepted such beliefs as naturally and inevitably as we do those of our own time.

Something of this better understanding may be gained by the patient and unprejudiced study of history in the light of progress and by a trained imagination, which at least attempts to conceive of the low development, the limited knowledge, the narrow sphere in which ideas must have moved in ancient races. Yet, with utmost care and patience of investigation, we can only form a partial conception of remote ancestors, and only gain a glimpse of comprehension concerning the causes of their beliefs or the motives of their deeds. It is not surprising, then, that those persons who make no such effort, should remain so utterly incompetent to pronounce judgment upon those whom they so readily and so hastily despise and condemn.

When, however, we come to consider the opinions, ideas and actions, not of persons separated from us by centuries of civilization and mental growth, but of those of our own age and country, whose range of thought, opportunities for information and development of mind are mainly on a level with our own, it would seem as if we might make some close approximation to the truth, and learn to make such allowances for the comparatively small differences in age, sex, constitution or opportunities as are necessary. Yet that even this is not generally the case, is but too evident, and from this universal lack proceeds more of the social evils which we deplore than from any other single cause.

There are, happily, few, if any, who deliberately intend to be unjust, or unkind, or unreasonable; there are few, indeed, who are conscious that they are so; and yet there is a vast amount of injustice, unkindness, harsh and cruel judgments, unreasonable demands, and merciless exactions among us to-

day. Selfishness is undoubtedly the root of all this, but the stem from which at least many of these poisonous branches issue, is the habit of conceiving of others only after a pattern of our own, and measuring their conduct by our own standards.

Take difference of age, for example, how hard it is for those of one generation to understand those of another, and how seldom do they even make the effort to do so! Even parents, who have themselves lived through the phases of restless vivacity and eager curiosity, and have, besides, the instinctive affection which might be supposed to interpret much of their children's natures to them, are continually filled with surprise and dismay at the exhibition of these natural attributes, and hasten to repress them, as something essentially improper, instead of ministering to them as necessities.

There seems to be but little power of imagining the child's thoughts and feelings, and thus the sympathy, that would be the parent's truest guide, is absent. So the young cannot conceive how age longs for rest and quiet, and therefore they take no special pains to procure it for them. The rich, knowing but little of the poor, complain of their improvidence and unreasonableness; and the poor, with an equal ignorance of the rich, pronounce them exacting and oppressive. Employers wonder at the lack of industry and energy in the employed, who, in their turn, are amazed at the profuse expenditure and luxurious habits of their employers. The well educated cannot tolerate the mistakes of the ignorant, nor the ignorant see any benefit in the particularity of the cultured.

So through all the varieties of occupation, of disposition, of taste, of training, of capacity, of opinion, of party preference, we fail to understand each other, or to bear in mind the important truth that the differences which characterize classes and individuals must of necessity produce different results, and induce different conduct. Could we not only "see ourselves as others see us," but learn to see others as they see themselves, to put ourselves into their places mentally, to study their peculiar circumstances, and bring the force of our imagination to bear upon their actual thoughts, feelings and standards, a new bond of sympathy would draw society together in closer union, and a firmer foundation of equity would sustain it.

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Classic writers tell us that sometime after the siege of Troy, Anchises descended to the abodes of the dead in search of his father. On his way to Heaven he looks into the infernal regions, and sees there, among many others, Sisyphus, condemned to toil always, to roll up from the deep pit a monstrous stone, which, as often as he has nearly reached the top, some invisible power hurls back with tremendous force, and thus his punishment is eternal. Sisyphus was justly condemned for his many crimes and cruelties, but how many poor toiling women with pure and loving hearts striving to give their whole lives a living sacrifice to those around them suffer just this terrible punishment.

The stone which is ever to be lifted is their work. Ten thousand ministries to husband, children and friends, thousands of steps taken in the never ending sweeping, dusting putting away, getting meals, clearing away, washing and dressing children, attending to their manifold wants, mending, making, patching, darning, saving, pickling, preserving, scouring, polishing, and in all the unending cares and labors of the housekeeper, nurse, wife and mother. Truly the old saw has it.

"A man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Work as diligently as she will, something always remains undone, and when at last after the weary duties and cares of the day are ended for the time and "tired nature seeks repose," she is often too tired to sleep.

"The time for repose has come at last,
But long, long after the storm has passed,
Rolls the wave on the turbulent billow."

Morning comes but too soon to find that the stone so nearly lifted, has been hurled back, and her labors must be

just as severe as on the day before, and so on forever. Goethe says:

.. The sister serves her brother while young, and serves her parents;
And all her life is still a continued coming and going,
A carrying ever and bringing, a making and shaping for others;
Well for her, if she learn to think no road a foul one;
To make the hours of the night the same as the hours of the day,
To think no labor too trifling, and never too fine the needle;
Forgetting herself altogether and living in others alone."

The only sweetener of woman's toil, the only compensation she expects is love and sympathy, and pitiable indeed is her lot, to whom these cheap luxuries are denied. Poor woman! Her future looks to her as dark as it does to an exile condemned to toil for life in Siberia, or to the galley slave chained always to his boat and his labor. Nay, the condition of these is in some respects better than hers, for the exile may have loving friends to share his exile and suffering. Even the galley slave may have the sympathy and friendship of his companions, but the woman who toils "from early morn" not "till dewy eve" but till late at night, day after day, and year after year, who patiently spends her days in weary and often distasteful work, and sometimes her nights in watching, and all this without one word of love, or thanks, without one sympathizing, encouraging smile of approval, without one fond caress, or outward token of love; the woman who suffers all this and yet remains cheerful is a glorified martyr, if not in the eyes of the world yet in the eyes of Him who knoweth all hearts.

No woman of an affectionate disposition and sensitive, delicate organization can go on in this way for many years without losing her life, her temper, or her reason. Either constant coldness and neglect from those who ought to cherish and protect her, will harden her heart, and make her bitter and vindictive, or else dull, morose and complaining, either of which may end in insanity, or else if through grace and help from above she be enabled to bear the burden patiently and sweetly, still the pain though unseen is there always gnawing at her heart, and every year as she struggles on, she struggles more and more faintly to buffet the waves of circumstance that continually beat her down, till at last fainting, chilled, and exhausted she sinks to find rest and peace at last in the arms of Infinite Love.

Reports from the insane asylums of England, state that it is found upon careful investigation that among causes found for the insanity of the inmates, in the largest number of cases the cause is intemperance; next in order of number, domestic trouble and infelicity, and then poverty and overwork; and often the last three mentioned are but steps to the first.

A writer has said, "For a woman to love some men, is to cast a flower into a sepulchre," and love bestowed upon them seems like the beautiful flower, but to wither in their chilling embrace. There are some men who seem to regard their wives as useful machines expected to be in good working order, ready to serve in the household at all times when needed, but alas! they too often forget to bestow upon these poor machines the oil of love and kindness, to keep the wheels of domestic life from grating and creaking. They forget the old song:

"The merry heart goes n' the day
Your sad tires at a mile O."

These husbands seem to regard time spent in kindly converse with wife and children as time wasted! Time wasted to bind up the crushed and broken tendrils of the heart! Time wasted to preserve a love that can never be found again. Time wasted to save a mind from wreck, a soul from death, or a life for usefulness! Pohl!

As a mere matter of economy it would be well for husbands to cultivate fondness and courtesy. The woman who works for love and secures the love she earns will do twice as much as she who works without it. She has double the strength of body and brain. She is the one who will astonish all her friends by her achievements in housekeeping. She is the one who "turns off the work" so fast and so easily that it seems nothing. A man seldom leaves his

material nature far enough to forget that he is cold or hungry, or in pain, or weary, and he seldom neglects to see that all these wants are promptly supplied. But a woman who loves and is beloved is too happy to think of pain and discomfort. She forgets that she is tired, or hungry, or in pain. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Ah! there is no tonic for a woman like love. It is the great panacea that cures so many diseases to which their frail flesh is heir. So easy to give, so hard to get! Alas!

Why is it that a certain class of men seem to feel that they lower their dignity by showing any feeling? and so sometimes when they really do love their wives to a certain extent, they do not show it until they are dead, and then they are not ashamed to show signs of grief. "A living dog is better than a dead lion," and a woman generally prefers a very common place sort of man with love, to the most brilliant man who has not it. Ah! ye slow of heart and understanding, will you give so little when woman gives you so much? "As ye sow so shall ye reap." He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, is a truth in love as well as in spiritual things.—*Household*.

FRUGAL HABITS.

He who knows how to save has learned a valuable lesson. A boy who saves ten dollars a year out of a very meagre salary acquires a habit of taking care of his money which will be of the utmost value to him. The reason why working men as a class do not get ahead faster, are not more independent, is that they have never learned to save their earnings. It does not matter a great deal whether a man receives a salary of two dollars a day or three dollars, so that there is nothing left on Saturday night, he will not get rich very rapidly. He will never have much ahead. But the individual who receives a dollar a day and is able to save ten cents, is laying up something for a rainy day. Young people who expect to labor with their hands for what they may have of this world's goods, who have no ambition or wish to become professional men, office-holders, or speculators, should by all means acquire habits of economy, learn to save. So surely as they do this, so surely will they be able to accumulate, so surely will they be in a situation to ask no special favors. Every man wants to learn to look out for himself and rely upon himself. Every man needs to feel that he is the peer of every other man, and he cannot do it if he is penniless. Money is power, and those who have it exert a wider influence than the destitute. They are more independent. Hence it should be the ambition of every young man to acquire, and to do this he must learn to save. This is the first lesson to be learned, and the youth who cannot master it will never have anything. He will be a dependent all the days of his life—a mere useless appendage to society.

JUDGE NOT.

BY E. O. P.

"There goes Leslie Camp, drunk as usual," said Mrs. Worthen to Mrs. Turner, on whom she was calling, as a young man drove past at a breakneck speed, balancing unsteadily on the carriage seat while he brandished the whip and clung to the reins. He was a handsome youth, of fine address and no mean abilities, who was apparently fast going to ruin despite his mother's tears and his father's advice, and he their only son. "How much I pity his poor mother," continued the same lady as they turned from the window after he was out of sight.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Turner, hesitatingly, "I suppose they are all to be pitied, but I claim that such things need not be. I hold to Solomon's proverb, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;' and I think Leslie Camp has not had the right training." And she looked proudly on her own sons, Newton and Willie, boys of fifteen and twelve, who were playing ball in the yard. Mrs. Worthen's eyes followed the mother's, and she could not fail to admire the fine face and graceful figure of Newton Turner, the elder son of the speaker. The younger was far less interesting, and less often called forth the love and admiration of his mother's friends and associates.

"But," said Mrs. Worthen, "who of us mothers are wise enough to do that? What we think for the best in our teach-

ing may prove to be wrong. One tells us there is danger of too much leniency in our dealings with our children, another that too great severity will prove their ruin. And how shall we know?"

"There are some things we all ought to know concerning the goings out and comings in of our boys; instead of closing our eyes and being wilfully blind to their faults. I have my theory on this subject and believe Mrs. Camp in a great measure responsible for Leslie's conduct."

"Ah, well," replied gentle Mrs. Worthen, "perhaps so, but I never saw but what she tried to do well by her boy, and do not see how one is always to know just what it is best to do or leave undone."

Mrs. Turner set her lips together in a decided way, and looked every inch the inflexible judge, but said no more at the time, and her caller was glad to change the subject, though her heart was warm with sympathy for their afflicted neighbor, Mrs. Camp.

Twenty years slip quickly away, though they look long ahead of us; and mothers look almost in wonder on their children grown from little ones to men and women. A funeral train was emerging from the yard of the house where twenty years before our friends talked over the disgrace of Leslie Camp. Sadder even than most occasions of this kind, was this burial, for friends had looked for the last time upon the former favorite of the village, Newton Turner, not gay and beautiful as when he went forth from them in his young manhood, fifteen years before, but bloated and disfigured, a common sot, who had hurried down the awful precipice until his manhood was lost and hope gave place to despair. when he took his own life, and was brought home to his father and mother whose pride he had been, that they might lay him in their own family burial lot. There were those who remembered, when he was young and gay, of his generous treats in the bar-room and at the public ball; of a fast life early begun, to which his fond mother was blind, and they had marked his rapidly downward course with pain. As the bowed mother was assisted to the carriage, a strong man turned from the crowd with a face wet with tears. It was Leslie Camp, whose own life had been so nearly wrecked on the very rocks where Newton Turner had hopelessly sunk forever, and whose mother had been so sternly judged by her who was now bowed in hopeless grief over the sad remains of her beautiful first born in whom her fondest hopes had been centred. Will, the younger, self-willed and arrogant, with no ability to insure him success in life was little comfort to his parents, and in their old age they were more than bereaved. Alas! who of us are wise enough to boast of ourselves or judge of our neighbors!

As You Sow So Will You Reap.

The man who undertakes to live two lives will find that he is living but one, and that one is a life of deception. Causes will be true to their effects. That which you sow you will reap. If you live to the flesh, to the passions, to the corrupt inclinations, you may depend upon it that the fruit which is in store for you will be that which belongs to these things. There can be no doubt as to what your harvest will be. If you think that after your day's business is done you can shut the blinds and carry on your orgies in secret with evil companions; if you think that you can serve the devil by night and then go forth and look like a sweet and virtuous young man, that goes in the best society, and does not drink, nor gamble, nor commit any vice, then the devil has his halter about your neck, and leads you the stupidest fool in all the crowd.

You deceive nobody but yourself. There is an expression in your eyes that tells stories. Passions stain clear through. A man might as well expect to take nitrate of silver—whose nature is to turn him to a lead color—and not have the doctor know it, as to expect that he can form evil habits and pursue mischievous courses and not have it known. It does not need a sheriff to search out and reveal the kind of life that you are living. Every law of God in nature is an officer after you. It does not require a court, judge and jury, to try and condemn you. All nature is a court room, and every principal thereof is a part of that court which tries and condemns you. Do not think that there can be such a monstrous misadjustment of affairs as that you can do the work of the devil and have the remuneration of an angel.—H. W. Beecher.

CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Care has been taken to make the following statement accurate, the best authorities having been consulted in their preparation.

LENGTH OF HUMAN LIFE.

The average length of life is.....	28 years.
One-fourth die before the age of.....	7 "
One-half before the age of.....	17 "
The rich live an average of.....	42 "
The poor " " ".....	30 "
One of 1,000 persons reaches.....	100 "
One of 500 " " ".....	80 "
Six of 100 " reach.....	65 "

POPULATION.

An able Professor of the University of Berlin has lately made the following estimate of the population of the Globe:

Europe.....	272,000,000
Asia.....	720,000,000
Africa.....	89,000,000
America, North and South.....	200,000,000
Australia.....	2,000,000
Total.....	1,283,000,000

DEATHS.

The number of deaths per annum, founded on statistics for 1870, is.....	32,850,000
The number of deaths per day is.....	90,000
" " hour is.....	3,750
" " minute.....	
Averages.....	62½

BIRTHS.

The average number of births per day is.....	108,000
" " " hour is.....	4,500
" " " minute is.....	75

THE HUMAN MACHINERY.

A fully developed man has sixty bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk; making a total of 249 bones. Such a frame will contain 45 quarts of blood, weighing two pounds each. Every pulsation of the heart discharges two ounces of blood, which is an average of a hog's head an hour. The united lengths of the perspiratory tubes is 28 miles, and they drain from the body on an average of 3½ pounds of matter per day, which is five eighths of all that the body discharges.

The human body contains over 500 muscles. The intestines are 24 feet in length. The finger nails grow their full length in 4½ months. A man 70 years of age has renewed his finger nails 180 times. Allowing each nail to be half an inch long, he has grown 7 feet 9 inches of nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs together, a total of 77 feet and 6 inches.

The heart makes an average of 64 pulsations in a minute, which is 3,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. Two fifths of the oxygen inspired disappears with each inspiration, the place of which is supplied by the carbonic gas thrown off by expiration. Thus each adult person ought to consume 45,000 cubic inches of oxygen every 24 hours, and in the same time he generates 18,000 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas.

Every moment during life a portion of our substance becomes dead, combines with some of the inhaled oxygen, and is thus removed. By this process it is believed that the body renews itself every seven years.

DIVISION OF LIFE.

A French statistician has estimated that a man 50 years of age has slept 6,000 days; worked 6,500; walked 800 days; amused himself 4,000 days; was eating 1,500 days; was sick 500 days; ate 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs, etc., and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid of all kinds. This amount of liquid would make a lake 300 feet square and 3 feet in depth.

THE NECESSARY DAILY PROPORTION OF FOOD.

Dr. Mott gives the following daily proportion of food as requisite to sustain life healthily and soundly :—

1st Class.—Persons of moderate health and little exercise, 12 to 18 oz. of food, equal to 10 oz. of nutritious matter.

2nd Class.—Persons of good health and ordinary labour (mechanics, etc.,) 18 to 24 oz. of food, equal to 16 oz. of nutriment.

3rd Class.—Persons of sound health, hard labour, and consequent violent exercise, 24 to 30 oz. of food, equal to 22 oz. nutriment.

WHY SHE WEPT.

Old Nancy had been telling Bijah that she'd give the court as good "saxs" as he sent, and that he might give her six months, and be hanged to him. She walked out with an ugly look in her eyes, and her teeth shut, and was impatient for the affray to begin.

"Years and years ago," began his Honor, talking as if to himself, "I used to pass a white house on Second Street. It was so white and clean, and its green blinds contrasted so prettily, that I used to stand on the walk and wonder if the inmates were not the happiest people in Detroit. They were happy. They had plenty. They had children who played games on the green grass, and the birds sang all day long in the arbors."

Old Nancy looked around uneasily as he waited a moment.

"As years went by, the white house turned brown with neglect. The birds went away. The children died, or grew up ragged and uncivil. I well remember the day the husband and father put a pistol to his head and ended his shame and life together. The wife was drunk when the body was brought home by the crowd."

A low moan of pain escaped the old woman's lips.

"It was her love for drink that killed that man—that buried the children—that sent the birds away—that passed the place into strangers' hands," whispered the court. "Is the woman dead?"

Old Nancy groaned as her tears fell.

"No, she lives. She has no home, no friends, no one to love her. There must be times when she looks back to plenty, peace and happiness, and has such a heartache as few women know of. There must be times when she remembers the graves she once wept over, and children's voices must some time remind her of the tones of those laid to rest long years ago. I would not be in her place for all the wealth in the world."

"O, sir, don't talk to me—don't call it up!" she moaned as she wrung her hands.

"You may go," he quietly said; "You have not long to live. There are those here who can remember when you had silks instead of rags—when you rode in your carriage instead of wandering through alleys and lying in the gutter. Some morning you will be found dead. That will be the last act in a drama so full of woe and misery and wretchedness that it will be a relief to know that you are dead."

White as a ghost, trembling in every limb, and weeping like a child, she passed out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHARACTER OF CRITICISM.

Fastidiousness, the discernment of defects and the propensity to seek them in natural beauty are not the proof of taste, but the evidences of its absence. It is at least an insensibility to beauty; it is worse than that, since it is a depravity, when pleasure is found in the discovery of such defects, real or imaginary. And he who affects this because he considers it an evidence of his taste, is at least pitifully ignorant; while not seldom punished by the conversion of that affectation into a reality. And it is the same in the criticism as applied to works of literature. It is not the eye for faults, but beauties that constitutes the real critic in this as in all else. He who is most discerning in the beauties of poetry is the man of taste, the true judge, the only critic. The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults may care little to be told that this is the mark of unamiable dispositions or of bad passions; but he might not feel equally easy were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste.

Words of Two Meanings.

"What is thee doing there?" a mild-faced Quaker said to a well-grown youth on North Tenth Street, some evenings since, who was amusing himself and some boys and girls looking out of the neighboring windows, by pinning bits of paper, fancy-colored cards, &c., to the rear garments of passers-by, without much regard to age or sex. "What is thee doing there, I say?"

"I was only *ad-dressing* the lady, sir," was the pert reply.

The mild-faced Quaker collared that youth, shook him as a terrier would a rat, beat his head against a board fence, then laid him down and rolled him over again and again in the mud. Then, when the youth got up timidly, wondering if "a section of the day of judgment" had not overtaken him, and still further wondering if it was quite through with him yet, the Quaker said:

"Does *thee* know what I was doing? I was *redressing* that lady. Now, if thee has any garments better or cleaner than thy muddy ones, perhaps thee had better re-dress thyself."

But the youth crept home and undressed to have his wounds dressed.—*Phil. Sun. Trans.*

DEATH.

This is the first heavy loss which you have ever experienced; hereafter the bitterness of the cup will have passed away, and you will then perceive its wholesomeness. This world is all to us till we suffer some such loss, and every such loss is a transfer of so much of our hearts and hopes to the next, and they who live long enough to see most of their friends go before them, feel that they have more to recover by death than is lost by it. This is not the mere speculation of a mind at ease. Almost all who were about me in my childhood have been removed. I have brothers, sisters, friends, father, mother, and child in another state of existence; and assuredly I regard death with very different feelings from that I should have done, if none of my affections were fixed beyond the grave. To dwell upon the circumstances which in this case lessen the evil of separation would be idle; at present you acknowledge, and in time you will feel them.

USELESS WOMEN.—It is when the fashionably brought up girl is reduced to poverty that she realizes her own uselessness. In large cities there are thousands of women who can do nothing in particular—educated, accomplished, refined, but unable to earn a living at anything anybody wants done. The number of these cases is frightful. The other day a young woman who had lost her husband and been swindled out of her little property by a lawyer, applied for work. She could speak three languages and teach four; she could teach music; she could copy letters, direct envelopes, entertain their company, sing—she had never made bread nor even her own dresses, and could not read aloud so that any body would care to listen to her. She had good nature and an extra boarding-school finish, but there was nothing of practical, available training between the upper and under side of her equipment. And her case represents that of hundreds. The girl of the period is ornamental, perhaps, but certainly not useful.

THE LATE ALVIN ADAMS.—Mr Adams, the founder of the Adams' Express Company, and the late Captain Coit of Norwich, were close friends, and it is related that the former often sailed with the captain on his voyages between New York and Norwich. On one of these journeys, Mr. Adams said to Captain Coit, "I wish I could find something to do." The captain, with his well known business readiness, replied, "Do you see those bundles and packages in the berth of my stateroom? Their number is increasing with every trip; they are in the way, and the care and attention I have to give to them consumes more time than I can afford. Suppose you collect and take charge of these private packages for a fair compensation. I think you can easily build up a paying business." Mr. Adams was not slow to grasp the idea and embrace the offer. From this obscure and insignificant beginning sprung in a short time the Adams Express Company. The first express contract made by Mr. Adams from Boston to New York is among Captain Coit's papers.—*True Flag.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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Some parties who do not wish their papers continued, refuse to take them out of the office, or request that they be sent back. This is generally useless, as they often come to us without anything to show what office they came from; consequently, other numbers are sent, and perhaps, again returned, to the annoyance of several parties. Please send a card, with address and request to stop, and we will do so at once if there are no arrears due.

We would express our thanks to those, who in response to our circular, so promptly remitted during the last month; but still our receipts only just met the month's expenses, and the number of those who remitted is but a small proportion of those in arrears.

We have therefore again earnestly to ask those who have not remitted to do so as early as possible. A number who have wished the magazine stopped, have sent 5 cents for each number received after their subscription expired, this at least is honorable, though not so satisfactory to us as a continuation of their patronage. Others again have paid in full for the year and thanked us for sending the paper on after subscription expired, generally expressing their high appreciation of it. We are grateful for their encouragement and will do our best to give them satisfaction.

To parties sending in 50 cent subscriptions direct, we will send from the beginning of the volume, July 1878, to December 1879, (eighteen months,) for one year's subscription, if they wish it.

We have continued sending our paper to a large number whose subscriptions had expired, in the belief that they would remit at an early date. Some have done so, but many have not yet remitted, and some, after receiving the paper for from 3 to 6 months, have notified us that they wished it discontinued, without sending pay up to date of notification. This we do not look upon as quite honorable, especially as most of those parties received our paper last year at half price.

We beg leave to state that parties who have received three numbers are under legal obligations to continue taking

them till they have paid up, and their subsequent refusal to take numbers from the Post Office makes no difference.

We give our subscribers more than full value for their money, and while we do not wish to force the FAMILY CIRCLE upon any one, we do expect subscribers when they notify us to discontinue, to pay up arrears to that date.

We would again ask our subscribers kindly to remit as promptly as possible, as our expenses are necessarily heavy, and our dependence in order to meet them, is upon the incoming of a large number of subscriptions. Send in the requisite means to sustain the paper, and we will press into it all the energy and freshness and vitality we now have to expend outside of the office in order to collect funds to meet expense of publication.

Subscriptions may be sent in 3, 2 or 1 cent postage stamps, when paper money is not at hand.

Dear friends, let us hear from you early.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

If you wish the paper discontinued, please send a postal card, intimating your wish, and giving your address at which it was received, in full, so that we can find and erase the name. Do not send the paper back.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

Written for the Family Circle.

TIME'S CAPTIVES.

BY CLAUDE HOOPER.

I care not for the wrinkling marks
That time can write upon the brow,
These are his coarse and common works
To which all patiently must bow;
And peace and joy sow many graces,
To flourish fair on furrowed faces.

But O how sad it is to find
That time has taken all away,
The subtle beauty of the mind
Has added to the dire decay,
Such time-curd face I shun to gaze on
Where every line and look are brazen.

All tenderness that youth can give
Emotions, even they have felt;
Now destitute the life they live
Of aught to elevate or melt,
Like streamlet on a wintry day
Which freezes as it flows away.

No throbbings of a human heart
In such a callous breast may sound,
And Nature's place is filled by art,
And pride instead of passions found,
While avarice shares the spoils of pride
In such cold mummies vivified.

Then light your features with a smile,
All ye who young in years would look
And read a page once in a while
In human nature's varied book,
Laden with love to enrich the heart
If youth and you would never part.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

CURE BY STRATEGY.

How a Sanfrancisco Lady Outwitted the Esculapians.

An incident was related to us the other day which, while interesting, has also a significant bearing on the question asked sometimes, in view of the erroneous diagnoses frequently made, "Do our doctors know any thing?"

It appears the wife of a certain California magnate had been ailing for more than two years past, and although "the best medical advice" was asked, and small fortunes paid therefor, in the way of fees, she had no relief. Loss of appetite and sleep, and a consequent perishing of the tissues, were the painful and dangerous features in the lady's case, and to be relieved from which "she suffered many things from many physicians." As Captain Cuttle remarks, "Physicians was in vain."

They looked wise; told her to take this remedy and the other; to go here and there; to travel; and finally sent her to Maine for quiet residence, in the hope that balsamic breath of the pines, the spruces and the tamarisks would do that for her failing strength which drugs could not accomplish. They were apparently ignorant of the malady, and were indulging, under the guise of medical science, in a series of wild, but to themselves, profitable experiments.

The lady came back from Maine a few weeks ago, a little worse than when she left California. Exhausted in body and thoroughly depressed in spirits, she began to think her case hopeless.

"Did you ever," said an intimate friend to her one day, as she sat in deep melancholy, "did you ever state your case to Dr. —?"

"O, they are all alike," was the answer, accompanied by a deep sigh; "a good deal of profound opinion, an enormous fee, and—I am left to suffer. I have never called in the doctor you name, because I do not think he differs from the rest. I sometimes think if I were in humbler circumstances my case would be treated with more intelligence. I would be looked upon as a patient to be cured, if possible, and not as an interesting source of large fees. Ah, my God!" the sufferer continued, as a spasm shot across her emaciated frame, "wealth has its disadvantages, sometimes, where we least expect to find them."

Her friend mused awhile, and then, looking up, said, "I have an idea."

"Concerning me? What is it?"

"It is this: Suppose you attire yourself in decent, plain clothes, change the style of wearing your hair, and call on Dr. — at the hour when he receives his lady patients: He has never seen you, to my knowledge; but you cannot make a mistake in disguising as completely as possible. When you call, you will have to sit in an ante-room and await your turn. Have you courage to make the experiment? If no good be accomplished, no harm will be done."

This plan to get an unbiased opinion seemed to make a forcible impression on the patient's mind, and she resolved to put it into practice.

Accordingly she dressed herself humbly but respectably, and repaired to Dr. —'s, at the hour fixed for receiving ladies. She took her seat and patiently bided her time. At last the doctor came to her. He made but a cursory examination, when he said, brusquely:

"My good woman, you appear to be famished. You have not had enough to eat."

She smiled faintly, and replied:

"O, Dr. —, I can always get enough to eat, did I have the appetite to impel me to take food."

"H—m! no appetite; sleepless, too, no doubt. Means death in a short time, if not relieved. Stay."

The doctor here regarded the lady a little more closely, and said:

"Your trouble is in the blood. I will analyze it."

He made a puncture near the thumb-nail, secured the necessary portion of the vital fluid, and then, requesting the lady to call the next day, bowed her out.

It was a novel and exciting experience. It roused the despondent woman from her lethargic condition, because it

gave some faint hope of relief. She was promptly on hand next day, still *incognita* to her new medico.

Dr. —, as soon as he saw her, proceeded to business at once.

"Madam, have you within the past two or three years resided in freshly-painted buildings or rooms?"

The lady confessed that in the course of two years she had occupied three newly-painted dwellings in succession.

"Just as I thought," exclaimed the doctor; "your blood shows, by analysis, paint-poisoning, and it is this secret enemy that is gradually wearing your life out."

"Can you relieve me?"

"O, yes; the remedy is simple."

The lady was much affected by this prospect of regaining her health. She immediately made known to Dr. — who she was, and expressed her gratitude.

Of course the doctor was considerably astonished at receiving a distinguished patient in such a way.

"And you tell me," he remarked to her, "that doctors (naming the list) have examined your case, and failed to reach it by prescriptions? Well, it is strange; the symptoms are quite suggestive to a medical man."

"Ah, doctor," she replied, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, "it was the rich Mrs. — they saw, I'm afraid, and not a poor suffering woman."

The lady is well, now, with color in her cheek, light in her eye, and with a figure rounding out under the combined influence of Nature's restorers, sound sleep and a good appetite. But she is not averse to telling how, with all her wealth, and her high social position, she was compelled to resort to the stratagem of poverty to get cured of a painful disease.—*San Francisco Golden Era.*

COLD FEET.—Good health is never attainable if the feet are habitually cold, since this implies an impaired circulation of the blood; that it does not reach the extremities. Instead of "toasting them in the oven," soak them in warm water till thoroughly warm, and then dash cool or cold water over them, rubbing them thoroughly with a crash towel, till a reaction occurs; using the flesh-brush freely. This, followed for a few nights, generally warms the feet, by improving the circulation of the blood. The brush, used on the whole body, is not only safe—safer than the cold bath, at least for the weakly—but will aid in equalizing the circulation. Let the feet, also, be put in the warm rays of the sun; the clothing warmed and thoroughly sunned. This will do much to improve cold and sweaty feet, and can do no possible harm. Keep the feet clean, which can be done only by frequent washing.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford.*

In the slow progress of some insidious disease, which is scarcely regarded by its cheerful and unconscious victim, it is mournful to mark the smile of gaiety as it plays over that very bloom which is not the freshness of health, but the flush of approaching mortality, amid studies, perhaps, just opening into intellectual excellence, and hopes and plans of generous ambition, that are never to be fulfilled. But how much more painful is it, to behold that equally insidious, and far more desolating progress with which guilty passion steals upon the heart, when there is still sufficient virtue to feel remorse; and to sigh at the remembrance of purer years, but not sufficient to throw off the guilt, which is felt to be oppressive, and to return to that purity in which it would again, in its better moments, gladly take shelter, if only it had energy to vanquish the almost irresistible habits that would tear it back.

IMPORTANCE OF A CLEAN SKIN.—An exchange says that most invalids are such and millions of more healthy people will become invalids, for the want of paying the most ordinary, attention to the requirements of the skin. The membrane is too often regarded as a covering only instead of a complicated piece of machinery, scarcely second in its texture and sensitiveness to the ear and eye. Many treat it with little reference to its proper functions as if it were nothing better than a bag for their bones. It is this inconsideration for the skin that is the cause of a very large proportion of the diseases of the world. If, as claimed by some scientists, four-fifths, of the bulk of all we eat and drink, must either pass off through the skin or be turned back upon the system as a poison, and if life depends as much upon these exhalations through the skin as upon in-

haling pure air through the lungs, it must be of the most vital importance to keep the channel free.

A DISPENSATION.—That was a true remark made by a clergyman, who was receiving an account of a severe typhus visitation in a certain family, which was considered a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," seeing that no other families in the vicinity had been similarly afflicted. "Ah," said the clergyman, "it was more likely a bushel of rotten potatoes in the cellar." It is an easy thing to charge up against a merciful Lord our own violation of the laws he has made for our regulation; but we would be wiser to look to it and see that we avoid the causes of disease and death in our cellars, kitchens, dining-rooms, bed-rooms, closets, clothing, and general habits, before we become accusers of the Almighty.

Advantages of "Plain Living."

There are many good reasons for living on plain, simply-cooked but nourishing food. Variety is necessary; that is a judicious mingling of dishes of grains, vegetables, fruits, and meats. There need be but few kinds at one meal if the family are agreed in their tastes. The larger the family, as a general rule, the more need of variety at each meal, that each one may follow natural instinct in selection, as far as can be done with due reference to the rights of others. Plain living reduces not only our expenses, but our labor in the kitchen.

Another important thing I have been taught by both reason and experience; plain living reduces our liability to diseases of all kinds. As I said recently, there has been but one case of absolute sickness (down sick in bed, undressed all day) in our little family of four children during the more than dozen years since the eldest was born. I think this is due to care in regard to the general rule of health, as no preventive or curative medicines—not even catnip-tea or camphor—have been used.

Yesterday a daughter complained of a slight sore throat—a very unusual complaint here—and I felt some little uneasiness, as diphtheria is abroad in this part of the country. But I felt condemned for the dinner of the day before—hot bread pancakes, upon which I knew the little girl was eating quite too much butter in a melting condition, followed by pumpkin pie, which disgraced me because it was too sweet and spicy for health. She had the good sense (or cultivated instinct) to go without supper last night, and a wet cloth on her throat during sleep, covered by a dry one, perfected a cure of all sore throat.

Children who live habitually on plain fare show evil effects from rich food much more quickly than those who live regularly on the latter, and some suppose this proves that their stomachs are weaker on account of plain living, but I think it is because they have a more correct or healthy tone.
—*Faith Rochester, in Agriculturalist.*

CURE FOR BURNS.—A venerable patient, a retired foundryman, tells us that during his apprenticeship to a shipbuilder of Philadelphia he became acquainted with a never-failing remedy for burns and scalds, and that in this subsequent foundry life he saw innumerable such injuries relieved of pain and healed as if by magic by powdered charcoal. The softer it is, the better, and that from pine wood is the best. It is to be thickly spread over the burned or scalded surface as soon as possible, and renewed as it becomes moist or drops off. The same patient states that in the shipyard and in his foundry fir balsam proved a most soothing and rapidly-curative dressing for abrasions and cuts. The hurts heal with marvellous expedition, and suppuration, erysipelas, &c., are always prevented, he says. The balsam should be spread thickly over the wound. No doubt the disciples of antiseptic surgery would attribute the good results of this dressing to the disinfectant power of the balsam, but the secret of its efficacy lies, no doubt, in its exclusion of the atmosphere from the wound. Nature endeavors to keep out the air from the wounds by means of a film of lymph or pus or a scab, and meddlesome men thwart nature by frequently "cleansing" the hurt by water, or, worse still, soap and water. The balm protects the sore from air and water, and nature unobstructed, does her healing work rapidly and well.—*Louisville Medical News.*

COMMUNICATED.

We are not to be understood as either endorsing, or disapproving the sentiments contained in articles under this head, unless we distinctly say so.—Ed.

EPIDEMICS.

[From an Electropathic and Hygienic stand point, by J. Gordon Wilson, Electropathic Physician.]

SYNOPSIS.—The vital and material losses to nations occasioned by plagues, greater than the costs of their wars.—Plagues by no means confined to the malarious, *i. e.*, swampy regions.—The greatest predisposing cause of Epidemics is to be found in our hyperborean diet, *i. e.*, excessive use of carbonaceous food, increasing the natural temperature of the system, and thus rendering it more liable to congestions, fevers, and diseases of an inflammatory nature.—The exciting cause of these complaints is the result of a too *positive* condition of the atmosphere, caused by electrical currents from the equator, manifested by south and east winds, and rise of temperature generally.—The system being unable to withstand the double influence of heat from within and without is *consumed*, the vital power not being able to control the *chemical* laws.—The right course to adopt; prevention; remedies.

The prediction of the Medical Journals, that the vital and material losses of Russia by this last epidemic would exceed the cost of her war, is being fully verified. (The same was also true in regard to the yellow fever of the Southern States, exceeding the cost of the Mexican war); but by its very magnitude the calamity may prove a less unqualified evil, if it should help to open our eyes to the true nature and origin of what has too long been considered a mysterious and unavoidable plague. The hope of solving the riddle of the periodicity and typographical predilections of the plague pest, suggested a careful comparison of the pathological statistics of the Russian steppes with those of the swampy regions of the Atlantic slope; and these studies have revealed some curious facts, which the correspondents of the medical periodicals have corroborated rather than explained.

It appears that a disease which our ablest physicians have described as intensified malaria, has by no means confined itself to the malarious, *i. e.*, swampy regions, but in a majority of cases may be traced to a city, or a well drained but thickly populated district, where the dietetic and domestic habits of the Caucasian race predominate over those of the Aborigines. Among many of the Indian tribes that inhabit the marshy low-lands and humid forest coasts of our continent, fevers are on the other hand, wholly unknown; while Europeans, who visit such regions, or natives who adopt European modes of life, become liable to a number of enteric disorders. Vera Cruz, "the City of the Dead," as the Mexicans call it, on account of the frequency of its yellow-fever epidemics, is situated on a barren and extremely dry coast, remote from all swamps, and surrounded by arid sand hills; while the natives of the peninsula of Yucatan, with its swamps and inundated virgin forests, are considered to be the healthiest and hardest portion of the Mexican population. Laguyra, Caracas, and Santiago, in spite of their mountainous environs, complain of the terrible regularity of their autumnal epidemics; but in the valley of the Amazon fevers were unknown before the arrival of the European Colonists, and are still monopolized, by the Creoles and negroes of the larger settlements. The forest tribes of the Madeira, says Bompland, cautioned the missionaries against the use of animal food, and warned them that it would produce a disease which like original sin, could only be cured by baptism, *i. e.*, frequent shower baths and invocations of the Great Spirit; and Bernal Diaz tells us that the subjects of Montezuma were afflicted with an eruptive disease, more painful though less incurable than leprosy, but that fevers made their first appearance with the Spaniards, and were long limited to the district of Tlotepec, (in the valley of Annahuac), and the Spanish quarter of Hascala.

During the long centuries of the *Juventus Mundi*, forests and swamps were almost synonymous, as they still are in the lower latitudes of America and Eastern Asia. Animal life swarms and revels in such regions. Herbivorous and carnivorous animals, and the anthropoid apes, thrive in the moist woodlands of the torrid zone; and the Asiatic Malays, the natives of Soudan and Senegambia, and the Aborigines of

our own country have inhabited the swampiest districts of the tropical bottom lands for ages with perfect impunity. They do not employ any of the antidotes by which the stranger hopes to secure himself against what he calls climatic influences, and that their immunity is not the inherited privilege of a special race is demonstrated by the diseases of the Mexican Indians, who have adopted the diet of their Spanish masters, and of the West African negroes, who have been carried to the far less swampy islands of the West Indian Archipelago. *Dietetic differences alone can, therefore, furnish a logical explanation, and these differences may be compressed in a few words; the savages of the tropics avoid calorific food.*

The Hindoos, the natives of Siam and the Sunda Islanders are mostly frugivorous. Rice, fruits, nuts, and milk constitute their principal diet, and only famine can reduce them to the use of animal food; they eschew the sudorific drinks of their European masters, and their only stimulant is a cooling drink, the coagulated juice of the betel-nut palm. The Mountaineers of Abyssinia, and the inhabitants of the chilly South African highlands are carnivorous; but the natives of Guinea and Soodan, like the Arabs of the Desert, keep cattle and sheep for the sake of their milk, and use their flesh only in times of war. The natives of Spanish America are divided into two well defined classes, the *Indios Mansos* and the *Indios Bravos*, "the tame and ferocious Indians": the first the frugal inhabitants of the coast forests from Yucatan to Peru; the second the cruel hunters of men and beasts, who roam the wilds of the Great West and the table lands of northern Mexico and Patagonia. The *Indios Mansos* of Yucatan, for instance, live on bananas, corn-cakes, brown beans, fried with a little butter or palm oil, and the abundant berries and nuts of their native forests, and enjoy a freedom from sickness, in all of which respects they resemble the ancient Peruvians, who had no physicians, as Devega remarks, because their only sickness was an incurable one—old age.

Our cities are atmospheric bake-ovens. They exclude the horizontal air-currents that sweep freely through the shady arcades of the forest, but they admit sunlight and retain their self-created heat, their dust and their sudorific vapors. We have inherited the antique passion for narrow streets and stone and brick fences, that reflect the sun's rays with distressing glare, while we have abolished the intra-mural gardens and free public baths that alleviated the summer sufferings of the ancient Mediterranean cities; but our *hyperborean diet is a vastly more prolific source of evil*. The experience of all tropical and subtropical nations has taught them to avoid carbonaceous food, and to counteract the influence of a sultry climate by cooling non-stimulating drinks and fruit: for a three or four years neglect of these precautions is sure to undermine the soundest constitutions. As demonstrated by the fate of the East Indian administration, who left Great Britain as models of Saxon or Celtic *vis virilis* and returned as tremulous invalids after a few hundred unctuous dinners in the atmosphere of the Lower Ganges Valley. The advent of our autumnal night frosts, bracing north winds saves most of us from the untimely consequences of this East India malady; but not one man in a thousand escapes the *pro-tempore* penalties of living through the tropical quarter of the solar year as if he were fighting the battle of life against an arctic snow storm. Cold air is a tonic and anti-septic, and under its influences many substances which nature never intended for food become healthy or at least digestible; for a Kamtschatka fisherman can swallow his daily ration of blubber and brandy that would kill seven Hindoos. The pork-steaks and bitters that feed the fire in December smother it in August like so much incombustible rubbish, or evolve fumes that obscure its brightness, till we yearn for the equinoctial gales like a becalmed mariner in a fog, or take refuge from depression in summerless heights of a mountain region; and if starvation were not so often superadded to the cold and darkness of the season of short days and long nights, it would be very doubtful if the bitterest winter sorrows of the children of nature could compare with the self inflicted summer martyrdom of a European or American dyspeptic. For languor, dull-headaches, nausea and troubled dreams, though singly and momentarily no very serious evils, can aggregate in a sum of misery that has induced all Northern nations to make a high temperature the chief characteristic of the pit of torment.

(To be continued.)

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

CLAM SOUP.

First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges
Of saline coves you'll find the precious wedges
With backs up, lurking in the sandy bottom;
Put in your iron rake, and lo! you've got 'em.
Then by some method get the valves asunder,
Take thirty large ones, put a basin under;
Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor,
Bring to a boil (and, by the way, the quicker
It boils the better, if you'd do it cutely).
Now add the clams, chopped up and minced minutely,
Allow a longer boil of just three minutes,
And while it bubbles, quickly stir within its
Tumultuous depths, where still the mullusks mutter,
Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter,
A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion;
And clams need salting, although born of ocean.
Remove from fire (if much boiled they will suffer—
You'll find that India rubber is n't tougher);
After 'tis off add three fresh eggs well beaten;
Stir once more, and it's ready to be eaten.
Fruit of the wave! Oh, dainty and delicious!
Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Aspicus!
Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus
Or titillate the palate of Silenus!

BARLEY SOUP.—Five or six pounds beef from the shin, one onion, two stalks celery, one half-can tomatoes, two turnips, nearly one cup pearl barley, one gallon water; pepper and salt. Cut up the meat cracking the bones and put with the vegetables; also cut up into the gallon of cold water and boil slowly three hours; strain and season. Let it boil up once, and skim; then add the barley, together with the little water in which it should have previously been cooked about fifteen minutes. Simmer half an hour and serve.—H. M.

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Boil two chickens in merely water enough to make them tender; take them out when done; remove all the bones; mince the meat very fine; season with salt, pepper, and butter, and return them to the water in which they were boiled; cook until the liquid is nearly gone; pour into a deep dish; lay a plate over it; put on a weight, and set away in a cool place. When ready to be eaten, cut it in slices and it will be as firm as cheese, and is very nice for tea.

POUND CAKE.—One pound sugar and three-quarters of a pound of best butter beaten to a cream, seven well-beaten eggs (beat yolks and whites separately), sift two teaspoonfuls cream tartar with one pound flour, one teaspoonful soda; bake an hour and a half in a very moderate and even oven.

WEDDING FRUIT-CAKE.—One pound sugar, one pound flour, one pound butter, ten eggs, two pounds raisins, three pounds currants, one pound citron, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one tablespoon clove, one tablespoon nutmeg, half cup molasses, teaspoon soda.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Take good cooking apples, pare, cut in halves, and core them, fill the centres with sugar in which a little cinnamon or nutmeg is mixed, and put the halves together. For crust, put one tablespoonful of baking powder in to one quart of flour, add one small tea-spoon of butter, and mix with sweet milk, rather stiffer than for biscuit, roll and cut in strips, and put around each apple, covering them with more or less, according to your taste. Set them in a deep tin dish, put in a coffee-cup of water, and a spoonful of butter; put them in a quick oven, and baste with the liquid every ten minutes. To be eaten with cream.

PRINCE ALBERT'S PUDDING. Beat to a cream one-half pound fresh butter and mix with an equal weight of fine white sugar. Add to these first the yolks and then the whites of five eggs, which have been thoroughly beaten apart; throw in lightly one-half pound fine flour and one-half pound stoned raisins. Put these ingredients, well mixed, into a buttered mould, or floured cloth, and boil for three hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Two quarts of milk brought to a boil; stir in meal until as thick as watergruel.—it requires about two-thirds of a cup. When cool, add three eggs, butter size of a large egg and sugar to suit the taste; flavor with allspice and very little ginger. Bake two hours.—L. G.

OLD FASHIONED DOUGHNUTS.—One heaped cup of sugar, three fourths cup butter, one-half cup yeast, four eggs, one pint milk; nutmeg and cinnamon; flour enough to make a soft dough. Set to rise over night, and in the morning make into diamond-shaped cakes, letting them rise again before frying in hot lard,—which last must be done slowly and with care much depending upon the cooking, as well as the mixing.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in water. In the morning, boil one quart milk with the tapioca. Add two-thirds of a cup of sugar, a little salt, and the yolks of three eggs; stir in the milk, and remove from the fire; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and turn on the top. Flavor to taste. To be eaten cold.

COCONUT BALL OR DROPS.—One pound of grated sweet coconut, dried a few hours in the sun or a very moderate oven, one pound of loaf sugar, the whites of four eggs well beaten; drop on paper (the size you like) to bake.

SMALL POTATOES.—Prof. S. W. Clark, of Parma, told the Western New York Farmers' Club that his family prefer rather small sized potatoes for their own use, and have a novel way of cooking them; They keep a kettle for the purpose, in which they keep beef suet, and after paring the potatoes and wiping them dry, they drop them into the boiling suet and fry them as they do doughnuts. In the ordinary way of boiling, much of the nutritious properties of the potato escapes into the water, but when fried in hot suet, the external pores are closed at once, and all of the properties retained.

TO MAKE MUCILAGE (one half pint).—Get ten cents' worth of gum Arabic and a piece of alum as big as a large hickory nut. Put these in a cup, and fill up with soft water; put it on the stove, and let it be kept just warm, and you will have as good as you can buy.

MARKING WITHOUT NITRATE OF SILVER.—One drachm of aniline black is rubbed up with 60 drops of strong hydrochloric acid and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of alcohol. The resulting liquid is then to be diluted with a hot solution of $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachm of gum arabic in 6 oz. of water. This ink does not corrode steel pens, and is unaffected either by concentrated mineral acids or by strong lye. If the aniline black solution is diluted with a solution of $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of shellac in 6 oz. of alcohol, instead of with gum water, an ink is obtained which, when applied to wood, brass, or leather, is remarkable for its black colour.

Written for the Family Circle.

BRITAIN'S GREATNESS.

I sat beside my window, the day was almost done;
The mystic shadows round me came creeping one by one.
As I watched the twilight gathering upon the far-off west,
Where the king of day in glory had slowly sunk to rest;
In the stillness of the evening and the darkness of the room,
[For the embers fitful glimmering but half dispels the gloom]
My fancy ever wandering bore me on its wings away
Across the broad atlantic where the "Isles of Britain" lay.
I mused, Britannia's rule is spread o'er every land and sea,
Her flag unfurled to every breeze, but pray how can this be?
And as the question in my mind I slowly pondered o'er,
The room grew full of darkness, and the fire gleamed no more.
The stillness was unbroken, and the earth seemed passed
away,
When dark forms rose up before me in strange and wild
array.
I looked within a mirror and a spell was o'er me cast;
And as I gazed, before me came a vision of the past.
Me thought I saw old England in all her grandeur rise,
And hills, and glades, and valleys, appear before my eyes.
The sky is dark and lowering, old ocean beats the shore,
While above the sounding billow comes the din of battle-roar.

Anon I see upon a plain that stretches far away,
Two fierce and mighty armies stand in serried array.
Now fiercely as a mountain stream that down in torrents
leaps,
The warriors combat, hand to hand, o'er dead and mangled
heaps,
And foremost in the conflict, the leader of the band;
Upon his rearing war-steed fights, drawn sword in hand.
While above the battle tumult his commanding voice doth
ring;
I know that proud majestic form; 'tis Alfred, England's King.
Soon the tumult of the conflict in the distance died away,
Leaving England's King the victor of that well contested
day.

But the vision slowly faded and another scene appears;
I am borne across the ocean and the intervening years.
And I fight with *Couer de Leon*, within the holy land;
To save the sacred temple from the heathen's ruthless hand.
And I mark how other princes are o'ershadow'd by his fame,
And how his paynim, foemen flee before his dreaded name.
But again the vision changeth, and before the magic glass
The poets and the statesmen of old England slowly pass.
And I see the mighty Byron, and Shakespeare's god-like
mind,
And Milton, who earth's beauty saw, although his eyes were
blind.
And many different scenes, and forms, too numerous to be
told;
As they pass in slow succession, my spell bound eyes behold,
But now the pageant moveth, and again the vision's flown;
And I see the queen Elizabeth sit on the British throne.
I witness how earth's potentates in homage bend the knee;
And 'neath her sceptre wisely sway'd, a prosper'd land I see.
And again the vision faded from before the magic glass,
And strange and varied pictures, and grotesque figures pass.
And I cross the dreary ocean for many a weary mile
And watch heroic Nelson fight the battle of the Nile.
Anon I hear a cry of joy from bloody Waterloo,
Where Wellington, the iron duke, the pride of France
o'erthrew.

Many another victory of "foughten" field I see,
And I hear the voice of Wilberforce proclaim the slave is
free!
But the past is fast departing and the present comes once
more,
Again I stand, as once I stood, on England's rockbound shore.
The harvest grows abundantly upon her fertile sod;
While from every bough the songsters pour fourth their
thanks to God.
And praise, and joy, and plenty too, are felt in every home,
For to those hearths nor tyrants rule, nor bloody war doth
come.
For Victoria that peerless Queen sits on the British throne,
And other lands her sovereign rule are proud and glad to
own,
But though I've witness'd many sights of glorious pomp and
state
Yet my question is unanswered; then why is England great;
For many another land I ween, heroic deeds has known
But at last my question's answered by the queen upon her
throne.
'Tis to this book Victoria said, the Bible, that we owe;
More peace from war and bloody strife than any land we
know,
The dream was past, my truant thoughts returned to earth
again.
The day was fled but moonbeams pale, streamed through
the window pane,
I sat and watched the shadows, as they lengthened on the
wall,
And cast their gloom around me, like a dark and sombre
pall,
And the moonbeams faintly glimmering among the garden
trees,
And heard the gentle rustling of their foliage in the breeze.
At last I sought my unpressed couch in vain to court repose;
For such strange and varied pictures in my troubled brain
arose.

IDA SCHAFER.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

A gentleman who was present at the wedding of Mr. Job Wall and Mary Best, took it upon himself to write thereupon the following lines:

Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blessed
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone,
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best left alone;
For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.

Schnitzenheim remarks: "I dinks dem Engliche vellers vind dot Sout Africa vash a leedle too Zulubrious, andt it?"

The lawyer lieth on flowery beds of fees.

Don't get in debt to a shoemaker if you would call your sole your own.

Tom presented his bill to his neighbor Joe. "Why, Tom, it strikes me that you made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I am sensible it is a round one," quoth Tom, "and I have come for the purpose of getting it squared."

On a recent occasion, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, a large number of ladies immediately arose.

At a wedding recently, the officiating priest put to the young lady the home question.

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

The maiden dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with modesty, replied, "If you please, sir."

Mrs. Chibbles.—"Oh! good Mr. Sailorman, do you think there is any fear?" Old Salt.—Sartin, marn, sartin; lots o' fear, but not a bit o' danger!"

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan.

A young gentleman who had just married a little beauty, says, "she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature couldn't afford it."

"It appears to me," said a small apple-faced man, "that they make a great deal of fuss about this fellow, Shakespeare, I'd just like to know what it is all about! Why, if it wasn't for his writings he never would have been heard of!"

Nine times in ten, if you run against a man in the dark you will say "Hello!" The other fellow begins to say the same; often he omits the last syllable.

A woman appeared in the court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your honor, I don't understand you." Judge.—"I say, what has she got?" "Chills and faver, plaze yer honor."

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair was grey, replied with great earnestness. "Oh, no. I'll dye first."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin!" replied the other; "botherashen! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, so I have."

SUNSTRUCK.—"Sam, wharfo' am de 'casion ob yer sore nose?" "Ise been sunstruck, Clem." "Dasso? How kin de visitation?" "Well, yer see, dat boy Rem an' me was heftin' punkins last night, and Rem p'inted one t'ords me rather sprightly, an' dar's de record ob de c'lision."

CURRAN'S DINNER.—After Curran left college and went to London to study for the bar his finances were very low. A story is told of his going dinnerless to St. James' Park, where, sitting hungry on a bench, he began whistling an Irish tune. An elderly gentleman paused to rest on the same seat, and, seeing the melancholy look of the youth, inquired how he came to be sitting there, whistling an Irish tune, when other people were at their dinner. Curran replied that he would be at his dinner too, but a trifling matter of delay in remittances—obliged him to dine on the Irish tune.

Science has given us many instances of striking resemblance between children of the same mother. The old adage that Nature never makes two things exactly alike is, therefore a myth. We heard, the other day, of two brothers who were so nearly alike that they frequently borrowed money of each other without knowing it.

THE OPEN GATE.—A gentleman, having occasion to praise a kind-hearted Irishwoman for her good deeds, said to her, "Well, well, Kate, if there's a heaven in the next world, you will get into it." As quick as lightning came the reply, with all the heartiness of the race, "God bless ye, Mr. P., an' sure if I do, I'll lave the gate open for you."

The human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. The beautiful things that God makes are His gifts to all like. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

This from the journal of Julian Charles Young:—

Henry M——, Q. C., now perhaps the wittiest man of the day, found himself entering the same railway carriage with Lord W—— when he was Lord Chancellor. "Why, M——, what a size you have grown! You are as fat as a porpoise! I'm almost ashamed to be seen with you!"

"I don't see why you should, my lord. Nothing is more natural than for the porpoise to be in company with the *Great Seal*!"

IRISH WIT.—Plunket, an Irish lawyer, whose eloquence and ability made him a leader in Parliament, was noted for his caustic wit. "A witness who, though very ready to reply to the questions on the direct examination, was by no means so when cross-examined, was taunted by Plunket with this.

"The excuse made by the witness was, 'The counsellor's questions put him in a *doldrum*.' The judge, Chief Baron Lord Avonmore, repeated the word, 'A *doldrum*! What is that?'

"I can tell your lordship," said Plunket; "a *doldrum* is a *confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart*!"

"An acquaintance of Plunket's, who was not remarkable for his brilliancy, was said to have foretold an event. 'I always knew he was a *bore*,' replied Plunket, 'but I did not know he was an *augur*.'"

THAT PRESCRIPTION.—A domestic in an up-town New York family, one morning before breakfast, took the following prescription to a druggist in the neighborhood: "Please give the bearer a double dose of castor oil with taste disguised." Handing it to the clerk, she sat down to await the preparation, but was agreeably surprised to be soon asked if she would like a glass of soda. Having drunk it, she resumed her seat and waited for about fifteen minutes. She then ventured to remark that she was "afraid the folks would be ready for breakfast" if she did not go soon. "Well, said the clerk, "what are you waiting for?" "Why, for that prescription," she said. "Why, I gave it to you in that glass of soda-water some time ago." "O, law!" was the reply, "it was not for me; 'twas for a man down at the house."

The following charade was written by a friend of Miss Upham upon her name. The lady, who had lived in single blessedness for over seventy years, made a pertinent answer, in rhyme, which was also been given to us :

CHARADE ON THE NAME OF UPHAM.

To get my first a slaggard's loath ;
To get my next a glutton's glad.
Happy is he who gets them both ;
But jewels are not cheaply had.

ANSWER.

Your first, I guess, is to get up,
And on your next, when sliced, we sup ;
United, both will name a lady
Who, long since passed her youthful heyday,
Unmarried now, upon the shelf,
Lies soberly beside herself.

The men, I grant, have wanted spirit,
To pass a jewel of such merit.
For this mistake I must not fret,
But patient wait to be new set
In that good place where wedlock ceases,
And woman's bliss, perhaps, increases.

—Harper.

EMBLEMS OF LOVE.—Roses are admittedly the emblems of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon midsummer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom, when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm ; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water ; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany, it is customary to throw rose-leaves on a coal fire, as a means of insuring good luck. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose-tree it will insure rosy cheeks.

Not many years ago our Virginia city was a mere camp of rude cabins, rough houses, and canvas tents. The old Empire canvas lodging-house will be remembered by early settlers. This furnished the only convenient place in which our pioneer Methodist brethren could worship. Brother Rooney was then the preacher. A man more fond of giving or receiving a good joke among private friends could rarely be found. On a hot Sunday morning Brother Rooney began his discourse to the assembled sinners. The curtains were carefully drawn in front of the berths, one above another, wherein were several red miners reposing, with the latest yellow-covered literature hich had come to the camp.

In the midst of the sermon the horrid braying of a donkey was commenced at the side of the tent, directly under the bunk of a miner, which was enough to drown all that priest or prophet might proclaim.

The miner in the bunk could endure it no longer, and pushing out the canvas curtain, and staring the donkey in the face, bawled out, "Dry up, confound you ! one at a time is enough !"

This was too much for the fun-loving audience, and a general snicker went around ; in which Brother Rooney himself was compelled to join ; but the moment he could command himself, he solemnly remarked that "as soon as our friend gets through talking to his brother we will proceed with our discourse."—Harper.

CHEAP ELOCUTION.

While a Detroit Justice of the Peace sat warming his feet by the stove and his nose by a cigar, a stranger entered, and presently inquired :

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have ?"

"Why, can't you read them ?" replied his honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," replied the Justice—"I can't earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment, and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand and said :

"Begin at that pencil-mark there, and read slowly."

His Honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of bride and groom as they went out.

THAT LIGHT.—Jones (who has been to the "club" until 2 a. m.)—"Mary, wasser uze keeping light for me, any way ?" Mary—"Because, Henry, you know that while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." Jones kept better hours for the next week or two.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Family Circle.

BY MRS. L. K. CHESLEY.

My feet are worn and weary with the march,
Over rough roads and up the steep hillside ;
O, city of our God, I fain would see,
The pastures green where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on
Day after day for perishable meat ;
O, City of our God, I fain would rest,
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy seat.

My garments travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent with piercing thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin,
Sinning, repenting, wandering still away ;
O, when shall I thy glorious presence feel,
And every stain of evil washed away.

Patience poor soul ; the Saviour's feet were worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too,
His garments stained, and travel worn and old,
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest ;
O, City of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls ; home of the good and blessed.

Written for the Family Circle.

INARTICULATE VOICES.

O, I trust to the eye filled with light from the soul,
When the tear of affection bedews it,
And I thrill with its warmth when its silent control
Breathes love in my heart to unloose it.

Then I wonder and dream if the spirit that sues
In words that are tender and broken,
Hath the feeling and depth as the soul that imbues
With the tear that in silence hath spoken.

Ah, yes, let a tear speak its all as it may,
Let us feel that the soul is still aching ;
But I know of a truth if it cannot have way,
The heart is then bleeding and breaking.

When the voice or the spirit would utter its song
There is nought in its strain to dissemble.
And the touch it conveys to the bosom that long
Makes the chords of affection a'l tremble.

So the speech of the heart through a tear or a sigh,
May breathe the full flow of its dreaming,
And I'll trust to its warmth, tho' the eye may be dry,
While it hath all the truth of love's teeming.

—Eloine.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

BY BUZZ.

A number of years ago there lived in one of the small villages of Ireland a *Catholic* family, consisting of man and wife. Paddy, like all his countrymen, thought they must have a cow; and the best offer being given by a *Protestant* neighbor, he concluded to buy the cow from him. On bringing it home, his wife, before milking, suggested that they should bless it by sprinkling Holy Water on it. At this time they happened to have a bottle of vitriol in the house, and Paddy, in his haste, picked this up, and sprinkled the cow well with this, instead of the Holy Water. The cow began to leap and plunge, and on seeing this the wife exclaimed, "Ough, Paddy, but she's got the Protestant in her strong!" On discovering his mistake, there was a laugh all round, and ever afterwards, Paddy took care when about to sprinkle *himself*, that it was Holy Water and not vitriol that he was using.

NEEDLE-MAKING.

Needles are made from soft steel wire, which is received from the manufactory in coils. The wire is cut by fixed shears into length sufficient to make two needles. These blanks, being bent, require straightening, which is done by placing several thousands of them between two broad, heavy rings, and heating them to redness in a furnace. They are then removed and placed, still in position within the rings, on a flat iron plate, and by means of a curved bar, termed a smooth file, rolled back and forth until perfectly straight. Each piece is then sharpened at both ends. The workman takes up a number at a time and holds the ends against a grindstone, forming the points. By means of a die and counterdie, two grooves are stamped by a press on each side of the wire, which is next pierced under a press with two holes forming the eyes. A number of pieces are then strung on two fine wires and broken each in two by filing and bending. The roughness about the head is removed by filing, several at a time being placed in a small vice.

During these processes, the needles, having become somewhat bent, are straightened by rolling on a flat plate, as before. They are now brought to a red heat, and tempered by plunging them into oil. Fifty thousand at a time are then put in a canvas bag with emery, oil, putty-powder and soft soap, and rolled to and fro under pressure until they become bright. The better class of needles have their eyes drilled. The final process is polishing the points, which is affected first by a rotating hone, and afterward by a buff-wheel. Of late years machines have been introduced by which needles are formed from the roll of wire without the intervention of hand labor.

MONEY.—Before any regular system of coinage was introduced, the metals which circulated as currency were rather irregular in size, their value being indicated by their weight. In the reign of Servius Tullus, King of Rome, 578-534 B. C., pound-weights of copper received the name of *pecunia*, because they were stamped with the image of cattle (*pecus*), and hence the term pecuniary has gradually come to be applied to whatever relates to money and monetary affairs. This was two hundred years before the circulation of gold and silver coin. In England, as late as the date of the Norman Conquest (1066), the currency was of two kinds, the "live" and the "dead"—the former indicating cattle and slaves as a medium of exchange; the latter, gold, silver, and other metals. —*Pærenological Journal*.

WONDERFUL TREES.—In the great West, they grow wonderful trees. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles a sack of very coarse texture and without a seam. The upper opening serves for a head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of Marina in the rainy season; they have the form of the ponchos and mantos of cotton which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in this climate the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of Marina, "in the forrests of Orinoco, garments are found ready-made upon the trees."

SILENCE AND SPEECH.—By abstaining from speech, under some circumstances, the wise man shows his wisdom. Silence has its proper place. There are subjects veiled by natural delicacy, and marked off by confidential barriers, and trifles which a healthy mind shakes off like dust, and wounds to be gently shielded, and delightful discoveries to be reserved for favored explorers, and many other spots sacred to silence. The question is, how to combine the perfect preservation of these sanctuaries with the openness which inspires perfect trust. We can no more confide in one whose mind seems to be full of dark places than in one who lays every thing bare. We look to a friend for sheltering wings to brood over our confidences, not for magpie tricks of concealment.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep. This is not strictly true. It is true that delicacy of complexion, combined with a certain healthful glow, constitute no inconsiderable item in the combination, in the sum of which constitutes beauty; but there are other points quite as essential, at least in our estimate, of what is implied in it. Form and feature are quite as important elements to be considered in estimating the characteristics of that somewhat fanciful, but admirable thing which we designate beauty. Neither rouge and enamel, however artistically applied, nor the more desirable qualities of skin which they are meant to imitate, can compensate for irregularity of features, or want of symmetry of form, and a lady who lacks regularity of features, symmetry of form, or gracefulness of carriage, is not entitled to the full credit of what is implied in the designation "a beautiful woman." There are, however, other qualifications quite as essential to beauty as any of those we have enumerated; qualifications which may be more universally possessed, and which if they do not fulfil all the conditions that aspirants for admiration might covet, yet they possess a charm, without which, beauty, though it may be temporarily impressive, is nevertheless unsatisfying and evanescent.

They are of a moral character. They consist in that peculiar illumination of countenance, that light of the eye, and that kindliness of expression which are the natural and spontaneous outflow of purity of character and generous impulses. These, with gracefulness of form, symmetrical features and healthful complexion constitute a high order of beauty in youth, and when the form loses its rotundity, and the light of the eye fades, and the grey hairs and wrinkled brow mark the changes of advancing age, they illumine the countenance with a halo of beauty as the western horizon glows with the subdued radiance of Summer's sunset.—J. F. L.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NOISE OF THE CIRCULATION.—Many people are puzzled to know the source of the curious noises which are sometimes heard in the ear, even when all about is still. While there are several sources for these strange sounds, one of the most common is the peculiar roar or murmur made by the circulation of the blood. A large artery, the carotid, and also the jugular vein, pass very near the internal parts of the hearing apparatus. In certain states of the blood and of the circulation, sounds are occasioned by the passage of the blood current through these vessels, and the proximity to the ear enables them to be heard. These sounds can be heard by the aid of a proper instrument in other large veins and arteries, as those of the neck. The character of the sounds is very diversified. Now it is a gentle murmur, a moment later it has a roar like that of a distant catarrh, and again it closely resembles the soft sighing or the wind or the musical humming of an insect.

Another way in which the circulation can be heard and at almost any time, is by placing the end of the finger in the ear. The slight roaring sound which is then heard is said by Dr. Hammond, of New York, to be the sound of the blood rushing through the blood-vessels of the finger.

VARNISH FOR STAINED WOODS.—A solution of four ounces of sandarac, one ounce gum mastic, and four ounces of turpentine, in one pound of alcohol, to which two ounces of oil of turpentine is added, can be recommended as a varnish over stained wood.

IMITATION ROSEWOOD.—Boil one-half pound of logwood in three pints of water till it is of a very dark red; add one-half an ounce of tartar. Stain the work with the liquor while it is boiling hot, giving three coats; then, with a painter's grain ing brush, form streaks with the following liquor; Boil one-half pound of logwood chips in two quarts of water; add one ounce pearlsh, and apply hot.

CEMENT FOR STEAM JOINTS.—Take sal-ammoniac, two ounces; sublimed sulphur, one ounce; fine cast iron turnings, one pound, mix in mortar, and keep dry. When to be used, mix with twenty times its quantity of clean iron turnings or filings, and triturate the whole in a mortar; then wet with water until of proper consistence. A red putty for steam joints can be made of stiff white lead working well in red lead powder.

TO MAKE CORKS AIR-TIGHT AND WATER-TIGHT.—A German chemical journal commends the use of paraffine as the best method of making porous corks gas-tight and water-tight. Allow the corks to remain for about five minutes beneath the surface of melted paraffine in a suitable vessel the corks being held down either by a perforated lid wire, screen or similar device. Corks thus prepared can be easily cut and bored, have a perfectly smooth exterior, may be introduced and removed from the neck of a flask with ease, and make a perfect seal.

OPTICAL DELUSION.—Take three differently colored wafers—red, violet, and orange—place them upon a large piece of white paper, in a triangular form; hold the paper in a strong light, and fix the eyes upon the wafers, gazing upon them steadily for two minutes; then turn them away from the wafers to a blank part of the paper, and you will see three spectral wafers, but the colors will be different; the red wafer will now be represented by a green one, the violet by a yellow, and the orange by a blue.

JAPANESE MATCHES.—Lampblack, 5; sulphur, 11; gunpowder, from 26 to 30 parts—this last proportion varying with the quality of the powder. Grind very fine, and make the material into a paste with alcohol; form it into dice about one-quarter of an inch square, with a knife or spatula; let them dry rather gradually on a warm mantel-piece, not too near a fire. When dry, fix one of the little squares into a small cleft made at the end of a lavender stalk, or, what is better, the solid straw-like material of which housemaids' carpet-brooms are made. Light the material at a candle; hold the stem downward. After the first blazing off, a ball of molten lava will form, from which the curious coruscations will soon appear.

A SUBMARINE LAMP.

The perfection to which the art of diving has been brought has necessitated the introduction of some means of enabling the diver to carry with him an artificial light. The fact is obvious that with a water-tight lantern, an ordinary oil-lamp could be used, but that would involve a supply of air and a length of hose equal to that paid out to the man who carried it. To be of any practical utility, however, a diver's lamp should have the maximum power of illumination, and any suggested application of gas or oil falls short of what is needed. Under those circumstances, two ingenious methods of lighting the bottom of the sea have been invented, and experience must decide which is the more successful. The first is an electric lamp which appears to have nothing to be desired in the matter of mere illuminating power, but doubts may be entertained as to whether the necessary connections with the battery would not interfere with the free movements of the diver, or, on the other hand, whether his movements would not disarrange them. The current necessary requires a large battery, and, unless that also be submerged, connecting wires would be required which would be liable to derangement by the motion of the vessel containing the battery. The lamp gives a light equal to twenty thousand candles, and the arrangement of the carbons has been so improved that it will burn uninterruptedly for four hours. The other method consists in the use of a simple spirit lamp, fed by oxygen,

compressed in an iron cylinder. That arrangement has the advantage of allowing it to be taken down by the man and moved about as he pleases, for the oxygen bottle can be slung over his shoulder while he carries the lamp in his hand. The light is not so brilliant as that produced by electricity, but appears to be sufficient for all the wants of the diver.

DAWN ON THE MOON.

The Lunar Wonders Revealed by the Advancing Sunlight.

A Rochester journalist who visited Prof. Swift the other evening, and had a view of the moon says: "The Telescope, with a power of 35 diameters, was turned upon the moon. At first the flood of light was blinding, and the view was but cursory. The moon looked like a shield of embossed silver—the shield of achilles—hung by his goddess mother in the azure of the heavens. Prof. Swift looked over the field and noted as he looked many of the interesting points, and suggested that we follow the sunrise on the moon. On the moon the dawn advanced at the rate of ten miles an hour, lighting up new fields and furnishing to him an ever-changing panorama. Still, there is naught but desolation, yawning craters and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surround deep pits. The moon is dead to all appearance—burned out with volcanic fires. No water leaves the desolate and rugged shores of its grey sea bottoms. But in the grey plains, where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls.

The grey plains can be seen with the naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon," on a map like the Eastern continent. Under the telescope we could trace what seemed at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these appeared to be but rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and marking, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with sunlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the large craters rays spread out as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, that spread out like the arms of cuttle-fish, covering a vast surface.

The grandest phenomena is to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops far in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the coast of an illuminated sea. High mountains and crater walls near the shore of light cast deep shadows. The circular rims of craters are illuminated, and shine like rims of silver, glittering upon a cushion of darkness. The advancing dawn now lights up the bases of the outlying mountains that but a moment ago showed but a speck of light, and still new mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance.

The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent, with a blank space between it and the sea of light. Slowly the summit of other portions of the circular wall are lighted up, and then the sunlight invades the depth of the crater, while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and glitter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No sea, no forest shade, or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight. It is so awful in its suggestions of power and loneliness of utter desolation.

The willow which bends to the tempest, often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence sooner than those of a loftier character.

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NOT FAR.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
Yet in the shadow of sin,
How many are coming and going,
How few are entering in!

Not far from the golden gate-way,
Where voices whisper and wait;
Fearing to enter in boldly,
So lingering still at the gate.

Catching the strain of music
Floating so sweetly along,
Knowing the song they are singing,
Yet joining not in the song.

Seeing the warmth and beauty,
The infinite love and light;
Yet weary, and lonely, and waiting,
Out in the desolate night!

Out in the dark and the danger,
Out in the night and the cold;
Though he is longing to lead them
Tenderly into the fold.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But it may be at last and forever,
Out of the resting place.

—English Congregationalist.

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARTNERSHIP.

"I hope you have improved your time well, and got the preliminaries of your business settled," said Mr. Dennison as he entered. "Perhaps it would be as well to leave the balance till we have concluded our search, after which, if you please we will walk over to the old castle and take a view of the ruins. It was a gay place during grandfather's time, it is said, and so it was later on, during my father's time, but father was no great hand for festivities and gaieties, and so was rather austere in his manners, and perhaps that is how I came to marry so young. But come and investigate these drawers while we look through the rest of the house, for time is passing."

"Alicia opened a drawer in the lowest part of the bookcase, and mechanically examined a few papers that lay loosely in the bottom. But when she had handled them all over she knew absolutely nothing regarding their character; the declaration of a love which to her heart was grateful, but new and strange, filled her with a glad surprise, and interposed between her and her work visions beautiful but undefined. Feeling, for the time asserted supremacy over reason, and all the instincts of her woman's nature were summoned to prepare a reply to the momentous question which had been asked,

and which she knew would be repeated, and so when Mr. Dennison had passed out and they again were alone, Frank, said: Alicia, "after the declaration I have made, is it presumption in me to hope that with satisfactory proofs of my love, I may, when I have risen to a suitable position in life, win your affections and claim you for my wife.

"Wealth does not weigh at all with me," Alicia replied. Where matters of the heart are concerned, gold is too base to add anything to their value. If love exists at all, it is wholly independent of external circumstances. If the object of my affection truly loves me, I am only glad that in the use of worldly possessions I can contribute to his comfort and raise him above the ordinary anxieties of business. If I know my own heart I could love no man except for what he is, and I would spurn with disdain advances from any man, however exalted his position, who did not love me for my very self. I will say this much, I am not indifferent to your attentions, nor do I doubt your sincerity. I am far from a suspicion that you are influenced by mercenary motives; but our acquaintance has been very brief. Would it not be better for you to ask your heart the question whether you may not be deceived, and mistake a temporary fancy for the affection of a genuine lover."

"O, Alicia, you do me an injustice if you think I would sacrifice your happiness in the least to secure my own, and though it should doom me to a life of perpetual solitude, and cast a shadow over my whole existence to be denied the sunshine of your presence, I would not do you the injustice to ask your hand if I could not have your heart with it. I have asked myself the question whether I might not be deceived by some passing fancy, but the reply was too positive to admit of any uncertainty. I admit that I am not indifferent to your personal charms, but I trust I have been no less attracted by the beauty of mind and character which have been evidenced in your deportment and conversation, and I know now, by the promptings of my own heart, by the happiness your very presence inspires, and by the pain of separation, that I do love you sincerely, ardently; and all I ask for is, that I may hope to secure your hand when I have proved myself worthy of your love."

"I am convinced of your attachment; and now it is only just for me to acknowledge that I conceived a strong regard for you the first time I saw you, without knowing who you were. Our slight personal acquaintance has increased the interest I have felt in you, and the account of your earlier life given by my brother has corresponded with the favorable impressions made upon my own mind, and fed the flames already kindled in my heart.

"O Alicia!" Frank exclaimed as he drew her gently to him and implanted an impassioned kiss on her blushing cheek, "this is the happiest day of my life."

Just then Mr. Dennison returned, and, witnessing the last act in the drama, exclaimed, "Aha!" negotiations are proceeding favorably I should judge. It looks as if there was to be a partnership in taking charge of the estate. When is the joint occupancy to commence? Well I think you are taking a sensible course; and, having interested myself to some extent in my niece's affairs I hope I shall be honored

with an invitation to be present when the contract is consummated. But dear me, those drawers are just about as they were when I went out. Let us see what they contain—bills—receipts; let's pull them out, papers may have fallen behind them. "Do you see anything there Alicia?"

"No—yes—I do see a bit of paper in a crack at the top of the recess, but I cannot get it, it is too far in."

"Let me see," said Mr. Dennison, and while exploring the recess he placed his hand against a spot on the surface that appeared to be a knot, which yielded to pressure, turning on a pivot and constituting a knob; pulling on this a secret drawer came out, containing a valuable gold ring, a locket and a number of papers. Strange to say, the locket contained a portrait very strongly resembling Alicia, and perhaps that fact constituted one reason why the eccentric bachelor had left all his property to her.

"I will tell you what I know about that portrait another time," said Mr. Dennison, "and now let us examine these papers. "Ah! here is a small bank book. My legal friend will see if it contains anything of value. I should judge this drawer has not been disturbed since my brother died, probably Mr. Gundry did not know of its existence."

Frank examined the book and found that it contained a certificate of deposit of ten thousand dollars in a city savings bank, drawing interest at six per cent. per annum, principal and interest payable on demand; and as it was dated two years before David Dennison's death, at compound interest, it would now have nearly doubled. This with a few certificates of mining stock, the value of which was unknown was all the drawer contained.

"That will not be a bad thing to commence keeping house with," said Mr. Dennison, "and it will enable you to make some improvements on the premises which are much needed. But where are the other members of our party, Rudolph and Ellen and Mr. Crossin. I haven't seen them for the last hour. I suppose we will have to hunt them up now." So saying he took the lead, followed by Frank on whose arm Alicia was leaning, and passing out toward the garden they searched the premises without success.

Had they at that moment stood at the opening in the second wall of the ruins of the old castle, they would have beheld an interesting picture.

Seated on a large stone on the top of a moss-covered mound, with the dark green of an ivy colonnade for a back ground sat a youthful couple. Both had been making wreaths, hers consisted principally of the leaves of the ivy mixed with maple and moss and grass, his was interspersed with flowers, and now she placed hers upon his head saying with a bright ringing laugh "I crown you the king of the castle," and he placing his upon her head, said "and I make you my queen, though not the queen of the May, it too late for that, so you must be queen of the castle."

Rudolph who had been collecting botanical specimens, just then approached the break in the wall, and observing the act of coronation, took off his hat and made obeisance saying, long live the king and queen of the castle; and asking to know what were their commands; and in their youthful beauty, with their wierd surroundings, they looked as if they might have been the ruling potentates of some fairy land, and the picture that presented itself would have formed a grand subject for our most talented artists. When however, Alicia and her uncle and Frank came there in their search for the truants, the scene had changed; her wreath had been placed upon her hat, and his was carried on his arm, but the happy look upon their countenances showed that they thoroughly enjoyed each other's company while they were searching, as they said for antiquarian relics.

"You naughty truants!" Alicia exclaimed, "why did you run away up here without us, and leave us no intimation of your whereabouts; we did not know but we should have to record an elopement or some worse disaster."

"Well we thought," said Ellen, "that as you had secured a title to the estate we would take possession of the old castle at least, before you arrived, and possession you know is 'nine points in law.'"

"You should have been here a while ago to have witnessed what I did," said Rudolph, "you would have thought that there was some truth in the stories that the place was the resort of fairies or some other mythical beings in reality, and that they (pointing to Tom and Ellen) were king and queen

of the elfs. But come sit down on one of these mossy mounds and rest a few moments before we explore the ruins, and then Mr. Airlie will point out to us the place where Gundry found the documents."

"And now said Mr. Dennison when they had become seated," I will tell you what I know about the locket that we found in the secret drawer, or rather about the portrait which it contains." And as he paused for a moment to think, Alicia took the locket from her bosom and handed it to Ellen who on opening it exclaimed "O isn't she beautiful."

"You are fooling us, it is Miss Mercer, said Tom as his eye caught the picture; aha, I have caught you; here in the back of the locket are engraved her initials A. M."

"Now you are fooling us," said Alicia as she took the locket, and looked at the inside of the back part of the case; but seeing that the letters were there, she handed it to Frank and then they looked at each other in mute astonishment, and then handed it to Mr. Dennison asking if he could solve the mystery.

"I think I can throw some light upon it," Mr. Dennison replied, "and would have done so before now, if you had not interrupted me. Well, as I was going to say, years ago, when my brother David was a young man, perhaps twenty-two years of age, and I was about sixteen, a young lady came to our home to stay for a short time, and during her stay she took all our hearts; she was so beautiful, and good, and thoughtful for the happiness of every one she came in contact with. David became passionately fond of her. I suppose they were engaged to each other, but one day she became ill, typhoid fever manifested itself. Everything that love and attention could do was done to save her but it was all to no purpose. I often wondered if the angels envied us and came and stole her away, because they wanted her with them. At any rate she died. I thought my brother would have died too so bitter was his grief. They said her name was Alicia Murvale, and that she came from California, and that is about all I know in reference to it, but I have often thought that her death within the walls; and his grief over the event was one reason why my brother so soon after the estate came into his hands deserted the old castle and left it to its fate."

"I know now," said Alicia, "more about it than you do. She was my father's cousin, and her real name was Mercer. She went with her brother to New York, and he failing in business went from there to California, taking his sister with him; at that time they changed their name so they should not be traced, and several years elapsed before they were heard from again, and then only indirectly. Father says a party who came from there knew the whole ease. While in California he had prospered and amassed a large fortune in a few years, and had died there. The property had been made over to his sister. My father liked her as a girl, he told me, and that is why I was named after her, but she was particularly fond of uncle Ben and so was he of her."

"And that explains why the letters A. M. when I first saw them worked in the corner of Miss Mercer's handkerchief made such an indefinable impression upon my mind," said Frank. "I recollect now that some time before, I had seen an advertisement in a paper, copied from a California one asking for information about a Miss A. Murvale: the paper is in the city office now."

"Well, if we go on a little further we shall weave together quite a romance, said Mr. Dennison, but as the time is fast passing I think we had better leave this subject for future investigation and take a view of the old castle."

We need not narrate how Frank showed them where they had concealed themselves while acting the part of detectives, where the will had been secreted, and how they captured the villain who secreted it, nor need we narrate the numerous incidents and the confidential conversations and experiences that go to make up the bliss of unsullied courtship; nor the events of the succeeding summer months. Suffice it to say that before the earth was robbed in her winter garments, Frank and Alicia had sealed their vows at the hymenial altar. And Tom and Ellen who have grown very fond of each other, are in a fair way to the same happy consummation of their bliss, and though she has not yet told her lover, I have it from a reliable source, that she has made the discovery that the California estate of her late uncle David's sweetheart, through her attachment for her uncle Ben, has been left as a bequest to his heirs, and she is the only claimant.

Concluded.

Written for the Family Circle.

"MAY."

The May is here, rejoice, rejoice!
I hear her clarion blowing;
I hear the happy song bird's voice
Of music overflowing:—
The ermin'd snow has fled the hills,
And laughing are the ice-freed rills—
The eland in liquid pearl distills:
And earth with beauteous life is glowing!

The grass has put a new garb on,
The meads are star'd with flowers:
The bitter biting winds are gone,
Warm breathe the sunny hours.
The gay and jewell'd butterfly,
Has ventur'd forth his vans to try,
And carnival is holding high,
With insects mid the blossom'd bowers.

When May is here who can be sad,
Or in the bosom doubting,
That she comes round to make us glad,
And makes us take an outing!
To bid us quit our pent-up rooms
And feast our eye upon the blooms,
And hues wove in the wondrous looms
Of nature—joyancee to all shouting!

Written for the Family Circle.

THE ORANGE-MAN.

BY CLAUDE HOOPER.

He did not belong to any society as I am aware of, the grand lodge which he attended, being that head centre of trade, called the market. He stood at a corner of the pavement at a stand, upon which was piled a heap of oranges. He was a tall strongly made man, with a well developed beard and whiskers, and was protected from the inclemencies of the weather by a huge over-coat, with an equatorial belt about him. As he stood there, with his hands in his coat pockets, and a look of manly determination on his face he presented the appearance of a man that had something of importance to say. And this is what he said—Oranges, two for five cents, four for ten cents, and twenty-five cents a dozen.

Now there is a great deal in the manner of enunciating any truth. Even a matter of importance may be marred in the delivery and fail to make a proper impression on the minds of auditors. This man no doubt felt the truth of the truism. He saw that it was necessary to give force and vigor to the bare utterance of his words, as well as to the style and manner of arrangement of his ideas. He saw that it was necessary to be interested himself in order to interest others. And he *was* interested himself. He felt the force and originality, wit and vivacity, mathematical exactness coupled with the airy flight of imagination, in what he had to say. So he pronounced it slowly and with reverence meet, but also with energy, and triumphant exultation towards the close,—Oranges, two for five cents, (firm assurance to begin with), four for ten cents, (his voice increasing with the increase of the numbers), and twenty-five cents a dozen, (with grand undulation in his triumphant tones, as if overcoming all resistance).

There were other huxters in the market. He was not alone even in the orange trade. Old women and young ragamuffins perambulating the sidewalk, sold them at the same prices with modest unpretention. There were other stands beside him, each furnished with a full-grown specimen of humanity, doing business in the same line, and like him, explaining publicly the terms on which they would deal, but among them all he had no peer. He was a Saul among his fellow-tradesmen, and his bawl was equally in the ascendant. They appeared to feel his superiority and paid it silent homage, for while their intermittent appeals to the patronage of the public, seemed to apologize by their puny pipings for their verbal pomposity, his rose clear, defiant, incessant:—Oranges, two for five cents, four for ten cents, and twenty-five cents a dozen.

Now at first sight the words hardly seem to merit the energy with which he pronounced them. In the days of the inventor of mental arithmetic, the first and second assertions, may indeed have been propounded with glory, and heard with awe and perhaps with some misgiving also as to their truthfulness, but this blooming freshness has certainly departed from them. But their verity is so well established as to warrant the clear and bold articulation of the speaker, and to form a firm foundation for the rest of his argument. The first statement is positive and simple, requiring no elucidation. The second is a continuation or expansion of the first, according to the unimpeachable integrity of the multiplication table. It requires a certain degree of mathematical ability in order to announce it with intelligence and authority, but the higher faculties of the mind can scarcely be said to be called into requisition. But the third assertion is the climax, the crowning glory of the speech, and in it the speaker shows the development of his poetic imagination, consequently his voice, having a sympathy with his mental attitude, displays a grandiloquence and lofty modulation, not exhibited in its former efforts. In this last affirmation he departs from the law of progression laid down by the two previous calculations. He supposes with flattering confidence that the prospective purchaser with the slight aid already given by the middle term, is able to work out the just conclusion from the hypothesis advanced at first, and having arrived at it is able to appreciate the magnanimity with which he reduces the amount in order to accommodate his customers. From all these varied emotions and calculations, arises the modulation in his voice in the last emphatic declaration, which contrasts so well with the even tenor of the preceding utterances. Thus this singer in the marketplace stirs with accents deep and loud the hearts of the tumultuous crowd,—“Oranges, two for five cents, four for ten cents, and twenty-five cents a dozen.”

Whatever a man makes a business of doing, putting his whole heart in its skilful execution, acquires a dignity thereby which we would perhaps deny to it were it not associated with such earnest endeavor. Longfellow says that the ‘heart giveth grace to every art.’ Our hero puts his whole heart in his efforts, whether standing by his stall or strolling for a few feet up and down the pavement beside it, his voice rings out clear and strong. He is not above doing his daily task. It may not require much labor, mental or muscular, but however that may be he does not consider it beneath him, he even seems to enjoy it. A smile of satisfaction ever and anon irradiates his countenance. I might here give a moral lecture on the sublimity of all this, but I refrain, and instead will merely echo his refrain,—“Oranges, two for five cents, four for ten cents, and twenty-five cents a dozen.”

His manner of life, simple and monotonous as it seems, has its ameliorations. Even while I was watching him, an amusement happened to him. The snow which had been shovelled from the sidewalk began to melt in the sun, and to resume the place from which it had been violently dismissed, in the form of water, making small lagoons wherever there were depressions in the planks. Among the crowd of people bustling past, there came a school boy with satchel, twisting with unacquired information, under his arm. As he scurried along, his feet with surprising unanimity, shot about a yard ahead of the rest of him. I need scarcely remark, that his stoppage was sudden, lengthwise, and in one of these lagoons. His satchel fell under him, for his fall was no exception to the general rule for falls, which, taking a slice of bread as instance, formulates that when dropped it will always alight upon the buttered side. When he got up again there was not nearly so much water in the pool as there had been. The marketers who saw this spectacle, showed their appreciation of the quaint (though not in this case dry) humor of the jolly old law of gravitation, which has played so many practical jokes on mankind ever since the fall of Adam. Our hero joined in the general mirth, and even interlarded his vocabulary with “that’s a daut;” but business cares soon pressed upon him again, there was work to be done and he must do it, there was something to be said and he was there to say it,—“Oranges, two for five cents, four for ten cents and twenty-five cents a dozen.”

I admired the patient perseverance of the man, the spirit of hopefulness that animated him and urged him to continue his calling, even when it was not effectual, when no purchase

ers flocked to his stall, when the pavement was almost deserted of passers by. Like Tennyson's brook, he could say 'men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever.' This clock-work regularity in such an abbreviated repetitious performance showed laudable zeal though it may have lacked ambition. He was a man in the prime of life, no doubt the first two lines in the ordinary epitaph, altering one word only in order to leave him in the land of the living, thus, 'A faithful friend, a husband dear, a tender parent standeth here, might have been applied to him with truth. He may be a voter, a respected citizen, in his own sphere by no means a cypher. Such dignity confers its benison upon his daily duties, he feels the pressure of responsibility, and a sense of the obligations which his importance imposes upon him, as with consequential air he gives utterance to his pendulous repetition, "Oranges, two for five cents, four for ten cents, and twenty-five cents a dozen."

Some speculations have been advanced with regard to the civilizing of monkeys, and teaching them to become respectable citizens. Now is not here an opening for them? There is no handicraft that would require less humanizing than this one, and besides it would be agreeable and pleasant to the tastes of these animals handling this fruit being quite natural for them. The vocabulary needed is so scant and the arithmetical skill so limited, that the training of an individual of this class, if it could but get its tongue loose, so as to be able to form words, would be scarcely more difficult than the restraint which it would have to acquire over its appetite, in order that it might not at once incapacitate and impoverish itself. But these slight advances in education made, it could enter into competition with the men who at present are in the business, and it may be that at no distant day, we may see here and there an ape presiding over a fruit stand, an orangutang changed into an orange shouter, vociferating as it sweeps its long arms into the faces of the passers by with a specimen of the fruit in its clutches, "Oranges, two for five cents, four for ten cents, and twenty-five cents a dozen."

Such reflections as these I have expressed may for a while invest the speaker and his theme with interest, but after a time the iteration begins to wear upon the nerves, and if one is compelled by any necessity to list, and linger, to the words and near the singer, he is apt to long to sling a snow-ball at the man of glee, and in truth to wish that Jamie, or whatever might his name be, in some schooner were transported quite across the stormy sea."

BRASS.

"If a man has plenty of brass in his face he can get in and if he hasn't he can't," we heard a man remark the other day on the cars. We know not what was the subject of conversation but the remark set us to thinking about brass. Now brass as a metal is a very innocent compound of copper and zinc, so long as you keep it free from contact with corroding fluids, but when so in contact, it in its united capacity evolves poisonous products and in its separate constituents it generates incandescent lightning.

Brass was known at a very remote period, Tubal-cain having been considered somewhat expert in its manipulation before the ark was built; and perhaps his successors in trade filled Noah's orders for nails for his ship-building business. It was used anciently in warfare, but more in defensive than aggressive warfare. Was it on account of its defensive capabilities that it was made into the form of a God and worshipped? In modern times it has only been cannonized. Brass is rather remarkable for its sonorousness, hence it has been much employed in making musical instruments and bells, modern *belles* however both look and sound better if they are not brazen, that might do for a heathen God, but is too hard and insensate for human companionship; yet, as a medium of wealth and prosperity, brass is not to be underrated. One thing is certain, the bashful man often goes hungry while the man who acts as if the world and everything in it was made for his special benefit, dines and grows fat. Generally speaking it is not the men of talent and genius that succeed best in the world; they have an idea that other people want to live, and are willing to let them. They stand aside while another goes in and takes the seat, makes the trade, or fills the place, and the man of push is satisfied to let them. Push, pull and persevere, procure pre-

ferment, property and prosperity. While bashful unobtrusiveness tries to keep out of the way of others, or idly stands around waiting for some one to push him on, the man of brass pushes him aside and pushes himself on. The man of Brass aims high, strikes for big wages, presses his claim for lucrative situations, steps into honors as he would into loose slippers, without asking whether they fit him. He takes rebuffs as jokes or entertainment, and push and pull as business principles. Individuality stands out prominently in the man of brass, he uses spectacles on the lenses of which his own image is outlined, so that while pushing and pulling in the pursuits of business he never lost sight of himself.

Brass in a man is desirable, so far as it gives him strength and perseverance, and fortifies him against discouragement in business, and in so far as it enables him to say no! with an emphasis, when allured to wrong courses, or yes, when good resolutions claim his patronage; but when it is so prominent a characteristic as to ignore or override the claims and rights of others it becomes a nuisance. Push, pull, persevere and prosper, express desirable characteristics when tempered by modesty and gentility. Brass may impart a sort of mechanical strength, and even shine with considerable lustre when polished, but pure gold answers all the purposes of brass and passes current everywhere.

SELECTED.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Not here! not here!—Not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sands as we draw near;
Where, in the wilderness, each footstep falters;—
I shall be satisfied; but, oh! not here.

Not here,—where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;
Where haunted even by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know,
Where heaven's repose the weary ear is stilling,
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is not more wonders told us
Than these few words: "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied? Satisfied? the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,
The silent love that here meets no returning,
The inspiration which no language finds.

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longings,
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?
Oh! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upwards to the Heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending,
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide!
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ending,—
I then shall see Thee and "be satisfied!"

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Dr. Fletcher says. A man's first necessity is to find a woman physically able to support the cares and duties which attend that position. Solomon, who from a large experience with wives ought to know what constitutes a good one, described his favorite wife as one who spun wool and flax, and took care of the house, etc.; in short, he means to say that she shall possess a large share of physical potency. It is the power to do, without which no woman deserves the name of wife.

Within the past decade some young men in choosing wives have disregarded the advice of Solomon, and have since repented. But young men are fast becoming more careful and wise in the matter. They are learning that a pretty face and form, though doubtless desirable accompaniments, are not the requisites of a good wife. It is true that there are some

thoughtless exceptions among the young men, but they are simpletons. But above them are the thoughtful men, who do not and will not fall in love blindly, but who are looking for the wife which Solomon commends, and who will not be satisfied without such a one.

I do not wish to reveal anyone's secrets, but I have had men say to me when talking upon the subject of this discourse, "Girls, nowadays, are too frail to marry." Does any one think the young man is to blame who says this, and then stands aloof from the altar? Surely not. And does the young lady who is too weak to sweep her own room, or make her own toilet, think that such a young man will hasten to propose? If so, she is mistaken: young men of to-day are fast becoming wise through the experience of their unfortunate friends.

A CHEERFUL WIFE.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband's coming home cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of long evenings when he wouldn't come at all; or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; of his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as the gas bill. She had no idea, in fact, that there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage, is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share of the attention, and yet so often does not get that little share. Therefore a word to the girls in this connection is in order; beware of a man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband, go find somebody else, somebody who will give you at least a chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

DR. CHALMER'S DAUGHTER.

In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries. Her chief work is with drunkards, their wives and daughters. Some of the poor women of the neighborhood who have sober husbands complain against her, saying:

"Why do you pass us? Because our husbands are good you do not care for us. If we had married some worthless sot, you would then have taken care of us in our poverty!"

In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers, with her lantern, going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved and bringing them to her reform meetings. Insult her, do they? Never! They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday night speech on temperance.

One night as she was standing in a low tenement talking with an intemperate father and persuading him to a better life, a man kept walking up and down the room as though interested in what was said; but finally, in his intoxication, he staggered up to her and remarked:

"I shall get to heaven as easy as you will; do you not think so?"

Helen answered not a word, but opened her Bible and pointed to the passage, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The arrow struck between the joints of the harness, and that little piece of Christian stratagem ended in the man's reformation.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.*

A BRAVE WOMAN'S RUSE.

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, one of the leaders of Mobile fashion, on a recent evening went to her *boudoir*, and, while arranging her jewelry, was somewhat startled to discover a man crouched under a table in the apartment. From certain circumstances she knew that the lurker was a robber. Mrs. Middleton, however, very coolly rang for her maid, and sitting at the broad-topped ornamental table, under which was the man, wrote a note, and handing it to her servant, said, "Take this note to Mr. Forfair, the jeweller, and he will give you my jewelry which he has just repaired." What the note really contained was information to the effect that Mrs. Middleton's husband was absent, and that she was alone with a burglar. During the absence of her maid the lady read, hummed, and acted very coolly generally. Presently came a ring at the bell, and Mr. Forfair entered with three policemen. The concealed burglar was captured, and proven to be a negro criminal named Chapman, but mostly known as "Two-Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty-years' sentence in the Alabama State Prison.

STEPHEN GIRARD'S TACTICS.

A man who had just set up in the hardware business, and, who had been a clerk where Girard had traded, applied to him for a share of his patronage. Girard bought of him, and when he brought in the bill, found fault and marked down the prices.

"Cask of nails," said he, "which I was offered for so-and-so you have charged so-and-so, and you must take it off."

"I cannot do it," said the merchant.

"You must do it," said Girard.

"I cannot, and will not," said the young merchant.

Girard bolted out of the store, apparently in a rage, and soon after sent a check for the whole bill. The young man began to relent and say to himself: "Perhaps he *was* offered them at that price. But it is all over now; I am sorry I did not reduce the bill and get it out of him on something else. His trade would have been worth a good deal to me." By-and-by Girard came again, and give him another job. The young man was very courteous, and said:

"I was almost sorry I did not reduce your former bill."

"Reduce a bill!" said Girard; "had you done it, I would never trade with you again. I meant to see if you had cheated me."

"Think Again, I Pray You."

Queen Victoria was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender, and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright beautiful morning the young Queen was waited upon at her palace of Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial, pronounced against a soldier of the Line — that sentence, that he be shot dead! The Queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view. "What has this man done?" she asked. The Duke looked at the paper, and replied, "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible! He has deserted three times." "And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?" Wellington shook his head. "Oh, think again, I pray you!" Seeing that her Majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave, gallant, and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence?" "Influence!" cried Victoria, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case; and I charge you, your Grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper, and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright saving word—"Pardoned!" The Duke was fond of telling the story; and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.

THE PROMISE PROVED.—A poor traveller called upon a certain good man named Fenneberg, to borrow three dollars. This was the whole amount of money possessed by this modern Nathaniel; but as the poor traveller asked for it in the name of Jesus, he lent him all he had, even to the last penny. Some time after, being in absolute want himself, he remembered the fact while at prayer, and with childlike faith and simplicity he said, "O Lord, I have lent thee three dollars, and thou hast not given them back to me, though thou knowest how urgently I need them; I pray thee to return them to me." The very same day a letter arrived containing money, which Gossner delivered to the good man, with these words: "Here, sir, you receive what you advanced." The letter contained two hundred dollars, which were sent to him by a rich man, at the solicitation of the poor traveller to whom he had lent his all. Fenneberg, quite overcome with surprise, said in his child-like way, "O dear Lord, one cannot say a single word to thee without being put to shame."

HOME KINDNESS.—Home life is the sure test of character. Let a husband be cross and surly, and the wife grows cold and unamiable. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard, a kind of two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. This is not what the family circle should be. If one must be rude to any, let it be to some one he does not love—not to wife, sister, brother or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollections painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and green mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees as never before, what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved. It is a pitiable picture of human weakness when those we love best are treated worst.

HOW JACOB ASTOR LOST MONEY BY SAVING IT.

One of his captains had sailed three voyages to China without a chronometer, depending on "dead reckoning" and "lunars." Just before starting on his fourth voyage, he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have a chronometer. "Well, get one," said the merchant. The captain did so, and entered its cost in his account current. When Astor's eye fell upon the item, he drew his pencil through it. "Tam it, man," said Astor, "I told you to get one; I didn't say I'd pay for it."

The captain severed his connection with Astor then and there, went into Wall street, engaged with other owners, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated in New York's beautiful bay. In three days she was ready for sea and set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under command of a new captain, set sail also. They had a race for Hong Kong; but the captain who, as he used to put it, had discharged John Jacob Astor, by keeping the men at the braces, took advantage of every puff of wind, and won by three days. Then there was lively work. The ship was loaded in the shortest time possible, and before Astor's vessel, which had arrived meantime, was half-loaded, our captain weighed anchor, and with a full cargo of tea set sail for Sandy Hook, arrived in good time, got his ship alongside the wharf, and began hoisting out his cargo, which was sold by auction on the spot. This glutted the market, for the consumption was comparatively small in those days, and when Astor's ship came in, prices had fallen.

Two days later, as the captain was sauntering down Broadway, he met his former employer. "How much did that chronometer cost you?" asked the latter. "Six hundred dollars." "Vell," said Astor, "dat vas chaep. It cost me sixty thousand tollars." The merchant and the captain have long since paid the long reckoning, but that chronometer is still a good timekeeper, and a treasured relic as well.—*Boston Transcript*

ERROR.

"Once upon the inclined road of error and there is no swiftness so tremendous as that with which we dash down the plain, no insensibility so obstinate as that which fastens on us through the quick descent. The start once made and there is neither stopping nor walking until the last and lowest depth is sounded. Our natural fears and promptings become hushed with the first impetus, and we are lost to everything but the delusive tones of sin which only cheat the senses and make our miseries harmonious. Farewell all opportunities of escape—the strivings of conscience—the faithful whisperings of shame which served us even when we stood trembling at the fatal point. Farewell the holy power of virtue which made foul things look hideous and good things lovely, and kept a guard about our hearts to welcome beauty and frighten off deformity! Farewell, integrity, joy, rest, and happiness."

GRACE AND ELEGANCE.

Grace is in a great measure a natural gift, elegance implies cultivation, or something of more artificial character. A rustic uneducated girl may be graceful, but an elegant woman must be accomplished and well trained. It is the same with things as with persons. We talk of a graceful tree, but of an elegant house or other building, animals may be graceful, but they cannot be elegant. The movement of a kitten, or a young fawn, are full of grace; but to call them "elegant" animals would be absurd. Lastly, "elegant" may be applied to mental qualifications, which "graceful" never can. Elegance must always imply something that is made or invented by man. An imitation of nature is not so; therefore we do not speak of an "elegant picture," though we do of an elegant pattern for a gown or an elegant piece of work. The general rule is, that elegance is the characteristic of art, and grace of nature.

A TOUCHING STORY.

General Francis C Barlow, it will be remembered, fell dangerously wounded at the battle of Gettysburg (Pa.), and was made prisoner. General Gordon of the Confederates found him in a seemingly dying condition, dismounted from his horse, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, and inquired of General Barlow his name and wishes. General Barlow said "I shall probably live but a short time. Please take from my breast-pocket the packet of my wife's letters, and read one of them to me." Which was done. He then asked that the others be torn up, as he did not wish them to fall into other hands. General Gordon did, and then asked, "Can I do any thing else for you, General?" "Yes," replied General Barlow, earnestly. "My wife is behind our army. Can you send a message through the lines?" "Certainly I will," said Gordon. And he did. Then, directing General Barlow to be borne to the shade of a tree at the rear, he rode on with his command. The wife received the message, and came unharmed through both lines of battle, and found her husband, who eventually recovered;

Since General Gordon's election to the United States Senate, both he and General Barlow were invited to a dinner-party in Washington, and occupied opposite seats at the table. After introductions General Gordon said, "General Barlow, are you related to the officer of your name who was killed at Gettysburg?" "I am the man," said Barlow. "Are you related to the Gordon who is supposed to have killed me?" "I am the man," said General Gordon. The greeting which followed the touching story as related to the interested guests by General Barlow, and the effect upon the company, can better be imagined than described.—*Exchange.*

TO PARENTS.—Do not tell your little children that they will not mind, that you never saw such bad children, or it is useless to speak to them. This is the certain way to make them disobedient and reckless, as any one can see. Once let a child understand that you do not expect it to obey you, and you may look for insubordination as a matter of course. A little loving faith in the child's good impulses will be far more effectual than an announcement that you expect it to do wrong. The very stubbornness and disobedience of a child is oftentimes caused by nervousness and excitement as much as and more than by wickedness, and should be treated accordingly.

MORAL COURAGE.—Have courage to face difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people take it to be; and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the minds of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you cannot change it for a better and to abandon it at the earliest hour upon conviction. Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you possess when he convinces you that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities"—not vices.

A PRACTICAL SWEETHEART.—A nice young man employed in the Kansas Pacific office, at Kansas City, resolved the other day to present his beloved girl with a nice pair of shoes. He accordingly procured her measure and went into one of the fashionable stores on Main street and purchased a two dollar pair of shoes. In order to make the present appear more valuable, he marked five dollars upon the soles of the shoes, and at his request the clerk put a receipted bill for five dollars into one of the shoes. The presentation was made, and the lovers were happy, as lovers should be. But mark the sequel. The girl examined the shoes in the daylight and was not satisfied. She was convinced that her lover had been cheated in the purchase of such a pair of shoes at that price. She decided to go and change them and obtain a better bargain. The next day she appeared in the store and selected a pair of shoes, price three dollars and a half, and politely requested the shoes for which she said her husband had paid five dollars. The receipted bill was produced in proof, and the boot man found it impossible to go "behind the returns." The smart girl took her three dollars and a half pair of shoes, and obtained a dollar and a half in money, and went home happy and satisfied. The boot seller sent a bill for three dollars to the young man, who promptly paid the difference, but he thinks that girl a little too smart for him.

CAREFULNESS IN OLD AGE.—An old man is like an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years; but the heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it for ever. So many people reach the age of fifty or sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in the wisdom of experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, and old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour's heating work, an evening exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

CROCKETT'S APOLOGY.—David Crockett once visited a menagerie at Washington, and, pausing a moment before a particularly hideous monkey, exclaimed, "What a resemblance to the Hon. Mr. X.!" The words were scarcely spoken, when he turned, and to his astonishment, saw standing at his side the very man whom he had complimented. "I beg your pardon," said the gallant Colonel; "I would not have made the remark had I known you were near me, and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness; but"—looking first at the insulted member of Congress, whose face was any thing but lovely, and then at the animal compared to him—"hang it if I can tell whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey!"

HOME AGAIN.—A son of Maine who went West in early youth, and has there attained wealth and an honorable position, returned last summer to visit his old home. At the village store he saw an old man whom he had known in his younger days. He accosted him, but was not recognized. "So you don't remember me," he said; "I am John R." "You!" exclaimed the old man; "you don't mean to tell me that you are John R.?" "I certainly am," said the visitor, shaking him by the hand, "and I'm very glad to see you again." "Well," persisted the old man, "I never did. To think that this is you. They tell me you've grown awful rich, John." John admitted that he had "saved something." "And they say you're the president of a railroad, and get a big salary." Again John had to admit that rumor spoke truth. "I'm glad on it, John! I'm glad on it, my boy! It beats all what circumstances and cheek will do for a man."

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Chancellor Howard Crosby, in an address of counsel before the late graduating class of the University Medical College of New York, among many other timely and sensible things remarked that "A man whose clothes are saturated with stale tobacco smoke is not an agreeable visitor in a sick room. Nor is it reviving to delicate organization to have stimulants applied through the physician's breath. We cannot well imagine anything more repulsive to a sensitive, nervous patient than a medical adviser with a breath redolent with the fumes of whisky and tobacco. Yet a large share of medical men use both of these poisons. We hope a few of the newly fledged M. D.'s will take the eminent chancellor's advice and abandon the two vices mentioned, with others to which too many medical students become addicted,

TWO VISITORS.

Mr. Low was a poor man, and lived in an humble cottage on the edge of a large city. One evening, an old acquaintance, now quite wealthy, came to take tea with him. He first dwelt upon the fact that the house was in an out-of-the-way spot, and there were few or no neighbors. At table he told of the delicious tea he had drunk at the house of one friend, of the rich tea service he had seen upon the table of another, of the rare old china that was used in his own household, and of the dainty meals he had eaten from it. In the cramped little sitting-room, after tea, he sat by the stove and talked of the delights of an open wood-fire, of his enjoyment of rare and costly books and pictures, and of twenty other things that the host of whose hospitality he had partaken did not and could not possess. It is not surprising that after he left the little household, the host felt sad and discontented. But the next evening there came another visitor, also wealthy. He brought good cheer in his very face. The room, he said, felt so warm and comfortable after his walk, which, he added, was just the thing to give a man a good appetite for his supper. At table he spoke of everything that was nice, congratulated his host on having such a snug little home, apologized for eating so much, but couldn't help it, because it was "so good" and tasted "so homelike," he liked the old black teapot because it was just like the one his mother had when he was a boy, and told his hostess, who was all smiles and as happy as a queen, that she ought to thank her stars that she had no gas or furnace to ruin her flowers that made her room look so cheerful. When he had gone, husband and wife felt satisfied with themselves and the little house which they had done their best to make comfortable. There are two ways of looking at everything.

A SNAIL THAT WOULD NOT STARVE. An Egyptian desert-snail was received at the British Museum on March 25, 1846. The animal was known to be alive, as it had withdrawn into its shell, and the specimen was accordingly gummed, mouth downward, on to a tablet, duly labeled and dated, and left to its fate. Instead of starving, this contented gastropod simply went to sleep in a quiet way, and never woke up again for four years. The tablet was then placed in tepid water and the shell loosened, when the dormant snail suddenly resuscitated himself began walking about the basin, and finally sat for his portrait which may be seen of life size in Mr. Woodward's "Manual of the Mollusca." Now, during those four years the snail had never eaten a mouthful of any food, yet he was quite as well and flourishing at the end of the period as he had been at its beginning.

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Our paper will reach our subscribers a little later than usual this issue, on account of our having had to move in order to enlarge our facilities for business. Our office is now at 402 Ridout Street, opposite the Court House, where with sufficient room for our purposes we will be able in future to get the paper out earlier in the month. And prompt remittance of subscriptions would very materially aid us in our efforts in this direction.

To parties sending in 50 cent subscriptions direct, we will send from the beginning of the volume, July 1878, to December 1879, (eighteen months,) for one year's subscription, if they wish it.

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Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

HUNGER AND THIRST.

Some interesting experiments have recently been made by the medical faculty of Michigan University, in order to determine the seat of hunger and thirst in the animal system. A dog was chloroformed, after having been fed a hearty meal, and while the musculo-membranous reservoir for food was largely distended, an incision was made through the abdomen, over the large curvature of the stomach, into that organ; then a silver tube, a quarter of an inch in diameter and an inch and a half long, was inserted in the cut, the other end of which was then corked up. The tube has half-inch flanges at both ends, the inner flange serving to keep the tube in its place, while the outer flange closely shuts the exterior.

The dog still lives with stomach permanently on top; in fact, the operation in no way affects the health of the mastiff although in undergoing the severe ordeal to which he is now at times subjected in the interest of science, hunger compels him to eat about six times as much as formerly. The result of the experiment proves that the seat of hunger is not in the stomach, neither is the seat of thirst in the throat, but that they both reside in the system at large. The dog was permitted to eat a hearty meal, which was immediately taken from him, *via* tube. In a few minutes after recovering from his fright, he would eat an equally large quantity of food, and so on to any extent.

Again, he has been prevented from eating anything for about twenty-four hours. Food would then be injected into his stomach through the tube. Notwithstanding his stomach was already full, the animal would at once gulp down more food; but if sufficient time was given for the injected food to enter the system, he would then refuse all that was set before him. The conclusions arrived at from these experiments find confirmation in the fact, which has often been observed, that persons suffering from thirst, although the parched sensation is apparently limited to the throat, find immediate relief upon entering a bath or even from immersing the feet in water.

EATING TOO MUCH.

Most people eat too much. Thousands of men eat three hearty meals and several lunches a day, and yet wonder why they are lean and dyspeptic. "I have a good appetite, in fact am eating half the time, and still I don't gain a pound, and there's Jones, plump as a porpoise on a third of what I eat." Children often eat more than some grown people, and yet look half starved, and indeed are literally so, while their parents, for want of a little knowledge of physiology, or hygiene, encourage them to eat more and oftener, ignorant of the fact that less food well digested would nourish the body and make it round and plump, while in the absence of digestion and assimilation, the more food the less nourishment, like filling a colander with water, which is a difficult thing to do, and profitless if accomplished. The trouble is, few individuals know when to stop eating. The universal custom is to overeat. With some, as we have noted, the result is a morbid craving for more and more, while in other cases, there is nausea and lack of appetite—the consequence is the same in both—lack of nourishment. One eats too much, the other too little, and of course neither is well sustained. If this is true of adults, what folly to pretend that an infant or a child at any age, should be a law unto himself, as to quality and frequency! It is the duty of parents not only to restrict their own appetites, but those of the little ones confided to their care.

HINTS ABOUT FOOD.

Highly concentrated food, having much nourishment in a small bulk, is not favorable to digestion, because it cannot be properly acted on by the muscular contractions of the stomach, and is not so minutely divided as to enable the gastric juice to act properly. This is the reason why a certain bulk of food is needful to good digestion; and why those people who live on whale-oil and other highly nourishing food, in cold climates, mix vegetables, and even saw-dust, with it to make it more acceptable and digestible; so in civilized lands fruits and vegetables are mixed with more highly concentrated nourishment. For this reason also soups, jellies and arrowroot should have bread or crackers mixed with them. This affords another reason why coarse bread of unbolted wheat so often proves beneficial.

In England, under the administration of William Pitt, for two years or more there was such a scarcity of wheat that, to make it hold out longer, Parliament passed a law that the army should have all their bread made of unbolted flour. The result was that the health of the soldiers improved so much as to be a subject of surprise to themselves, the officers and physicians. These last came out publicly and declared that the soldiers were never before so robust and healthy; and that disease had nearly disappeared from the army. The civil physicians joined and pronounced it the healthiest bread, and for a time it was used almost exclusively.

We thus see why children should not have cakes and candies allowed them between meals. Besides being largely carbonaceous, these are highly concentrated nourishments, and should be eaten with more bulky and less nourishing substances. The most indigestible of all kinds of food are fatty and oily substances, if heated. It is on this account that piecrust and articles boiled or fried in fat or butter are deemed not so healthful as other food. The following, then, may be put down as the causes of a debilitated constitution from the misuse of food: Eating too much, eating too often, eating too fast, eating food and condiments that are too stimulating, eating food that is too warm or too cold, eating food that is highly concentrated without a proper admixture of less nourishing matter, and eating hot food that is difficult of digestion.—*American Woman's home.*

THE BENEFIT OF LAUGHING.—Dr. Greene, in his "Problem of Health," says there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, if shaken to its innermost depths, sends new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic jour-

ney when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make their prescriptions more with reference to the mind and less to drugs for the body; and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effects upon the patient.—*Sol.*

NECESSITY FOR SUNLIGHT.—One of the best omens of the time for hygiene is the fact that architects and builders are beginning to give some attention to the subject. The following paragraphs from the *Manufacturer and Builder* are sound hygienic advice:—

Instead of excluding the sunlight from our houses, lest it fade carpets, draw flies, and bring freckles, we should open every door and window and bid it enter. It brings life, and health, and joy; there is healing in its beams; it drives away diseases and dampness, mold, megrims. Instead of doing this, however many careful housewives close the blinds, draw down the shades, shut out the glorifying rays, and rejoice in the dim and musty coolness and twilight of their unhealthy apartment. It is pleasant, and not unwholesome, during the glare of the noontide, to subdue the light and exclude the air quivering with heat; but in the morning and in the evening, we may freely indulge in the sun bath and let it flood all our rooms: and if at its very fiercest and brightest it has full entrance to sleeping-rooms, so much the better for us.

Wire netting in doors and windows excludes not flies and mosquitoes only, but all others insects, and those who have once used it will continue to do so. With this as a protection from intrusive winged creatures, one may almost, dispense with shades and shutters and enjoy all the benefits of an open house without any annoyances so frequent in warm weather. But better the annoyances with sunshine than freedom from them without it. Statistics of epidemics have shown that if they rage in any part of a city they will prevail in houses which are exposed to the least sunshine, while those most exposed to it will not be at all, or but slightly, affected. Even in the same house, persons occupying rooms exposed to sunlight will be healthier and repulse epidemical influences better than those occupying rooms where no sunlight enters."

DANGER OF "BOXING THE EARS."—We have often called attention to the danger of cuffing the ears of children. We quote the following striking illustration of the injury which may be inflicted in this way, from the London *Lancet*:—

An inquiry into circumstances leading to the death of a boy about eight years of age, has just been concluded at Willingham, Cambridgeshire. The deceased was attending the board school at Willingham, and on the afternoon of November 27th he went to school quite well, but returned home between four and five, looking quite ill, and holding his head towards his left shoulder. He had been struck over the right ear by the monitor of his class at school. Next morning the boy was too ill to go to school. He gradually got worse, and died on December 7th the last words he said being that the monitor "hit me in school." This is another illustration of the extreme danger attending the practice of inflicting punishment by boxing the ears, and, we may add of any part of the head generally, since it is a favorite practice with some masters to rap their pupils' heads with the bent knuckles of the index and middle fingers. In sound, healthy lads, a box on the ears may not perhaps lead to fatal consequences, though there is always a risk of inducing deafness by rupturing the *membrana tympani*. In delicate boys, of strumous or tubercular tendency, fatal results may be easily induced, and a master, by giving way to a momentary irritation and an error of judgment, may forfeit a position gained by years of honorable toil, be imprisoned for manslaughter, and thus ruined for life.

A SINGULAR EXPERIMENT.—The experiment of injecting milk, warm from the cow, into the veins of an apparently dying man has been tried, it is stated, in a Dublin hospital, and with success. The man on whom the operation was made appeared only to have a few minutes to live, so utterly exhausted was he, but it is asserted that he has since recovered. The *Freeman's Journal* is authority for this statement.

ANTI-TEMPERANCE DIET.—Temperance workers may find their paths easier when science steps in to their assistance. The theory of Liebig, that liquor-drinking is incompatible with farinaceous diet, is corroborated by experiment on twenty-seven drinking men, by an English investigator. A remarkable instance was a man of 60, who for thirty-five years had indulged in a weekly spree, and had become so wrecked as to obtain life insurance with great difficulty. His appetite for liquor was entirely overcome by farinaceous diet of seven months' duration, and although he lost flesh at first, he soon regained it. Among other articles specially antagonistic to alcohol are lentils, dried beans, haricot beans, and macaroni, all well boiled and plentifully seasoned with butter or olive oil. The carbonaceous starch in these renders unnecessary and repulsive the carbon in alcohol. It has been often noticed that excessive meat-eaters are among the hardest drinkers. Ordinary garden vegetables will aid in overcoming the passion, but are not considered as useful as the farinaceous foods. So comfortable a remedy ought to win friends from its very simplicity, and no harm can possibly result from a trial of it.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.—Happiness turns upon a small point—occupation. Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness; the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks from low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent. "Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

CURE FOR FELON.—When a finger pricks as though there were a thorn in it, and throbs intolerably when held downward, and yet there is no external sign of mischief, the probabilities are that a felon is in prospect. Go at once to the butcher's and procure some of the spinal marrow of a beef creature. Take a piece, say about two inches in length, and, having cut it open lengthwise, wrap it around the affected finger, covering, of course, with cloth. In a few hours change the piece of marrow for a fresh one, and continue to keep the finger so encased until all pain has ceased and there is no discomfort when the marrow is removed. The finger will look white and porous, but the cure is complete. This remedy ought to become professional. It is vastly better than the surgeon's knife, and more effectual.—*True Flag.*

CURE FOR CROUP.—There are many varieties of croup, up to its most dangerous form, according to some, diphtheria, when the whole body becomes infected with the disease, and death generally ensues. Dr. Teste, a physician of standing, reiterates that he has never failed to cure croup by means of bromium since he first employed it twelve years ago. The remedy is simple: the one-hundredth part of pure bromium is dissolved in distilled water. Take every hour, and oftener if necessary, at the commencement of the disease, two or three drops of the solution in a spoonful of sugared water.

POISONING.—In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm water and mustard. For acid poisons, give alkali; for alkaline poisons, give acids—white of egg is good in most cases; in a case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee, and keep moving.

THEORY OF INFECTION.—The theory that very small organisms, either vegetable or animal are the cause of all infectious diseases, is very generally accepted at the present day. It passes as established and almost mathematically proven, because this theory alone is able to explain for us a series of phenomena that would otherwise be totally inexplicable. Hence the *alpha* and *omega* of all precautions directed against infectious diseases and epidemics consist in combating and destroying these organisms.

Scientific men may be interested to know that Dr. Brown-Sequard, in a late letter to the French Biological Society,

states that milk moderately warmed, if injected slowly into a human artery, will revive a dying patient quite as much as injections of blood. He has successfully tried the experiment.

It has long been noted that in countries where oatmeal and not fine flour is in general use, children and adults will be found with the best developed teeth and jaws; and so well recognized is the influence of oatmeal upon the teeth that many practitioners order its use as an article of daily diet for children in cases where dentition is likely to be retarded or imperfect.

COMMUNICATED.

We are not to be understood as either endorsing, or disapproving the sentiments contained in articles under this head, unless we distinctly say so.—Ed.

(Continued from March Number.)

EPIDEMICS.

[From an Electropathic and Hygienic stand point, by J. Gordon Wilson, Electropathic Physician.]

The antidotal resources of nature counteracting the evil for a while; diarrhoea, retching and intermittent fevers discover her efforts to secrete an indigestible substance; the *suicidal diet* is modified, in quantity at least, by nausea and loss of appetite, and the periodical north winds that reduce the summer temperature by twenty or thirty degrees may help to postpone the crisis for weeks and months. But if that palliative fails and the devotee of established customs pursues his course with intrepid fanaticism, the barriers of life yield at last and nature ends an evil which she cannot cure. *The direct cause of plague is the inability of the vital power to withstand the double influence of moist heat from within and without.*

As its name implies, an epidemic is a contagious disease, and it cannot be denied that by prompt removal from the infected atmosphere, innumerable candidates for the winding-sheet might be saved; but it is quite as certain that even persons of a frail constitution, but innocent of dietetic sins, may breathe with impunity the air in which thousands of their stricken-fellow-citizens have recently expired. Every where the mortality lists show a great preponderance of males over females, of men of sedentary pursuits over open-air laborers, and of epicures over ascetics. Catholic seminarians, Sisters of Charity, and Vegetarians have enjoyed a remarkable immunity, owing to their voluntary or involuntary habits of abstinence. Worried Physicians spectral old spinsters, and smoke-dried presbyters have generally survived, while corpulent beer brewers, lustily land-lords and chubby butcher men, went down like grass under a sweeping scythe; and the local papers have repeatedly called attention to the fact that the business men who declined to close either their earthly career or their stores are mostly Italians and Jews.

The lessons of the last epidemic find numerous precedents in the history of former times. The *Black Death* that ravished Asia and Southern Europe in the 14th Century spared the Mohammedan countries—Persia, Turkistan, Morocco, and Southern Spain—whose inhabitants generally abstained from *pork and intoxicating drinks*. In the Byzantine Empire, Russia, Germany, France, Northern Spain and Italy, 4,000,000 died between 1373 and 1375; but the *monasteries of the stricter orders and the frugal peasants of Calabria and Sicily enjoyed their usual health*. Amongst cities which suffered most were Barcelona, Lyons, Florence, and Moscow, the first three situated on rocky mountain-slopes with no lack of drainage and pure water, while the steppes of the Upper Volga are generally dry and salubrious.

The *pestilence* of 1720 swept away 52,000 of the 75,000 inhabitants of Marseilles, in less than five weeks; but of the 6,000 *abstemious Spaniards* that inhabited the "Suburbs of the Catalans" only 200 died, or less than 5 per cent. The most destructive epidemic recorded in authentic history was the four years plague that commenced in A. D., 542, and raged through the dominions of Chosroes the Great, the Byzantine Empire, Northern Africa, and South-western Europe. It commenced in Egypt, spread through to the East over Syria, Persia and the Indies, and penetrated to the West along the coast of Africa, and over the Continent of Europe. Asia Minor, with its *pletheui Attus*, Constantinople Northern Italy

and France suffered fearfully; entire provinces were abandoned, and died out and remained vacant for many years, and during three months 5000 and at last 10,000 persons died at Constantinople *each day*. (Gibbon's History Vol. 3, Chap. xliii) and the total number of victims in the three Continents is estimated at from 75 to 120 millions. *But in Sicily, Morocco, and Albaina, the disease was confined to a few Seaport Towns, and the Caucasus and Arabia escaped entirely.*

This dreadful plague made its first appearance in Alexandria, then a luxurious city of 800,000 inhabitants, and Paulus Diaconus, a contemporary historian, speaks of the *reckless gluttony by which the inhabitants of the great capital incurred yearly fevers and dangerous indigestions, and at last brought this terrible judgment upon themselves and their innocent neighbors.* (Lib. 11, Cap. ix.) Alexandria lost half a million of her inhabitants in 542, and 80,000 in the following year, and for miles around the city, the fields were covered with unburied corpses; but the Monks of the Natrian Desert, (3000 of them who had devoted themselves to the task of collecting and burying the dead) lost only fifty of their fraternity, who, with few exceptions, confessed that they had secretly violated the ascetic rules of their order.

If the thirteen centuries since the year of judgement had been employed in the study of *Philosophy and Hygiene* rather than in Trinitarian and Monophysite disputes and Transubstantiation controversies, we might know by this time that the repetition of the excesses of the Egyptian Capital in an Egyptian climate will always provoke an *Egyptian Plague*, and that the observance of some simple dietetic rules would insure our health against the most malignant climatic influences. Southern cities, like New Orleans, Memphis and Galveston, that consume from 500 to 5000 barrels of pork, and four times as many kegs of lager beer and gallons of whiskey, each summer day, while they confine forty or fifty per cent. of their population in stifling tenement houses, school-rooms, and work-shops, and instead of providing free public baths, whether situated in the *swamps, like New Orleans, or on dry hills, like Memphis*, are fever-factories, and produce epidemic diseases by the use of *calorific food* in a sweltering climate, as systematically as the New Orleans ice factory evolves cubes of congealed water by the evaporation of ether in and around its copper water-tanks.

To our dietetic abuses and the deficient ventilation of our buildings and bodies, we can ascribe the fact that the average mortality of the half year, from June to November, exceeds that of the remaining six months by twenty per cent. on the table-lands, and by more than thirty per cent. along the seacoast of the two Caucasian continents; but this increase of the death rate is only a small part of the sum-total of our self-caused Summer martyrdom. If we could weigh the nameless discomforts, the weariness, the physical and moral nausea, the unsatisfied hunger after the life air and freedom of the wilderness, endured by millions of factory-children, shop-keepers and counting-house drudges, if we could weigh all their misery against the hardships of the Savages and half-savage Nomads, we might agree with the Benthamites, that measured by the criterion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, modern civilization is a very indifferent success. "There is something pathetic in every suicide," says Montesquieu, "for the fact that life had become insupportable to a human being could not be more conclusively proved." But the same fact is proved by every premature death, for the destructive forces of Nature never assert themselves till the evils of life outweigh its blessings. A privileged small minority, some happy few among the upper ten per cent. of our population, can celebrate the holidays of their luxurious year, when rising thermometers, dust clouds, kitchen-fumes, woollen garments, and peppered rigouts, kindle the fire of Moloch in their veins; but what shall we do if poverty or duty prevent us saving ourselves by a trip down the St. Lawrence, or a flight to the White Mountains? A century may pass before chemists invent the art of cooling our houses by an artificial process, as cheaply and effectually as we warm them by fire, but in the mean time we might restrict our calorific efforts to the eight coolest months of the year.

In the first place we should curtail the number of our warm meals, avoiding stimulants and condiments as much as possible. Calorific heat-producing food, too, must be dispensed with. The Hygienic School has demonstrated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that farinaceous dishes, sweet milk

and fruit are sufficient to maintain a hard-working man in perfect health; and such a diet might certainly be substituted for our greasy steaks and rigouts during the hottest weeks of the sultry season. Whether or not such wild stimulants as tea and coffee are preferable to pure water, it is certain that they are sudorific drinks, and that even their moderate use increases the temperature of the blood by several degrees during their passage through the digestive apparatus. Smoking hot dishes and such spices as pepper, mustard, onions, and giuger, are liable to the same objection, and we should not forget that sultry weather retards digestion of all fatty substances by several hours.

Take plenty of rest after meals, is another Hygienic rule, which we might adopt on the authority of our instinct-guided animal creation, if not our sensible ancestors, who surpassed us in physical vigor and hygienic instinct as much as we excel them in chemical and scientific knowledge. In obedience to an urgent instinct, wild animals retire to their hiding places after a full meal and digest in peace; and the ancient Turks and Romans of the Ante-Cæsarian era, contented themselves with one daily meal, which they ate leisurely in the cool of the afternoon after completing their day's work. The rest of the evening they devoted to music, conversation, dances and light gymnastics, and thus had all night, besides the larger part of the following day for digestion, could assimilate their food and probably derive more enjoyment from that one meal, than we do from our hurried dinners, late suppers, luncheons, and Christian breakfasts—true *dejeuners dinatoires*, that dull our brains and limbs during the first three or four post-prandial business hours.

For a quarter of a year, at least, we might get along with two daily meals, one at noon, after finishing the longer and harder half of our day's work, on an "empty stomach," (which custom would soon make a very resigned and comfortable stomach,) then a *siesta* of three hours; work till sunset, and then a *bath*, followed by a leisurely *symposium* and such other domestic amusements as our tastes and opportunities might suggest.

But in hot weather, "the best of all things is water, after all," was Pindar's motto, and should be our motto in summer time, in regard to pure soft water, externally applied. In the crowded cities of the Atlantic seaboard and the Lower Mississippi Valley, and the southernmost part of Europe, the lot of the hard working classes would be extremely improved by free public tables. The citizens of the Roman Empire regarded their *thermæ* and their *balnea publica* as the chief criterion of a civilized town; and it is strangely characteristic of the metaphysical and ante-natural tendency of our ethical system, that not one of our wealthy philanthropists ever thought of promoting the welfare of his native city by an establishment which an enlightened community should value as a common necessity rather than as a luxurious privilege. The baths of Carscallen, which furnished the means of physical purification to tens of thousands, were certainly as useful—practically and morally—as the Serapion, or the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and one per cent. of the wealth that has been expended on Churches, Sunday Schools, Foreign Missions, and other attempts to secure the *post mortem* felicity of the masses, would suffice to make their terrestrial existence far more endurable.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping, therefore be sure you look to that, and in the next place look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience! for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy, therefore value it and be thankful for it.

The longer I live, says William G. Eliot, the more do I become satisfied that nothing is so good for people who are in deep trouble as real hard work, work that not only occupies the hands but the brain, work on which one lavishes the best part of the heart. I know it requires a great deal of resolution to break away from the apathy of a deep sorrow or a heavy trouble, and resolutely put one's hand to the new or long-disused plough; but the effort once made, if there is any thing in the individual, he or she will never turn back. And after work, real work, work with the hands, head and heart—after this will come trust, and with trust will come peace.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOT ROLLS.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful salt, two eggs, one large tablespoonful lard, two teaspoonfuls yeast. Work and knead it well at night, and in the morning work again, make into rolls, let them rise the second time and bake in a hot oven.

MUTTON PIES.—Take cold boiled mutton; slice it thin; have a crust made of one cup of beef suet, one-half cup of butter, one cup of cold water; mix this with prepared flour as stiff as for tea-biscuit; take two-thirds of the crust and line a four-quart earthen pie-dish; then fill the dish two-thirds full with the meat; have a quarter of a pound of butter cut into small pieces, one teaspoonful of fine sugar, one of salt, and a half teaspoonful of pepper, one cup of water; cover the pie with the remainder of the crust, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

PEA FRITTERS.—Cook a pint or three cups more peas than you need for dinner; mash while hot, seasoning with pepper, salt, and butter; put up until morning; make a batter of two beaten eggs, a cup of milk, quarter of a teaspoonful soda, half a teaspoonful cream-tartar, and half a cup of flour. Stir the peas into this, beating very hard, and cook as you would griddle cakes.

TO FRY BEEF'S LIVER.—Cut the liver in slices about two-thirds of an inch thick; soak in cold water about a quarter of an hour; have ready some butter in the spider; when hot, put in the liver; season with salt, pepper, and an onion chopped fine; dust a little flour over the top; cover tight to keep the steam in as much as possible; add a little water while cooking, to keep from getting dry (do not let burn); when brown, turn on the other side; put on a little more salt, pepper and flour; when done, take the liver out on a platter, put in about a tea-cup of sweet milk; if not thick enough, add a little more flour, wet with milk, until you get it about the thickness of beef gravy, pour over the liver and serve. This is the Swedish way of cooking it.

POOR MAN'S CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, eighth-pound of butter, rind of one lemon, one cup of milk, two eggs, teaspoonful of baking powder, three cups of flour; beat sugar and butter together, then the eggs, add milk last; then flour and baking powder, sifting it in; mix well, and bake in a moderately-heated oven.

FRIED BREAD CAKES.—Take any bits of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk, or milk and water, until perfectly soft; mash fine; add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop by spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good, and a better way to use dry bread than in puddings.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of molasses, boil fifteen minutes stir in while boiling one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger; be sure and let cool, then add flour to make it roll thin, cut in rounds and bake in a quick oven.

CLOVE CAKE, OR OSCEOLA CAKE.—Four cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three cups of buttermilk, one cup of raisins, one spoonful of cloves, stir stiff with flour, let it stand all night, in the morning put in a large teaspoonful of saleratus and a little more flour. This resembles raised cake.

CRACKER PUDDING.—Four common crackers ground fine, one pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar one cup of raisins and a little salt and nutmeg. Take the whites of your two eggs and a little sugar and beat to a froth, place this, after the pudding has baked half an hour, on it and bake fifteen minutes more.

FOAM PUDDING SAUCE.—Four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour beaten to a cream, add the white of one egg well beaten, beat the whole about an hour, then pour in a gill of boiling water, stirring very fast. Flavor to the taste.

WASH FOR WALLS.—Dissolve one pound of glue, in a gallon of hot water, and wash your walls with it, you will have no more trouble with your paper falling off.

SPANISH CREAM.—One ounce gelatine, three pints of milk, six eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar; cook the gelatine one hour in the milk, then when it comes to a boil, beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar and stir in; let it simmer; then take off the fire, and pour over it the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

FARMERS' PAINT.—Farmers will find the following profitable for house or fence paint: Skim milk, two quarts; fresh slaked lime, eight ounces; linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces; Spanish white, three pounds. The lime is to be slaked in water exposed to the air, and then mixed with about one-fourth of the milk; the oil in which the pitch is dissolved, to be added, a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This is for white paint. If desirable, any other color may be produced; thus, if a cream color is desired, in place of the Spanish white, use ochre alone. Farmers wishing to economize in painting fences, or temporary structures, will probably find the above valuable.—*Western Agriculturalist.*

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Men soon pass away and are forgotten, but principles live eternally.

A man who always has a stern duty to perform—A helmsman.

For young ladies who wish to have small mouths—repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch fried five fine floundering frogs for Francis Fowler."

A DENSE FOG.—"Was the fog thick?" "Why, my dear sir, I couldn't see a thing. I had to use my handkerchief, and the first thing I knew I got hold of the nose of the fellow next to me, thinking it was my own."

A domestic newly engaged presented his master with a pair of new boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

"A coffin," said an Irishman, "is the house a man lives in when he is dead."

VIGOROUS CRYING.—A French physician says that to allay anguish there is great advantage in crying, especially during an operation. And he is entirely right. Any intelligent boy will testify that during the operation of applying the maternal slipper good vigorous crying will shorten the operation and diminish the pain by at least one-half.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Said an old friend: "I don't like a man who is intimate on short acquaintance, because he is almost sure to be 'short' on intimate acquaintance."

A Paisley publican was complaining of his servant maid that she could never be found when required. "She'll gang oot o' the hoose," said he, "twenty times for ance she'll come in."

ITS USE.—In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "Bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze, ma'an, for the burd to rhoost on!"

An English writer says in his advice to young women that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

ON THE WING.—The papers are discussing the question "Does it pay to keep a village cow?" We never kept but one. She belonged to a man on another street, and we kept her most of the time, because she would open our gate in spite of us. It paid the other fellow pretty well, we believe.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

A TELEPHONE.—There is a pocket telephone stretched across from the house of a young man in this town to the window of his sweetheart just opposite. They are to be married soon, and it is a touching sight to watch the little sparrows perch on the string and peck at the taffy as it slides along.—*Waterloo Observer.*

THE POLAR STAR.—Said a Jersey boy:—"Ma, why do they call that the pole star?" "Because it is always exactly over the pole." "Then, ma, that must be the top of the circus." By which the youth probably meant, if he meant anything, that this world is all a fleeting show.

No stain clings to the whiteness of the lily, though it starts in the dead, slimy depths of the stagnant pool; pure pearl-drops of dew sleep unsoiled on its spotless leaves and wake in perfume; stars seem to lie on the smooth water where the peace of its presence lies. God asks what we are—not what we have been.

A habit is more powerful than an act; and a previously indulged temper, during the day, will not, it is to be feared, be fully counteracted by the exercise of a few minutes devotion at night.—*Hannah More.*

Would that we had compassion, so that, in the Judas and the Magdalen that we meet so often with scornful glance and garments drawn aside, we could see in their souls the hands of pleading lifted up, and the dim ideal of a life that they long for with a hunger that cannot be measured.

A Norwich tenant has been importuned so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation the other day he turned on the landlord with the cogent and conclusive retort, "Now you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why, I owe enough in this town to buy up all your old houses!"

The "sweet bye and bye" is now spoken of as the "saccharine future."

To-morrow is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.

Our hearts are like instruments of music well tuned: they will make no melody in the ear of God unless they be gently touched by the finger of the spirit.

Sin is like a bee, with honey in its mouth but a sting in its tail.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is only changed, not her nature.

Good temper is like a sunny-day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

A Scotch Nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr. X., your office is as hot as an oven." "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer—"it is here I make my bread."

Old lady to Taxidermist: "You can see for yourself man, you only stuffed my poor parrot in the summer, and here's his feathers tumbling out before your eyes." Taxidermist: "Lor' bless ye, 'm that's the triumph of our art. We stuff 'em that natural as they moult in their proper season."

There are two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out.

THE IMAGINATION.—It is the divine attribute of the imagination that it is irresponsible and inconfined, and that where the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and, with a necromantic power, conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous and to irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.—It is related of Goldsmith, whose charity often exceeded his means, that, once having visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was caused by an empty cupboard, he sent a pill-box containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription, "To be taken as occasion may require."

He is a good man indeed who does all the good he talks of.

Some men are like brooks; they are always murmuring.

He is happy who has conquered laziness once and forever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THEY SAY.

"They say;" ah, well, suppose they do
But can thy prove the story true?
Suspicious may arise from nought
But malice, envy, want of thought,
Why count yourself among the "they;"
Who whisper what they dare not say.

"They say," but why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can.

"They say;" well if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress
Or make one pang of sorrow less,
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more."

"They say;" oh, pause and look within,
See how thy heart inclines to sin;
Watch lest in dark temptations hour
Thou too should'st sink beneath its power;
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
And speak of good or not at all.

—Sel.

Written for the *Family Circle*.

THE ORPHAN.

"How steadfastly he fixed his eyes on me,
His dark eyes shining through forgotten tears,
Then stretched his little arms and called me mother;
What could I do? I took the bantling home
I could not tell the child he had no mother."

What creature in the world has so great a claim upon our sympathy as the poor little waif without father or mother left to struggle with the vicissitudes of life alone, growing prematurely old—the face wearing the aspect of care and sorrow at the susceptible age of eight or ten years, for the want of a friendly hand to lean upon, its first tender hopes blighted, its warm and sensitive feelings chilled by harsh words and cold neglect. What wonder if life is embittered, and morals are perverted and hopes are crushed out, when there is no one to staunch the scalding tear of sorrow or drop a kind word of encouragement to the little brokenheart. What wonder that the spirit should grow angry, and the nature impatient and rebellious in the arduous strife against poverty, unfeeling indifference, harsh dealings and dishonest acts; what wonder if the soft lines of beauty and innocence become marred with distrust, distorted with vice, and shadowed with deceit when surrounding examples leave memories of wrong indelibly stamped upon the impressive heart:

That the flower should wither and its fragrancedie,
As the bud is beginning to bloom
That love should fade from a love-lit eye
When its light is absorbed by the gloom.

Orphans cries and orphans tears are sad expressions; they are discredited from feelings that are as keenly alive to a sense of slight or wrong as the soul is impressible to the refined and the beautiful, and a consciousness of this should charge one with much delicacy in dealing with those finer sensibilities lest a rude or untimely touch should shake their blossoms down to be lost in the channels of vice and pollution, and prevent them from yielding the fair fruits and rich fragrance which were destined for enshrinement in human affections. Do we never trace in the features the character of the soul which shines through to give them expression. The acme of beauty is that which speaks more to the sense than to the eye, that which flows with love and intellectuality from the depth of the soul and freely touches yet tenderly the most sensitive chords of our own. Some minds are so gemmed with beauty that it sparkles through the eye in a tremulous lustre of soul scintillations; such minds like the rarest flowers not only distil the sweetest fragrance but image the wealth of their loveliness in the hearts of the many. Do we ever seek in the lights and shadows of the heart of these little ones such rare attributes and God-given beauty. Do we ever consider the enrichment of affection that lies hidden in embryo to be developed by kindness and culture, do we ever look in their sad little faces for a lesson of their trials, their disappointments and broken hopes. Do sickness and cold and hunger ever leave unfeatures to piteously remind us of their suffering in vain? Do we ever reach a hand to rescue from the most fearful consequences when they are cast by the strongest temptations upon the very verge of peril and crime, can we hear their pleas and neglect them without being worse in our nature? can we assist them without being better? can we look into the beseeching eyes of the helpless ones and pass coldly by with the conscious thought that our own may be left quite as helpless. How greatly would the concern of the dying parent be mitigated when parting from the beloved child to know there was human love to cherish and protect it. We know not the keenness of agony that helps to hasten death at the fearful probability of leaving our little heart treasures to be cast about upon the ruthless waves of poverty, to become a prey to depravity and to have their way to heaven intercepted by every conceivable obstacle that thwarts the purposes of the good. There are griefs to burden the heart, there are cares to sear the brain, there are temptations to seduce, there are errors to disconcert, there are vices to wound the soul. The stout heart, the educated mind religiously trained with all the advantages of wealth and the higher privileges of life are not exempt in the trying events from evil influences and bad inclinations; what then can we attribute to these weaklings, when from disadvantages, exposure to temptations and the want of moral light they fall into the snares that entrap even the guided and protected. Do we not owe it to God and to these hapless wanderers to help them through the toils of poverty and the thralldom of heart ache, to save them from the craft of the perfidious, the machinations of the vile, and the pit-falls of the licentious? Their early misfortune, their young life of hardships and their unending strife, may blight their hopes and paralyze their energies, but they have intellects that are repining, and tastes that are in quest of the beautiful, and longings and aspirations that merit our tender consideration, and which may prove the fulfilment of the noblest ends of life.

The richest pearls of the depth are sought
By the care-worn heart and the aching,
And oft most beautiful gems of thought,
Are dropped by a heart that is breaking.

Oh, what a near approach to Paradise would this world become if man's unhappiness consisted in seeing his kind unhappy, what virtue in his pleasure if it consisted in relieving the wretchedness and anguish of the suffering; but human error has so veiled God's plan, that life is reft of much of the beautiful, and through selfish propensities the laws and principles most fruitful of happiness are lost sight of.

To aid the fallen, to support the helpless and to guide the erring, constitute the hope of the Godly, and make up the epitome of man's noblest virtues.

ELOINE.

COACHES.—Coaches were introduced into England by Fitz Allen, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580; before which time Queen Elizabeth, on public occasions, rode behind her chamberlain; and she, in her old age, according to Wilson, used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance. They were at first only drawn by two horses; "but," says the same author, "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea." It was Buckingham, the favorite, who, about 1619, began to have a "team" of six horses; which, as another historian says, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palfreys, or double, behind some person, on a pillion. In the year 1672, at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage-coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charterhouse, urging their suppression; and amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance the author says: "These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London on very small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; the convenience of this passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and, by these means, get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure as makes them uneasy ever after."

The consequences of any discovery are incalculable. Davy investigated the nature of the flame, and communicated his discoveries in a lecture before a large audience. He demonstrated that it was within our power to produce a flame which, at a state of extreme heat, contained either free oxygen or unburnt carbon; that a large grate with a limited supply of coal would generate the former, the oxidizing flame, while a small grate with a larger amount of coal would yield the other, the flame devoid of oxygen, but in which combustible substances might be melted without the danger of combustion. Among the hearers sat a young man by the name of Cort, who noted these remarks. Up to that time cast-iron was converted into wrought-iron by heating it with charcoal and exposing the melted metal to a blast of air. By this process only small quantities of wrought-iron were obtained at a time through the necessity of producing but one *bloom* in a heat, which might easily be hammered out; and also on account of the cost of charcoal. In this process mineral coal could not be placed in contact with the iron, because the never-failing presence of sulphur in that kind of coal would render the iron unfit for use. From Davy's lecture on the flame, Cort struck upon the idea of decarbonizing cast-iron without exposing it to the danger of the contact with coal by allowing the flames of the coal to play upon the cast-iron. Thus originated that wonderful operation called the *puddling process*.

The following capital story is told by the London Vanity Fair, in connection with the pedestrian Weston: "On the day Weston was to reach Cambridge, an under-graduate, himself no mean pedestrian, started from a remote village on the route, arrayed in full walking trim, an hour in advance of Weston himself. As he proceeded he became encircled by ever-gathering crowds, who escorted him in triumph into Cambridge, where he walked in grand style into the inn where Weston was to put up, sat down to dinner which had been prepared for the latter, ate it all up, and got away just in time to come upon Weston, whom he found in course of being mugged as an impostor!"

AN AMATEUR DENTIST.—A half-witted Parisian has been making an experiment in dentistry. He had long been suffering from toothache, but obstinately refused to go to a dentist, and at length, finding the pain unendurable, took the following uncommon method of extraction: To the tooth he attached a long string, and to the string a heavy stone; thus armed, he proceeded to the topmost story of the house he occupied, opened the window and hurled the stone into the air. The weight of the stone and the length of the string produced so violent a shock that not only was the tooth pulled out, but with it a portion of the jaw, his neck being so painfully twisted that he fainted. Hours ensued ere consciousness returned, and when he recovered his senses it was only to find himself deprived of the faculty of speech.

HE HAD IT.—“If I ever can be free from these adverse environments,” said the despondent workingman—“O, dear, John,” broke in his tender-hearted wife, “have you got that? It is too bad you have such luck. Is it catching? I do so hope the children won’t have it, especially the baby, for he’s teething, and—” John didn’t wait to hear more, but started for the environments of the wood-shed, where he chopped adversity out of his mind getting the kindlings ready for the morning fire.—*New Haven Register.*

HONOR THE SCISSORS.—Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work that is done on a paper. If they find the editor with scissors in his hand, they are sure to say, accompanying their new and witty questions with an idiotic look or smile,—

“Eh! so that’s the way you get up original matter, eh?”

The facts are, that the interest, the morality, the variety and the usefulness of a paper depends, in no small degree, upon its selected matter, and few men are capable of the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.

A BAD DREAM.—A French fable for the use of Jeremy Diddlers: Two friends lived close to each other, one of whom was in a constant state of impecuniosity. The latter got up in the middle of the night and rushed breathless into the house and bedroom of his more fortunate neighbor.

“I have had such an awful dream,” he said. “I fancied you were ruined and reduced to the last degree of want. I rose from bed under the impression of this nightmare, and I ran to my desk to get some money to take to you.”

“How good of you,” said the friend.

“Yes,” said the dreamer; “and you can imagine my annoyance on finding that I had not a sou in my drawer. It was completely empty. By-the-by, do you happen to have fifty louis in the house.”

COOL.—The following is told of Gen. Pelissier:—Some years ago Pelissier, on parade one morning, got angry with a *sous officer* of a cavalry regiment, whose *tenue* seemed to him quite defective. He abused the man most violently, and cut him across the face with his whip. The man seized one of his pistols, and endeavored to fire at his commanding officer, but the pistol missed fire. Pelissier, swearing a fearful oath, but otherwise calm, said, “Fellow, I order you a three days’ arrest for not having your arms in better order.”

That man had a strong desire to keep his pledge, at least literally, who, entering an apothecary’s store, said, “If ye please, docthor, I’m a temperance man; but if ye have any soda-wather of a stringth and quality resemblin’ whiskey, I’ll trouble ye for a little.”

SIMPLE MODE OF SILVERING METALS.—Small articles may easily be coated with silver by dipping them first into a solution of common salt and rubbing with a mixture of one part of precipitated chloride of silver, two parts of potassia alum, eight parts of common salt, and the same quantity of cream of tartar. The article is then washed and dried with a soft rag.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE ANILINE COLORS.

Take a little of any of the brighter aniline colors on the point of a knife and sprinkle it on the surface of still clear water in a transparent vessel. Immediately lines of color will curve downward through the water, intersecting and blending till the whole vessel assumes the brilliant tint. Occasionally a little mass, more abrupt in its movements than the rest, will strike directly downwards, but before it goes far it will divide and sub-divide and form an inverted tree of color in the liquid. Having reached the bottom it will sometimes start upwards, as though it had accomplished its mission and had no time to spare on its return. Often a mass of colored liquid will take the hot smoke rings of a locomotive, and sometimes two of these

rings will chase each other downward, the one in advance opening and allowing the others to pass through, which in turn waits for its comrade, and so on till they are destroyed by frequent collisions. Some of the colors are very different when seen by reflected and transmitted light, and the blending of the two when the vessel is placed in different positions with regard to the sunlight is very beautiful.

What are these aniline colors, and whence are they procured.

It is surprising what a mine of wealth has been found in the refuse matter of our gas works. The bituminous coal, which is there heated in great masses yields much that can be utilized besides the gas upon which our cities are so dependent. Upon the retorts, as a crust, gas carbon is formed; this is a good conductor of heat and electricity, and supplies the carbon cylinders or plates used in several galvanic batteries, and also the poles for the electric light. Most of the devices for electric lighting require these products of the old system for their successful operation. The interesting scientific toy, the microphone which renders audible the tramp of a fly, the rustling of the softest brush, the noises of insects far too faint to be distinguished by the unaided ear, uses the conducting power of gas carbon as a necessary agency. Certain vapors pass from the retorts and condense in the colder tubes. From some of these almost all the ammonia salts, so indispensable to the chemist and various manufacturers, are procured. The nitrogen of the vegetables of the old carboniferous age, now for the first time released from its long imprisonment in the coal, comes to us in the form of these ammoniacal liquors. Another liquid thus condensed is coal tar; while in the retort, after the volatile ingredients have been expelled, remains a hard material resembling anthracite coal, and which is useful for the same purposes as that article—coke.

We will take the coal tar and trace out some of the products which may be derived from it. No less than forty different materials have been extracted from this unpromising-looking article by the art and skill of chemists. When subjected to distillation it is separated into various substances, which are more or less volatile. By raising its temperature gradually, and collecting in different receivers the compounds that pass off, these may be obtained distinct from each other in tolerable purity. At about the temperature of boiling water, benzole, or benzine, distills. The use of this for dissolving grease is well known. As the temperature is raised there passes off in succession toluol, phenol, naphthalene, anthracene, increasing in weight and solidity, the last being a heavy greenish oil. In the retort is left pitch, which is extensively used in the construction of pavements. The benzole, when subjected to the action of strong nitric acid, forms nitrobenzole, the artificial oil of bitter almonds, which under the name of myrbane is an article of perfumery. By the action of hydrogen this nitro-benzole is converted into aniline. The second produce of the distillation of coal tar, toluol, may be passed through a similar operation, the resulting product being toluidine.

We have now arrived at the basis of our aniline colors. From the thick black grimy coal tar are produced the brightest and most beautiful colors which art can show. The most gorgeous dyes, rivaling in beauty the tints of the rainbow or of the sunset clouds, are the coal tar colors. Surely, never was a stranger transformation; no substance could be found which at first sight would be accounted more utterly devoid of beauty than gas tar, and no stronger contrast could be seen than a bottle of it side by side with a transparent brilliant solution of aniline red, green, or violet. Many inks, both black and colored, are nothing but some of the products of aniline or its allied substances, dissolved in alcohol or water, and the brightly dyed ribbons of our streets are made beautiful, but often not permanently so by the action of these marvellous coal tar colors.

It would not be interesting, except to a scientific man, to go over the various chemical changes by which aniline and toluidine are converted into the various colors. A combination of the two gives roseaniline, which is a kind of starting point in the manufacture. From this base, by the action of various acids, many of the colors are derived, while some are obtained from phenol and the other original products of coal tar distillation, though all are popularly but incorrectly known as aniline colors.

In the laboratory of the chemist the methods have been evolved and the products first obtained. Kept for a long time

as a mere curiosity, their value as dyes was finally made known; practical men secured the secret of their manufacture, and vast industries, principally abroad, aggregating millions of dollars of capital, have sprung up. It is one of the many cases where them an of science, not for any mercenary purpose, but impelled by the love of investigation and discovery, has been a great material benefactor. Without his researches the grimy coal tar would have been grimy coal tar still, useful to paint fences, to preserve wood, and a few other minor purposes, but not suspected to be so rich a mine of wealth and beauty. One of the most brilliant discoveries of science in this has been the artificial production of the coloring matter of madder. The dyeing quality of madder has been known for at least 2,000 years, and raising the plant and preparing the roots have been important industries in Zealand and many tropical countries. But recently two German chemists, working upon the known analysis of alizarine, a coloring principle of madder, have built up the substance itself using as a base anthracene one of the results of the distillation of coal tar. The artificial alizarine differs in no respect, chemical or physical, from the natural, possesses the same coloring properties, and its use has to some extent diminished the demand for the cultivation of madder. By what chemical process the plant, in nature's laboratories, forms its coloring principle we do not know; but we can trace every step of its formation from coal tar, and alizarine must henceforth stand side by side with safranine and the other so-called aniline colors.

It was about 50 years ago that Unterdorben separated from indigo a substance which he called crystalline, which afterward became known as aniline, from the Portuguese *anile*—indigo. Until within 20 years it was deemed an unimportant substance, indigo being itself too costly to support any extensive manufacture; but since it has also been found in coal tar a continued succession of coloring products has been drawn from this apparently inexhaustible source; one of the latest of these has been uranine, a beautiful green fluorescent dye.

The aniline colors are not permanent. We have heard of the labels of boxes which were marked with aniline inks becoming entirely white, without the vestige of a letter remaining, upon exposure to the sunshine in the transit, to the manifest inconvenience of the expressman. The writer having occasion to use some charts, made them partly with ordinary black ink and partly with crimson. In course of time the crimson faded away, leaving the black characters rather meaningless by themselves; and this is a position where no direct sun rays ever reached.

Some of them are, however, much more permanent than others, and for purposes which do not involve great exposure or rough usage they answer very well, while their brightness gives the dyer a power he cannot possess with the fast colors. Magenta, mauve, solferino, roseine, Tyrian purple, picric acid, and many others, enable him to add immensely not only to the brilliancy but to the variety of his shades.

The extensive employment of these colors in many articles of ordinary use has led to numerous experiments on their physiological effects on the human system. Pure aniline is a strong poison in the stomach, and both aniline and nitrobenzole, when taken into the lungs in a state of vapor, are very injurious. Numerous instances of serious impairment of the health in workmen employed in aniline factories are on record. In one case a workman broke a carboy of the liquid, and in wiping it up respired a large amount of the vapor; in a few hours his face and body assumed a leaden hue; his gums, eyes and lips a flushed appearance from the formation of coloring matters in the blood, and the whole system was seriously deranged. Energetic treatment, however, saved his life. But the aniline colors which are not pure aniline, are much less injurious. They adhere so closely to the dyed fabrics that there is no danger of their floating as dust in the air, as in the case of arsenical dyes, and when pure are but slightly poisonous even when taken internally, though hurtful substances, like arsenic, lead, mercury, are used in the manufacture, and may exist in a greater or less degree in the colors themselves.

FLORIDA SHIP CANAL

Among the most recent of the many plans suggested by the constantly growing need of the Mississippi Valley and the farther West for the cheaper transportation of their products to the Atlantic seaboard, is the revival of the old plan of building a ship canal across the State of Florida, or rather

across the peninsula of Matanzas Inlet, on the Atlantic, to Fort Wool or Clay Landing, on the Shawnee River. It is claimed that not more than seventy-five miles of canal would have to be cut on this route, that it would have an excellent harbor at each end, and that the whole route would be well supplied with natural feeders. It would make the distance between New Orleans and New York from 1,000 to 1,200 miles less than the track now sailed over, and would, it is claimed, save yearly \$5,000,000 in the way of shipwrecks, and \$3,000,000 annually in the way of extra insurance; over \$46,000,000 in freight, and several millions every year in the way in which grain and products, go to waste in the Mississippi Valley for want of cheaper transportation. The canal, when built, would it is calculated, bring in an annual revenue of from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and much more when the Darien Canal is completed, and it would throw a vast amount of shipping from California, Japan, and China through the Gulf of Mexico and through the Florida Canal to New York, Liverpool, and other ports. The connection of the Pacific and the Gulf by Canal would render this project worthy of further consideration. —*Scientific American.*

TELEPHONE FOR BOYS.—Take two empty oyster cans and a stout, smooth string. Let a small hole be made in the bottom of each can, through which the string, say fifty or a hundred feet in length, is passed and secured. Then let the experimenters set up their talking telegraph by choosing their stations as far apart as the tightly-stretched string will permit, and while one of the operators holds his ear to one of the cans, and his companion his mouth to the other end of the line, they will find that a conversation can be carried on so that low tones and even a whisper will be distinctly perceptible. What usually most astonishes those who make this experiment for the first time, is that the sound of the voice does not seem to come from the person speaking at the other end of the string, but to issue from the can itself, which is held to the ear of the listener. This at first appears to be a deception, but it is really not so. The ear tells the exact truth. The voice that is heard really comes from the can that is held to the ear of the hearer. The voice of the speaker communicates sound producing vibrations to the walls of the can with which his voice is in immediate contact. These vibrations are communicated to the string, but so changed that they do not affect the ear. A person may stand by the string while the sound is passing, and yet hear nothing. At the other end of the string, however, these hidden vibrations reproduce themselves as sounds.

We publish the following in response to a request for a Remedy against Moths.

To Preserve Clothing From Moths.

Procure shavings of red cedar or camphor wood, and enclose in muslin bags, which should be freely distributed among the clothes.—Or, put a piece of camphor gum tied up in a bit of muslin in each bundle of clothes, or in the chests or drawers where they are kept. Or, moisten cloths with spirits turpentine and lay among the clothes.

Either of the above remedies will keep away moths, if they are renewed when the odor arising from them is expended, but the clothes before being laid away should be carefully brushed and shaken to rid them of any moth eggs that may have been previously deposited. A good plan is to tie up woollens that are not to be used through the summer in paper bags, through which, if sound the moths cannot penetrate. Closets and presses should be emptied and aired occasionally. Moths are fond of damp and dark places. We know of no practical method of keeping them out of the house altogether, but cleanliness, air and sunshine are unfavorable to moths, and conducive to health.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—Artificial teeth were manufactured in China centuries before they were produced in Europe. The material used is bone or ivory, and the tooth, having been sawed and filed into proper shape, is fastened to the adjoining teeth by copper wire or catgut string. If two or more teeth are required, they are made in one piece, and a hole being drilled through the entire length, a double wire is passed through it and looped over the natural tooth at one end and tied to the teeth at the other.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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Angel Whispers—Danger Averted.

Calmly there slept in Dothan's quiet vale
A prophet of the Lord; while clad in mail,
With stealthy tread the Syrian cohorts crept
Round Dothan, charged to take him while he slept.

For angels whisp'ring would the tidings bring
Of Syria's movements, which he told the King;
The Syrian captain therefore soldiers sent
To bring the prophet to their master's tent.

At early morn Gehazi going out
Espied the Syrian army round about,
Then hasting back with terror in his face,
His master warned ere light to flee the place.

Fear not, the prophet said, the Syrian host;
They that be for us are by far the most.
Elisha prayed, and to Gehazi's sight,
Appeared God's hosts in chariots of light.

Again he prays: the angels quickly place
A veil of darkness o'er each Syrian face,
Anon the prophet leads them to the King,
As mighty conquerors captive warriors bring.

Once more he prays; the veil from off them falls;
They captive stand, within Damascus' walls.
No blood is shed; they feast, and go their way,
And kindness conquered Syria that day.

As round Jerusalem the mountains stand,
Gods hosts encamp, a hierarchal band
Round them that fear him, and deliverance bring;
Before their foes they feast, for joy they sing.

J. F. L.

SELECTED.

From Night to Day.

BY VIOLET VALE.

I cried myself to sleep that night. Not that there is anything passing strange in the fact, for many a one comes to the breakfast board with swollen eyes who has not "overslept;" so, if I win your sympathy, I will have to tell you something of my history prior to the night in question.

Father, mother, brother Edward, sister Louisa and I lived in Glenville, a lovely little village nestled among New England hills, by the side of the Housatonic, in old Connecticut.

In early life father had studied law, but for some reason had relinquished the practice and become a teacher. He had been principal of the Glenville school for many years—so long that one could not think of the school without thinking of him.

Edward was a bright, dashing fellow who was always noted for his logical reasoning. Lou had dazzling dark eyes, and a voice such as few possess.

As for me, I do not know that I had any distinguishing characteristic; perhaps I had a fair share of intuition; and mother used to say, "Mary is quite a help on busy days at home."

Father, like all good parents, was very anxious to have his children attain the highest position possible in the world; and so it happened, when Ed. was seventeen, I sixteen, and Lou twelve, a noted phrenologist visited Glenville, and father took my sister and brother to him for phrenological examination, and advice in regard to their future education and training. Just as they were about starting father said,—

"I would like to take you with me also, Mary, but mother needs you so much at home that I think your calling is too plain to be mistaken; you must remain with us and be our little housekeeper."

Tears welled up in my eyes as he pronounced my sentence, for wash-tubs, flat-irons, baking-pans and greasy dishes, never seemed to me the most congenial companions.

I longed to go out into the great world and become the author of my own fortune; but Providence seemed to whisper: "You'd better bide a while in the home nest, my ambitious birdling. Life has cares enough in store for you; be not too hasty to meet them." So I strove to be content.

The phrenologist advised father to have Ed. study law, and said Lou should become a music teacher. Father accepted the counsel, and in due time Ed. was sent to New Haven, and Lou, to Boston.

I bade adieu to school life when I left the village school, and took up what I feared was my life work in the kitchen at home. It was necessary for us to keep boarders, for father's income was inadequate to cover the expenses of those at home and those abroad.

When Ed had been at Yale two years, and Lou had spent one year in Boston, a terrible epidemic swept through our village and did not "pass over" our dwelling. My parents were prostrated at the same time by the fever, and one terrible night I watched alone, spending my time alternately with the sufferers. The air was very sultry; one who was in perfect health could scarcely breathe it, and I knew that my parents were suffering terribly.

They were both dying; the last moments were fast drawing near; I could not disguise the fact from myself.

Suddenly there came a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a peal of thunder; after that came flash after flash, and peal on peal, till earth fairly shook with the tempest; the wind howled, and the rain poured in torrents.

I never witness a thunder storm that does not recall that awful night with terrible vividness.

At last the storm spent its fury. The stars smiled through the floating clouds, and morn sent tidings of its approach through roseate clouds piled in the east; but deep darkness lay upon my home, and I took no notice of nature's changes—for, after the storm had subsided, I found I was an orphan, and fainting by my mother's side, where kind neighbors found me when morning came.

They carried me to my room, where I lay a victim of the fever through the sad days which followed. Ed. and Lou came home and attended to the last sad rites, and then they nursed me faithfully through a long and serious illness. At last I became conscious that I was slowly but surely recovering.

During my convalescence I thought much of the future. I knew that it had been father's earnest desire that Lou should remain at the Conservatory of music another year; and that Ed should finish his college course, which would require two more years. At last my plans were complete. Ed should take the position in the village school, made vacant by father's death for a year, during which time he should improve all spare time in study. Lou should return to Boston and finish her musical education; then she would be able to add to our income by giving instruction on the piano and organ. After she had completed her course Ed should return to Yale, and I was so well versed in the mysteries of house-keeping that I could keep up the boarding-house with fair hope of success.

The plan seemed to suit all concerned, so we prepared to carry it out.

The school committee very gladly accepted Ed for teacher; and Lou returned to the Conservatory, which she feared she had left forever, as soon as it was prudent to leave me.

At last a year, though one fraught with many cares, rolled away, and Lou came home. She soon had a large class of pupils, for we had many friends in Glenville who were glad to help us.

Ed went back to his college duties, and as he had improved his time at home, he entered a class half a year in advance of his standing when he left. He spent all spare time in tutoring, and I was successful, beyond my most sanguine hopes, with my boarding-house; so our income was more than equal to our necessary expenses.

The village school was taken by Dewitt Graham, a theological student, who required money to complete his collegiate course. He boarded with us, and as he was very fond of music, he and Lou were together much of the time. One could not be with that blithe little creature long without loving her, and the principal of the Glenville school was human; so the time at last came when he offered her all the wealth of his noble soul.

She trifled with him a while, "just to tease him," she said, but finally told him, if he would leave off that solemn look, "which was enough to make one think he was going to a funeral instead of a wedding, she would be his wife sometime." There was no happier man than he in all Connecticut then.

He had confided in me, and I knew how madly he loved her. As for Lou, I hoped I did not understand her.

After she had promised to be his wife she came up to my room, where she found me alone, and threw herself on a low seat at my feet, saying in her merry way,—

"Congratulate me, Maine, for I am engaged to be married. And only think—I haven't been out of school six months, and am only seventeen! I wonder what the other girls in my class will say when they hear of it! I guess I'm the first in our set who has received a proposal since we left the Conservatory. Won't it make some of them envious?"

How could she treat the subject so lightly? Surely she must love him, for no one could understand him thoroughly without doing so. But Lou was but a child, and had had little to develop her more womanly attributes; by-and-by she would understand him better.

* * * * *

Several flowers blowed and faded; golden summer had come.

One lovely June day I rested awhile from household labors in my room, where the blended perfume of roses and new mown hay floated in through the open windows. I had been listening to the music of the tiny summer warblers, and the hum from the busy haymakers in a distant field, till I was wandering on the border of dreamland, when Lou came tripping in, saying,—

"Here's a letter for you, Mame, from Ed, and I want you to open it at once, for I'm dying to know when he's coming home, and if he's going to bring anyone with him, as he said he might."

I opened the letter immediately and read:—

"SISTER MAINE:—I shall be with you Wednesday next,

and, with your permission, will bring my chum, Guy Hamilton, from Georgia, to spend a part of the vacation with me. You have heard me say so much about Guy that I hardly think he needs a further introduction. He is the same jolly-hearted fellow as ever, and I have no doubt that Lou and he will fall in love with each other at first sight, according to the rule that opposites attract.

"Your loving brother

EDWARD."

My brother's description of Guy would answer that of many wealthy young men; a large-hearted, pleasure-loving, work-detesting fellow, who asked Ed almost daily to overcome some "mental giant," and always paid him lavishly for his aid.

My permission was of course given, for my brother's spoken wish was usually my law.

Wednesday came and brought the students. None of our little party will ever forget that summer vacation. Even now I think of it as one of the brightest pages in life's history. True, the sequel was sad, terribly sad; but thus it is through life; joy follows sorrow and sorrow joy, till life becomes a medley of sad and merry music.

Ed declared my life was so "distressingly prosy" that I was growing old before my time—that I could well afford, and must have, a change. So one day he brought home a strong, good-natured daughter of Erin, with directions to install her in my place in the kitchen, and spend my time with my guests.

Dewitt remained with us, as he had no home, and intended to spend much of his time in study; and an uncle in New York sent his ward, Ida Lincoln, to our home. So we made a party of six, and some excursion, sail, picnic or croquet match, was planned for every day.

Dewitt always, and rightfully, claimed Lou's company. Ed chose to escort Ida, so Guy and I were thrown together. Lou used laughingly to say that he represented the life of the party, and I the wisdom.

No one could be dull where Guy was; and they always asked my advice before starting a new project, making me feel very old, when in reality Lou and Ida were the only ones in the party younger than I.

Those golden summer days were very auspicious for love-making, and as time flew on I detected a softer light in Lou's brilliant eyes and thought she was learning to love Dewitt as he deserved.

It was quite evident that Ida and Ed were losing their hearts, or rather exchanging them, and Guy, either to do like the others, or from one of his strange freaks, at last proposed to me. He had been very attentive to me, but as I knew him to be a flirt I thought little of his attentions, and surely did not anticipate anything more serious, and was therefore surprised when he asked me to be his wife. I told him I did not love him, and should never marry without loving. I had not intended to give him any encouragement, and asked him to forgive me if he thought I had, saying we must be friends as before.

I do not think that my refusal gave him the least pain. He was a little piqued, but was to indolent to appreciate joy or sorrow in the highest sense. He would have considered a summer lost in which he made no conquest.

After this we were not much together; he often sought Lou's society, and sometimes took her away from us and left Dewitt and me to entertain each other. I could see that Dewitt seemed annoyed on such occasions, and yet I think he trusted Lou implicitly.

Once I ventured to remonstrate with her for her conduct; but she only called me whimsical, and said if she must be tied to Dewitt every minute, just because she was engaged to him, she wouldn't be engaged to him at all.

The merry days sped on, darkened only by a few little clouds which foretold the tempest which followed. The vacation had now drawn almost to its close.

Lou had a class in Cedarville, a village about three miles from Glenville, which she instructed in music. A neighbor had very kindly loaned her his horse and carriage when it was necessary for her to give lessons at a distance, and Dewitt usually accompanied her. On the day of which I write, Dewitt seemed to be busy studying. I think he had forgotten that she was to go that day. Guy offered himself as an escort, as he too often did without first finding whether it were possible for Dewitt to go. Lou accepted his company, and they drove

away, apparently as merry a pair as the sun shone on.

Dinner time came, and they were not with us; but I thought little of it, for Lou might be detained by some pupil or, as the day was exceedingly fine, they might have gone for a longer drive. Dewitt inquired for her. When I told him where she had gone and who had accompanied her, I saw a dark cloud pass over his brow.

Night came, and a lad from Cedarville drove home the horse and brought a note for me. I tore it open, and by the light of the hall lamp read:—

MY DARLING SISTER:—You will think me a very naughty girl when you read this, but I shall be miles away, so you cannot tell me so.

Guy wants me to go with him and be his wife, and I am going, because I love him and I do not love Dewitt. I thought I loved him till Guy came, then I felt I was bound by a hateful promise to Dewitt forever, and when I saw Guy making love to you I thought that my happiness was lost. But just think—he only pretended to love you that he might the more effectually win my heart—the rogue! and I am the only one he ever really loved.

"I am very sorry for Dewitt. You'll tell him all about it, won't you, dear, and ask him to forgive me? He has always been kind to me, but one day he'll thank me for running away, instead of marrying him, and so making both our lives miserable.

Do not blame me for not telling you where I am going, for I do not know; I suppose that Guy does, but he has not told me. When we are married I'll write you again, and send you my address.

"your loving little sister,
LOU."

I think I had only read about half the note when the terrible reality flashed over me, and I fainted. Dewitt, who, thinking I had tidings from Lou, stood near, cried,—

"What is it Mary? Is my darling hurt? Is she—no, she cannot be dead!"

He snatched the note from the floor and read it through. He seemed like one turned to marble. His lips were white, his teeth clenched, his hands cold, and his eyes looked like the eyes of a maniac.

As soon as I could stand I led him to a chair, and sat on an ottoman at his feet. There we sat for a long time without speaking. At last I arose, clasped my hands over his brow, and said,

"My darling brother, I cannot bear to see you suffer so."

Then he bowed his head and wept, and I wept with him ; we shed our first tears for the absent one together.

I da and Ed had spent the evening at a festival in town, and as they returned late, passed quietly to their rooms, and so knew nothing of our sorrow until morning." Ed declared he would search the earth over for the villain, and when he found him shoot him like a dog, and blamed himself for bringing the scoundrel to our happy home.

But vain regrets and harsh epithets were useless now; and though we discussed the affair in all its bearings till the day closed, we at last concluded that we could only wait.

One week later college opened, and Dewitt and Ed returned together to complete their studies. Ida returned to New York, and I was left alone with the memory of a few days, and the reality of a sad heart and its best antidotes, plenty of work.

During the vacation season, many things which my assistant did not understand were left undone—and house cleaning, with its semi-annual trials, looming up before me.

At last a letter came from Lou. She and Guy had been married in New York, and then had gone to Guy's southern home, where his dignified mother had been watching many days for the return of her boy, whom she had expected home soon after commencement. Her surprise can be imagined when he told her he had brought with him a wife of whom she had never heard. She was highly displeased with his rashness, as she styled his conduct, but strove to curb her displeasure, for she loved him devotedly. Guy was heir to quite a fortune, but would not come in full possession until his mother's death.

He was not going to finish his collegiate course, because he did not like to study. "And besides, I want him to stay with me," Lou wrote, "and we are going to make life one grand holiday."

She pictured everything so much brighter than I had

dared hope it might be, that I was in a measure consoled.

Another year was quickly blending with the past—the last year of Ed's college life.

After commencement, he and Ida were to be married, take a trip to the Yosemite Valley, and before their return would spend a few weeks at Niagara Falls and Saratoga. As soon as they arrived home Ed was to go into partnership with uncle, who was a lawyer in high standing; he had taken quite a fancy to Ed, and promised to make him his heir if he would stay with him.

Dewitt was contemplating going West after he graduated; he undoubtedly would be called to some parish where his goodness and talent would be appreciated.

One June night—just one year from the day on which I received the letter from Ed saying that he and Gny were coming—I sat in my room, thinking of them all. They all had something new to look forward to—all of our party who were together a year ago—but me. My path seemed to lie on the same hard, beaten track which I had travelled for years.

I was so very lonely! Perhaps I was ungrateful to the Giver of all good for the many blessings I had received; but I wept as if my heart would break. I cried myself to sleep, as I told you at the beginning of my story.

The next day I received a letter from Dewitt. He wrote:

"I have received a call to take charge of the Glenville parish. Before I answer it, I would know if I can hope to win you for my wife. True, I cannot offer you the impetuous ardor of a first love; but I can offer love deeper, stronger, and more enduring, than the first wild passion. I am assured that you are suited to me, and I shall be happier with you through life than with my first choice."

I answered, "Come to Glenville."

The night of my life had passed, and day was dawning

Ten years have passed since the time of which I have written. Years of joy they have been to me and mine.

My husband's parish is very prosperous. Although he has received calls from other churches, with offers of a much larger salary, he has considered it his duty to remain in Glenville, where he is doing so much good. He has taught me that life has other duties for me than kitchen drudgery; and although I would not part with my knowledge of household work, as I am enabled to be a prudent housekeeper, yet, one quite as competent as I, and more able, performs the heavy work, while I spend most of my time with my husband, either in the study engaged in literary pursuits, taking long rides to visit his parishioners, or ramble or in recreation. We are very happy.

Edward is doing a thriving business in New York, and he declares Ida is the best wife man ever had, while she considers him the most perfect of husbands.

About a year ago we received a letter from Lou, asking if she could have a home with us. Guy had come into unlimited possession of his fortune six years before. They had travelled almost everywhere, and tasted every pleasure which either the old world or new could offer, and at last Guy's lavish purse was drained.

But he did not live to know want. That awful scourge, the yellow fever, was raging in the South, and he was one of its earliest victims.

We telegraphed immediately to Louisa to come at once. She came, but not the same careless girl who left us. Time had wrought greater changes in her than any other of our band. She is now a sadder, wiser woman—one whom her scholars (for she teaches music, as of yore,) pity, without knowing why, and all love. She has told us all her trials, but we never mention the night of her life before her, and trust the remainder will pass quietly away, like an autumnal day ending in a more glorious sunset than if no clouds had darkened it.

A GOOD STORY.—What do you say? "Mrs. Muriel took great interest in parish affairs. Last year she promised to assist in decorating the parish church. One illuminated text she thought would look well over the chancel screen, and she requested her husband to bring it from town. As might have been expected, he forgot the text, and wire to his wife for particulars. To the surprise of all the telegraph clerks, this message came flashing over the wires: "Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet broad."—*London Leader*.

AN ENCHANTED ISLAND.

A wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

There's a musical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust, but we love them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle
All the day of life till night!
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.
Benjamin F. Taylor.

The Mission of Suffering.

"It is strange why some folks, usually the loveliest too have to suffer so much. It does seem as if those who least needed the discipline of pain were the ones who had to endure the most." As she said this, Mrs. Hayes settled in her chair with a gesture of despair over so mysterious a dispensation of events.

"Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him," so spoke the soft voice of the sufferer who sat in the bay window getting a little strength from the warm sunshine. She rested her pale cheek on her crutch and gave Mrs. Hays a smile of perfect resignation.

"I think," ejaculated Aunt Eunice in her quick decided manner that never startled her friends who knew that under the incisive tone was the kindest of hearts. "I think that in the time of Job, people might have learned that all trouble in this world is not a punishment direct from the Almighty for some offense committed, especially after the rebuke that Job's friends got from God for trying to drive into poor suffering Job's head, the idea that he was only expiating for his sins!" Aunt Eunice paused a moment for a reply from Mrs. Hays, but receiving none, she proceeded to expound one of her pet theories, "People bring more than half of their misery on themselves, and then wonder at the 'mysterious dispensation of Providence,' when they had better wonder at their own careless or headstrong doings! No, I'll not except even Bessie," as Mrs. Hayes glanced toward the sufferer as if to exempt her from Aunt Eunice's sweeping accusation, "she is largely the cause of her sufferings. I know that she did it through ignorance, poor child, and others were more to blame than she for that ignorance."

"According to your theory," answered Mrs. Hays, "one would expect to find the greatest sufferers among careless and headstrong people, instead of such yielding natures, as is often the case."

"Perhaps they would not be so sweet and yielding if pain had not crushed all the resistance out of them," replied Aunt Eunice still maintaining her position.

"Eunice is no fatalist, she makes every one responsible for his own lot in life," said grandma who had been counting

the stitches in the heel of her stocking, but she had nevertheless heard all the conversation.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," retorted Aunt Eunice.

Grandma took no notice of the text, but continued. "Bessie offered you the key to the difficulty in Christ's answer to a remark similar to Mrs. Hays' 'that the works of God should be made manifest in him.' Doubtless the question had many times arisen in that poor blind man's mind as he groped his way along in the darkness, 'Why was I born blind?' During all the years of his blindness he never knew the why, but when the Saviour's hand brought sight to him, and he saw the fruit which resulted from the miracle that was performed on him, do you not think that he felt like thanking God for those years of blindness? Many are suffering blindly in this world, but when their eyes are opened in the next, then shall they know as they are known."

"But grandma," said Mrs. Hays, the perplexed look still on her face, "You do not understand the point of my query, which is, why the best people should be taken for this purpose, when it seems as if they would be useful anyway, while there are other people who would not be good for anything else, and might, if affliction softens, as Aunt Eunice says, be worked into something useful."

"What an idea! The best material is none too good for the Lord to use in his work," exclaimed Aunt Eunice who always would misconstrue one's meaning, if she could thereby keep up an argument.

"O, I did not mean that!" cried Mrs. Hays, "but I—" she hesitated, not knowing how to express her thought.

Grandma came to her rescue, "My dear, when an artificer is engaged on any work, he uses just that material which is best adapted to his work. Is he a sculptor? he will not take crumbling sandstone, but beautiful marble or clear granite. Is he a lapidary? he will use neither marble nor granite, but the precious gems. The more precious the gem, the more he cuts and polishes it; but for the enjoyment of him who shall wear it, and those who shall behold it. When we enter the holy of holies in desiring to understand God's plans, we must, like the priests of old, lay aside the common garments of selfishness and worldliness and come clad with reverence and open-heartedness to receive the light of God's far-reaching greatness.

Once when climbing a rugged mountain, a friend who was some distance ahead of me, exclaimed, 'What a prospect!' I looked up, but a great rock was right above me, and I could see nothing else. It was only when I got above the rock that I could see the wide view. It is just so with our views of God's plans; we get down behind our own selfish interests, and we can see nothing else. When we rise above ourselves, then we can see and understand the why of many of God's dealings with us. Take for instance, Job, whom Eunice has just mentioned, the lesson of his experience of suffering has benefitted thousands of souls from that time to this. In all the vicissitudes of life, the chief question for us to ask is not, 'What benefit can I get from this experience?' but rather, 'How can it be so used to glorify God and benefit mankind?' In that way the sufferer will rise above his pain in the exaltation of the thought that he is doing a special work for God, and fulfilling his mission in life. His pain is no longer a personal thing, but one of the tools with which God is executing some design."

"I see," said Mrs. Hays slowly and thoughtfully, "God takes the good folks for suffering, because, having yielded their wills to Him they are plaster in his hands. Happy are they whom God considers worthy to suffer for him.—Household."

SOMETHING FOR HUSBANDS.

We have before us a letter in which the following question is asked.

"Is it a settled thing that husbands and wives should have no secrets from each other, should a man open and read his wife's letters before giving them to her?"

We are glad that our correspondent does not give us his own opinion in the case, else we might not have the patience to answer his question.

If it were "a settled thing that husbands and wives ought to have no secrets," it might be well enough for wives, after reading their letters, to show them to their husbands and for

husbands to do precisely the same thing with their letters. But the prying impertinent curiosity, or the suspicious and petty jealousy, which would induce a husband to open and read his wife's sealed or unsealed letters, lest she should have a secret in her keeping, would wreck any marriage, with whatever favourable conditions it might be surrounded. The man who has not sufficient confidence in his wife to entrust her with her own private letters must have a very bad wife, or must be a very bad husband. Of such petty suspicions are divorce cases born. But aside from all this, our correspondent can safely write it in his hat for ready reference, that no gentleman ever opens a letter sealed or unsealed, which is addressed to any other person, without express authority, except under stress of circumstances amounting to the same thing.

But in giving the matter a place here, we have in view something more than the mere answering of a question which few people would ever need to ask. We wish to ask a question or two in turn. Who first originated this idea that husbands and wives should never have secrets from each other? And why? Such an idea can only be conceived in suspicion and born in jealousy. No man practises its teaching, and no real man demands its observance at the hands of his wife. Such a rule in any family would beget all sorts of petty meannesses, if it be not in itself the sum of all. The matrimonial confidence must be exceedingly small which cannot trust a secret in the keeping of either husband or wife, with full faith in the loyalty and love that guards it. There are many things known to each which it would only annoy the other to know, and there are many pleasant little surprises planned in secret in every truly loving household, which would be impossible under such a rule as this. The husband who has half the faith in his wife that he expects her to have him, will never doubt her right to have just as many secrets as she may think it best to have; and his confidence in her will always keep him from making an ill-mannered boor of himself by attempting to pry into the secrets which his wife would lovingly keep from him.

The idea that a husband should not trust, in the matter of secrets, the woman to whom he intrusts the most sacred thing on earth—the motherhood of his children—is simply shocking to all rightness of thinking. Jeremy Taylor says that a man's privacy is as much his own as his property is, and that it is as much robbery to deprive him of the one as to take the other. The rights of husbands and wives in this respect do not differ essentially from those of other people.

There is nothing more certain under the sun than that full confidence in each other is absolutely necessary to the happiness of every man and wife, and certainly no man who has any sort of faith in the loyalty and love of his wife will hesitate to trust her with all the secrets her head and heart can hold, for neither the head or heart of a good wife will ever hold a bad secret.—*Literary Gen.*

BE SOMETHING.

It is the duty of every one to take some active part as actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think that they can vegetate, as it were, without being anything in particular. Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected he should "act well his part." He must be something. He has work to perform which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die without having done anything for the benefit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahometans that every one should have a trade. No Christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have acquired by frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life an automaton? Has he nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? A man who does nothing is useless to his country as an inhabitant. A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. He does not fulfil the obligations for which he was sent into the world, and, when he dies, he has not finished the work that was given to him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honors upon their heads. But does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? There are certain duties for every one to perform. Be something. Don't live like a hermit, and die unregretted.—*Sel.*

"YOU CAN LET GO."

Few will read this incident from Mrs. Pember's "Southern Woman's Story" without a tear for the hero who so courageously gave the fatal order:

Private Fisher had remained through all his trials stout, fresh, and hearty, interesting in appearance, and so gentlemanly and uncomplaining that we all loved him.

Supported on his crutches, he had walked up and down his ward in the hospital for the first time since he was wounded, and seemed almost restored.

That same night he turned over and uttered an exclamation of pain.

Following the nurse to his bed, and turning down the covering, a small jet of blood spurted up. The sharp edge of the splintered bone must have severed an artery.

I instantly put my finger on the little orifice and awaited the surgeon. He soon came, took a long look, and shook his head.

The explanation was easy. The artery was imbedded in the fleshy part of his thigh, and could not be taken up. No earthly power could save him.

There was no object in detaining Dr.—He required his time and strength, and long I sat by the boy, unconscious himself that any serious trouble was apprehended.

The hardest trial of my duty was laid upon me, the necessity of telling a man in the prime of life and fulness of strength that there was no hope for him.

It was done at last, and the verdict received patiently and courageously, some directions given by which his mother was to be informed of his death, and then he turned his questioning eyes upon my face.

"How long can I live?"

"Only as long as I keep my finger upon this artery." A pause ensued.

God alone knew what thoughts hurried through that heart and brain, called so unexpectedly from all earthly hopes and ties.

He broke the silence at last.

"You can let go—"

But I could not—not if my own life had trembled in the balance. Hot tears rushed to my eyes, a surging sound to my ears, and deathly coldness to my lips.

The pang of obeying him was spared me, and for the first and last time during the trials that surrounded me for four years I fainted away.

HOW TO MAKE MISCHIEF.

Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves long ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—be suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing, some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself or any one else in particular. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said that there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth,—it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

If, after all your watchful care, you cannot see anything out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are not in your opinion just what they should be, that you should not wonder if people found out what they are after a little while, then they may not hold their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one else may take the hint, and begin to help you along after awhile; then there will be music, and everything will work with a charm.—*Sel.*

THE COST OF LIQUOR AND TOBACCO.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue presents some facts in his annual report which will, or at least which should, command general attention. We all know that all sorts of wild and fanciful statements are made from time to time, from one source or another, as to the amount of money expended yearly in this country for liquors of various kinds.

But in this report we have data gathered from trustworthy sources that cannot be gainsaid. And from this data the Commissioner estimates that no less than \$596,000,000, are annually spent in the United States for liquor. This is an enormous sum of money. Properly expended, what untold good it would do for the happiness and comfort of the people. But there is another item to be added to this sum. The same high authority places the yearly expenditure of this country for cigars and tobacco in its various forms at \$354,000,000—making a total of these luxuries, as some call them, of \$950,000,000, each year.

We hear a great deal about the onerous burdens of taxation, and everybody knows that taxes are high and burdensome; and there is no disguising the fact that our national debt is immensely large. And yet the money spent every twelve months for liquor and tobacco would, in a little more than two years, wipe out that debt and leave the United States free and clear from any incumbrance.

Then, again, suppose the people should for one year refrain from spending a cent for liquor and tobacco, turn the \$950,000,000 into benevolent or industrial channels—to founding asylums and procuring homes for the destitute, would there not at once be a marked improvement and a radical change upon the whole face of society as well as upon the face of the toper? We are justly proud of our unprecedented wheat crop the present season; but does any one reflect that this magnificent crop would not to-day sell for more than half of what is expended annually for liquor and tobacco?

Remember that we confine ourselves strictly to the figures presented by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, whose business it is to know what he is talking about. Millions of people in this country sit down to insufficient meals and suffer from insufficient clothing. And the worst of it is that in unnumbered instances the money which is so urgently needed for food and raiment will go for liquor and tobacco.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

A HEROIC WOMAN.

It is related that in the year 1786 the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent, as a present, a costly bracelet of rubies to Madame du Frenoy, a French lady of Great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct when an Algerine corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacre, bound to Genoa, and the Algerine, coming alongside, poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the Algerines boarded her, sword in hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame du Frenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded soldier and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When this lady reached the shore, she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a crown of laurel on her head—and a portrait of her was taken for the Queen of France.—*Scrap of History.*

HUMOR IN THE FAMILY.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to scold or cry over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed

with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day.

While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from some humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked, then, with a comical look, she said, "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and then she felt happy; and so, what might have been occasion for hard words and unkind feelings, became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface.

Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reprov'd. It does just as well oftentimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

DANGER IN A SEAL SKIN SACQUE.

It was a fearfully battered-up citizeness that walked into police headquarters the other day, and demanded a warrant.

"Certainly," said the P. A., picking up a blank. "What is the scoundrel's name, madam?"

"It was't a man. It was that ugly, spiteful hussy, Mrs. McGuffey. I'll have her heart's blood."

"You don't mean to say that it was a woman who battered you up in that fearful manner?"

"I'll tell you all about it. You see the disgusting creature lives next to me. and this morning I was just polishing up our cake-basket—real silver, your honor—when what should I see going past the window but Mrs. McGuffey, starting out for a walk in a seal skin sacque!"

"Yes, madam but—"

"The idea of *her* in a seal skin when she can hardly pay her rent. I just ran to the window to see if it was a seal skin or not, and I leaned out to look—"

"I insist my good woman—"

"And I leaned—and I leaned—and the first thing I knew I fell clean out on my head."

"And that's what injured you in this manner?"

"Exactly, sir. Now I want to get her arrested and sent to jail for ten years, if you can fix it that way. Seal skin sacque, indeed!"

But the official heartlessly refused to interfere, and the female wreck walked off, consoling herself with the reflection that it was wash-day, and that, at all events, she would cut all the clothesline tied to her back fence, and let down the McGuffey linen into the dirt.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

THE BRIDE AND HER DOWRY.

A clergyman was sent for to visit a girl who was seriously ill. The illness proved fatal, and the mother was left bereaved for her child as well as husband. A few days after her child's funeral the widow called and requested to see the clergyman. She put into his hand a small packet, which she begged he would give to some society which was sending the Gospel to some heathen world. He opened the parcel, and to his amazement counted out twenty dollars. He at once remonstrated with the widow; told her that, gaining her precarious living as a laundress, she surely ought not to give so large a sum. With firmness she urged him to take it, and then said, "How I came to have this large sum is just this: When my child was born I thought, 'She'll live to get married some of these days,' and I thought I would begin to put by a little sum to be a store for her then, and I began that day with sixpence. You know what happened last week. Well, I thought, 'The Heavenly Bridegroom has come, and He has called her home to be His bride; and, as He has taken the bride, it is only right that He should have the dowry.'"

UNPROMISING SONS.

An English barber once told a company of lawyers that he had tried to make a barber of his son, but not having sufficient genius for the art, he had sent him to study law. He subsequently became one of the most eminent judges in Great Britain. A contemporary tells an equally good story of John Adams:

"The elder Adams was the son of a cobbler. It was, perhaps, owing to the fact of his humble parentage that the elder Adams became what he was. I have not seen the following story in print, but it legitimately descended to me by oral tradition, having been told by my great-grand-father by 'the pious Deacon Adams, of the town of Braintree,' himself. The deacon, during a temporary absence, had set John to cutting out the 'uppers' for some shoes; but, like the Chinaman, who in making a pair of breeches from a pattern furnished by some prudent captain, had faithfully copied the patches which his wife had put in the seat of the old ones, John had embellished every upper he had cut with the three-cornered hole by which the patterns had hung on their accustomed nail. 'I saw,' said the deacon, 'I couldn't make a shoemaker of him, so I put him to learning!'"

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

It is one mark of greatness to treat small enemies with contempt. Frederick the Great never cared how much fun or criticism his people made of him. He was fond of saying that "he could do what he pleased, and his subjects could say what they pleased."

A Berlin bookseller sent to the palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon ever published against Frederick, and asked for his majesty's instructions.

"Do not advertise it offensively," answered the king, "but sell it, by all means; I hope it will pay you well."

On another occasion he found a crowd staring at a scurrilous caricature of himself, which had been pasted so high up on the wall that it was not easy to see it distinctly. The king, pushing his way through the startled throng, said to his attendants, "Put it lower down, that they may not have to strain their necks over it."

In an instant the obnoxious placard was torn to shreds, and the crowd dispersed with a shout of "Long live Father Fritz."

Two Minutes' Sermon to Young Ladies.

Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill on a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pining, screwed up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumptive-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring, daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor, more leg-exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings, and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

An exchange enumerates the following facts which are well worth remembering:—

"One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pound of nails will fasten them.

"One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

"Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and

one bushel of hair, make enough mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

"A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

"A box, twenty-eight inches by sixteen inches square and twenty-eight inches deep, will contain a barrel.

"A box, twenty-eight inches by fifteen and one-fifth inches square, and eight inches deep, will contain a bushel.

"A box, twelve inches by eleven and one-half inches square, and nine inches deep, will contain a half bushel.

"A box, eight inches by eight inches square, and eight inches deep, contains a peck."

THE CHOICE.—A Quaker residing in Paris was waited on by four of his workmen in order to make their compliments, and ask, according to the common custom, for their New Year's gifts.

"Well my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs or this Bible."

"I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs."

"I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants, therefore I take the money."

The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness saying,—

Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may gain any time by your labor and industry?"

"As you say the book is good, I will take it, and read from it to my mother," replied the boy.

He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, while the good Quaker quietly told them that he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

MOTHERS.—By the quiet fireside of home the true mother, in the midst of her children, is sowing, as in vases of earth, the seeds of plants that shall sometime give to Heaven the fragrance of their blossoms, and whose fruit will be a rosary of angelic deeds—the noblest offering that she can make through the ever-ascending and ever-expanding souls of her children to her Maker. Every word that she utters goes from heart to heart with a power of which she little dreams. Solemn is the thought, but no more solemn to the Christian mother than the thought that every word that falls from her lips, every expression of her countenance, even in the sheltered walk and retirement, may leave an indelible impression upon the young souls around her, and form, as it were the underlying strata of that education which peoples heaven with that celestial being and gives to the white brow of the angel, next to the grace of God, its crown of glory.

MADE FOR IMMORTALITY.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast off by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and then sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are ever wandering abroad unsatisfied? why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us leaving the thousand currents of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a far higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever.

With some, to scold is chronic. Life is one long fret. The flesh is feverish, the nerves are unstrung, the spirit is perturbed and in a state of unrest. The physical condition and the material surroundings may have a strong tendency to disturb our equanimity and to exasperate our feelings; but we are to bear in mind that scolding never did anybody any good; and withal grows to be very uncomfortable to the party who indulges in it.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.—Fifty Cents per annum in advance.

A limited number of Advertisements inserted at Twelve and a half Cents per line.

Circulation 13,000.

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No one can give better commissions than we do.

☞ See **EXTRA-EXTRAORDINARY** terms to subscribers on second page of cover.

We want agents, at once, in every neighborhood to get up clubs; for terms of which see second page of the cover.

Parties who want us to stop sending the FAMILY CIRCLE to them will please send us a postal card expressing their wish and we will stop at once if there are no arrears due, otherwise we will continue sending at our own option till back dues are paid.

Remember subscription is payable in advance. We will, however, stop at any time desired on receipt of five cents for each number received after the subscription expired.

Do not send papers back, we do not want them, and in most instances, after spending a good deal of valuable time we cannot ascertain where they came from, and so copies are sent again, and we are blamed for the faults of our subscribers.

Send your name and address in full, with request, on postal card, and it will be attended to.

Please remit subscriptions promptly. We have undertaken to supply a class of reading that will be at the same time interesting and instructive, and that will tend to the development of the good, the beautiful and true in human life; and at the lowest possible remunerative price, and think our enterprise ought to be sustained. Times are hard we know, and no one knows it better than we do. Some subscribers say, "well it is only 50 cents and so small an amount can make but little difference one way or another, so I will settle one or two larger bills and then see about the subscription; they do not reflect that 5,000 others are saying and doing the same thing, while on the other hand, our creditors are getting impatient. Come friends this is not as it should be, Sustain our magazine by prompt remittance, and we will get it out early in the month, increasingly attractive and interesting.

To parties sending in 50 cent subscriptions direct, we will send from the beginning of the volume, July 1878, to December 1879, (eighteen months,) for one year's subscription, if they wish it.

☞ Subscriptions may be sent in 3, 2 or 1 cent postage stamps, when paper money is not at hand.

☞ Dear friends, let us hear from you early.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

☞ Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

If you wish the paper discontinued, please send a postal card, intimating your wish, and giving your address at which it was received, in full, so that we can find and erase the name. Do not send the paper back.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

Periodical Makers and Takers.

There are few problems more difficult to deal with than the relations between periodical publishers and their patrons. It seems almost impossible to arrive at a mutual understanding. I presume our own experience is similar to that of other publishers, and I confess I see no possibility, after having done the best we could to meet the views of our patrons, without sacrificing our very business existence, to satisfy all parties; and the question with us is no longer how to satisfy everybody, but how to deal with others as in similar circumstances we would wish to be dealt with, and how to give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number without doing injustice to any, or sacrificing our own interests.

When we commenced publishing our paper, we were told by old publishers that we could not make it pay under three years, and by others, that we could not make it pay at all at 50 cents a year, if we excluded advertisements from the body of the paper.

We could not wait three years for our dinner, and did not want to pay for our dinner three years without earning it, and, believing that the only necessity for a three year's probation for a paper arose out of the difficulty of securing a large patronage, we resolved to secure a large subscription list the first year. To do this we sent the paper out on trial for one year at half price and by dint of extraordinary exertions we did secure a large subscription list, but lost money.

We congratulate ourselves on the list, but not on the loss. Anyone could accomplish that, with half our abilities. Indeed some, whose ambition and finances were not well matched, have succeeded in sinking what little resources they had in a quarter of the time we have been in the business.

Well, as I have said, we secured a large subscription list the first year, but we lost more money than we anticipated, in consequence of some of our agents whose moral character has not yet passed any competent tribunal erroneously concluding that if the amount of the commissions given would benefit them, the whole proceeds would benefit them more. In our Christian charity we wish them well, nevertheless we think it might be our duty when the opportunity presents itself to administer a little wholesome discipline.

We resolved when we commenced publishing, to discontinue our paper to all in arrears after one month's grace, but this we found unsatisfactory, as some of our best friends neglected to pay, and we found it impossible to wait upon them or to send agents to them, and many waited for agents to call, while others forgot it till we broke the news to them gently, as we would if they had lost a dear friend, so as not to shock them too much, or be considered rude, and some then thanked us for our courtesy in sending the paper on, and apologized for their delay in remitting, and referred to the whole matter in such kindly terms that we could not, and did not want to, escape the conviction that the family circle from which it came must be a pleasant, polite and happy one, just such a one as we would like to have an introduction to, and would like to introduce the finest and most worthy young man or young lady of our acquaintance to. And some, (I am glad there were not many) wrote in such a petulant don't-care-for-anybody-but-myself style, that the natural impression was, they have no home; they exist at the address heading their communication; and sometimes there was no address,

suggesting the idea that they did not even exist, and then, you would imagine we had never said in the polite manner which sometimes characterizes us, "please send us a postal card when your subscription expires, if you do not wish it to be continued," and that they had just made the discovery that for months they had been afflicted with the unwelcome presence of the FAMILY CIRCLE. Even in such cases we do not forget our politeness and kindness of manner; we address them as *Dear Friend*, and so they are. If they pay up as they should do, they are dear to our heart, as they practically manifest an appreciation of our efforts, to please and profit them, and if we cannot get the pay, for which we think we give abundant value, they are dear to our pockets.

"But business before pleasure," you know, and as the law provides that parties who receive papers are liable for payment, *in money*; to comply with the teachings of the statute, as a matter of form, (for we are very law abiding, and what is the use of law if it is not lived up to) we ask them to pay back dues in money, and not in letter paper or postal cards, marked, "Please discontinue" for, however valuable they may appear to the persons sending them, our paper makers are the only persons that will take them, and they only at about a cent a pound.

We have about come to the conclusion now, to return to our original intention, and send the FAMILY CIRCLE after July, when the volume closes, only to those who either have renewed their subscription or have intimated their intention to do so. We would therefore request those who wish the FAMILY CIRCLE's well-being, (their own and ours,) to express their sentiments at an early date.

Our paper in its present shape costs us nearly twice as much as it did the first year, because the form is more expensive, it is larger, has no advertisements in the body of the paper, is put in covers, stitched and cut, except the top; and yet there are some who received the paper the first year at half price, who want to receive it still at the same figure. Of course, it is no selfish motive that prompts them; they are afraid we will grow so rich as to become proud, and endanger our piety, I presume. Well it is hard to know one's own heart, but we will try and not get unduly elated, and the indications are that there will not be any very heavy strain in that direction at an early date.

Lest we should forget the law, and require our subscribers to take the FAMILY CIRCLE without paying for it, when they want to forward the cash, (which would be very reprehensible in us, as it would be encouraging dishonesty, and tend to demoralize society) we insert some provisions on the second page of the cover.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

BREATH GYMNASTICS.

The importance of breathing plentifully of fresh air as an essential of health is generally admitted. Well ventilated rooms, open-air exercises and excursions into the country are appreciated to some extent by all classes. But the art of breathing is very much overlooked. Being a process not depending on the will for its exercise, it is too much left to the mere call of nature. It is, however, an act which can be influenced very materially by the will. Properly trained singers are taught to attend very carefully to their breathing.

When brisk muscular exercise is taken, breathing is naturally active without any special effort. But when the body is at rest or engaged in occupation requiring a confined posture, and especially when the mind is absorbed in thought, the breathing naturally becomes diminished, and the action of the lungs slow and feeble. The consequence is that the oxygenation of the blood is imperfectly carried on. Even in taking a constitutional walk the full benefit is not attained for want of thorough breathing.

As a remedy for this it has been suggested that there is room for what might be fitly termed breath gymnastics, to draw in long and full breaths, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, and emptying them as completely as possible at every expiration, and to acquire the habit of full breathing at all times. This mode of breathing has a direct effect in supplying the largest possible amount of oxygen to the blood and more thoroughly consuming the carbon, and so producing animal heat. It has also the very important effect of expand-

ing the chest, and so contributing to the vigor of the system.

The breath should be inhaled by the nostrils as well as by the mouth, more especially while out of doors in cold weather. This has partly the effect of a respirator, in so far as warming the air in its passage to the delicate air cells, and in also rendering one less liable to catch cold.

This full respiration is of so much importance that no proper substitute is to be found for it in shorter through more rapid breathing. In short breathing a large portion of the air cells remain nearly stationary, the upper portion of the lungs only being engaged in receiving and discharging a small portion of air.

Profound thought, intense grief, and other similar mental manifestations have a depressing effect on respiration. The blood unduly accumulates in the brain, and the circulation in both heart and lungs becomes diminished, unless indeed there be feverishness present. An occasional long breath or deep-drawn sigh is the natural relief in such a case, nature making an effort to provide a remedy. This hint should be acted on and followed up. Brisk muscular exercise in the open air even during inclement weather is an excellent antidote of a physical kind for a "rooted sorrow." And the earnest student, instead of tying himself continuously to his desk, might imitate a friend of the writer of this, who studied and wrote while on his legs. Pacing his room, *blad* in hand with paper attached, he stopped as occasion required to pen a sentence or a paragraph.

Breathing is the first and last act of man, and is of the most vital necessity all through life. Persons with full, broad, deep chests naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests. Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chests is more predisposed to lung diseases. The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins show that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it. Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put into requisition to remove the used materials. Many forms of disease may be thus prevented, and more vigorous health enjoyed.—*Chamber's Journal*.

Treatment of Fevers.

We recently saw the wet sheet or packing process recommended in a health journal, for the treatment of fevers. And while many physicians would consider such treatment extremely dangerous, especially if the patient were greatly reduced, there are numerous well authenticated instances in which, in extreme cases the reduction of temperature by the application of water has been attended with the most gratifying results.

A friend of ours who has had an extensive practice in the treatment of fevers, especially of the typhoid type, and who has been eminently successful, has employed the bath (not the packing sheet) with the happiest results, even when the patient's temperature was over 107°, and when other physicians pronounced the case utterly hopeless. The following was the mode of treatment:—The patient was lifted from the bed and placed in a bath made warm enough so as not to shock the system unduly. The temperature was then gradually lowered by the introduction of ice till the patient was shivering with cold, he was then taken out and rubbed dry with gentle friction, and comfortably covered up in bed. In a few minutes he fell into a quiet slumber, from which he awoke decidedly better. Similar treatment was restored to in numerous cases, with similarly gratifying results.

HINTS TO THOSE CALLING UPON THE SICK.

1. Only call at the door, unless you are sure your friend is able to see you without harm.
2. Enter and leave the house, and move about the room, quietly.
3. Carry a cheerful face, and speak cheerful words.
4. In order to cheer, you need tell no lies.
5. If your friend is very sick, do not fall into gay and careless talk in the attempt to be cheerful.
6. Don't ask questions, and thus oblige your friend to talk.

7. Talk about something outside, and not about the disease and circumstances of the patient.

8. Tell the news, but not the list of the sick and dying.

9. If possible carry something with you to please the eye and relieve the monotony of the sick room; a flower, or even a picture which you can loan for a few days.

10. If desirable, some little delicacy to tempt the appetite will be well bestowed; but nothing could be a more complete illustration of mistaken kindness than the common custom of tempting sick persons to eat such unwholesome things as rich cakes, preserves, sweetmeats, etc.

11. Stay only a moment, or a few minutes at the longest, unless you can be of some help.

REMEDY FOR MERCURY AND LEAD POISONING.—A Belgian scientific jury has lately awarded to M. Melsens the Guinard prize of 10,000 francs for the best contribution to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The award was based upon the important discovery of M. Melsens of an effective remedy for mercury and lead poisoning, to the effects of which workmen employed in many occupations requiring the manipulation of these metals are dangerously exposed, and especially to the insidious cumulative effects resulting in chronic evils which have heretofore been obstinately incurable. The remedy proposed by M. Melsens, and which he has demonstrated to be efficacious not only in the cure of chronic cases resulting from years of exposure to and accumulation of the poisons in the system but also in the prevention of disease from these sources, is the iodide of potassium. The action of the iodide is to transform into soluble form and to eliminate from the system the accumulation of insoluble metallic compounds, upon the presence of which the affections of the organs involved by the disease depend. The French Academy likewise has crowned this important discovery with the Monthyon prize.

A series of experiments has established the fact that chloroform neutralizes the action of strychnine upon the human system.

COMMUNICATED.

We are not to be understood as either endorsing, or disapproving the sentiments contained in articles under this head, unless we distinctly say so.—Ed.

ELECTRO-REMEDIAL AGENTS.

From time immemorial the cure of disease has been a matter upon which thought and effort have been expended in immense degree. In the beginning the plans adopted were exceedingly rude and unsystematic, but from Hippocrates, 500 years before the Christian Era, down to the present time, systems, varied in number and character, have been established, advocated and applied, only to prove unsatisfactory and be discarded. System has followed system with a most bewildering rapidity, each generation of men repudiating the theories, and denouncing the practices of the preceding generations, so that for two thousand years medical systems have had no rest. We have had Allopathy in a hundred varied forms; we have Homeopathy, Thomsonianism, Eclecticism—systems which have opposed each other with the most startling facts and arguments—each charging the other with destroying its victims. But though these systems have been in deadly opposition to each other in many ways, they have all agreed and do now agree in one fundamental respect, viz.:—That disease is to be cured by the use of things which if administered to a man in health would make him sick, by the use of substances destructive to the vitality of the patient. Old school says, "*contraria contrariis curantur*;" disease is to be cured by the production of an opposite disease; homopathy declares "*similia similibus curantur*," like cures like, and the late Dr. Hale, in health by Good Living, page 35, explains quite fully the practice of all schools, when he says "Medicine, even the mildest, is essentially a poison, and effects a desired result in proportion to its poisonous qualities, it cures by setting up a disease greater than the original which it seeks to cure," and Dr. Martyn Paine declares, *Institutes of Medicine*, page 542:—"Our most violent poisons are our best remedies. But we cannot describe these systems fully, but must call attention to the fact that for the first time in the history of the world,

a system has been established and urged, radically different in thought and practice from any that has ever preceded it—diametrically opposed to all the systems in this fundamental respect, viz.:—That it repudiates the employment of all agencies that are naturally destructive to the vital powers of the patient. This system has been the outgrowth of the last twenty years, during which time greater progress has been made in the True Healing Art than in twenty centuries previously. This Natural Remedial System, a system of healing the sick by the use of means only which is not destructive to the vital powers, has existed in its incipency in very crude form under the names of Bathing-cure, Swedish Movement-cure, Hygienic Diet-cure, Mental-cure, Magnetism, Vitopathy, Electropathy; and during an experience of twenty years with their varied forms, we discovered that though each was good in its place; no one of them would cure all curable cases—that though none could be relied upon as having curative power, each was serviceable as a curative condition, and hence that all combined, formed a complete, successful and scientific system. One idea is that as the mechanic obtains the desired mechanical action by supplying the conditions, and the chemist the desired chemical action in the same way, so the physician will obtain normal vital action, which is health, if he supplies the conditions of health. All curative power is in the organism, and we supply conditions for its expression, and not forces to take its place or overcome it. Water-cure therefore, is a misnomer, because it conveys the idea of a curative power in water, and has often been employed as a great cure-all, by which it has been brought into disrepute. So with Diet-cure, Movement-cure, Sun-bathing, Magnetism, Electricity; as supplying conditions of health they are all very valuable, and when properly employed we have a thoroughly successful system of medication.

The Natural-Remedial system, is this system of Medication. It is the outgrowth of the widest experience, and the most careful and systematic thought, and fulfils the conditions of a scientific system to an extent that none other does. The name is certainly appropriate. It conveys the idea of recovering strength and vigor in the same way that we originally obtained it, through growth; by the same means that keep us well; in the same way that the child grows into vigor and manhood. "The power that brought us into being, that sustains us in existence, that has caused us to grow through all the phases to manhood, must restore us if anything does." Hence when a man is cured by the nutritive cure, he is cured all over, his constitution invigorated, and he will stay well.

I shall now call attention to the Mental cure, and having done so, you will recognize but a tithe of the many conditions we secure to the patient in his struggle for health. The Mental-cure is an important system in itself, and in some cases the most important, though alone it can seldom be successful. Those physicians who look upon the organism as a man machine to be patched and plastered, and tinkered at, make a woeful mistake; for man is constituted of soul as well as body, of mind as well as matter; and to deal with men as one would deal with a time-piece or a locomotive, or even as with horses or cows, is to prove one's self ignorant of the just principles of Medication. In the greater number of people, as a rule, the brain is abnormally large and active and to such an extent that the *mind dominates over the body*. Indeed the chronic diseases so prevalent in this country, often originate in mental influences, and are always aggravated or relieved by them. It is care, and thought, and worry, and fret that wear us out; it is fear, and doubt, and anxiety that depress the vital forces; it is hate, and jealousy, and anger, it is unsatisfied longings, ungratified ambitions, uneasy dreamings of future disaster or victory that strain to the utmost tension the sensitive nerves. Anger is well-known to have powerfully depressed the vital secretions. The milk of a mother's breast has often been rendered poisonous by a passing burst of passion. Hate, jealousy, envy, scorn, are all equally destructive, and hence are to be avoided as one would avoid the evil one. On the other hand, love, joy, peace, contentment, charity to all, sympathy, kindness, have within them, healing virtues that are in no respect to be despised. "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honor." I do not design to urge lengthily these qualities of the mind; for we all know the importance of restraining the evil, on the

one hand and of cultivating the good on the other. The low passion of human nature must be exercised from out the human breast, if we would have health or long life; while the nobler emotions are to be cultivated that we may inherit the earth according to promise. How strenuously these ideas are urged here, by "line upon line and precept upon precept," we will know; and I wish now to call attention to a still further application of the Mental-cure, and particularly to contrast the influences of fear, doubt, hesitancy, with those of courage, faith, resolution. These stand opposed to each other as light and darkness, life and death, good and evil, as a careful investigation will show; and their power over human health is so great that they must never be ignored in the treatment of invalids. The influence upon health of great and sudden fear is too well known to require lengthy statement. No one has failed to experience its unnering power at some time of his life. Men's heads have been known to "grow white in a single night," from fear. And doubt is its twin brother, while hesitancy is in close relation. To eat in a doubting mind is to have the dyspepsia, to drink, work, engage in any of the activities of life in this condition; is to have failure instead of success. Despair itself is but an aggravated condition of fear and doubt, and how terrible it is to get into a despairing mood, all of us know. On the other hand what a wonderful power there is in *courage, faith, resolution*, not only in the fight against disease and death, but in all the labors and conflicts of life.

How can a man succeed whose courage has departed, whose faith has given way to doubt, and steady stern resolution given place to hesitancy—to unsteady flickering, fluttering, weakly, cowardly impulse? As well expect victory from a mutinous, cowardly and shrinking army as health from a fearful unbelieving, hesitating patient; as well expect success in any conflict where one believes himself beaten, as to expect it in a despairing invalid. Every invalid who seeks the help of a remedial Institute has engaged to fight the battle against disease and death, and if he is brave, bold, courageous, resolute, guided by a skillful commander, he will succeed, while to the coward, skulking along the lines, hanging upon the verge, and in doubt and fear of results, failure is written in unmistakable lines upon every lineament of his countenance. Such an one is curable only by becoming infused with new ideas, new thoughts, new ambitions, whereby he is changed from the doubting, hesitating invalid, to the brave, courageous and confident convalescent. A worse case is he, who driven by the stress of disease to seek for help, yet despises the means; who would like to be cured, but would like to have it done in his own way. He don't want any new scientific truths; has no interest in the great problems of life and health; no desire to get or maintain health by means in accordance with the laws of health, he wishes simply to get well by some miraculous mode of cure, only that he may have more strength for self indulgence. He looks upon this system as a system of cure, but not a system of living, as one suitable for an invalid, but not adapted to a well person. Let not such a one deceive himself. The elements of failure are written all over the case in unmistakable characters, and unless a better frame of mind can be secured we surrender it as hopeless. Even God himself cannot save a man in such a condition of mind. If, however, by exercising whatever of kindness, of charity, of attention we may, we can secure an honest course of living, perhaps we can convince the judgement quicken the conscience and secure willing obedience, whereby the elements of failure give way to the elements of success.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

PRESSED MEATS.—Boil a chicken in a little water, until it is very tender, and the water is nearly all boiled away. Season highly with butter, pepper and salt; take out all the bones, and pack very tightly in a narrow, deep dish; and set away where it will become cold. When used, slice down neatly nice for pic-nics.

TO KEEP MEAT FRESH.—Cut the meat into slices as for frying, pack it in a jar, with enough salt and pepper between each layer to make it palatable. Then put on the top a thick cloth. On this press a layer of salt half an inch thick. You can keep meat fresh this way for almost a whole month in the hottest weather.

PEA SOUP.—To one quart of split peas put four quarts of soft water, a little lean bacon, or roast beef bones, and a head of celery, washed, and cut in with a turnip. Boil down to two quarts, work through a colander with a wooden spoon, mix a little flour and water, boil well in the soup; slice in another head of celery, and pepper and salt to your taste.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Take half a pint of sour milk, one egg, pinch of salt, small half teaspoonful soda, flour to make thin batter; bake in large cakes, spread with butter and currant jelly, and roll them up nicely to serve; sprinkle sugar over, if you choose.

NEW ENGLAND DROP CAKES.—One pint milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a half teaspoonful of salt, equal parts of Indian and Rye meal, stir until the mixture comes to a stiff batter. Drop from a spoon into boiling lard, and cook to a light brown.

BREAD PUDDING.—Take the crumb of a medium sized loaf, and pour on it a pint of milk, boiling hot. When it is cold, beat it very fine, with two ounces of butter, and sugar to your taste; grate into it half a nutmeg, beat up four eggs, put them in, and beat all well together, for half an hour. Tie in a cloth and boil it an hour. You can, if you choose, put in currants for a change. Serve with white wine sauce.

APPLE PUDDING.—Line a basin with crust made as for biscuit, pare, core, and quarter as many sour apples as will fill the basin. Sprinkle some allspice, a little sugar, and add half a cup of water. Cover with a crust, and steam an hour and a half. Serve with sugar and cream.

RICE PUDDING.—Wash a half pound rice, and put to it three pints of good milk, mix it well with a quarter of a pound of butter, a stick or two of cinnamon, beaten fine, half a nutmeg grated, one egg well beaten, a little salt and sugar to your taste. Bake it an hour and a half in a quick oven. When it comes out, take off the top, turn out into cups or moulds, and when cold turn them out on a plate or dish, and serve.

CHEAP CAKE.—One egg, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk or water, nearly two cups of flour, heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, nutmeg to taste.

CURING BEEF WITHOUT BRINE.—Take seven pounds each, of sugar and salt, and four ounces of saltpetre. Pack your beef in a jar or small barrel, according to the quantity of meat you have, and sprinkle the mixture over it. Be careful to pack solid.

TO STOP BLOOD.—Take the fine dust of tea, or the scraping of the inside of tanned leather, and bind it close upon the wound, and the blood will soon cease to flow. These articles are at all times accessible, and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound.

Eggs are limed by packing them in a liquid made as follows, viz: One peck of fresh lime is slacked in sufficient water to make a thin paste; when thoroughly slacked, which will require about twenty-four hours, water is added to thin it so that it can be strained through a fine sieve into a clean barrel, which is then filled up with water; the eggs, perfectly fresh, are laid carefully into kegs or barrels, and the stirred lime liquor is poured over them, a board being floated on the top to keep the eggs under the surface. In this way the eggs may be kept six months.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Slice raw potatoes, with the skins on, and sprinkle over them a little salt, and as soon as the liquid therefrom settles in the bottom of the dish, wash the chilblains with it.

REMEDY FOR HOARSENESS.—Horseradish will afford instantaneous relief in most obstinate cases of hoarseness. The root, of course, possesses the most virtue, though the leaves are good till they dry, when they lose their strength. The root is best when it is green. The person who will use it freely just before beginning to speak will not be troubled with hoarseness.

NEVER MIND.

What's the use of always fretting,
At the trials we shall find,
Ever strown along our pathway?
'Travel on and never mind.

Travel onward, working, hoping,
Cast no lingering glance behind
At the trials once encountered,
Look ahead and never mind.

What is past is past forever,
Let all fretting be resigned,
It will never help the matter,
Do your best and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to heaven and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind
Take them for their real value,
Pass them by and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined,
If your trust in God is steadfast
He will help you, never mind.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

A quarrel is, nine times out of ten, merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest the sky.

Some one called Richard Steele the "vilest of mankind." He retorted with proud humility, "It would be a glorious world if I were."

"There now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau—"there! Gran'-pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles; what *will* he do?"

CHATELAIN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—*Free Kirk Elder* (preparatory to presenting a tract)—"My friend, do you know the chief end of man?" *Piper* (innocently)—"Na, I dinna mind the chune; can ye no whistle it?"

In Michigan, etiquette permits a bride to be married "without gloves," which induces the ungallant editor of the *Buffalo Express* to remark, "Precisely the way she handles her husband."

A young lady, being taken to task for tight lacing, said that she resorted to the practice on purely economical grounds. "How is that?" asked her reprover. "Why," she replied, "I lace tightly simply to prevent waistfulness!"

A good honest laugh at a good honest joke or a bit of sarcasm rubs out the gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill-tempered joke is like a poisoned arrow, which makes a wound, and leaves its poison after it has been withdrawn.

Like too many sweets, flattery ruins the digestion and spoils the taste for plainer and more wholesome food. No one accustomed to it can take even exhortation with a good grace; while rebuke is an impertinence to be received as an insult and rejected as a falsehood.

We met a farmer a day or two ago who was so hard pushed that he was on his way to pawn his hoe. We told him we were sorry to see his case so hopeless. "Hopeless!" he exclaimed, "far from it! You know the old motto, 'Hoe-pawn, hope ever!'"

Lady—"Are you sure she's not at home?" *Bridget*—"Indad' an' she ain't. If yez don't belave me, ye can ax her—she's up stairs, so she is."

A very rich man said, "I worked like a slave till I was forty to make my fortune, and I've been watching it like a detective ever since that time for my lodging, food and clothes."

Jacobs went to hear a lady violinist, the other evening, and was very much taken with her performance. Mrs. Jacobs said, however, that she did not see much in it. She thought any clever girl could manage her bean.

"Howdy this morning?" says an acquaintance to a fat citizen, who is blowing and steaming with great speed along the sidewalk. "Training for a walk?" "No," puffs the fat citizen, turning his bulging eyes neither to the right nor left "I'm walking for a train."

The retiring pastor of a church in Worcester, in a prayer before his farewell sermon, after having prayed for every member of the church, the choir, organist, sexton and ushers, finally prayed for the "one who, although hidden from sight, yet contributes so much to the musical part of our worship," ending, "O, Lord, I mean the boy who blows the organ!"

COURAGEOUS.—Two darkies were vaunting their courage. "I isn't 'feared o' nothin', I isn't," said one. "Den, Sam, I reckon you isn't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julius, I isn't 'feared to loan you a dollar, but I does hate to part wid an old frien' forebber."

NOT ARRIVED.—A young person at a concert conscientiously sang, so as to set your teeth on edge, the fine air:

"I sing well when he is near."

An impatient listener arose and said, in a loud voice: "It would appear that he has not yet arrived."

THE REASON.—"Now, children," said a Sunday school superintendent, who had been talking to his scholars about good people and bad, "when I am walking in the street, I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others; and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "Because some are good and others are bad," but to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "Because some are rich and others are poor."

A CLEVER GIRL.—A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly-decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say *twice*, Ethel, dear; *two* is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.

A lady not of very amiable temperament, rudely discharged her servant girl. "I will not only send you away," said she, "but will not even allow you to refer to me for a character."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the girl, "the only favor I can ask of you is, that you will never mention my having lived with you, for if you do, I fear no one else will give me a place."

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—It was proposed to him to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was, therefore, a valuable acquisition to which he assented. When the purchase was completed his steward congratulated him upon having had such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties, and forced to part with it.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" said the duke, "It was valued at eleven hundred pounds," replied the other, "and we have got it for eight hundred."

"In that case," said the duke, "you will please to carry the extra three hundred pounds to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

With all the old Iron Duke's haughtiness there was united a spirit of honorable integrity, which made him careful of the rights of the lowly and unfortunate

DOFF YOUR HATS.—Hats off in the presence of money! Humanity looks at a man through the transparent medium of a dollar bill. If a rich man is rude, it is regarded as a quaint and laughable eccentricity; but if a poor man does or says the same thing, he is a boor, and we are disgusted beyond measure. We are ready to find any excuse for an act that has money behind it, and equally ready to find fault with any act that is backed by poverty. The gold-colored pigment which envious eyes secrete, is not the peculiarity of class, but the characteristic of all. All men, rich or poor, doff their hats to a pocket-book.

A COLD CHURCH.—A good story is told of the Rev. Hadley Proctor, who once preached in Rutland, Vt. One bitter cold day, when the church was but half warmed, brother Proctor had for his text a very warm verse, addressed to those on the left hand; and, like the rest of us, he seemed to feel the antagonism between the weather and his subject. Just before the benediction he leaned forward and said to one of the deacons in front of the pulpit, in tones loud enough to be heard by all, and in the nasal twang that can only be appreciated by those who have listened to the venerable Eli Jones:—

"Brother Griggs, do see that this house is better warmed this afternoon; it's no use for me to warn sinners of the dangers of hell, when the very idea is a comfort to them."

"YOU PREACH; I'LL KEEP 'EM AWAKE."—A sense of duty often causes some ludicrous mistakes, as the following story will illustrate: Near Dumfries lived a family who had adopted an orphan who was regarded as half-witted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she did not think it wrong for the people to come to church and fall asleep, paying no better regard for the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets, with apples. One bald-headed old man who invariably went to sleep during the sermon particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding, and giving nasal evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he struck the astounded sleeper a blow with an apple on his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned around and gazed indignantly at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober countenance—"You preach; I'll keep 'em awake."

PERSONAL SECURITY.

Old John Walsh was a banker, and also a money-lender. He was accounted a greedy, close-fisted old chap, yet he possessed a sort of grim, rigid humor, which, in some cases, was really funny. One day a dashing, reckless young man of the period called upon him.

"Mr. Walsh," said he, "I want to borrow five hundred."

"For how long?"

"Six months."

"What security can you give me?"

"My own personal security, sir," he replied, with a flourish.

Old John turned and opened a stout iron chest by his side. "Get in here, sir," said he.

The young man looked first at the chest and then at Walsh. "What for?" asked he.

"Because here is where I always keep all my personal security."

MISCELLANEOUS.

DELAYS.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;

Take thy time while time is lent thee;

Creeping snails have weakest force;

Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.

Good is best when soonest wrought,

Ling'ring labors come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last;

Time and tide stay no man's pleasure;

Seek not time when time is past,

Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.

After-wits are dearly bought;

Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

THE COMICAL CROW.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"Caw! caw!" sang a crow on the edge of a wood;
"The corn that you give us is wonderful good;
But why don't you lay it there all in a heap?
You scatter it round and you plant it so deep,
Good farmer, it's tiresome to find it, you know,"
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have stretched, in a zigzaggy way,
A string round your acres. I see to-day.
'They'll think it a snare,' said you, chuckling outright,
Your cord is no use, sir, as I'm not a kite.
Sweet farmer, I'd have you continue to sow,"
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have set little boys on the fence.
They shout and amuse us,—our joy is intense.
You give yourself plenty of trouble for us.
We're only plain folks. Prithee, don't make a fuss!
Kind farmer, we're not used to much of a show,"
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have put an old coat on some sticks,
You want to delight us with all sorts of tricks.
Unmerited kindness we tenderly feel;
But why don't you leave till we finish our meal?
Dear farmer, you're not in a hurry to go,"
Said this comical crow.

"Caw! caw! You have brought out a neat little gun.
You're going to shoot at the sparrow, for fun.
O, fie! we shan't wait till you've loaded it up,
But hie us away to the next field and sup.
Bad farmer, sad farmer, your end will be woe,"
Said this comical crow.

—Independent.

EARLY SPRING TIME.

How full of gladness and beauty is the early spring time, when the leaves are half unfolded, and the first wild wood flowers fling their fragrance on the balmy air. Then the hum of insect life, the warbling of the song-birds, and the very vibrations of the atmosphere seems burdened with glad songs of praise.

Some of our earliest pleasant recollections are associated with those infantile enterprises, in which we contested for the honor of finding the first wild flower. The ambitious pursuits of life's spring time, have now given way to the sterner duties and more comprehensive enterprises of maturer life; but still, when nature puts on her garb of living green, and the birds sing as of old, and the flowers open their petals to the mellow sunlight, the old desire comes back to wander among the forest aisles and drink in the harmonies of nature till our heart is attuned to unison with the spirit of pervading praise. Meanwhile our juvenile ambitions are repeated, in the eager strife in which our children contend for the distinction of finding the first wild flower.

I envy not the spirit of that man who finds no relief from the cares and anxieties of ordinary life, in the genial influences of early spring time, and whose heart is not influenced by generous impulses, and directed toward the fountain of all goodness by contemplation of the grand and beautiful in nature, when in early spring time she arrays herself as if for one grand holiday, and when her myriad voices blending in harmony seem all attuned to praise.

J. F. L.

Railing Against Marriage.

Many marriages are rendered unhappy by ignorance rather than sin. The husband does not appreciate the wife as she deserves to be appreciated. A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and he who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate, and deferential. The fools and brutes who abound among us may think such demands hard; but they are not nearly so hard as to live the cat-and-dog life, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse. What

right has a man to expect happiness in a household, who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners, and the disregard of those little things upon which the self-respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who rails at marriage is generally one and the same with the thoughtless egotist who flies into the presence of his wife careless, stubborn, and sour-tempered, though he never went to his mistress except on his best behaviour. Matrimonial infelicity is to be deplored, since there is no escape from it. The fate is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she weds, not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life, and oblivion of the fact that while men have the world, women have only home. These grossnesses of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lead to visible catastrophe, nor grow into such abominable tyranny, but they equally tend that way. They drag down a woman's soul, and rob her of much that is sweet and noble.

A BAD MEMORY.—To one who really desires to acquire knowledge, a bad memory is a serious defect, which should be remedied, if possible. I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One is to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph, or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is, the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. The best memory must inevitably suffer by such a system.

SPARE THE ROD.—Many mothers attempt to govern their children by moral suasion only. With very many dispositions this mode will be excellent; but there are as many that cannot be thus led or controlled. They are spoiled if much indulged, and, not being finely or delicately organized, but of a coarse nature, they grow restive and rebellious under any appeals to their moral natures. With such characters sparing the rod may spoil the child. Most young mothers theorize on this subject of management; but how few, as the babe quietly but rapidly grows out of their arms, keep fast hold of their early ideas of what constitutes the perfect way. Our children pass from infancy to childhood before we dream of it, and thence from youth into man and womanhood; and looking down for the little ones we find standing by our sides our six-foot sons and fully matured and blooming daughters. When each at maturity develops some peculiar traits, totally unlike any conceptions the parents have formed of the child in its earlier life, they find no provision in their early plans adapted to this strangely metamorphosed being. So, after all, mothers can only do their best, and leave the issue in the hands of a higher power.

A SHABBY TRICK.—An English carriage builder for years throve by his own dishonesty. He kept constantly on hand an elegant carriage, handsomely fitted up. As soon as the death of a nobleman occurred, the carriage was decorated with the arms of the deceased in the best style of herald painting. With this preparation, a letter was dispatched to the executors respectfully inquiring when it would be convenient to remove the carriage which had been built according to the orders of his lordship. It had been some time ready to be taken away, and the price was a high one—more than he could afford to lose. This unpleasant announcement usually led to a compromise. The carriage not being wanted, a sum of money was paid by the executor to take it off their hands. This was precisely what was anticipated. The carriage was now ready for a fresh start in plundering. The armorial bearings were obliterated; and the panels were prepared to receive the heraldic blazonry of the next nobleman on whose executors the same trick could be played off. Very clever this; but, like all rogueries, it was at length found out, and a loss of reputation ensued. Dishonesty never pays in the long run.

Faith and Bread and Butter,

A forlorn, seedy looking individual with a high forehead and a sloughed hat, stepped up to a ministerial personage yesterday, on Court Avenue, and said,—

"My friend are you a Christian?"

The ministerial personage replied that he was, and for some time had been endeavoring to spread the gospel among men.

"My dear brother," said the tramp, "so am I. For many years I have been trying to live the life of a consistent Christian. But of late years adversity has come upon me, and I have laid my wife and children away in the graveyard, now I am left alone in the world, a poor lone wanderer, without friends and without a home. But I have not lost my hope in the gospel yet, although my feet are fast slipping. I know that a man cannot live by bread alone, but still a little of that nourishment thrown in once in a while, has a very solubrious effect. For four days I have lived on faith, and I find that it does not agree with my constitution. It doesn't fill up, so to speak. It does very well for a change, but as a steady diet it is hardly a success. What I need now is a little of the staff of life to kind o' balance the thing you know. I don't mean to depreciate faith in the least. In fact I think it a very good thing. But you see there is a natural craving in every human stomach for something a little more substantial. That's my fix now. That's the kind of a stomach mine is. I feel that a good square meal would be a great assistance to faith in the present instance. Look at these hollow eyes of mine. Gaze upon these sunken cheeks. Cast your eagle eyes over this wasted frame of mine, and answer me if you do not think I am not a pretty fair witness to the fact that man cannot subsist for four consecutive days on faith alone, and maintain his physical corporosity and good looks. I was once beautiful, as the saying goes. Once I was a strong, hearty man, but now I am nothing but a shadow of my former self, and all because of the small nourishment afforded by a steady diet of faith. Now, if you have a half dollar lying about loosely in the recesses of your pantaloons pocket, you can have an opportunity to bestow it upon a charitable object, which object is myself. I feel that if I had a square meal again, I could once more stand on a firm foundation and renew my hope in the power of Christianity. But, without something to till this terrible vacuum in me, I fear that I shall backslide. In fact, I know I shall. I feel it in my bones. So, my dear brother, lend me fifty cents and save a fellow Christian from falling into the hands of the tempter."

The ministerial personage could not resist this touching appeal. He lent him the money, and in less than half an hour the object of his charity was laying out along a rail fence on Walnut Street, and muttering,—

"I wander (hic) who I'll strike next?"

THE TOBACCO HABIT.—A man in our neighborhood having of late become convinced on the tobacco question, was led to make a calculation how much his tobacco habit had cost him in forty years, computing at compound interest. He was so astounded at the result that he engaged another, more skillful than himself in the use of figures, to correct or supervise his work. The outlay was found to amount to no less than thirteen thousand three hundred dollars. He is a poor man, no wonder. Thirteen thousand three hundred dollars in the course of forty years, spit and smoked away. Think of this gentle reader, when you smoke tobacco.

It is often pleaded on behalf of the tobacco user: But may not the poor man, after the toil of the day is done, be allowed the comfort of a quiet smoke in his own chimney corner or by his own fireside? We ask, would not the stimulus to be derived from the evening paper, which the money puffed away in smoke would buy, or from some good book, or from the thought that he was doing something better for his children than he would otherwise be able to do, or that he was laying up something for a wet day, prove quite as comforting, and far more civilizing and ennobling, than that drawn from a stinking pipe in the chimney corner?

THE SUMNER MEMORY.—Charles Sumner's enormous capacity for continuous work was admirably discussed by Mr. Phillips one evening. And he added,—

When I was in Rome his brother George had been in the city some time. He had the same characteristic with his

illustrious brother an undying memory. An Englishman came to Rome, and was anxious to know whether there was in the library of the pope, the great library of the Vatican, a certain book. Now that library is so vast that there is no catalogue. You must search for its treasures in the industry and memory of those who frequent it. The gentleman went to the Italians who use the library. They referred him to the private secretary of one of the cardinals, and after a moments thought the secretary answered,—

"No, sir, I don't know; but there is a young man in this city from Boston, and if the book is there he will know."

"They went to George Sumner, and asked him if there was such a volume in the library."

"Yes," replied he; "it is in the tenth alcove, the third shelf, the seventh book to your right as you enter."

"They went and found it."

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.—The very sweetest thing I saw during my visit was the behavior to one another, and to all around them, indeed, of a dear old Quaker couple. If man only knew how a woman's heart is touched and won by seeing the loving deferential attention of an old man to his old wife, there would be fewer indifferent husbands in the world; for I suppose men always like, at any age, to be admired, if not loved by woman. This dear old couple went about arm-in-arm, never pushing, and some how never being pushed; he so anxious she should see well, and she quite as anxious not to pass by those things which might be of interest to him. I stood once near a case in the Russian department, which was surrounded by such a crowd that I despaired of ever getting near it. Presently up came my charming old couple, broad-brimmed hat and gray silk Quaker bonnet, and after waiting a reasonable time, the dear old lady said,—

"Will thee please let me come a little nearer?"

The gentle voice, the quiet speech, at once prevailed, and with a gentle "I thank thee very much," they walked quietly up to where others had fought in vain for a place; and I fell to wondering why we all couldn't be more gentle.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.

A good deal has been written on the origin of petroleum; but the greater part of that which has come under my observation has been hypothetical and supported more by the *ipse dixit* of personal opinion than by the deductions of sound argument. The opinion so confidently entertained by some that it is of vegetable origin, and is a result of some mysterious process connected with the formation of coal, I hold to be erroneous, and lacking the support of satisfactory argument. It is true that the constituent elements of coal and petroleum are analogous, and so are the component parts of numerous other substances that have a totally different origin; for instance, fatty matters which are both of animal and vegetable origin, differ but very slightly in their composition, and practically may often be substituted for each other. Besides, I am not aware that petroleum is found at all in coal beds, and if it is, its presence may be accounted for as readily as when found in sandstone, from which it could not have originated. I think, however, that in all cases where petroleum is found, it is in the immediate vicinity of shale, and generally, in boring for oil, a stratum of shale is passed through before oil in any considerable quantity is obtained. We saw some time since an account of an immense shale formation on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, which on being tested by distillation, yielded 31.4 gallons of oil to the ton of rock, proving conclusively that shale is the true source of rock oil. But on a close inspection it will be found, in many cases even without the aid of the microscope, that one of the chief constituents of shale is petrified shells, and as the rocks in the immediate vicinity, unless porous, do not contain oil, it is but fair to infer that the oil originated in the animals that once inhabited those shells. A singular formation found in the vicinity of Collingwood on the Georgian Bay corroborates this opinion. Between layers of hard limestone rock, quite near the surface, is found a layer of softer rock composed almost exclusively of petrified shells, many of these shells are perfect and of considerable size. Just before the important discoveries of oil in Enniskillen, a company had

opened a quarry, and erected works for distilling oil from this shale, which they continued with success, till the price of oil, consequent upon the abundant supply procured in Enniskillen, became so low as to render its production by distillation unprofitable. About this time the works were destroyed by fire, and were never rebuilt. A look at this rock (a sample of which can be seen at the office of this paper) combined with a knowledge of the facts alluded to must, I think, convince any one that petroleum is of animal origin.

As to the manner in which the transformation was effected, by which the oil was extracted and the carbonaceous and calcareous portions became petrified I do not profess to be informed, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that the forces which brought about the transmutation, whether it were aqueous solutions of salts and silicates, or pressure or both, would fail to petrify the oleaginous matter, which might be fully capable of resisting the action of the petrifying agents. Nor is it necessary to account for the quantity of animals requisite for the production of such vast quantities of oil; the fact that they have existed in numbers sufficient to compose, when solidified, the vast limestone, chalk and shale formation of the globe, is a sufficient answer to any queries on that point. Nor need we fear that the supply of oil will be exhausted for many years to come, if we can only hit upon the undiscovered deposits, as soon as their acquisition becomes necessary.

The Dode Method of Protecting Iron.

Mr. J. B. A. Dode, of Paris, has patented a method of protecting iron from rust by a process of "platinizing." He coats the surface to be protected with a thin film of borate of lead, having a little oxide of copper dissolved in it, and suspended in it also bright scales of precipitated platinum. A red heat is employed to fuse the composition, in which either articles may be dipped. Its effect is to cover the iron with a thin glassy coating of a bright gray tint, not far removed from that of polished iron itself, and unaffected by sewer gases, dilute acids and alkalies, and the heat of a kitchen fire. Modifications of the composition give the means of imparting different colors to the coating, and these are as easy of application as the platinum gray. The cost of platinizing is said to be about equal to that applying three coats of paint, and about one tenth of that of electroplating with nickel, Paris prices. A detailed account of the treatment of eight stoves is as follows:

	Fr.
1 liter preparation (retail).....	3-75
1st furnace operation.....	3-20
Reagents for platinizing.....	4-00
2d furnace operation.....	3-20
Manipulation, wear and tear, etc.....	1-85

16-00

This is less than 40 cents a stove. By treating the castings before they cool a still greater saving is said to be possible.

Accuracy of Electrical Science.

A triumph of electrical science is thus explained by the Philadelphia Ledger:

In the cable news of Monday it was stated that the French Atlantic cable was "broken one hundred and sixty-one miles from St. Pierre, Miquelon, in five hundred fathoms water."

These few words show one of the many triumphs of modern electrical science. Here is a wire cord buried under three-fifths of a mile of the water of the ocean, and a hundred and sixty miles from land, and yet the people on shore can exactly locate the point at which it is broken.

Strange as that seems, it is actually done, and has been time and again. The repairing vessels will go out to the indicated point, throw over their grappling-hooks, and within a few hundred yards will find the broken ends and splice them.

This wonder is accomplished first by exact knowledge of the laws of electricity, which make known what amount of current a wire of a given dimension will carry, and the resistance it must overcome in going a given distance; and next, by the instruments made by the mechanicians of our day, which will make the operation of both laws visible to the experienced observer, even if the break in the cable is a thousand miles away and two miles under the sea.

Colored Fires Without Sulphur.

The danger of compounding mixtures containing sulphur and chlorate of potash, has led to the adoption of other formulas in which sulphur is discarded, and shellac employed instead. The following are the proportions for the three leading colors: *Red*—Nitrate of Strontia, 9 parts; shellac, in powder, 3; chlorate of potash, 1½; *Green*—Nitrate of Baryta, 9; shellac, 3; chlorate of potash, 12; *Blue*—Ammonio-sulphite of copper, 8; shellac, 1; chlorate of potash, 6 parts. It must not be understood that these ingredients may without danger be powdered together in a mortar, or that they may be mixed carelessly. The salts should be dried on a plate or shovel, powdered separately, and then mixed with a spatula on a sheet of paper.

Purifying Rancid Butter.

Calvin Peck some ten years ago obtained a patent for restoring and preserving butter; his invention relates to a new process for purifying butter, having especial reference to arresting fermentation and restoring rancid butter. His process consists in melting the butter in a clean vessel under a slow and regular heat, and while it is melting he adds two ounces of pulverized alum to every five pounds of butter, the butter being stirred gently while melting. When thoroughly melted it is strained through a fine strainer into clean cold water. The butter will rise to the surface quite pure and transparent. The alum coagulates the albumen, the caseine, and other foreign matter, all of which are retained in the strainer, leaving the butter perfectly pure and clean, and of uniform consistency.

When the butter is sufficiently cool to be in good working order, it is carefully taken out and thoroughly worked, added to each five pounds of butter three ounces of good dairy salt, one ounce of clean saltpeter, and one ounce of pulverized white sugar. The butter is then packed in clean vessels, and is fit for use.

By covering it with strong brine and keeping it in a cool place, it is claimed it will remain sweet for any desired length of time.

TO MAKE FABRICS IMPERMEABLE TO WATER.—The *Bavarian Industrie und Gewerbe Blatt* says that M. Von Mallmann, of Paris, has recently taken out a patent for a new process of rendering any fabric impermeable to water without affecting its color or impeding the free passage of the air. The process consists in immersing the cloth in a bath composed of water, acetate of alumina, and Iceland moss. The latter article is first boiled in the water and the acetate of alumina afterward added. The fabric is allowed to remain in the solution two or three hours and then taken out and dried.

EXPLOSION OF DEFLAGRATING MATTER.—The author examines into the causes of an explosion by which a M. Zebe had been severely wounded. The latter was endeavoring to find a compound which without exploding should be entirely resolved at the lowest possible temperature into gases and vapors, and which should serve as a motive power. For this purpose he employed a mixture of gun cotton and of nitrate of ammonia. After finding the most suitable proportions he was studying in how far the speed of combustion, very slow in the open air, might be modified under increased pressure. On one occasion, when setting fire to the mixture contained in his apparatus, there occurred a violent explosion, attended by a flash of light. The tube, which had been tested up to fifty atmospheres, was shattered to pieces, and the experimentalist was seriously wounded. It would appear that a slight decrease in the orifice through which the gases escaped had changed the nature of the process from deflagration to detonation.—*M. de Dupuy Lome, in Comptes Rendus.*

The latest scientific intelligence from France brings accounts of some extraordinary experiments now under consideration of the French savants. M. Grandeaun, of the School of Forestry, Paris, reports to the following among numerous equally astonishing results. In April last he took two tobacco plants, each weighing about fifty grains and having four leaves. They were both planted in boxes containing mould of identical quality, and placed side by side in a position favorable to their growth; they were permitted free

circulation of air, light and water. One was supplied with a "lightning rod," or electric conductor, and the other left free to the influence of atmospheric electricity. The plants were left to themselves until the middle of August. That under the influence of electricity attained a height of three feet five inches, and weighed about 44,000 grains, the other measured two feet four inches, and weighed about 22,000 grains, about one half. This is one of the many results obtained. If the electricity is to become a factor in farming, as it is already one in mechanics, we may expect to see some wonderful and substantial revelations, perhaps exceeding the telephone and its allied wonders. Instead of carefully conducting lightning into the ground, we may have, by an ingenious system of network distributors, whole farms fertilized by lightning in a shocking manner. Professor Tobin thinks the scheme altogether practicable, and says that in a few years every farmer will be using these lightning fertilizers.

KALSOMINE.—Ten pounds whiting, dissolved in hot or boiling water, quarter of a pound of glue, should be put to soak over night in one pint of water; it may now be melted on a stove, stirring it frequently; two ounces of ultramarine blue; one ounce of venetian red; mix separately with cold or soft water, and strain through a stocking or thin cloth—each in separate vessels. The whiting may now be stirred well; if too thick, add more hot water and strain through a sieve into a good sized pot. Add some of the blue and red alternately until you get the shade required. When your color is determined pour in the glue, and after mixing well apply the wash hot to the wall. Should the second coat not be put on until the next day, heat the mixture, as the glue will not mix with the other ingredients unless pretty warm.

A NEW METHOD OF PLANTING TELEGRAPH POLES.—A new method of planting telegraph poles has been introduced in Pennsylvania. The ground is staked off at distances of 200 feet apart; a man starts off with cartridges of "electric powder," and with a crowbar in his hand. The bar is driven four or five feet into the ground, a cartridge with a lighted fuse is dropped into the hole and the man proceeds to the next stake but before he reaches it the cartridge has exploded, making a cavity as big as a flour barrel in the ground, and a gang who follow plant a telegraph pole in the spot. In this way four men will set up 100 to 150 poles per day, and at a cost two thirds less than by the old way.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.—It has long been known that it is possible to send a telegraphic dispatch without a wire over short distances, by means of a stream of water. Prof. Loomis is now in the mountains of West Virginia engaged in making a practical demonstration of his theory, that a current of electricity is constantly passing through the air at a certain altitude, and that telegraphic dispatches may be sent by means of it. By employing kites which were raised to the same height, using copper wire instead of a string, he was able to send a message a distance of eleven miles. He has erected towers on two mountains twenty miles apart, from which iron rods are run up into the region of the electric current. His experiments will undoubtedly produce very interesting results.—*Sci.*

Plaster of Paris mixed with equal parts of powdered pumice stone makes a fine mould for casting fusible metals. The same mixture is useful for incasing articles to be soldered or brazed. Casts of Plaster of Paris may be made to imitate fine bronzes by giving them two or three coats of shellac varnish, and when dry applying a coat of mastic varnish and dusting on fine bronze powder when the mastic varnish becomes sticky.

CEMENT FOR UNITING METAL TO GLASS.—The following recipe is from the *Monthly Magazine of Pharmacy*: Take 1 lb. shellac dissolved in a pint of strong methylated spirit, to which is to be added 0.05 part of solution of India rubber in carbon bisulphide: or take two ounces of a thick solution of glue, and mix with 1 ounce of linseed oil varnish, or 3-4ths of an ounce of Venice turpentine: boil together, and agitate. The pieces cemented should be fastened for 50 or 60 hours to get fixed.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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REST.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

God gave to man the earth, all fair and glowing,
Rich with sweet flowers and fruits, and lofty trees,
And grassy vales, their pleasant shades bestowing,
And thy my downs to greet the summer breeze.

God gave to man the sky all star-bespangled.
His diamond footprints on the purple height,
Changeless in beauty, through their maze entangled,
To guide the way-worn wanderer aright.

God gave to man his nature's noble presence,
His stately form and heaven-directed soul,
His comprehensive mind and deathly essence,
And bade all things acknowledge his control,

God gave to man his home's unbought affection,
Where eyes of love his answering glance may meet
Blest in fruition of his heart's selection,
Gladly he homeward turns his weary feet.

God upon man all kindly gifts hath lavished,
Save one, the dearly sought for and the best.
With fairest sights and sounds each sense hath ravished,
Yet here in vain may man demand for rest.

He finds it not in shady glades reposing,
He finds it not the starry heavens among;
Nor even when, his home around him closing,
He lists at sunset to his children's song.

God keeps back rest alone, that the world-weary,
E'en though his cup high mantles to the brim;
Or though his fate be desolate and dreary,
May seek and find repose alone in Him!

A Woman's Hatred.

BY J. L. D.

The clocks had all chimed the hour of midnight, and the city was still. As dreams upon the people, so fell the dark shadows in the long, deserted streets. The quiet was not broken by the ringing of the steel of the assassin, but the murder was being done. The stars looked calmly down, and saw unholy mirth, horrible revelry, despair, and long between whiles the sleep of the innocent.

Such was the sleep of Bertha Graylum. Her chamber was one of a handsome suite in the elegant residence of the rich widow Westerly, and Bertha was an orphan niece who had been taken into the family five years before the opening of this story. A shaded lamp burned dimly, showing a trunk which stood near, with one or two packages on top, as if it had been placed there the last thing before retiring. Over

a chair at the foot of the bed a gray travelling-dress was carefully placed, as if to shield it from crease or wrinkles.

It did not appear to be the same light now which Bertha had brought up; there was another which was apparently just brought in. Soft footsteps had moved through the darkened chamber; there had been a smothered cry, and quick, frightened movements. At the door appeared a beautiful but haggard face, looking in, oh! so cautiously. The hair was caught up with a comb, but the locks, half curling, still hung down her neck. The eyes, distended, were fastened on the bed where Bertha slept. Then cautiously she advanced; quickly she detected a key from the few trifles with which it was placed, and kneeling down she opened the trunk. She then cut the lining, and between that and the trunk she thrust some bank-bills and a necklace. She then fixed the things again and closed the lid. But she had not yet finished. She caught the travelling dress, and into the pocket she dropped a diamond ring, then turned and hurried from the place to her own couch—but not to sleep.

"My love, how pale you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly the next morning, as Belle entered the breakfast-room.

"No wonder, mamma! The loss of my chain and ring wears upon me so that I can hardly sleep. I am glad that we sent the officer for a warrant, as I intend to have every nook and corner searched, and every trunk in the house," she added, with emphasis.

"Not mine, I hope," said Bertha, lightly, looking very pure and delicate in her well-fitting travelling-dress.

"I shall have somebody's trunk searched in whose possession I saw my diamond ring and a fifty-dollar bank-note last night," returned Belle, her voice slightly shaking.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly, suddenly putting her hands in her pocket. "It is not here—five hundred dollars—why! are we surrounded by thieves?"

"Perhaps Bertha can account for at least one of the fifty-dollar bills," replied Belle, steadying her voice with a great effort.

Bertha spoke not, but, stunned at the accusation, stood looking from one to the other.

"I did not intend to spy on you, Bertha, but I saw you last night examining my costly ring and a bank-note," said Belle. "But of course you have no objection to our seeing the inside of your pocket?"

"O Belle! I have forgiven insult on insult, but I cannot forgive this! Me! me! with your diamond ring!"

"Bertha, empty your pocket," said Mrs. Westerly, firmly. "Of course, if you are innocent, there will be nothing there."

"If I am—innocent!" gasped Bertha. "Oh, Mrs. Westerly, have you the courage to outrage a poor orphan girl? No—put your hands in—I'll not resist you."

Mrs. Westerly immediately emptied the pocket of the poor orphan girl, and out rolled the ring and bank-bill.

"Why, Bertha, you wicked girl! Why, Bertha Graylum, you a thief!"

A slight shriek burst from Bertha.

"Aunt Westerly and Belle," she said, "so help me God. I never touched that ring—I never had it in my hands! This is some cruel dream—me!—me!"

"Please'm, an officer be here!" said a servant, and Mrs. Westerly and Belle left the room.

"Bertha," said Mrs. Westerly, again appearing at the door.

"Where is the key of your trunk?"

I left it on the table," said Bertha; and, becoming indignant, she continued, "Aunt Westerly, how can you—how dare you—suspect me?"

But Mrs. Westerly was gone, and Bertha was alone. Let us not dwell on the finding of the money and necklace in the trunk.

"You may get a warrant and take her to jail," exclaimed Mrs. Westerly. And with that she and Belle left the poor girl with the officer, who took her to jail.

 "Please'm a gentleman be in the hall and won't go till he sees you. I told him you wasn't home, but he said he'd wait," said the servant.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly. "I wonder who it can be, Belle? But show him in."

The young man entered, and after bowing coldly to the ladies, he said,—

"I am Tom Latimer, Bertha Graylum's cousin. We received your note telling us of her disgrace, and I am here to have it fully explained."

"Well, there is nothing to tell, only that your cousin stole five hundred dollars, beside a diamond ring and necklace, and we of course were compelled to—"

"Stop, for God's sake! Bertha Graylum a thief! Repeat her name calmly, and see if you can couple her name with theft."

"Well, she will have a chance of clearing herself," said Mrs. Westerly. "But I tell you that I think Bertha Graylum is a—"

"Silence!" roared Tom. "I tell you I will not hear her called a thief! You know in your heart that it is false. And you, Miss Belle; have you no compassion for a poor orphan girl whom you have tried to ruin?"

"Oh, I wish she had never come here!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerly.

"So most devoutly do I! It would have saved a foul sin somewhere," said Tom, breathing hard. "I see, too," he added, "that there's a ship been spoken near here, and if the man that was to marry her comes to the rescue, as he will, he'll leave no stone unturned, I warrant you."

Belle started as if stung when he said this, and her face grew yet more ashy. Mrs. Westerly raised her head and asked,—

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that my sister Linda has been the confidant of Bertha; that Bertha told her that she was to be married to De Witt Gildersleeve in the fall, and she was to get her wedding outfit then."

Belle was deathly white, but Mrs. Westerly exclaimed,—

"Absurd, Mr. Latimer, absurd! Why, Mr. Gildersleeve is a particular friend of my daughter's. He had been coming to this house years before Bertha ever saw him. Well," she added, with a faint laugh, "that is as cunning a thing as she has done yet."

"I will not hear my cousin's name coupled with artifice," said Tom, his brow growing dark again. "When Bertha said that he was to marry her, she told the truth, and I am going to wait until he returns; we will find out who is guilty." And without looking at them he left the house.

"Why, Belle, is not that absurd? She going to marry Mr. Gildersleeve?"

"I'm tired of the whole affair," exclaimed Belle pettishly.

"But if Mr. Gildersleeve should stand in this relation to Bertha, it looks serious."

A smothered cry was Belle's only answer.

 "You know you saw the whole affair just as well as I did."

"I know it."

"Well, you will have to go into court and testify. We will clear Bertha."

"I want to clear Miss Bertha as well as you do, but I don't want to go into court; beside, it seems mean to inform against Miss Belle."

The speakers were Louise, Belle's dressing-maid, and Caddie, a sort of go-between.

"Why, you foolish thing! Don't want to inform against

Miss Belle, when you know what a wicked act she did. At any rate, you will have to tell, for I will tell against you!"

"But why didn't you tell on Miss Belle that morning?"

"I couldn't; I should have been turned out of my place and it was better to wait till the trial. Miss Bertha is happier than Miss Belle. But there's her bell. Remember!"

CHAPTER II.

Go back now, reader, a period of some twenty days. Our scene changes to the wide expanse of waters, and a solitary ship ploughing her way from billow to billow.

It was nearing twilight. The blush of the sun was touching the tops of the waters for the last time; it lingered yet in mid-sky, crimsoning the swelling sails. Two men were standing at the bow, viewing the distant clouds. One of them was the young commander, De Witt Gildersleeve; the other a passenger, an old and somewhat weather-beaten man, who came on board just as the vessel was getting under way.

"It is well worth an ocean voyage to see sights like that," said De Witt, raising his hat and allowing the breeze to lift the brown curls from his temples.

"Ah, indeed it is! I have seen many like this in these same waters," replied the elder man. "But for the finest sunsets in the world, give me America or Australia. You have never been to Australia yet?"

"Never; my calling has taken me hitherto only as far as England," replied De Witt.

For some moments the stranger was silent, plunged in deep meditation, then he said,—

"Have you heard of the gold discovered in Australia?"

De Witt replied that he had.

"Well, I was one of the first to find the rich veins cropping out here and there in the valley and along the river sides. And now I am going home to a daughter I left in the United States. If I find her living, and in the same good hands to which I entrusted her, I shall leave with her that which will render her independent. Ah, what hopes and fears agitate my breast by turns, when I think of the chances of meeting my child! Alas, she may be no more!"

"What is it, Antonio? Do you wish to speak to me?" said De Witt to an old sailor who was near, and who had for some time been standing awkwardly twisting his queer-looking hat and glancing toward De Witt, who did not for some moments observe him.

"If you please, sir, I would like to say something to the other gentleman."

Certainly; come this way. Captain Wakefield, this good sailor taught me what a Christian was; many's the time he has prayed for me."

"I always pray for somebody," said the sailor, his tawny face glowing at the praise. "But, sir—captain—I know you; do you remember me?"

"I cannot say I remember you, my friend," said the tall, grave old gentleman.

"You remember when the boy fell from the yard? You was Captain Graylum then; I do not forget you."

"Antonio!" exclaimed the old gentleman, grasping the sailor's hand. "I remember you now. Yes, you saved the life of my daring nephew."

"Sir, did I hear the name of Graylum?" said De Witt, interrupting him.

"That is my name, though I have gone by my given name since I was in Australia. My whole name is Henry Wakefield Graylum."

"And—you spoke of a child—a daughter," said De Witt.

"May I ask if her name is Bertha?"

The same, my friend," exclaimed the other, turning eagerly. "You know her, then—my precious child?"

I knew a Miss Bertha Graylum. She stays, or was staying, with a family by the name of Westerly."

"Yes, you have my child! Tell me, how is she? Did she ever speak of me—my dear child?"

"Come with me, if you please," said De Witt.

"You may go now, Antonio."

They proceeded to the young commander's room. He opened a drawer, and took from it a miniature of Bertha, and handed it to the captain.

"Is this my Bertha? Can it be possible my little girl is so beautiful?" said Capt. Graylum, putting the face to his lips and then looking up he said, "You know her well, then? You—"

He paused.

"I love her, sir," replied De Witt, modestly, "and if it is God's will and yours she will be my wife when I return."

"I could not wish a better fortune for my child," said the old captain, his lips and hands trembling as he spoke. "Oh, sir," he added, "is the dear child a Christian?"

"She is in every way lovely," replied De Witt, and silently left the captain to his own joy.

The ship was neither detained by contrary winds nor deterred by calm; the sun seemed to shine on the whole voyage. The last morning was a glorious one. The "Flying Cloud" had gone up at night, and was now warping in her berth. As it touched the dock, a young man jumped on and pressed forward to De Witt.

"Why, Tom, how are you?" said De Witt, grasping him warmly by the hand. "But I forgot; I have brought home your uncle, the father of Bertha. Capt. Graylum, Mr. Tom Latimer."

"Tom, Tom!" cried the old gentleman, holding him at arms' length. "Well, this beats all! A great man with a beard! But Bertha—have you heard from her lately? Why do you turn away? Is she well? Is she—?"

"No—well and—happy," murmured Tom, almost choking.

"For God's sake, Tom, whatever it is, tell me!" said De Witt. "Has she gone away? Is she married—ill—dead?"

His lips were white as he spoke.

"She is well, but—but—she has been sadly betrayed; in fact, she is in jail yonder! Yes, De Witt, it is false, but it will all come out right. Keep calm, De Witt! I'll stand by her to the extent of my fortune. It's a black lie from beginning to end—keep calm! keep calm!" added Tom.

He might as well have spoken to marble; he neither raved nor moved; but the old man bent his gray head in his hands and groaned,—

"O my child! My Bertha!"

"In the jail yonder, did you say?" at last De Witt slowly articulated. "It is simply false!" And he drew his lips firmly together. "Pray when did you first become aware of this wonderful hallucination?"

"I don't wonder you can't believe it," said Tom.

"Believe it! But come—tell me all about the abominable hoax."

"The accusation was made by Miss Belle Westerly." And then he told the whole story.

"This is terrible!" said De Witt, when he had finished. "O my poor Bertha! Is she utterly stricken down? Capt. Graylum, compose yourself! Tom, take care of him—I am going to the Westerlys." And he hurried from the room.

While this scene was taking place, Mrs. Westerly and Belle were sitting in their own sumptuous parlor. Oh, how wan and pale was Belle! No more the roses on her cheeks. But suddenly Mrs. Westerly broke the silence and said,—

"So Mr. Gildersleeve has returned. I wonder where he will stay."

"Oh, there will be places enough, I fancy," replied Belle, trying to speak lightly.

"I wonder if that cousin is still in the city," queried Mrs. Westerly.

Belle shuddered in spite of herself as she remembered Tom's threat.

"I wonder how Mr. Gildersleeve will take the tidings of Bertha? Belle, do you believe there was an engagement?"

"I never thought so," replied Belle, after a moment. "Others, though, may have been more observing."

"I am sorry the thing was ever done," said Mrs. Westerly, thoughtfully. "Still, I did it, as I thought, for the best."

Then she relapsed into silence, and soon after she quitted the parlor.

Belle left her seat, turned towards the window, and anxiously looked forth.

"There he is!"

The blood rushed to her cheeks and receded again, and she became faint; but before her visitor was announced she had glided from the room, only, however, to glide back again with a sweet smile, holding out both hands as she exclaimed,

"Capt. Gildersleeve, I am happy to see you; when did you arrive?"

He took only one hand, courteously, almost coldly, for its touch felt like that of a snake to him. He seated himself at her request; but there was in his manner that frozen calm

telling of a strong will mastering strong emotions.

"How are your mother and—cousin?" at last he asked, in a strange voice.

"Mother is well. Bertha—is—well—I hope."

Her tones faltered in spite of her efforts to speak calmly.

"Bertha is not at home, perhaps you would say?"

"No, I am sorry to say," she commenced, and tears stood in her eyes—tears of agitation, vexation, of fear, not of grief. "Bertha has been unfortunate, and mother is so inflexible, that she—"

Sent her to jail, perhaps?" exclaimed De Witt.

"Yes. but, Capt. Gildersleeve, it was such an outrageous theft. I never would have believed it if I had not seen—"

—She hesitated.

"Seen what?" asked De Witt, his eyes, cold, and to her remorselessly cruel, fastened on her face.

"Why, seen her with some of the articles in her possession. Believe me, I would have done any thing to save her."

"And you did all you could? You said, 'She did not do this thing—she has been misrepresented?' And you fell on your knees, begging your mother to have mercy, and not have her taken to that cage of unclean birds? Speak, Miss Belle! Did you plead thus for your cousin?"

"She is not my cousin save by marriage," replied Belle, who had grown white and frightened.

"Oh, not your cousin save by marriage! Then it did not matter to you. Not a connection of the fashionable Westerlys—only a young, fair, friendless girl—too fair, perhaps! I wonder not, Miss Belle, you had no heart to plead for her!" And he made her a chilling bow. "But you say you are certain Miss Graylum committed the theft?"

"I have said it, sir," replied Belle, with dignity.

"And this you are willing to declare in court, on oath?"

"In court! And on oath!" said Belle, starting back.

"When is the trial to come off, Miss Belle?" he asked, not noticing her agitation.

"Trial? There will be no trial! I will not appear against, her! I—"

"There is to be a trial, and soon, too. But remember, Bertha is not the poor, friendless girl you fancied her to be. Some way the truth must come out; some way she must be vindicated. My wife must have no stain upon her reputation."

Taking up his hat he left her, almost speechless, for the words "my wife" fell like cold iron on the bewildered senses of Belle. Then she gave way, and, flinging herself upon the chair, she cried,—

"I have lost my soul for nothing! For nothing—for nothing!"

"Bertha!"

"De Witt!"

In those two words all was expressed. Oh the tears of joy that Bertha wept in his arms! At last, through her tears, she asked,—

"And you do not think me guilty?"

"Guilty! my love, my Bertha! Could you think so for a minute? No, you are even dearer to me now."

"Then I am happy, whatever comes."

"Not as happy as you will be soon. Bertha, can you bear a great blessing?"

"De Witt, what can you mean?"

"How long has your father been dead?" he asked, his arms still around her waist.

"My father!" was all she could gasp.

"Has it never occurred to you, darling, that you might possibly see him again—"

But he had no need to say more, for she glided from his arms and fled into those of the man who now entered, saying,—

"Father, father! Is it really you? Oh! indeed I am happy!"

"My child—my Bertha—my Bertha!" was all Captain Graylum could say. And so we leave the three.

A crowded court-room witnessed the entrance of the prisoner charged with theft. Rumor had said she was young and beautiful, and, being a relative of the rich Westerlys, many fashionable people were present.

Bertha, simply dressed, came in leaning on the arm of young Gildersleeve, whose glance showed how proud he was

of his burden. Belle was soon in the witness-box, her story was soon told, when, almost fainting, she left the room for a few minutes. When she returned her strength deserted her again, for her eyes saw in the place she had just left Louise, her dressing-maid. She entered as the counsel was saying,—

"Well, you can go on now and state your evidence."

"I came home that night about a quarter to twelve, and we—Caddie and I—went into Miss Bertha's room to light our lamp, when we heard a footstep and I was frightened, so I sprang for the closet; and I saw Miss Belle enter the room. I pulled Caddie to signify she must look. She found the key of the trunk, then she got down and opened it and took something in her hand; I then saw her put the chain in, and then something else; and then she—"

The witness was silenced. Mrs. Westerly had thrown back her veil, disclosing a horror-stricken face; she was endeavoring to unfasten the bonnet of her daughter, who had fainted.

The trial lasted only two hours, and the jury, without quitting their seats, rendered a verdict of not guilty; the crowd cheered, and many were the congratulations Bertha received.

What a day it was for Bertha! Her father beside her, her lover more devoted than ever. It was only saddened by the thought of Belle Westerly.

Two months later, De Witt and Bertha were married amid the congratulations of many friends. And thus we leave them with their happiness.

Again has the old saying been verified, that truth will out

Baby's First Snow Storm.

Ah! baby, 'tis a pretty sight,
A scene enchanting, very;
No wonder that you clap your hands—
No wonder you are merry;
When first flakes fell down one by one
They set my baby blinking!
But now the dear eyes watch the pearls
Without so much as winking.

See, there they come, with twist and twirl
As if in anger meeting;
And yet they make as little sound
As baby's heart in beating;
They are the types of joy and peace—
Each little drifting rover,
That goes to make the mantle fair
Of charity's sweet cover.

You've seen the sunbeams dancing bright,
You've seen the moonlight, maybe,
But never such a sight as this,
My pretty yearling baby;
For when the ground was white with snow
Last winter, you were sleeping,
A tiny, little helpless thing,
Just from the angels' keeping.

Hold out your little, chubby hand.
And catch a snowflake, dangle;
It melts within the rosy palm,
And leaves a drop of water;
'Tis gone, all gone, my baby bird,
Like other fleeting blisses:
Or, like your shining April tears,
That dry 'neath mother's kisses

A FAMOUS SPY.

Carl Schulmeister, the Chief of Secret Police of Napoleon I.

About an hour's walk from Strasbourg, east of the village of Illkirch, lies a domain known as Meinan, now desolate and in ruins, but that was once celebrated for its grandeur. A proud castle, with stately Greek portals, stood within the lovely park, and the wonderful gardens filled with rare plants arrested the eye of the traveller. The owner of all this had furnished the palace with everything that was beautiful and artistic, and all Alsace talked of the wonders it contained. "And to whom did it belong?" you ask. A man whose name disturbed and alarmed half Europe—Carl Louis Schul-

meister, the head spy and chief of the secret police of Napoleon First.

He was the grandson of a Polish noble, who, having killed his opponent in a duel, fled the country, went to Alsace, and lived in a small village as a teacher. He gave no name, and the peasants called him Schulmeister or schoolmaster, and that name was handed down to son and grandson. The son married well and prospered, and the grandson, at an early age, in his haste to become rich, became a smuggler; then abandoning that, he managed to secure the protection of Marshal Savary, and was intrusted by him with the transportation of a battalion over the Rhine, and for which successful operation Savary gained the notice of Napoleon, and then his advancement. From this Schulmeister was brought into intimate relations with the French Government. It is said that his services were used in the affair of the unhappy Duc d'Enghien, but it was in the year 1805, in the war with Austria, that he became prominently known. When Napoleon was in Strasbourg, he obtained audience with him and begged Napoleon to accept his services as spy.

"What credentials have you?" asked Napoleon, gruffly.

"None, except my own."

"Then I cannot use you," waiving him off with an impatient gesture, and walking to the parapet.

As the Emperor stepped behind the wall, Schulmeister quickly changed his costume and came forward completely altered in appearance. As the Emperor saw this strange person approaching him, he said angrily:

"Who are you, how came you here unannounced?"

"Sire, forgive me that I did not go away: I am Schulmeister."

Napoleon was won by this strategy and took him into his service as chief spy. Schulmeister left Strasbourg and went to the commander of the Austrian forces, the unfortunate Baron Mack, and winning his confidence was installed as spy. Through the information that he gave all the military plans of the Austrian army were made. He was called Mack's "Delphine oracle," and was trusted blindly with the deepest secrets that were not confided to the other officers of the corps. And not alone Mack, but the other Austrian generals were completely deceived by him. He was allowed every freedom, went among the troops, passed the post lines, visited the enemy, and profited by all his freedom without the least mistrust being felt against him. He continued these practices until he was finally arrested as a spy, shortly after the capitulation of Ulm, and brought to Vienna, and upon the advance of the French transported to Koeniggratz. In his trial his defence was that he had always told Baron Mack and the generals the truth, and without doubt he did give them information, for he was as willing to serve one as the other only holding to the winning side. At any rate he played his role with the greatest tact and cunning, and must have had some claim to their consideration, else they would have hanged him then and there instead of taking him to Koeniggratz for trial. He certainly understood masquerading, for at a resting-station he suddenly walked through a group of the escorting soldiery bowing on all sides, who let him pass without a question, never dreaming that the stranger was Schulmeister. Ragged and without money, he begged his way back to Vienna, went directly to his old protector, Savary, who was then general commissary of the French army police, at Vienna. Here he remained until the departure of the French army, then was again arrested by the Austrians, and only escaped with his life through the diplomatic intercession of the French Government.

After this, in the war of France with Prussia we find him by the side of his friend Savary, and through his coolness and courage he saved the general's little corps from being taken by a strong Prussian division. He had dropped his name of Schulmeister, and was then M. de Charles, also M. de Meinan, and riding in front of the corps with forty cavalymen through the city of Weimar, called upon them to surrender to the "advance guard of a great army," and the strong guard of Prussians stationed in the vicinity, fearing to be overpowered by Savary's corps, quickly retreated. From this moment his fame was made. Napoleon took him into his private service and gave him the most difficult missions. In 1807 when Savary was governor of Koenigsberg, M. de Charles was prefect of the same, and in the war with Austria in 1809 he was war commissary. But during the

battle of Wagram, the Austrians were upon his track, and he found himself in the garden of a peasant's house and a detachment of Austrians approaching to capture him. Hastily changing clothes and the expression of his face, he met them on the stairs as an old surgeon with a case of surgical instruments and a basin in his hands.

"We are looking for a spy who is upstairs: have you seen him?" they asked.

"That one up there is almost gone," nodding upward and speaking in an Austrian dialect; "he lies in bed and will die soon." The soldiers climbed up the stairs, and Schulmeister again escaped.

We next find him acting as police prefect and also a courtier playing more the role of a courtier than a government official. Through him Napoleon knew all the habits and words of those who came to the court, and he lived the life of a prince. Then in 1814 his star was again dim, and he hid himself until the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he took up his residence near Paris on one of his estates. Here he lived until the second taking of Paris, and then was arrested by the Prussians and taken to Fort Wesel. Here his life was saved on the plea that as prefect of Königsberg he had shown such consideration and humanity to the people, and his administration had been so just a one! After his release he disappeared from the political horizon. With Napoleon's star his too went down. Napoleon's value of his services and the estimation in which he held him may be seen by the following anecdote:

The emperor one day was very grateful for some services rendered, and asked him if he had no favor to ask of him in return.

"Sir," said Schulmeister, "I have one favor to beg—give me the 'Croix.'"

"Non, Charles, non," answered Napoleon; "ask me for a million and you shall have it, but never the Legion d'Honneur."

And the emperor kept his word; he loaded him with wealth, and his possessions were valued from 1814 to 1817 at over ten millions. Toward the latter part of his life he seemed to be remorseful and unhappy, and died in 1853, at Meinan, where he lived very quietly, with none of the splendour of former days, and his money and possessions went to the winds. He lived a lonely life, and a favorite companion on his travels was a fat black poodle. One day he was surprised by an acquaintance in his house who was astonished to find that the celebrated poodle was a thin black dog whom Schulmeister, when he had papers of importance or contraband articles to transport over the frontier, dressed up in the skin of a poodle. Surely his ingenuity was wonderful. Now if some American Ladies could only use their "Skys" for like purposes when crossing the ocean, and thus avoid that "terrible custom-house?" Few papers noticed the death of Schulmeister; he died forgotten and his name is now almost unknown, and yet there is scarcely a history or account of the Napoleonic time in which this bold, reckless man is not mentioned.

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

The following very homely but singularly instructive lesson is by Philip Neri: A lady presented herself one day to him, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired Neri. "Yes, father, very often," replied the patient. "My dear child," said Neri, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater; for your penance do as follows: 'Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed, and still covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me.' Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance; but, silencing all human reasoning, she replied; 'I will obey, father; I will obey.' Accordingly she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered.

In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous to receive some explanation of one so singular.

"Ah!" said Neri, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part and you will be cured. Retrace your steps; pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions; how can I now recover them?"

"Well, my child," replied Neri, "so it is with your words of slander—like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions—call them back if you can. Go and sin no more." History does not tell if the lady was converted; but we have the lesson, and all should profit by it.

CHARITY AND ITS ABUSE.

Few things are more remarkable than the readiness of charitable people to be gulled by those of whom they know nothing, accompanied, as it sometimes is, by something like callousness as to the sufferings of those with whom they are familiar. Circumstances that have recently occurred in connection with the detection of a pair of swindlers, show that the appearance of an advertisement in the 'agony column' of a newspaper was sufficient to draw from benevolent individuals some very handsome contributions, on the strength of which the advertiser lived for a time in comfort. A wag, recently dead, who was at the time an officer in full pay, inserted, in pure joke, in one of the London daily papers, an announcement to the effect that 'a gentleman was anxious to be supported by voluntary contributions.' Absurd as it may seem, he received several applications, demanding what were his claims to support, and the like. If he had chosen to profit by such means, and had invented a plausible tale, he would doubtless have obtained money. That charity, a desire to alleviate the heavy burden under which some have to suffer—prompts those who answer such advertisements, I don't not. I am inclined to believe, however, that curiosity is an equally important factor, and that a desire to be behind the scenes of a drama of real life operates, unconsciously perhaps, in stimulating such impulsive and reckless generosity.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

WHAT THE SNOW FLAKES HID.

You talk about charity to the poor, and you sit by your warm fires and pity them, but have you penetrated the streets and opened the doors at which the wolf of cold and hunger and misery stands waiting from November to May?

Have you ever passed through the door and seen with your own eyes how terrible the poverty, how fierce the hunger and how woeful the wretchedness that lives day in and day out within a stone's throw of residences where every inmate gets every wish gratified?

This woman knew what it was to sit the cold day through without a fire; to shiver through the long nights on her bed of straw; to gnaw the bones already white and dry when hunger cried aloud.

People wondered that she did not die last year or the year before; none opened her door without feeling that they might see her corpse on the musty straw. None could see that she had a single thing to live for, and some who were but little better off whispered that they would not blame her if she took her own life. What link of love fastened her to earth, men and women could not see and perhaps she could not have told them.

The other day one who knocked at her door found the old woman just as she had often been pictured—dead on her heap of straw. Her arms were outstretched as if grasping for something—her open eyes had a terrible stare and her face bore such a look as come to those who die by inches. There might have been tears shed over her as the women gathered, but yet they whispered among themselves that none could miss her. When one woman wondered if the dead before them had passed to a brighter life, another replied,—

"I do not believe she has one good deed recorded in heaven."

The body was carried away and buried in Potter's field. The new made grave seemed the only one in all the great cemetery, for the thousands of others were hidden under the snow, while this one was ghastly in its freshness. The grave-diggers left it with sod and earth and stone heaped together and the night came on. The oak tree which thrust out its limbs over the grave had no leaves to shake down and cover

the damp, fresh earth, but in the darkness a snow flake sailed lazily through the chilly air and settled down upon the heap as a blossom falls upon the earth."

"She was old and poor," said the earth to the snow flake. "Those who pass by will only see that another pauper is buried and they will just sooner than grieve."

"Was she good and faithful?" asked the snow flake.

"It is not for earth to judge! She stands before her record in heaven!"

"Then lest man should judge more harshly than God, we will cover her grave with the same mantle which covers all!" said the snow flake as it rose on a gust and sailed away. It returned in a moment with others. Some fell at the head and some at the foot of the grave, and before the night was old the branches above whispered to each other,—

"Where is the grave which we saw opened here as the day waned? Behold! an old woman, dead of wretchedness and hunger, has as pure a mantle over her grave as any one here!"

"And God will judge her only as he has them!" whispered the snow flakes as they crowded close to keep the cold wind out.

ROMPING GIRLS.

Most women have a dread of them. Mothers would rather have their little daughters called anything else than romps. They say to them, "Be very quiet now, my dears; don't run or jump, but be little ladies." As if a healthy child could be still; as if it could take time to walk, or step over what came in its way; as if it could fold its hands in its lap, when its little heart is brimful of tickle. It's absurd and wrong because it is unnatural. Children, girls as well as boys, need exercise; indeed, they must have it, to be kept in a healthy condition. They need to expand their chests, strengthen their muscles, tone their nerves, develop themselves generally. And this exercise must be out of doors, too. It is not enough to have calisthenics in the nursery or parlor; they need to be out in the sunshine, out in the wind, out in the grass, out in the woods, out of doors somewhere, if it be no bigger than the common or park. Suppose they do tan their pretty faces; better be brown as a berry, and have the pulse quick and strong, than white as a lily and complain of cold feet and headache. Suppose they do tear their clothes; suppose they do wear out their shoes; it don't try a mother's patience half so much to mend as it does to watch night after night a querulous sick child; and it don't drain a father's pocket-book half as quick to buy shoes as it does to pay doctors' bills.

No, mothers, don't nurse up your little girls like houseplants. The daughters of this generation are to be the mothers of the next, and if you would have them healthy in body, and gentle in temper, free from nervous affections, fidgets and blues, if you would fit them for life—its joys, its cares, and trials—let them have a good romp every day while they are growing. It is nature's own specific, and, if taken in season is warranted to cure all ills of the girls and woman.

TOO MUCH STORY READING.

A solemn old adage says, "Read, and you will know." But it depends a good deal upon what and how you read, whether the knowledge thus gained is worth acquiring. A fond father says with honest pride, "My boy is a great reader—he is very fond of his book." But inquiry shows that the young hopeful's reading is confined to a class of books, the more of which he reads the less he knows of anything that is real and profitable. If not positively vicious, it places before the unformed mind a fascinating dreamland, peopled by ideal heroes whose virtues and achievements no wise parent would wish his boy to imitate. A due admixture of wholesome fiction with history and biography is not only not objectionable, but of real benefit; but such reading as we are speaking of is not good even for pastime. We pity the boy whose parents are so careless of his future as to permit him to feed—or starve—his mind on them exclusively.

But even if a better class of story-book be read, it is not well to bring up our boys and girls on a story book diet alone. The habit once formed of devoting the entire reading time to fiction, it is exceedingly difficult to train the mind to more substantial work. A confirmed novel-reader is as hard to reform as a confirmed topser. But if we want our children to grow into strong men and women, with clear heads and well-

stocked minds, we must not let them feed on fiction alone.

Suppose it is a task, at first, for Willie or Jenny to read history; are they to neglect every good thing simply because it is a task? By-and-by, if wisely directed, their history will become a pleasure, and a grand point in their education will thus be gained. Indeed, it is far more important to form in our young people good reading habits, than to take them creditably through the "ologies," and higher mathematics. These may prove of little permanent value; but the ability to read and enjoy good books is a source of constant and always increasing pleasure.

The necessity of exercising some control over the reading of our boys and girls is shown by such statements as these, made by a Hartford librarian. In six months, he says, one boy drew one hundred and two story-books from the library, and a girl one hundred and eleven novels; and during the quarter ending December 1st, seventy-one per cent. of the books drawn by young people were fiction. The same proportion probably holds good in other cities.

Many of these young folks doubtless, have no one to direct them in their choice of books. They want to read. Their minds are active and impressible, and they read what they can lay their hands on, naturally selecting that which appeals most directly to their present taste. Now, why would it not be a good work for intelligent men and women, who know what good books are, and what are the needs of young minds, to join together to assist these boys and girls, as far as they are able, in the choice of books, and not only that but to encourage them to form good reading habits by reading with and to them?

There are not many young people, we believe, who would not respond gladly to sympathetic overtures from cultivated men and women for so kindly a purpose as this. A reading club of six or eight boys or girls, under the direction of a good Christian woman of education and social position, would be a blessing of immeasurable value to those privileged to belong to it. Are not such little educational circles among the possibilities of the future?

TRAINING UP CHILDREN.

The chief power for good in the family, as in the government of the world, is love. Austerity may compel obedience, but it is not so certain or so commanding as the constraint of love. No child ought ever to feel like hiding from its parent; and if the parent can hit upon a mode of governing that shall be at once kind, reasonable, and just, and which shall so impress itself upon the child, then is the chief obstacle to the progress of the child towards knowledge and honor overcome. From this point of viewing the matter, the difficulties of training up children are not so much on the part of the child as on that of the parent. Self-government and wisdom are necessary. It is worth while to study the constitution and disposition of the child from its earliest infancy. Give a word of open commendation at a time when it shall not make the deserving one too self-conscious, but reproof, aside and secretly. Always appeal to the reason of the child, which appears much earlier in its career than most people imagine. Maintain in your own character that high station to which you would direct the child. It is not vicious inclination in the child, so much as foolish over-indulgence, or over-sternness on the part of the parent that causes so many to betake themselves to evil courses. Remember that idleness is the chief source of evil to either old or young and that occupation gives dignity to life and zest to recreation.

Need of Physical Culture among Women.

Along the country lanes of England, any and every fine day, are seen as many women as men enjoying their horseback exercise; and in the streets of the city they are familiar sights, riding alone occasionally, but more frequently attended by a groom or carriage with friends. In New York the sight is growing to be a more familiar one, yet it is rare enough to provoke comment, and a good horsewoman is one of the rarest of sights, even in that most metropolitan of American cities. The pleasures of outdoor exercise are more talked of than experienced; for, as a rule, women are not fond of long walks, or even of driving for any other than a fashionable duty. When all the fine turnouts are in the Park, those who have such order them out for the purpose of

joining the throng; but beyond this there is no display of riding made. Long drives, for the pleasure of riding and of taking all the sunshine and air possible, are not rated among the "pleasures" of the average American women's life; and the sharp criticism made by a disgusted Benedict, that a woman would have nothing to do with outdoor exercises as long as she could get trimmings to sew on dresses, or friends to gossip with, is not so unjust as it would at first appear. Women have nerves, and all that is calculated to disturb their action they decline to undertake. A walk in the morning ends with a head-ache in the afternoon; a walk in the afternoon unfits one for the evening sociability, is the argument used by the opponents of physical exercise. The notion is a fallacy, but what has that to do with changing the decision of those most concerned? Perhaps some few have tried the plan for one day, overdoing the business, and have then given over the effort and voted it a mistake. Wrinkles and increased nervousness do not convince them that something is lacking in their daily regime, nor does the quiet assertion of the physician, to the effect that what they need is exercise, make any more than a passing impression upon them. Everything else but exercise is what they will take—that is too common a remedy to be adopted.

Walking, the best of all exercises for the well, because the most natural, should be a duty, just as are eating, drinking, or sleeping; and the cares and supposed duties of the home should be laid aside until it has been enjoyed. Within a prescribed circle—dwelling upon unworthy cares oftentimes, allowing duties to magnify until they become curses, dwarfing the soul to gain a passing show for the body—these are the things that women indulge in too often.

Physical exercise is the panacea for these ills. Open doors and plenty of air are of more value in a house than fine furniture, and an atmosphere in which flowers will bloom than one in which plants die because of the absence of these factors. Societies ought to be formed for the purpose of teaching women this art of outdoor exercise—no matter what form it takes, whether to riding or walking, or archery or rowing. The latter, of course, in midwinter is impossible, but the gymnasium might take its place and the calisthenic exercises be its substitute. The short, loose dress used for the gymnasium, worn even for an hour, would give some women a new idea of liberty, and would dispel many mistaken notions of helplessness.—*Ex.*

ACTIVITY NOT ALWAYS ENERGY.

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others, as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent and economical; yet after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. But the fact is that they miscarry because they have mistaken mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would succeed is like a marksman firing at a target—if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might almost as well be left undone. Everybody knows some one in his circle of friends, who though always active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in various ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive capacity when he should have a directive one; in other language, he makes a capital clerk for himself, when he ought to do the thinking of the business. In other cases what is done is not done either at the right time or in the right way. Energy, correctly understood, is actively proportioned to the end.

A GREAT TEMPTATION, And What Caused It to be Overcome.

John Becket stood upon a ledge of rock overlooking the sea, while the sun was sinking into a great frosty bank of cloud.

John Becket was by trade a fisherman, and no braver or more industrious man ever lived upon the coast. John had but one enemy, and that was a man of his own calling, Samuel Henderson. They had once been partners in business, and the two had toiled together many a day upon the

waters, but at length a division arose between them, and the old connection was severed.

Now, as John stood there, his thoughts were of Samuel Henderson and a certain sickly-faced child at home, limping about on crutches, whose mother lay in her grave. It so happened that one day this child was playing upon the shore, when Henderson returned from fishing. Henderson, being a high-tempered man, calling to the child, and bidding him leave the fish alone which he was stringing, and the child not heeding, struck it with the oar of the boat, little thinking, perhaps, of the weight of the blow, or what would be the result. For months the child languished, and when at last it left its little bed, it was to hobble about a cripple. And it was of the injury done to the child by Henderson that Becket's thoughts were busy as he stood upon the ledge, as the sun sank among the clouds, and the wind that lifted his hair told him, of the storm that was fast approaching.

John Becket's boat was snugly beached a few yards distant; he had not been out that day, but something always drew him to the shore when a storm was approaching. How he enjoyed it now. How cooling were these first big drops of rain. How black the sea looked with the shadows of the clouds upon it. How the thunder muttered, like a voice calling him out of the distance, and, as he cast his eye over the face of the sea, he detected Henderson's boat making directly for the shore.

The boat came fast, for the winds bore it along with them; now he saw it lifted high upon some seething crest; again it was lost in the hollow of the sea—a few more struggles and it was close to the coast, with Samuel Henderson standing in the stern, striving to steer into the cove on the right, and around the point of rocks which jutted out between him and the land. Then was the moment of John Becket's great temptation.

"I can save this man," thought John; but a fiend in his heart whispered: "No, let him perish! He is your enemy."

Henderson looked toward him where he stood, and, in spite of the bitter hatred between the two, Becket could not help feeling admiration for the cool, courageous sailor in the boat below, facing death with as apparent unconcern as if he were merely touching land upon a bright sunny day.

High in the air rose the boat on the top of a huge breaker, and the two men appeared to one another so close that one step might have brought them together. Then down, down down, and John Becket could see that Henderson was many yards from the rock yet. One moment of hesitation, and away he sped toward his boat, and seizing a coil of rope that lay within, hurried upon the rocky foreland that Henderson was striving to round. He reached it, and giving one end of the rope that he held a tremendous hurl into the air, sent it high over Henderson's head, who, catching it as it fell, wound it fast around his body; and, as the next wave lifted his frail bark upon its crest to dash it mercilessly upon the rocks, he gave a leap into the sea, and striking out manfully to keep himself afloat, slowly, cautiously, but steadily, Becket drew him in, and in less than five minutes the two men stood together on land—Henderson, pale as a ghost, his hair dripping with salt sea-water, and his clothes clinging to his long, spare limbs, but in his eyes the light of gratitude; and in a moment more their hands were clasped in one another's; and in that meeting, to which life and death were invisible witnesses, the past was forgotten.

WHAT IS HOME.—"Home," says Dr. Channing, "is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solitudes form the chief interests of human life. Go where a man may, home is the centre to which his heart turns. The thought of his home nerves his arm and lightens his toil. For that his heart yearns when he is afar off. There he garners up his best treasures. God has ordained for all men alike the highest earthly happiness in providing for all the sanctuary of home."

Queen Victoria leaves to the care of servants when she goes away from home \$9,000,000 worth of royal plate in her castle of Windsor, which includes a gold service for one hundred and forty persons, ordered by George IV.; a shield formed of snuff boxes, worth \$45,000; thirty-dozen plates, worth \$50,000; an Indian peacock of precious stones, valued at \$150,000; and Tippee's footstool, a tiger's head, with a solid ingot of gold for his tongue.

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Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, of April.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

THE NEW VOLUME.

With this number we commence a new volume, and, trusting to the prompt and generous support of an intelligent and appreciating public, we have enlarged our facilities, and expect in future to get our paper out promptly, and increasingly interesting and attractive. And while we do not expect to please all, we are encouraged by the numerous favorable notices received from the most cultivated and respectable

classes of society, to hope that we shall be able to give satisfaction to all except that small class, whose tastes have been perverted by the degrading tendencies of trashy literature.

We do not wish to insinuate, that we think our little magazine should meet all the literary demands of our intelligent patrons. There are numerous questions of a philosophical, scientific or moral character, that would be deeply interesting to some of our most intellectual patrons, but for which many of our readers, though capable of understanding and appreciating them, would, on account of the toil and fatigue of mind and body incident to their ordinary avocations, require a concentration of thought and attention, incompatible with their circumstances. We therefore avoid polemical disquisitions and abstruse theories, and endeavor to treat all questions in a popular and practical manner, avoiding wearisome argumentation, and giving that class of reading which will commend itself to the varied and numerous wants and circumstances of the home circle, cultivating the true, the pure and the beautiful in human life, affording heart cheer and mental recreation, without offending correct taste.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We had hoped to give an engraving in the first number of the new volume, but it did not come to hand in time. We shall therefore have to defer it till the next number. We propose, also, to give a fine engraving in the New Year's number, which can be bound in the front of the new volume at the end of the year, if desired, and will render it quite ornamental.

We cannot give the FAMILY CIRCLE at less than the regular price, but will do all we can afford in improving it.

Parties desiring their subscriptions continued, but who cannot conveniently pay when subscription expires, will please drop us a postal card stating their wish, and the "Circle" will be forwarded as usual.

Several circumstances contributed to make us late with the July number but we hope to do better in the future, and if our patrons will renew promptly, it will make it much easier for us to do so.

Thanking our subscribers for their patronage, and especially those who, on renewing their subscription, sent us such cheering expressions of appreciation, we enter upon our new volume with a firm purpose to spare no effort to make our little magazine more than ever a welcome visitor to the family circle.

THAT CIRCULAR.

With our last number we sent a circular to those of our subscribers whose subscription had just expired, to which some of our patrons took exception, charging us with irreverence in stating among other things, that in consequence of "some of our subscribers having gone to Heaven or some where else without giving us notice," &c., we had suffered so much loss that we had resolved to return to our original intention and send the FAMILY CIRCLE to none but those who had either renewed their subscription or intimated their intention to do so.

Now we do not know what necessity existed for putting such a construction upon our expressions as to attribute to us a sentiment which we certainly did not feel. We hope our friends did not so misunderstand us as to suppose we meant to insinuate that some of our subscribers had gone to that unhappy place prepared for apostate angels, and reputed to be too hot a climate to be healthy. In our christian charity we assume that all our patrons who lay off the earthly tabernacle, go to the better country, and we hope no one will be offended with us for charitably hoping that they or their friends have gone to a better world, even though they may have, contrary to our advice, taken an opposite course.

What we meant was simply that some had died, and, of course, had gone to Heaven; and others had gone to Halifax, Kansas, Manitoba and other terrestrial localities without notice of removal having been given us, and consequently we had been sending the paper to parties who did not receive it, at a loss to ourselves.

SOME CHARITY.

It must not be understood, either, that we hold any grudge against any parties who have passed the dark river without settling accounts with us. We do not expect to carry our accounts into the next world, and if any one should feel compunctions of conscience in their last hours, on account of not having treated us right, we wish to assure them that we freely and fully forgive them. After all, money is but of secondary importance inasmuch as it will have no market value hereafter; but it is a wonderfully convenient commodity in conducting human enterprises, and in meeting social, moral and pecuniary obligations. We therefore find it necessary to collect what is due us, that others may collect of us what is due them. And as we feel nothing but kindness toward all our patrons, we hope any action we may deem it necessary to take, or any expressions we may use regarding that delicate subject, monetary obligations, will not be misconstrued to imply unkind feeling on our part toward those who, during the past year, unintentionally we presume, allowed themselves to fall in arrears.

DARE SAY NO.

Dare to say no when you are tempted to drink;
Pause for a moment, my boy, stop and think;
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed,
For answering yes without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of the tears that will fall like the rain;
Think of her heart—ah! how cruel the blow!
Think of her love, and at once answer no.

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow,
Look to them now, and at once answer no.

Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;
Think of the homes that, now shadowed with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been no.

Think of long graves both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fair hopes that were fair as your own;
Think of proud forms now forever laid low,
That still might be here had they learned to say no.

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you're assailed by the tempter, say no.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

FOOD.

The various matters which an animal eats consist of pure food-stuffs and of useless concomitant bodies; just as coal consists of pure fuel and of the useless mineral matter known as ash. When an animal eats his dinner, the process of digestion and assimilation takes place, and has the ultimate result of separating the pure food-stuffs from the useless concomitants. The latter bodies are rejected at once; But the food-stuffs are taken up by the veins, incorporated with the blood, (which consists of food in different degrees of combustion,) and used for building up the various portions of his body. Supposing the animal were a mere growing object like a crystal, with no work to perform and no consequent waste of material, the process would stop here, and the creature would wax bigger from day to day, without any alteration in place or redistribution of assimilated matter. But the animal is essentially a locomotive machine, and the purpose for which he has taken in his food is simply that he may use it up in producing motion. For a while he stows it away in his muscles, or lays it by for future use as fat; But its ultimate destination in every instance is just as truly to be consumed for fuel as is the case with the coal in the steam-engine. The food, however, only gives us one-half of the necessary materials for the liberation of dormant energy. Oxygen is needed to give us the other half. This oxygen we take in whenever we breathe. Animals like fishes and sea-snails obtain the necessary supply from the water by means of gills; for large quantities oxygen are held in solution by

water, and the needs of such comparatively sluggish creatures are not very great. With them a little energy goes a long way. Airbreathing animals like ourselves, on the other hand, need relatively large quantities of the energy-yielding gas in order to keep up the constant movements and high temperature of their bodies. Such creatures accordingly take in the oxygen by great inhalations, and absorb it in their lungs, where it passes through the thin membrane of the capillaries, or very tiny blood-vessels, and so mixes freely with the blood itself. Thus we have food, supplied to the blood by the stomach, the exact analogue of the coal in the engine; and oxygen, supplied to the blood by the lungs, the exact analogue of the draught in the engine. Whenever these two substances—the hydro-carbonaceous foods and the free oxygen—reunite, they will necessarily give out heat and set up active movements.

TIGHT LACING.

If all the women insane upon this subject were in the asylum, the accommodations would have to be largely increased. The habit is a general one, and is very injurious. A good authority says: "It has been found that the liver, the lungs and the powers of the stomach have been brought into a diseased state by this most pernicious habit; and fixed redness of the nose and eruption of the skin are among its sad effects. If prolonged, there is no knowing to what malady lacing may not lead. Its most apparent effect is an injured digestion and a consequent loss of appetite. Of this, however, it is often difficult to convince the practised tight lacer, for vanity is generally obstinate. But looking at tight lacing, without consideration of its effect on health, and merely as regards its tendency to improve or to injure the appearance, nothing can be more absurd than to believe that it is advantageous to the figure. A small waist is rather a deformity than a beauty. To see the shoulders cramped and squeezed together is anything but agreeable. The figure should be easy, well developed and supple. If nature has not made the waist small, compression cannot mend her work.

DIPHTHERIA AND RHEUMATISM.—An English physician calls attention to the fact that the occurrence of diphtheria predisposes a patient to rheumatism. Not one-half the pains is taken that should be for the prevention of this really serious disease. It is about as dangerous to life as small-pox, and one attack is no protection against another, but rather predisposes the individual to future attacks.

HYGIENIC VALUE OF LABOR.

Open-air labor is the most effective cosmetic, and almost infallible panacea against all kinds of bodily deformity. But the remedial virtue of labor, *i. e.*, sound bodily exercise, is greater than that of open-air life *per se*; for among the rustic population of Scandinavia, Scotland, and Northern Germany, who perform a large portion of their hard work indoors, we frequently find models of health and vigor,—far more frequently than among the inhabitants of Italy, Spain, etc., who pass the greater part of their indolent lives in the open air.

But, besides all this, athletic exercises have a moral value, which our social reformers have strangely failed to recognize. They afford a diversion and a vent to those animal energies which otherwise are sure to explode in debauch and all kinds of vicious excesses. The sympathetic thrill by which the mind accompanies a daring gymnastic feat, and the enthusiasm, of athletic contests from the most salutary, and, perhaps, the only normal gratification of that love of excitement which is either the legitimate manifestation of a healthy instinct, or else a wholly irremediable disease of our nature. The soul needs emotions as the body needs exercise, and the exciting sports of the palestra met both wants at once. We try to suppress these instincts, but their motive remains, and if thwarted in their normal manifestations they assert themselves in some abnormal way, chemically instead of mechanically. Dr. Boerhaave would say, by convulsing the organs of digestion, since the organs of motion are kept in unbearable inactivity. In times of scarcity the paupers of China and Siam silence the clamors of their hungry children by dosing them with opium; and for analogous reasons millions of our fellow-citizens seek relief in alcohol; they want to benumb a feeling which they cannot satisfy in a healthier way.

After finishing his day's work, the Grecian mechanic went

to the gymnasium, the Roman to the amphitheater, and the modern European and American goes to the next "saloon," to satisfy by different methods the same instinct—a longing for a diversion from the dull sameness of business routine. There is no question which method was the best—the only question is which of the two bad substitutes may be the worst: the brutalizing, *i. e.*, soul-hardening spectacles of bloodshed of the Roman arena, or the soul and body destroying poisons of the liquor-shop?—Dr. Oswald, in *Popular Science Monthly*

NERVOUSNESS.

Every organ and every muscle in the human body depends for its action on nerve-force, elaborated by the brain, or spinal ganglia; and so does every thought and feeling,—the more active the thinking, or the more intense the feeling, the greater the expenditure of nerve-force.

The little white threads that run in branches through the body from the brain and spinal cord are merely conductors of this force, just as the decline wires are of the electricity.

The brain-battery, when in a vigorous condition, elaborates enough nervous-force, not only for all ordinary, but for a vast deal of extraordinary use directly from the raw material in the blood, for in such case the raw material is furnished in proportion to the expenditure.

But in "nervousness" of every form the balance is disturbed; the supply is not equal to the demand, hence there is a state of nervous exhaustion.

By carefully guarding the outgo, the person may enjoy a tolerable degree of health; but he feels, often to prostration, a little extra demand, especially if protracted. Generally self-control is weakened; one is easily startled; laughter and tears come at trifles; the person is touchy, perhaps hysterical; the blood is impoverished, and hence no organ or tissue in the body is properly fed, nor can fully do its work.

This deficiency of nerve-force may result from a deficient diet; and abuse of stimulants; too little sleep; protracted overwork of brain or muscle; long-continued care, anxiety, or grief; sensual or emotional excess of any kind; lack of recreation.—*You'll's Companion*.

DRINKING ICE WATER.

There is no more doubt that drinking ice water arrests digestion than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. An able writer on human diseases says: "Habitual ice water drinkers are usually very flabby about the region of the stomach. They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinner for hours after it is bolted. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion. If they are intelligent they read up on food and what the physiologist has to say about it—how long it takes cabbage and pork and beef and potatoes and other meats and esculents to go through the process of assimilation. They roar at new bread, hot cakes, fried meat, imagining these to have been the cause of their maladies. But the ice water goes down all the same, and finally friends are called in to take a farewell look at one whom a mysterious Providence has called to a climate where, as far as is known, ice water is not used. The number of immortal beings who go hence, to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice water, can hardly be estimated.

Superiority of Unbolted-Flour Bread.

The superior character of bread made from unbolted wheat meal is now so well and almost universally acknowledged that additional testimony on the subject seems hardly necessary; but the following fact is so interesting that we cannot refrain from presenting it on the authority of the *American Woman's Home*:—

"In England, under the administration of William Pitt, for two years or more there was such a scarcity of wheat that, to make it hold out longer, Parliament passed a law that the army should have all their bread made of unbolted flour. The result was that the health of the soldiers improved so much as to be a subject of surprise to themselves, the officers and physicians. These last came out publicly and declared that the soldiers were never before so robust and healthy; and

that disease had nearly disappeared from the army. The civic physicians joined and pronounced it the healthiest bread, and for a time it was used almost exclusively."

NATURE'S REMEDY.—After a surfeit of food, nature demands a fast. When appetite fails, omit a meal or two, and give the stomach a chance to rest. A friend of ours was lately troubled with biliousness and loss of appetite. One day she found herself saddled with a "cold in her head," (a term as senseless and unmeaning as anyone can imagine,) the natural and inevitable result of injudicious eating. We advised her to skip a meal, and assured her that total abstinence from solid food for a meal or two would relieve her entirely, and restore her to her natural condition. She made the stock reply, "I can't live without eating," and continued until, very shortly, her appetite was gone. Nevertheless, she continued to nibble a little from time to time, until finally she could not swallow a mouthful of anything, took to her lounge, and for ten days ate nothing. She really sacrificed thirty meals to her ignorant prejudice against voluntarily foregoing a single one at the beginning. As biliousness and loss of appetite is generally caused by over-eating, the remedy is in our own hands.

ABOUT CORNS.

Corns are known as hard and soft, but their difference is entirely owing to locality. If a corn is situated between the toes, where it is kept moist by perspiration, it is of the soft variety; but if located on the outside of the toe, it would necessarily be hard. Corns are produced by pressure or friction, and are simply a protective growth thrown out for the purpose of preventing the tissues being injured.

Corns are sufficiently painful at all times but they are the most unbearable when an accumulation of pus takes place beneath them. The escape of this drop of pus is prevented by the hardened and thickened cuticle, which must be poulticed or soaked in warm water, and then removed by a sharp-pointed knife. The entire corn can be taken out, [with a little care and patient work, without drawing a drop of blood,

The application of caustics should be avoided in the treatment of corns, especially in old people, as fatal gangrenous inflammation may be the result.

Temporary relief from a painful soft corn may readily be obtained by applying strong carbolie acid. Take the cork out of a small bottle of carbolie acid and apply it (the cork) to the corn. Relief will come at once, and you will be enabled to walk with comparative comfort till you can find time to remove the corn with the knife.

Hard corns may be treated as follows; Take a thick piece of soft leather or felt; cut a hole in the centre. Upon going to bed at night fill the hole in the centre of the leather with a paste made of soda and soap; wash it off in the morning, and repeat the same process for several nights, and the corn will be removed.

MORTALITY OF INEBRIATES.—During the communistic troubles in France in the early part of 1872, an eminent physician who had charge of the wounded communists observed and published the fact that the mortality among them was fearfully great. Hardly any of those who were obliged to undergo any operation, lived. The doctor attributed this to the poisonous effects of alcohol, which so weakened the system that a mere flesh wound which would not confine a healthy man to his bed almost invariably proved fatal.

NOT SO MUCH SO AS THEY LOOK.—George Eliot says that girls are "delicate vessels." They are the sort of vessels that young men frequently put to their lips; but they are not so delicate as their pallor often implies. Did George ever hear of a girl walking 3,000 quarter miles in 3,000 quarter hours? It is the girl who dances until 2 a. m., and who sits at the piano two hours in the afternoon and sings, "Mother, Dear, is Growing Old," while her maternal parent is frying slapjack for supper, who is a delicate vessel."—*Norristown Herald*.

KEEP THE FEET CLEAN.—The majority of people pay little attention to the cleanliness of the feet, and yet a square inch of the sole of the foot demands cleanliness, perfect cleanliness, more than any square foot of surface of the body, as far as health is concerned, because the "pores" are much larger

here than anywhere else; so large indeed that they may be called "sluices" for carrying away the impurities of the system. Hence the bottom of the feet should be well rubbed every day.

DEATH from chloroform need never occur, according to the doctrine of Lyme, Lister, and Hughes, if this simple rule be observed: "Never mind the pulse, never mind the heart, leave the pupil to itself. Keep your eye on the breathing, and if it becomes embarrassed to a grave extent, take an artery forceps and pull the tongue well out." Syme never lost a case from chloroform, although he gave it five thousand times; this simple rule enabled him (so he thought) to make this excellent record.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Professor Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them. Remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If any artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For light burns dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger. Before passing through take a full breath, and when stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, walk erect. Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to hot coal, or end of cigar. In case of poisoning excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard. For acids; in case of opium poison give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy raise the head and body: for fainting lay the person flat.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BREAD, BISCUIT, ETC.—In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white, with a yellowish straw-color tint, buy it. If it is white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Next examine its adhesiveness—wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hand: if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests.

Three things are indispensable to success in bread making: good flour, good yeast, and watchful care; a fourth might be added: experience.

In Winter, always warm the flour for bread, and keep the sponge near the stove, where it will not get chilled.

Bread should be put into a rather hot oven. An hour is the time usually allowed for baking.

Rolls and biscuit should bake quickly. To make them a nice color, rub them over with warm water just before putting them into the oven; to glaze them, brush lightly with milk and sugar.

Baking-powder and soda biscuit should be made as rapidly as possible, laid into hot pans and put in a quick oven.

Gem pans should be heated and well greased.

Fritters should be made quickly and beaten very thoroughly.

Pancakes should be well beaten, the eggs separately, the whites to a stiff froth and added the last thing.

VIENNA BREAD.—The following is the recipe by which the Vienna bread was made that became so famous on the Centennial grounds: Sift in a tin pan four pounds of flour; bank up against the sides; pour in one quart of milk and water, and mix into it enough flour to form a thin batter; then quickly and lightly add one pint of milk, in which is dissolved one ounce of yeast; leave the remainder of the flour against the sides of the pan; cover the pan with a cloth, and set in a place free from draught for three-quarters of an hour; then mix in the rest of the flour until the dough will leave the bottom and sides of the pan, and let it stand two and a half hours; finally divide the mass into one-pound pieces, to be cut in turn into twelve parts each; this gives square pieces about three and a half inches thick, each corner of which is taken up and folded

over to the center, and then the cases are turned over on a dough-board to rise for half an hour, when they are put in a hot oven that bakes them in ten minutes.

FISH.

Fish should be fresh, and always well cooked.

Never soak fresh fish in water, unless frozen. Clean, rinse, and wipe dry; in warm weather, lay on the ice until needed.

In boiling, put into cold water, to which add a little salt and vinegar, and allow eight minutes to the pound. If boiled whole do not remove the head and tail, and serve always with a sauce.

TO FRY.—Dredge with flour, dip lightly in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs, and fry in very hot lard. Serve with lemon slices.

TO BROIL.—Rub over with olive oil; cut in pieces or broil whole as preferred, over a clear, hot fire; when done, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and some melted butter.

TO BAKE.—Stuff with a dressing as for poultry, and sew up; lay strips of salt pork over it sprinkled with pepper, salt, and crumbs, and bake in a hot oven; baste often.

CROQUETTES OF FISH.—Take cold fish of any kind and separate it from the bones and mince fine; add a little seasoning, an egg, a very little milk, and a teaspoonful of flour; brush with egg, roll in bread crumbs, and fry brown in hot lard.

MUTTON PIE.—Cover the bottom of a dish with bread crumbs; then a layer of cold mutton, cut in very thin slices; then a layer of tomatoes, sliced thin; season with pepper, salt, and small bits of butter, and so on, until the dish is full, or you have sufficient, having tomatoes and bread crumbs on top; cover and bake about forty minutes, and serve hot.

SALAD DRESSING FOR LETTUCE.—Take the yolks of two hard boiled eggs; add one-half teaspoonful mixed mustard, and mix to a paste with a silver fork; then add slowly, mixing carefully, about one-half of vinegar, and salt to taste; cut the lettuce with a sharp knife, and pour the dressing over it; garnish with hard boiled eggs.

BEAN SOUP.—Boil the beans thoroughly and put them first through a colander and then through a sieve; season with butter, pepper, and salt.

POTATO SOUP.—Peel and slice one dozen potatoes to a quart of water; then boil thoroughly till the potatoes are done; then add two teacups of milk and a little butter; stir till butter is dissolved; take butter the size of an egg with two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix together well, and brown in a pan over the stove, after which stir it gradually into the soup; salt and pepper to suit one's taste.

TOMATO PASTE FOR SOUP.—Skim the tomatoes, and stew them quite dry; then put them upon china plates, and put them in the sun to dry. When dried into a paste, put it into jars, and tie them down. This can be kept all winter, if put in a cool, dry place.

EGG-PLANT BAKED.—First parboil the egg-plant; then take off the skin in two pieces; lay the skin on a dish, the one it is to be baked in; mix with the egg-plant crumbs of bread, butter, pepper, and salt. Then put it in the skins; cover it with grated bread crumbs, and bake, with a little ham or bacon, cut fine, and mixed in. Remove the skins if preferred.

GINGER SNAPS.—Seven cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, cup of butter, one egg; tablespoonful each of ginger, soda, and vinegar.

POTATO CAKES.—Grate raw potatoes; season; add flour and well-beaten eggs; make into cakes and fry.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Two teacupfuls dried apples, soaked over night and chopped fine; stew them in two cupfuls of molasses until well cooked. Then take two eggs, one cup butter, one of sour cream, one of sugar, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda; stir some flour with the first before mixing with the rest; spices to taste; the more the better. This makes an excellent cake.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Stew sour apples until soft, and press through a colander; use the yolks of three eggs, butter, size of an egg, with sugar and seasoning to taste for each pie; spread whites over the top when baked.

SLICED APPLE PIE.—Line pie-pan with crust, sprinkle with sugar, fill with tart apples sliced very thin, sprinkle sugar and a very little cinnamon over them, and add a few small bits of butter and a tablespoonful water; dredge in flour, cover with the top crust, and bake half to three-quarters of an hour; allow four or five tablespoonfuls sugar to one pie. Or, line pans with crust, fill with sliced apples, put on top crust and bake; take off top crust, put in sugar, bits of butter, and seasoning; replace crust, and serve warm. It is delicious with sweetened cream.

BAKED LEMON PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of four eggs to a froth, mix with them 4 oz. ground sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb warmed butter, stir well, and add grated rind and juice of one lemon; line a dish with puff-past, put in the mixture, and bake forty minutes.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Whiting wet with aqua-ammonia will clean stains from brass, and is an excellent polish for brass or silver faucets and door knobs.

A MOUSETRAP.—The latest, simplest, and most effectual mousetrap yet thought of is an earthen wash bowl nearly half filled with water, covered over with meal, and placed on the pantry shelf. A Pulaski, N. Y., woman recently caught half-a-dozen of the mischief-makers in one night by this method.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

MATRIMONIAL.

Little miss Featherweight, mincing along,
Haughty and arrogant, train a yard long;
Too proud to notice shop windows or wares,
Rude and unlady-like, putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody, living quite fast,
Boasting of pedigree, rank in the past!
Nursing with fondness a few silken hairs,
Leaning on relatives, putting on airs!

Little Miss Featherweight meets Mr. N——
"Angel in petticoats" — "sweetest of men" —
Giggle and badinage, love unawares;
Each to the other one putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody marries the maid;
She blushing tenderly, he half afraid.
Now we've two Nobodies—doves go in pairs!
Spending the honeymoon, putting on airs!

One year has passed away, masks are thrown down;
She a virago proves, he but a clown!
Strangers the Nobodies pass on the stairs;
Void is the pedigree, gone are the airs!

A felon generally appears on the end of the finger and thumbs. Sometimes on the end of a rope.

An Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered: "If the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be living' on the first flure."

AN ANGEL.—"Now isn't he an angel?" said the fond mother, as she seated the little fellow in his high-chair at the table for the first time. "A sort of destroying angel," remarked the cynical father, as he saw the five-dollar castor go spinning to the floor with a crash.

"My son," said an old lady, "how must Jonah have felt when the whale swallowed him?" "Down in the mouth," was young hopeful's reply.

"I'll make you *prove* that," said an old man to another, who had accused him of theft. "Don't said a witty bystander, "for you'll feel worse after it than you do now."

"Whisky is your greatest enemy," said a minister to Deacon Jones. "But," said the deacon, "don't the Bible say that we are to love our enemies!" "Oh, yes! Deacon, but it does not say we are to swallow them."

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hand; for instance, a husband who is always ready to handsome money to his wife."

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony. It composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the ends of charity: and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about. And therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.

Quiet is often strength; silence, wisdom. The swift stream is not always powerful, nor the noisy one deep.

INVULNERABLE.—Be true to yourself, enemies cannot harm you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are in point of fact, unharmed.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF LIFE.—"She's a darling, she's a daisy." So sang the young man in a quiet, musing sort of way, beneath his breath. He was just strolling down toward her house, and his heart was overflowing; but, as he turned the corner, he saw Smythe hand her into a carriage and drive off to enjoy the moonlight. A sudden hush came over his song, his heart felt as if a goneness had crept over it, and he rapidly walked homeward, cogitating in his mind over the dread uncertainties of life.

The dread of poverty is, within certain bounds, a very wholesome feeling; it is a great incentive to industrious exertion, but if it be allowed to wax too strong, then, like a river which overflows or bursts its banks, within which it is so useful, becomes a nuisance, and a source of enormous evil. It is to be feared that in American society it has assumed this formidable magnitude. The horror of poverty has surpassed almost every other horror. Practically speaking, to thousands upon thousands, poverty is hell; moderate income, purgatory; and great wealth, heaven.

MASTER SOMETHING.—Be a proficient in something. No man is master of his own fortunes, unless he has learned a handicraft, a trade, studied some profession, or acquired some reasonable business. Such a man if he loses his fortune, be it large or small, does not lose his independence, because he has the real means of self-support in his acquired knowledge which is beyond all casualties. This is real independence. It would be better for society if it cultivated a healthier opinion on this subject—if all children were brought up to habits of industry of some sort, and taught how to support themselves in an emergency. This applies to girls as well as boys.

READY WIT.

Of the late Louis A. Godey, who was a ready-witted man, Colonel Forney relates the following:

On one occasion, at an evening entertainment at Godey's house, two angry disputants were facing each other, almost ready to resort to blows, when Godey picked up a huge carving-knife from the supper-table and handed it to the most violent of the two. The latter unconsciously received it, at the same time demanding of Godey, "What do you mean by this, sir?"

"I mean," said the jolly editor—"I mean that you should cut off the quarrel right here."

The general explosion of merriment made the controversy so ridiculous that it was stopped at once, the excited adversaries themselves joining in the laugh, as they shook hands and begged pardon of the host.

NEWSPAPER WIT.—There is much genuine wit floating in the newspapers, and much that is bogus to the last degree. When the Camden Post says "A man's character is like a fence—you cannot strengthen it by white-wash," it gives a genuine epigram. Quite as felicitous, too, is "Otis," in the Cincinnati Breakfast Table: "A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief: it has many human imitators." A bright turn to a familiar quotation is given by the Biddeford Miniature thus: "I am thy father's spirit, as the pint flask said to the inquisitive urchin who had been investigating the cupboard." Mr. Talmage having claimed that hell has four gates the Buffalo Express hopes they open outward, so as to give egress in case of fire. The Hackensack Republican said last fall, "The leaves of trees, like summer boarders with bills unpaid, take their departure, leaving their trunks behind them."

A TALL WOMAN.—They grow some rather tall women beyond the Mississippi. An occidental poet writes that he "kissed the clouds from her sweet, fair face." It seems almost incredible that he could, just by standing upon her face kiss the clouds: but truth and poetry are inseparable, and we are bound to believe.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

To every affliction there is a bright side, and you can always find something to be grateful for if you only look for it. "Doctor," said a lady patient, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and with a Socratic air replied, "I do not doubt it, my friend; but then you ought not to forget that you would suffer a great deal more without them."

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.—The Texas whiskey is considered a sovereign remedy for all kinds of snake bites. And when a man in that State fell off a house the other day, breaking four ribs and raising a lump on his head as large as a mock-orange, he insisted for two hours after recovering consciousness that he had been bitten by a rattle-snake.

POLITICS IN THE PULPIT.—A correspondent in the Province of Ontario sends this: "There lives in a neighboring town an ex-minister who is a very pronounced Reformer, and one Sunday during the excitement he came here to supply for our minister. During the sermon, after praying for the Queen, he went on thus: 'And now, O Lord, in this crisis of our country's history, we pray Thee, who hast the hearts of all men in Thy keeping, to so influence the people that they shall send to the Legislature men who will enact laws in Thy fear, and promote that "righteousness which exalteth a nation," and who will exclude sin, which is a disgrace to any people.'

"That same week the Tory paper here came out and declared that the preacher had taken politics into the pulpit, and prayed for the success of the Reform party!"—*True Flag.*

HIS SENTENCE.—There is a good deal of common sense about Mr. Justice Maill, of England, who thus addressed a frightened-looking prisoner whom he was recently called upon to sentence: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you are innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day, and as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business."

LAZARUS, THE MUSICIAN.

A very witty story reaches my ears concerning Lazarus, the musician. I say musician because, not moving in musical circles myself (indeed, it is forbidden to move in them, and almost to breathe), I don't know whether he plays the flute or the tambone; but what ever it is, he plays it over well. At a private party the other night, after the execution of some difficult piece, and in the reverential hush which followed it, a voice was heard to exclaim, in tones of critical authority, "It would take a clever dog to lick that beggar." I can scarcely believe that any musical being could have said any thing so witty: it was probably said by some outsider (let us hope a literary person) who had gone to the party on purpose to say it.—*F. H. Underwood.*

NATURE VS ART.

I saw an artist on a camp-stool sitting
Watching the shadows o'er the landscape flitting,
With all his soul the glorious scene admiring,
Thrilling his being with its grand inspiring;
Hills peep'd o'er hills, the vale a scope elysian,
Filled to the brim his comprehensive vision.
I saw him start with ebullition frantic,
And thrash the air with many a curious antic,
Seeming as if, by some convulsive spasm,
He thus would show his great enthusiasm.
Anon I heard a fearful olurgation,
And asked were this excess of admiration.
"No!" then he shrieked, "the scene my sense amazes,
But the black flies accurst, assail like blazes;
And all the wealth of nature's diagnosis
Is nugatory made by their probosces."

GOOD COLOR.—A rustic bridegroom was complimented by one of his acquaintances on the charming appearance of his bride. "She has the most lovely color I have ever seen," remarked the friend. "Yes, it ought to be good," replied the groom; "she paid a dollar for just a little bit of it in a saucer."

"SOLD AGAIN."

A colored woman, accompanied by a bright-looking three-year old "pick," were passengers on a Woodward Avenue car yesterday, and after attentively observing the youngster for a few minutes, an oldish man leaned forward and asked: "Madam, is that child for sale?"

"Wall, dat's 'cordin' to the price sot on him, I 'spose," she replied.

"I'll give you a ten-dollar bill for him," continued the man.

"Dat's my figger, an' de nigger am yours!" she answered, and with a twist of her arms she placed "pick" on the buyer's knee, and held out her hand for the money.

"Well—but—" the dazed man stammered, as the little elf clung tightly to his vest, and seemed greatly pleased.

"Come right down wid de scrip!" said the woman. "You made de offer, an' I 'cepted it, an' if I can sell de odder seven at de same price, I'll begin all ober again! Whar's de ten-spot?"

"Madam, I will give you two dollars of the money, and you keep him till I call," responded the man, as he fished for his wallet.

"Wall, but you want to be aroun' purty smart, ole man, for two dollars doan' go fur feedin' sich a possum as him. I git off right heah, an' I libs in dat ole house wid de black chimbley, way up dar. You'll find me dar all de time."

Why the man should have preferred to stand out on the platform for the rest of his ride is his own affair.—*Free Press.*

HUMOROUS STORY.

A humorous story was related a long time ago in *The Christian Advocate*, of New York, by a gentleman whose reform from chewing tobacco arose from his mishaps in trying to be cleanly. Once he called upon a friend and was ushered into an upper room, and when fairly seated he found that he had forgotten to remove his quid from his mouth on entering, and his mouth was nearly filled with saliva. He looked round for a spittoon, but could not find any; he tried the window, but it would not move there was no open fireplace in the room, and now what should he do? His mouth was bursting with fullness; he thinks of his handkerchief, but that, too, was missing; now he must swallow his spittle, at the risk of making himself sick or must empty his mouth upon the carpet. At that moment he hears the approaching step of his friend, and he must address him. Frantic with perplexity, he rushes once more to the window, and by a giant effort he throws it up a little, thrusts his head out, and spits—spits upon the head of a lady who happens to be passing in the crowded street, and spoils a new bonnet! Immediately there was what we call "a time," on the sidewalk, made by the screams of the lady, who had received this baptism of filth, and the outcries of sympathizing passers by. The rest may be imagined but it cured this one case of tobacco mania at a small expense, perhaps of twenty dollars?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

R. S. & Bro.—

You think "a dollar not a cent too much
For such a pamphlet;" would there were more such.
'Tis well perhaps all are not men like these,
Or I should rack my brain trying to please;
But let me whisper! There a man down East
That says it's dear, too dear by half at least;
You're generous; although you do not claim it,
He's a — well, I'll let other people name it.

Miss A. McF.—

Your time is precious! well that's not uncommon,
If you are what you say you are, a woman.
But as your writing speaks the other gender,
I doubt most strongly if you are the sender;
But if you are, and find my journal nonsense,
How much I wish to exercise just one sense,
To see your face, and learn your occupation
That I may throw some light upon the nation.

Mrs. A. B.—

Thanks for your kind words and your prompt renewal,
This to my zest adds necessary fuel;
"Most useful and instructive," I admit it,
I ask no choicer language to befit it.
But if your words had been as sweet as honey,
They'd not have done much good without the money.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Hint to Boys.

A Philosopher has said that the true education for boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men. What is it they ought to know then?

1. To be true; to be genuine. No education will be worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather than being learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false at heart and also counterfeit in life. Above all things teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power or position.

2. To be true in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper, who ought to be treated as the lepers were of old, who were banished from society and compelled to cry "Unclean!" as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things; when he has made these ideas a part of his being, however young he may be, however poor, or however rich, he has learned some of the important things he ought to know when he becomes a man. With these four properly mastered, it will be easy to find all the rest.

A GROWING EVIL.

There ought to be a pretty vigorous war commenced in the Sunday-school against tobacco. It is the filth that borders the stream of drunkenness. When once a boy has set his foot in that he is liable to be whirled away by the fiercer torrent just beyond. Although there is a growing sentiment against its use among professing Christians, there is an alarming increase in the habit itself. Boys, especially, are far more addicted to its use than formerly. There is one point that we have to pass nearly every day where a cigar manu-

factory keeps out upon the sidewalk in a box the stems and refuse of the leaves they use in their business. Invariably it is surrounded as thickly by boys as a sugar hogshead is by bees. They, it is true, are of the lower and rougher class, but in the suburban town where we live, a tobacco epidemic seized upon the boys so strong that there were few, even of the best families, that were not infected by it. And there are few homes anywhere, so isolated or secure but that, sooner or later, the tobacco question has to be fought out. And, usually, it occurs after the boy secretly has acquired the habit, so that all the odds are in his favor. Teachers in the Sunday school should do all that they can to avert this conflict, or help the parent to a perfect and easily won victory. The cigar is the devil's cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, by which he is leading hosts of boys and young men away from the promised land instead of into it.—*National Sunday-school Teacher for May.*

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys;
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right;
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above-board and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys;
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys;
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming;"
In fun and in earnest be true, boys.

SWIFT'S CLEVER RUSE.

One of the neatest hoaxes ever perpetrated was one invented by Swift, and intended for the public good. He caused to be printed and circulated some "last words" of a street robber named Eliston, purporting to have been written shortly before his execution, in which the condemned thief was made to say: "Now, as I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the name of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed; in many of which I have been their mouths. I have likewise set down the name of those we call our setters, of the wicked house we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or housebreaking, he will look into his list; and, if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning, and hope they will take it." We are told the Dean's ruse succeeded so well that street robberies were for many years after few and far between.

Eastern trout do not thrive in the waters of California. All the coast streams have been stocked with them, but they soon died out. This is ascribed to the sandstone formations through which the streams run, and which make the waters muddy. In some of the clear mountain streams which run through slate and granite formations, the fish do well. The California fish commission corroborates this theory by its experience with eastern trout in San Leandro lake. They had just distributed 20,000 of the fish, about three weeks old, when heavy rains came and made the waters muddy. The result was that three-fourths of the trout died, and the rest were saved only by being removed to clear water.

TEMPTATION.

The Breeze to the Violet.

"Lift thy eyes, violet, lift thy sweet eyes,
See fleecy cloudlets afloat in the skies,
Hearken sweet violet, hearken and hear
The red-breasted Robin, carolling clear."

Gladly the violet—vain little flower—
Bloomed in its beauty within the green bower,
Hearkened the song of the Robin, and heard
A pitiful plaint from the heart-broken bird.

ROBIN.

"Stay tender violet, stay in thy nest,
Murky the clouds are that sail in the West.
Stay for the joys in the future to be,
When sweet May lies dreaming and sighing for thee."

BREEZE.

"Come to me violet, violet come,
Here in this dell have I made thee a home.
Here will I bless thee with balmiest air,
Love thee, caress thee, and make thee my care."

ROBIN.

"Stay in thy cozy nest, violet, stay,
Chill is the dark night and dreary the day,
I will depart to return in the May,
Then stay in thy cozy nest, violet stay."

BREEZE.

"Come pretty violet, scatter the gloom,
By the light of thy beauty—the breath of thy bloom.
All the flowers of the forest that grow at thy side,
Shall own thee their empress—their joy—and their pride."

Soon the poor violet bloomed in the dell;
Soon on its beauty the blighting frost fell;
Soon the gay Robin returned with the May,
But the poor little flow'ret lay cold on the clay."

R. ELLIOTT.

AN EMPEROR HARD UP,

When he was in Paris, Napoleon I., accompanied by Duroc, was often in the habit of rambling about the city in the evening, dressed, like his attendant, in a blue overcoat, without any decoration or ornament. Like the Caliph Haroun, el Raschid, he often met with curious adventures. Sometimes the emperor hurried Duroc off, scarcely giving him time to dress, and causing him to forget to take any money with him. As for Napoleon, he never had any about him.

One day Napoleon and Duroc took a long tramp, and the emperor, being very hungry, went into a cafe at the corner of the boulevard, and ordered a chop and an omelette, his favorite dishes. When they had breakfasted, the bill was presented. The grand marshal rummaged his pockets and found that he had left his purse at home, and that they were in a sad "fix." The waiter, who saw their annoyance, politely told them that if they had no money, they might pay the next time they came that way. The woman who kept the shop scolded the waiter for his verdancy, and said, "There's eight francs dead loss." "No ma'am," said the waiter; "I'll pay you myself. I'm sure these men are honest and won't let me suffer." The woman took the money all the time scolding her guests for ordering a breakfast before they found out that they could pay for it. The marshal then took out his watch and offered the waiter to leave it in pawn, but the honest fellow refused to receive it, and the guests took their departure, after thanking him warmly. But both of them forgot all about the breakfast and the debt, and for some days the coffee-house woman's tongue rang like the clapper of a bell at the expense of the poor waiter's gullibility, as she called it. At last, on the fifth day, the emperor happened to think of the breakfast, and the confidence of the waiter. He immediately despatched one of his footmen, who on reaching the cafe, asked if two gentlemen had not breakfasted there and run up a bill of eight francs which the waiter had paid, and added that he was sent to return the money.

The young man was called, and after the servant had ascertained that he was really the person in question, he said; "Here are twenty-five napoleons which the emperor sends you, with his thanks for your paying his bill and becoming answerable for him." The waiter was overwhelmed with this honor, and as long as he wore the apron and carried the napkin was a lion among his fellows.

A POOR FELLOW.

The pity with which men look upon a *poor fellow* is as different from the compassion with which they regard a *poor man* as the praise they bestow on a good fellow differs from the respect with which they treat a good man. There is something painful in the familiarity of pity and the pertness of a half-humorous sympathy. Even the truly generous feel some repugnance in administering to a poor fellow, which they do not feel in relieving a poor man.

A poor fellow is a kind of waste butt for superfluous pity and the dross of sympathy. Compassion is not kindly administered, but carelessly thrown at him. His name is mentioned at tables where once he sat gaily and gloriously, and there starts up at the sound of it a vision of a threadbare coat of doubtful color, of a napless hat with a crown flapping up and down in the wind, and with a flabby brim that never will flap up again, a vision of leaky shoes, greasy trousers, antern jaws, and long gray hair. The guests say, "Poor fellow!" then they drink their wine to drown the thought of him, thus laying the ghost in a red sea. A worn-out good fellow makes a good fellow, and so does a done-up clever fellow.

He reminds us of gay days, poor fellow! and there is a thought not to be surmounted, that some moral obliquities have assisted to form the slope into the valley of adversity. The poor fellow himself, more deeply than all, feels the contrast of the present with the past. He knows that the past will never be present again, and so he wishes the present to be past as soon as possible.

Like a drone in autumn is a poor fellow. There is something passing melancholy in the slowness of its gait, and in its form and aspect there is that which tells of a bygone summer, of an evanescent brightness, a temporary flutter and gaiety. The cold winds are come, and the heavy clouds hang their damp drapery in a gloomy sky, and the poor shivering drone is creeping to as warm a death as it can find. Poor fellow!

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

There are certain disagreeable people in this world who seem to take a special delight in annoying others by reminding them of things they would willingly forget. They are human Thorns, forever torturing their fellow-men for the sake of torture. Has a man met with misfortune in his business, they are forever recalling the fact. Has a man in times that are gone wandered into devils' paths, they are forever reminding him of it, often by congratulating him that *That* is past. Has a man blundered, they are forever telling him what "might have been." When the Thorn is of the masculine gender, there is one way of getting relief. He can be knocked down and taught manners. When the Thorn is of the feminine gender, the case is different and not so easily disposed of. But Causeur hears of one such scourge in petticoats who got her deserts the other evening. It was at a little party, where some score of people were gathered together. The Thorn sat near a young man who, in days gone by, had been guilty of follies that cost him dearly. He had put them all behind him. But the Thorn took occasion to recall them, in a subdued and confidential tone. The victim, who had been subjected to the same torture before spoke up, so that all could hear. "Madam," he said, "for five years I have been trying to remember it. You have succeeded better than I; I congratulate you." The Thorn subsided.—*Transcript.*

A Blunder and Its Reward.

During his first visit to Paris, M. Lasalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card, she conducted him to the boudoir, and told him to be seated, saying: "Madam will come immediately."

Presently the lady entered. She was in dishabille, and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly, and said:

"Ah, there you are—good morning."

She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper, and reached out to Lasalle her very pretty foot.

Lasalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand, and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Therefore he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him, but he could not avoid saying, "I thank you, madame, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better and certainly more generous than kissing the hand."

The lady jumped up, highly indignant. "Who are you, Sir, and what do you mean?"

He gives his name.

"You are not, then, a corn doctor?"

"I am charmed to say, madame, that I am not,"

"But you sent me the corn doctor's card?"

It was true. Lasalle, in going out that morning, had picked up the card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This, without glancing at, he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.

THE FUTURE.—The future is always fairyland to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane; on either side bright flowers and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruit, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived at a desert, in the centre a stagnant and Lethæan lake over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, and embodied memories of the past.

A SMILE.—A smile! Nothing on earth can smile but the race of men. Gems may dash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eyeflash and a mirth flash? Flowers cannot smile. This is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor can any living thing. It is a prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is the day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

TACT.—There is nothing more useful in the family, as a cushion to every fall, a buffer to every blow, than tact. It always knows the right thing to say, the exact thing to do; it knows how to lift the pleasant hand at the very moment for smoothing ruffled plumage; it knows on debatable questions how to put others in such good humour that it can carry its point, it never alludes to a forbidden subject; turns conversation from dangerous approaches; it never sees what is best unseen; it does not answer to that which requires a scathing reply if heard at all; it remembers names and faces; it has the *a propos* anecdote; if it does not go out of the way to flatter, neither does it go out of the way to blame; where it cannot praise it is silent, and it never consents to mortify. This tact, it would appear, is a species of kindness, a dislike to wound as well as a desire to give pleasure—perhaps also a species of selfishness in its automatic shrinking from crying, quarrelling, and discomfort of any kind.

Scandal, like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams; but it is extremely difficult to trace it to its source.

MASONRY AND HEROISM.—Masonry and heroism were happily blended in the recent brave and noble action of Captain Gaskill, of the coasting schooner 'Mary Louise.' On the last run from New York to Newburn, N. C., his look-out discovered the wreck of the 'Laura Merrick,' near Hatteras, with five men clinging to the rigging. The captain went forward and closely observed the signals made by the wrecked men, after which he ordered the boat to be lowered, and stated that he intended to save them if possible. The wind was blowing a

gale, and the seas were running very high at the time, and one of his men asked: 'Will you try to save them?' The Captain replied: 'I will go to them or die in the attempt. I see the masonic signal of distress displayed. Who will volunteer to go with me?' Two of his men at once volunteered, and the three brave men stepped into the yawl and shoved off from the vessel. Their noble efforts were crowned with success. They reached the men, took them from their perilous position, and returned in safety to the 'Mary Louise.' The five men had been clinging to the rigging at the mast-head about six hours.

THE OTHER GENTLEMAN'S.—A good story is told of an Irish hostler who was sent to the stable to bring forth a travellers' horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stable belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor, I know that very well; but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

TO POULTRY BREEDERS.—A breeder of poultry says: "Every spring I procure a quantity of cedar boughs and scatter them plentifully in and around the hen-house. This is all that is necessary, as the odor of cedar keeps away lice. This remedy is cheap, simple, and effective, and is well worth trying."

LICE ON CATTLE.—An immediate and effective remedy for lice on cows and other cattle, also for ticks on pigs, is to wash the effected parts with potato water, or water in which potatoes have been boiled. One application is generally sufficient.

SOOT-ABLE FOR THE GARDEN.—Those who have soot, either of wood or bituminous coal, should carefully save it for use in the garden. It is valuable for the ammonia it contains, and also for its power of reabsorbing ammonia. It is simply charcoal (carbon) in an extremely divided state, but from the creosote it contains is useful in destroying insects, and is at the same time valuable as a fertilizer for all garden crops. It must not be mixed with lime else its ammonia will be dissipated, but if the soil is dry and hungry a little salt may be used with it. Soot steeped in water and allowed to stand and settle for a day or two is also a most excellent fertilizer for house-plants, possessing precisely the same qualities that the pairings of horses' hoofs do. For flowers out of doors it is especially valuable since it may be easily applied, and tends to increase the vividness of the bloom, and, mixed with salt, it is a most excellent fertilizer for asparagus, onions, cabbage, etc., in connection with compost, in a proportion of 1 quart of salt to 6 quarts of soot. For 2 bushels of compost this quantity makes a heavy dressing for each square rod to be worked in next the surface of the soil.

MAKING PAPER TRANSPARENT.—All who have occasion to make use of tracing-paper may manufacture it for themselves by daupening the paper to be employed with pure fresh-distilled benzine. So long as the benzine remains in its substance the paper is transparent, and permits of tracings being made, or of writing and water-color drawings on its surface without any "running." But as the benzine evaporates, the paper recovers its opacity; and if the drawing be not completed before this happens, it is necessary to dump it again. Of course this very fact that the paper again becomes opaque is an advantage over the permanently-transparent tracing-paper which is flimsy and unmanageable. Even stout drawing-paper can be rendered transparent by this process.

PRESSED FLOUR.—A French chemist last year exposed a quantity of flour to a hydraulic pressure of three hundred tons, which reduced it to a fourth of its original bulk, without impairing the quality. He packed a portion of it in tin boxes and sealed them up, doing the same with unpressed flour. When opened in three months, the former was in better preservation than the latter. When baked into bread, the pressed article was decidedly superior. After the lapse of a year other cans were opened, and the unpressed flour had become spoiled, while the pressed remained sweet, and was excellent when baked.

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KITTY LEE,

"As she stood holding her apron full of sticks;" "white her large lustrous eyes were fixed in the fearless gaze of conscious innocence upon the intruder."

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

Nestling in a quiet valley in a rural district in Monmouthshire was the little white cottage in which dwelt Mary Lee and her daughter Kitty. Though their place of abode was but a humble cottage, it was always kept so clean and tidy that there was an air of comfort about it, not always found in the homes of those occupying easier positions in life.

Mary Lee was a widow and an invalid. She had seen better days. Ten years before the time of our narrative, her husband Edward Lee, who was then in the prime of his manhood, had been taken away by one of those strange accidents which, while they are terrible in their suddenness, and trying to the hearts of those most beloved, always impress one with a sense of a special visitation of providence. He had been acting as manager of a large estate belonging to Leward Trevellyn, a wealthy gentleman of Welsh extraction, and had gone up to the foot of the mountains to oversee the felling of some trees, when a large stone accidentally detached by the workmen above, came crashing down, and with one fell swoop dashed his life to the ground, and almost overwhelmed with grief his young and beautiful wife, whose hopes of earthly happiness seemed forever buried when the earth closed in over the coffined remains of her too idolized husband.

Soon after her husband's death it became necessary to vacate the house they occupied, to make room for her husband's successor, as manager of the estate, and she retired to the seclusion of the little cottage before referred to, which, by the kindness of Mr. Trevellyn she was allowed to occupy free of rent.

Mrs. Lee's sensitive nerves received such a shock by the untimely death of her husband, that she never regained the strength and vivacity of her former life; and at the time of the events recorded in this narrative she was an invalid, and had been for some time unable to perform anything but the lightest tasks, and quite unable to engage in any remunerative employment. To her this world had lost its charms, and the only tie that bound her to earth was her beloved daughter Kitty, on whom she lavished the wealth of her strongest and holiest affections. "Only one, dear Kitty," she used to say, as she stroked the unrestrained tresses of her daughter's hair, as she sat on a low ottoman and leaned her head gently on her mother's knee; "only one has a right to a higher place on the throne of my heart than you, that is he whose immeasurable love purchased for us a delightful home, where I trust your dear father now awaits us, and where I hope we will all one day meet in bliss unsullied by the accidents so sadly intermingled with the brightest hours of our terrestrial estate. But my daughter, you are fast passing out of childhood, and the world with its fascinating charms is unfolding before you, and there will be many open gateways along life's uneven path, alluring you to forbidden pleasures. Do not forget the counsels of one who loves you with a mother's unchangeable affection, and let no blush come to your cheek but that which arises from praises worthily bestowed, or from the cosmetic influences of healthful exercise, and mountain air and morning dew."

"I will not forget your counsels my dear mother," Kitty replied, as, rising from her low seat she threw her arms around her mother's neck and imprinted an impassioned kiss upon her lips. "But mother, I must now go to my work, or we shall have no dinner. Our dishes are few and not as enticing as I wish they were for your sake; I thrive on such fare, you require something different."

"Let us be thankful for what we have my daughter; to go to any expense for luxuries would soon deprive us of the power to procure the necessities, and that would place us in a worse position than we are at present. We shall be able to fare better as the season advances, and nature provides us with some of her luxuries in the shape of fruits and berries; in the mean time let us be content."

"Well, mother," Kitty replied, "we must do the best we can, but now, as the fuel is all gone I must run up the mountain side and gather some sticks to cook our dinner with. How kind it was of the forest keeper to allow me

to gather fuel there; true it is not so good as the big trees, Arnold used to cut up for us, but it is better than nothing; it makes heat enough to cook our dinner, and warm our toes." So saying she threw a light shawl over her head and tripped briskly away.

Arrived at the foot of the mountains she soon found as many sticks as she could conveniently carry in her apron, and before returning she stood gazing for a few moments at the steeple of the village church, which from the elevated position she occupied, was plainly discernible, and near to which she knew the mortal remains of her father had been deposited. She was thinking of what her mother had said, and wondering if her father in his new state of being knew how they were, what they were doing, and if in his changed position he still loved her mother and herself as he did while with them on earth, when her reverie was disturbed by a strange sound in the opposite direction from that in which she was gazing, and turning her eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded, she perceived a young man approaching, carrying a light rifle, and with a small bag strapped on his left side. Emerging as he did from behind a clump of trees, he was close to Kitty before he was aware of her presence; and when he saw her he stopped short, and gazed for a moment in mute surprise, as she stood holding her apron full of sticks, her chemise having become unbuttoned in the act of picking up the sticks, and the morning breeze sporting with her unrestrained locks, and tingling her cheeks with a healthful glow, while her large lustrous eyes were fixed in the fearless gaze of conscious innocence upon the intruder.

Herman Trevellyn, for that was the young man's name, thought that he had never gazed upon so interesting a picture; and after a momentary discomfiture arising from the sudden surprise which the unsuspected presence of a fair and interesting young face occasioned; he said somewhat awkwardly; "Well, my little lady, this is strange work for one like you to be engaged in, I wonder who had the presumption to send you upon such an errand."

"If you please," Kitty replied, "I am not stealing the wood; the forest keeper gave me permission to take it, and I do not know that you have any authority to question my right to do so," and as she spoke a flush of indignation suffused her face.

"I beg your pardon, I did not mean to question your right to take the wood, and have no personal objection to you having it, though I might be considered an interested party; but I do question the propriety of any man sending a young girl like you to perform such a menial and arduous task. Do you have to carry it far?"

"Nobody sent me," Kitty replied, "I came of my own accord. We live in the little cottage down there in the valley, mother and I, and I am gathering these sticks to cook our dinner, for mother's health has not been good for a long time, and we are obliged to make our little means go as far as we can. Through Mr. Trevellyn's kindness we have the little cottage free of rent, and by gathering fallen limbs to do our cooking through the summer we can manage to save enough to buy a better supply to keep us warm through the winter season."

Do you mean to say that you are the daughter of Edward Lee, the man that used to manage this estate, and who was accidentally killed by the falling of a rock about ten years ago not very far from this spot?"

"I am, and I was just thinking of my father when your coming diverted my attention, and wondering if in their disembodied state our friends were interested in our life below, and whether their sympathies were not somehow interwoven into our feelings, in some degree subduing and moulding our natures."

"It may be, he replied, but it seems to me the question is a deep one for one so young as you; I have never thought much about it, having generally found in visible and tangible companionships enough to occupy all my attention, but if I had associates, accustomed to such thoughts, I might find pleasure in dwelling upon them too."

"Ah! we are to some extent the creatures of circumstance. My society thus far has been my mother. She has been my teacher, and hers has been a sad experience."

My father and mother loved each other with no ordinary affection, and father was taken away so strangely and suddenly. But I must hurry home or mother will wonder why I am so long away." (To be continued.)

SELECTED.

NOT TO BE.

The rose said, "Let but this long rain be past,
And I shall feel my sweetness in the sun,
And pour its fulness into life at last."
But when the rain was done,
But when dawn sparkled through unclouded air,
She was not there.

The lark said, "Let but winter be away,
And blossoms come, and light, and I will soar,
And lose the earth, and be the voice of day."
But when the snows were o'er,
But when spring broke in blueness overhead,
The lark was dead.

And myriad roses made the garden glow,
And sky-larks carolled all the summer long—
What lack of birds to sing and flowers to blow?—
Yet ah, lost scent, lost song!
Poor empty rose poor lark that never trilled!
Dead, unfulfilled!

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Quiet enough is the quaint old town of Lamborough. Why all this bustle to-day? Along the hedge-bound roads which lead to it carts, chaises, vehicles of every description are jogging along, filled with countrymen; and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female, occupying a chair, placed somewhat unstendily behind them, contrasts gayly with the dark coats or gray smock frocks of the front row. From every cottage of the suburbs some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The ancient moat teems with idlers, and the hill opposite, usually the quiet domain of a score or two of peaceful sheep, partakes of the surrounding agitation.

The voice of the multitude which surrounds the courthouse sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout. John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer and burglar, has been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

The answer is: "Transportation for life."

But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eyes wandered over the crowd with indescribable anguish, whose pallid cheek grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the green sward. It was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone. The faintest tinkling of the sheep-bell had replaced the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting; all was peaceful; he could not understand why he lay there, feeling so weak and sick. He raised himself tremulously and looked around; the turf was cut and spoilt by the tramping of many feet. All his life of the last few months floated before his memory; his residence in his father's hovel with ruffianly comrades; the desperate schemes he had heard as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed; their expeditions at night, masked and armed; their hasty returns; the news of his father's capture; his own removal to the house of some female in the town; the court, the trial, the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and cruel parent, but he had not positively ill-used the boy. Of the great and merciful Father of the fatherless, the child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them to pieces; and he plucked a handful of grass upon which he leant. Oh, that he were a man! that he could punish them all—all the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witness—one of them especially, a clergyman named Leyton, who had given his evidence more positively, more clearly than all the others. Oh that he could do that man some injury—but for him, his father would not have been identified and convicted.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him—his eyes sparkled with fierce delight.

"I know where he lives," he said to himself; "he has the farm and parsonage of Millwood. I will go there at once—it is almost dark already. I will do as I once heard father say he did to the squire. Yes, yes, he shall get no more fathers transported."

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparations the boy made.

The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan among the almost leafless trees, and George West's teeth chattered, and his ill-clad limbs grew numb, as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood.

"Lucky it's a dark night. This fine wind will fan the flames nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight. Not a soul stirring—not a light in the parsonage windows, that he could see. He dared not open the gate, lest the click of the latch should betray him; so he softly climbed over; but scarcely had he dropped on the other side of the wall, before the loud barking of a dog startled him. He cowered behind the hay-rick scarcely daring to breathe; expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the boy dared to stir; and as his courage cooled; his thirst for revenge somewhat subsided also, till he almost determined to return to Lamborough; but he was too tired, too cold, too hungry—besides, the woman would beat him for staying out so late. What could he do? where should he go? and as the sense of his lonely and forlorn condition returned, so did also the affectionate remembrance of his father, his hatred of his accusers, his desire to satisfy his vengeance; and, once more, courageous through anger, he rose took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew one of them across the sandpaper. It flamed; he stuck it hastily in the stack against which he rested—it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation young West once more grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked. He hears the gate open, a step is heard close to him, the matches are extinguished, and the lad makes a desperate effort to escape—but a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep, calm voice inquired—

"What can have urged you to such a crime?"

Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men, who commenced a search with their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices—nothing at all but the handful of half-consumed matches the lad had dropped; and he all the time stood trembling, and occasionally struggling beneath the firm but not rough grasp of the master who held him.

At last the men were told to return to the house; and thither, by a different path, was George led, till they entered a small, poorly furnished room. The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed to the anxious gaze of the little culprit. The clergyman lit a lamp, and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes were fixed on the ground, while Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched features, to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when, at last impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe that he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud, feelings were already melting.

"You look half starved," said Mr. Leyton. "Draw near the fire. You can sit down on that stool while I question you; and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George still stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted in his face, that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents,

"I have no wish to do you anything but good, my poor boy. Look up at me, and see if you cannot trust me. You need not be thus frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it, if I can."

Here the young culprit's heart smote him. Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn? On whom he had wished to bring ruin, and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him, to lead to confession? But when he looked on that grave, compassionate countenance, he felt that it was not.

"Come my lad, tell me all.

George had for years, heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the thieves jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but the better part of his nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his *enemy*, he dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands, tried to speak, but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears gushed forth so freely, his grief was so passionate, as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young penitent still wept, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady entered. It was the clergyman's wife; he kissed her as she asked how he had succeeded with the wicked man in the jail.

"He told me, replied Mr. Leyton," that he had a son, whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. indeed, his mind was so distracted respecting the youth that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He entreated me, with agonizing energy, to save his son from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, unable to find the boy, in spite of many earnest inquiries.

"Did you hear the name?" asked the wife.

"George West was the reply.

At the mention of the name, the boy ceased to sob. Breathless he heard the account of his father's last request; of the benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfil it. He started up, and towards the door, and endeavored to open it. Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him.

"You must not escape, he said.

"I cannot stop here. I cannot bear to look at you. Let me go! The lad said this wildly; and shook himself away.

"Why, I intend you nothing but kindness.

A new flood of tears gushed forth, and George West said, between his sobs:

"While you were searching for me to help me, I was trying to burn you in your house. I cannot bear it. He sunk on his knees, and covered his face with both his hands.

There was a long silence; for Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were as much moved as the boy who was bowed down with shame and penitence, to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

At last the clergyman asked: "What could have induced you to commit such a crime?"

"Rising suddenly in the excitement of remorse, gratitude, and many other feelings new to him, he hesitated for a moment, and then told his story. He related his trials, his sins, his sorrows, his supposed wrongs, his burning anger at the terrible fate of his only parent, and his rage at the exultation of the crowd; his desolation on recovering from his swoon his thirst for vengeance; the attempt to satisfy it. He spoke with untaught, child-like simplicity, without attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the crouching boy, and soothed him with gentle words. They pierced his heart more acutely than the fiercest of the upbraidings and denunciations of his old companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildered tenderness. He gazed about like one in a dream who dreaded to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him; and after a time, when his senses had become sufficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained holy and beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy, of the great yet loving Father, of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch equally with the richest, and noblest, and happiest; of the force and efficacy of the sweet beatitude, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

I heard this story from Mr. Leyton during a visit to him in May. George West was then head-pughloman to a neighboring farmer—one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected laborers in the parish.

We insert the following piece of poetry by request of several parties. It appeared three years ago in the *College Courier*.

THE BROTHERS.

The sun had set; the long, bright day
Had melted into twilight grey;
The rising moon shed her first beam
On smiling plain and mountain stream;
Nature had calmly sunk to rest,
The dew-drop on her peaceful breast;
While angel fingers folded up
The petals in each tiny cup,
And lulled into a sweet repose
The lilly and the blushing rose.
Within a fair, embowered retreat,
Where they were often wont to meet,
With arm in arm two brothers stand,
And each one grasps the other's hand;
Each gazes in the other's face,
Where sorrow now has left its trace;
Each eye is dim, and pale each brow;
The lips of each are trembling now;
Each heart with grief is gushing o'er;
They part perchance to meet no more.

"Brother, when next our tearful eyes
Shall view the pallid moon arise,
When next we mark yon evening star,
Thy home and mine will be afar
From these dear scenes; thine on the main,
And mine upon the battle plain.
How oft we've wandered arm in arm,
To view each scene and see each charm
That clustered round this peaceful spot!
O, days that ne'er may be forgot;
What hopes we formed, what bright plans then,
What deeds to do when we were men;
Alas! those blissful hours are o'er,
They may return to us no more;
No longer ours the buoyant heart.
For O, dear brother, we must part!
Long years may pass before we stand
Thus side by side, thus hand in hand;
But let us hope, though youth be o'er,
That we in love shall meet once more.
The elder spoke, his haughty brow,
His flashing eye grew tender now;
He drew still nearer to his side
The younger one, who thus replied:

"Brother, no tongue my woe can tell
As we together bid farewell
Unto our children's happy home,
And then as lonely wanderers roam.
We've often sought this lonely bower,
But never knew I till this hour
How dear thou wast unto my heart,
Nor thought how hard 'twould be to part;
And O, if ever we should meet
Within this fair, this dear retreat,
God grant we may not meet estranged;
But, brother, we shall both be changed;
Relentless time will leave its trace
Upon each brow, upon each face;
New cares be ours, new hopes and fears,
And we shall change with rolling years.
I go beyond the dark blue wave,
In foreign lands may be my grave.
Thine glory with its martial strain
Summons unto the battle plain.
I go unto a nobler field,
My helmet Hope, and Faith my shield.
The trumpet's wild and rude alarms,
When loudly calling thee to arms;
The cannon's roar, the deafening cry
That shakes the earth and rends the sky,
Will be like music to thine ear,
And music that thou lovest to hear.
For me, the penitential prayer,
O Lord, the chief of sinners spare,

Will be as sweet as angel's tone
 When swelling round the eternal throne.
 The warrior's wreath, the warrior's prize,
 Will fascinate thine eager eyes;
 The blood-stained laurels thou wilt twine
 Around that youthful brow of thine,
 And thou wilt struggle for a name
 For earthly honors, earthly fame.
 I go; 'tis not for ease or wealth
 I sacrifice my home and health,
 My life, my all; not for a name,
 No, brother, not for earthly fame;
 But I may hope when life is o'er
 To reach a bright and blissful shore,
 A home all beautiful and fair,
 And find my name recorded there.
 Like thee, I seek the battle field;
 Like thee, I'll never, never yield;
 My foes are strong and fierce as thine,
 My glorious Captain is divine.
 With his own blood, for sinners shed,
 He marks the path I have to tread.
 He spreads his banners to the sky;
 He bids me haste, he bids me fly,
 By all his sufferings on the cross,
 To save the dying and the lost;
 By all his agony and woe,
 By all his love he bids me go
 To lands enshrouded by despair,
 To plant his glorious standard there;
 And it shall be my highest aim,
 To publish through my Master's name,
 A Saviour's love, a Saviour's grace,
 Unto a sinful, heathen race.

We part, and we may never meet,
 May never hold communion sweet;
 But there's a world beyond the grave,
 Beyond death's dark and gloomy wave,
 A rest I humbly hope to share.
 O, brother, shall I meet thee there?
 We've shared on earth one common home,
 And one in heart we still shall roam;
 We've loved, we've soothed each other's grief,
 And each to each has brought relief;
 O shall we meet around the throne,
 With crowns of life and heaven our own?
 Shall we both join the blood-washed throng?
 Shall we both swell the conqueror's song?
 O, brother, that devoted band,
 From every clime and every land,
 Have washed away their guilty stains
 In blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
 And thou must plunge beneath the flood,
 Filled with the dying Saviour's blood;
 Thou, too, before the throne must fall,
 Resign thy pride, thy will, thine all,
 Thy eager thirst for earthly fame;
 Before the world confess his name,
 Or thou canst never reach the shore
 Where grief and pain are felt no more.
 Thou oft hast frowned when I have shown
 The way to God's eternal throne;
 'Twas galling to thy haughty heart,
 But since that we so soon must part,
 Thou wilt not frown thou wilt not chide,
 And when the waves shall us divide,
 And I no more thy form can see,
 O then I'll bend the suppliant knee,
 I'll pray as ne'er I prayed before,
 That if on earth we meet no more,
 We each may grasp the other's hand
 Within the bright and better land,
 And crowns of life and glory wear,
 O, brother, seek an entrance there!"

The haughty youth did not reply,
 The tear-drop filled his dimming eye;
 Upon his brother's face he gazed,
 And each their trembling voices raised:

Brother, we part, we part;
 And if we meet no more,
 We'll meet with yearning heart
 Upon a better shore.
 Then, then our bliss no tongue can tell,
 Brother, we part, farewell, farewell.

The sun had set! again they spoke
 Again the painful silence broke.
 Brother, we'll set a day, a year,
 When we will meet together here.
 If we are spared, in ten years more
 We'll seek again our native shore,
 Together roam o'er hill and glen;
 Adieu, dear bower, adieu till then.

PART SECOND.

Years rolled away, ten dreary years,
 With all their changes, hopes and fears.
 The sun was sinking, his last fires
 Rested upon the churches' spires;
 The moon was rising to the view
 Amid the broad expanse of blue,
 When crossing o'er the village green
 A lonely wanderer was seen.
 With faltering step he moved along;
 He heard the nightingale's sweet song;
 He heard the low and gentle breeze
 Sigh softly through the fragrant trees.

He saw his childhood-home again
 And burning tear drops fell like rain;
 All nature looked as calm and fair
 As when a boy he wandered there;
 The forests bright and green as then;
 As beautiful the hill and glen;
 The church its lofty spire still reared,
 And there his father's house appeared.
 But ah! he saw the forms no more
 That used to cluster round the door;
 He heard no more the joyful tone
 That used to welcome him at home;
 He saw no more the smiling face,
 He received no more the fond embrace.

"I view the scenes of other years,
 I view my childhood's home;
 Why fall so fast ye scalding tears
 And why my heart so lone?"

Ten years have passed since last I gazed
 Upon this peaceful spot:
 Ten long, long years—alas, alas
 What changes they have wrought.

The wild flowers blossom in the dell,
 The stream runs just as clear,
 But O, the friends I loved so well
 May never meet me here.

The gardens bloom, but not as then;
 No tender hand bestows
 Its care upon the trailing vines,
 Or on the fragrant rose.

There stands our old ancestral home,
 And there the tall elms wave;
 But oh! they cast their shadows o'er
 My father's lonely grave.

And by his side another sleeps
 Within that dreary bed
 Where death alone his vigil keeps—
 My mother too is dead.

All that I loved have passed away
 And O, how changed am I:—
 I went with health upon my cheek,
 I now return to die.

From India's burning clime I come
With pale and haggard brow;
Just spared perhaps to view this hour,
O, brother, where art thou?"

He spoke no more; with drooping head
And with a slow and thoughtful tread
He sought the bower, the chosen bower;
He waited till the appointed hour.

No brother came; with anxious brow,
And heart that beat all wildly now,
He wandered forth and gazed around;
When lo! a horse's clanging bound
Disturbed the quiet of the scene
Where silence long alone had been;
And soon a proud and stately form
As born to battle with the storm,
With eager look and rapid pace
Approached to the sequestered place.

His lips were stern, his bearing high,
A strange light in his flashing eye;
His trusty sword he proudly wore;
A plume his brow was waving o'er;
His once fair cheek was changed to brown,
His haughty features wore a frown;
And shining sword and waving crest
And star upon the noble breast,
And lip that seemed to smile at grief,
Bespoke the warrior and the chief.

Nearer he drew; one mingled cry
Of "brother, brother!" rent the sky;
And warrior from the battle plain
Forgot awhile the martial strain,
And warrior from a heathen land
Forgot a while the dark brown band
Of ransomed ones who used to meet
With him around the mercy seat;
For brothers parted long before
Rushed to each other's arms once more;
And hearts beat high and tear-drops fell
As when they bade to each farewell.

The brothers wept, for in that hour
Stern memory with her wondrous power
Recalled the scenes of other years—
Their mutual hopes, their mutual fears,
The friends whom they had loved before
And friends whom they might meet no more.
They saw the change that time had wrought;
And O, how sad the bitter thought,
That they the fond and faithful pair
Who oft had met together there
Were also changed; for one pale brow
Bespoke of care and suffering now
The hollow cheek, the painful breath,
Spoke strongly of the tomb and death.

"Brother, O brother, years have passed
And here we meet again at last.
We parted in our early youth
Our hearts were strong with love and truth
And time has not those hearts estranged;
But brother thou indeed hast changed;
Thy cheek was bright as morning glow,
Care has been thine, and want and woe;
O tell thy grief and trials o'er
To one who loves thee as of yore
And if he cannot bring relief
Thy brother sure can share thy grief."

(Concluded in our next.)

In this world one is likely to get what he gives. Men's hearts are like a whispering gallery to you. If you speak softly, a gentle whisper comes back; if you scold you will get scolded. With the measure you mete it is measured to you again.

THE RESURRECTION.

[A seed found in the hand of a mummy two thousand years old, when planted, bloomed into a beautiful flower.]

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed brightly in a far-off land,
Two thousand years ago, its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Suns rose and set, years came and went,
The dead hand kept its treasure well;
Nations were born and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in the shell.

The shrivelled hand is robbed at last,
The seed is buried in the earth;
When lo, the life long hidden there
Into a glorious bloom burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew.
From such a seed when buried low;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died *two thousand years ago*.

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will He not from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Aye, though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace,
When called to leave this vale of tears,
For "*in my flesh shall I see God,*"
E'en though I sleep *two thousand years*.

Josh Billings' Advice to the "Quire" Singers.

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday nite, soze to have it in good shape on Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich, you can buy some store hair; if he is very rich buy some more, and build it up high upon your head; then get a high-priced bunnit that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and git the milliner to plant some high grown artefishals onto the highest part of it. This will help you to sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the tune is give out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on the second seat from the front on the left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the soprano. Coff and ham a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artifishals off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side, and open your mouth the widest on that side, shet the eye on the same side jest a triphle, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gits under hed wey with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf of your note book. That's what the leaf was made fer. Git sumbody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it, and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregashun, and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a good ehants for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsent say any thing to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire, give him the mitten—you ought to have sumbody better now.

Don't forgit to giggle.

A BIG IRISHMAN.

The Emerald Isle has long been famous for producing giants. The most celebrated of these was the well-known O'Brien, whom we first hear of as a great raw youth crying in a public house because unable to pay the bill, having been left penniless through a quarrel with his exhibitor. A gentleman, taking compassion on him, paid his debt, and advised the young giant to set up on his own account. Acting on this recommendation, O'Brien started a public house in Bristol, long known by the sign of "The Giant's Castle." A memorial tablet in Trenchard Street Roman Catholic Chapel records his stature as having been eight feet three inches. He was very anxious that his remains should not fall into the hands of the anatomists, and gave directions for securing his grave against desecration from body-snatchers. It has, however, been disputed whether the giant's bones still rest in his grave, or form one of the curiosities of the Hunterian Museum, though we believe that they still lie undisturbed in a deep-sunk grave.

Poor O'Brien had to take his constitutnals under cover of darkness, to avoid being mobbed by the curious, and, like most big 'ellows, proved himself a simple and inoffensive man; though once he inadvertently terrified a watchman almost to death by lighting his pipe at a street lamp, the sudden appearance of which strange apparition threw the watchman into a fit. His colossal proportions once saved the giant from being robbed, the highwayman who stopped his carriage riding away in terror at the sight of O'Brien's huge face thrust through the window to see what was the matter. —*Chambers' Journal.*

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

I had a setter dog which was greatly afraid of thunder. One day a number of apples was being shot upon the wooden floor of an apple room, and as each bag of apples was shot it produced through the rest of the house a noise resembling that of distant thunder. My dog became terror-stricken at the sound, but as soon as I brought him to the apple room and showed him the true cause of the noise, he became again buoyant and cheerful as usual.

Another dog I had used to play at tossing dry bones to give them the appearance of life. As an experiment, I one day attached a fine thread to a dry bone before giving him the latter to play with, and after he had tossed the bone about for a while, as usual, I stood a long way off and slowly began to draw it away from him. So soon as he perceived that the bone was really moving on its own account, his whole demeanor changed, and rushing under a sofa, he waited horror-stricken to watch the uncanny spectacle of a dry bone coming to life. I have also greatly frightened this dog by blowing soap bubbles along the floor. One of these he summoned courage enough to touch with his paw, but as soon as it vanished he ran out of the room, terrified at so mysterious a disappearance. Lastly, I have put this dog into a paroxysm of fear by taking him into a room alone and silently making a series of horrible grimaces. Although I had never in my life hurt this dog, he became greatly frightened at my unusual behavior, which so seriously conflicted with his general idea of uniformity in matters psychological. But I have tried this with less intelligent dogs without any other result than that of causing them to bark at me. —*Nineteenth Century.*

MARRIED POLITENESS.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice; and the husband answered:—

"Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. "I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his lips, when by any little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a most thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best—why should he hesitate to show it? not in sickly, maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure and honoring her in public as well as in private. He knows her worth, why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he

praiseth her," saith Holy Writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as opportunity occurs in a manly way of her virtues. Though words seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially as they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of a mother he loves, because he often sees the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the thoughts and feelings they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother—why should he thank her? father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness.

Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearth-stone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence, and politeness, to anyone and everyone but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead—the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

AN ILLINOIS WOMAN BURIES A MAN SHE SUPPOSES HER HUSBAND—THE TUNULT HE CAUSED BY APPEARING ALIVE AND WELL.

Mr. Josiah Hill, employed at the lower Studebaker shops has been a resident of this place for two years, says the South Bend (Ind.) Tribune. A few months before coming here he was the victim of one of the most wonderful cases of mistaken identity on record. Mr. Hill and his family lived at No 21 Grant Place, Chicago, and he followed his trade of gardening in Evanston and adjoining villages. He had formerly resided in Evanston, and was known by nearly every person in the village.

On Sunday morning, June 11, 1876, a man was run over and killed at Evanston by an incoming railroad train. The corpse was at once identified as that of Mr. Josiah Hill, the gardener. Word was sent to his family, consisting of a wife and a daughter, aged sixteen, and they went to Evanston to care for the body of the unfortunate husband and father. The wife wept, and, in her almost inconsolable grief, frantically caressed the dead one. The inquest was held, and there was no lack of evidence concerning the dead man's identity. In fact there was so much unimpeachable evidence establishing the identity that it was never once questioned.

When the inquest was over the wife took charge of the remains, and on Tuesday, the day appointed for the funeral, the body was borne to the grave amid the lamentations of a large circle of friends and acquaintances. That, apparently, was the end of Mr. Josiah Hill on this earth.

On the jury at the inquest was Mr. Kearney, Deputy Sheriff of Cook County, who, among others present at the time, knew Mr. Hill very well, and swore to the identity. On Tuesday, the day of the funeral, he made an official trip to Winnetka, a place about five miles distant from Evanston, and was frightened out of his senses at seeing what he at first took to be Mr. Hill's ghost at work in a garden, setting out celery-plants. He finally hailed the object, and was somewhat reassured when he heard Mr. Hill's voice return the salutation. Still, he could not disabuse his mind of the idea that it was Hill's ghost. Mr. Hill thought the man crazy at first, and upon listening to a subsequent explanation, concluded that his surmise was correct, and all the way back to Chicago, to which city he returned with Sheriff Kearney, he regretted the untimely fate of his friend's brain. But judge of his surprise and astonishment upon entering his own home to see his wife scream out and faint before what she took to be an apparition. Sheriff Kearney assured her that it was her husband, and that he found him working in a garden at Winnetka, and that the party she had just buried, and whose identity they had all sworn to, must be somebody else.

Mrs. Hill had never doubted the identity of the dead man for an instant. Her husband had left her only a few days before to do some work at Evanston and Winnetka. Indeed, it was some time before either she or her disconsolate daughter could be convinced that their husband and father was still alive. To this day it is a mystery who the man was that was killed.

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THE NEW VOLUME.

With this number we give our first cut, and we purpose in the future embellishing our pages with occasional engravings of a superior character. The frequency of them, however, will depend somewhat upon their apparent appreciation on the part of our patrons. In our January number, we propose to give a fine engraving on a separate sheet of fine paper, as it is impossible to give very fine cuts on anything but fine calendered paper. This will involve a very considerable outlay; but we hope our patrons will make it up to us by prompt renewals, and by recommending the FAMILY CIRCLE to others.

We shall endeavor in the present volume to avoid giving trashy, sensational literature, which is demoralizing in its tendency, on the one hand, and polemical disquisitions, and abstruse theories on the other, and endeavor to treat all questions, whether social, scientific or philosophical in a popular and practical manner avoiding wearisome argumentation, and giving that class of reading which will commend itself to the varied and numerous wants and circumstances of the home circle, cultivating the true, the pure and the beautiful in human life, affording heart cheer and mental recreation, without offending correct taste.

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Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

TEA AND SICK-HEADACHE.

The most common objection which is met by solicitors for pledges when the teetotal pledge is presented is, that tea is necessary as a remedy for sick-headache. A lady will affirm that when she suffers from sick-headache, as she does frequently, nothing will relieve her so quickly as a cup of strong tea. On this ground she objects to signing the pledge. In answer to this argument there are two important things to be said,—

1. The use of tea is one of the most frequent causes of sick-headache. We have met scores of instances in which persons have suffered with periodical attacks of sick-headache, but have recovered very shortly after discontinuing the use of tea. In one case now in mind a gentleman had suffered in this way for twenty years and had been told by excellent physicians that he could never recover. He discontinued the use of tea, and within three weeks was wholly free from his old malady, and has never suffered with a recurrence of it. At a recent meeting at Eton Rapids, Mich., at which a State H. & T. Society was organized, half a dozen reliable persons bore testimony to the same fact.

2. Tea does not remove the cause of sick-headache, and so cannot effect a radical cure of the disease. It is simply a deceptive means of obscuring the real difficulty, relieving the immediate suffering, but making the individual still more liable to suffer in the future. The principle is exactly the same as that acted upon by the drunkard who takes a morning dram to cure the effects of the previous night's dissipation. The best way to cure sick-headache is to totally discard tea, coffee, and all other narcotics and stimulants, adopt a wholesome dietary, and abandon all causes of the disease, which are generally those which occasion disorder of the digestive organs. A little appropriate treatment will be sufficient to relieve the immediate suffering, and with the removal of the cause the disease will speedily disappear. *American Health and Temperance Quarterly.*

DANGEROUS HOUSES.—Houses that have been empty may become fever-breeds when they come to be reoccupied. An English sanitary officer alleges that he has observed typhoid, diphtheria, or their zymotic affections, to arise under these circumstances. The cause is supposed to be in the disuse of cisterns, pipes and drains, the process of putrefaction going on in the impure air in them, the unobstructed access of this air to the house, while the closure of windows and doors effectually shuts out fresh air. Persons moving from the city to country homes for the summer should see that the drains and pipes are in perfect order, that the cellar and closets are cleared of rubbish, and the whole house thoroughly aired before occupying. Carbolic acid used freely in the cellar is a good and cheap disinfectant.—*Scientific American.*

The death of the Princess Alice, of Hesse, on the same day of the month and week as that of the Prince Consort has attracted general attention in England to the fact that Saturday has been a fatal day to the royal family of England for the last 167 years; William 3rd, died Saturday, March 18th, 1702; Queen Anne, Saturday, August 1st, 1714; George 1st, June 10th, 1727; George 2nd, October 25th, 1760; George 3rd, January 29th, 1820; George 4th, June 26th, 1830; Duchess of Kent, March 15th, 1861; Prince Consort, December 14th, 1861; Princess Alice, December 14th, 1878.

NATURE'S ANÆSTHETIC.

Several evenings since I was attacked with a severe dental neuralgia. After resorting to friction, cold and hot applications, etc., without obtaining any relief, I lay upon my bed trusting that sleep might come and give me respite. Still the excruciating pain continued, and while I was suffering the "tortures of the doubly damned," undecided whether to arouse some tired druggist for a bottle of chloroform or chop my head off (with a decided preference, however, for the chloroform), I suddenly bethought me of what I had read in an anæsthetic book we always carry with us. Thereupon I began to inflate my lungs to their utmost capacity, and then forcibly blew out all the air I could. Immediately the pain began to lessen, and after a few repetitions of the process it had entirely ceased, being displaced by a delightful tickling sensation in the gums, and furthermore I know not, for in less time than it takes to tell it I was sound asleep, awakening next morning delightfully refreshed and without a symptom of my ailment left. Hence, you see, I was not simply temporarily relieved but entirely well again. I wish other sufferers would try this, and report results.—*Advice.*

NEURALGIA.—For this distressing malady there is a very simple and efficient remedy. We have tried it with uniform success, but we have rarely found a sufferer who would make a thorough use of it. It is so simple, that most people prefer to suffer rather than to properly try it. It is this. Get a piece of the common *sal-ammoniac*, and every hour or so bite off a piece as big as a pea and swallow it. If more convenient, wash it down with water; or dissolve half a drachm of the *sal-ammoniac* in an ounce of water, and take a tablespoonful every three minutes or so. An over-dose can do no harm, nor is the substance especially disagreeable to take. In from one to three hours relief will be obtained, in four-fifths of the cases. Why people won't try this simple remedy, after being told of it by one who has tried it, is to us a wonder; but so it is.—*Vox Populi.*

How a Lightning Stroke Feels.

Nearly all the medical authorities and those who have been fortunate enough to recover from a stroke of lightning agree that the electricity acts with such extreme rapidity as to be absolutely painless. Prof. Tyndall relates that while standing in the presence of an audience, and about to lecture, he accidentally touched a wire leading from a charged battery of fifteen large Leyden jars. Life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval, without a trace of pain. In another second or so consciousness returned. He saw himself in the presence of the audience and in contact with the apparatus, and realized that he had received the discharge. The intellectual consciousness of his position was restored with exceeding rapidity, but not so the optical consciousness.

To prevent the audience being alarmed, he stated that it had often been his desire to receive, accidentally, such a shock, and that his wish had at length been gratified. But while making this explanation, the appearance which his body presented to him was that of being in separate pieces. His arms, for example, seemed to be detached from his body and suspended in the air. Memory and the power of reasoning and speech were completed long before the optic nerve recovered from the electric shock.

THE TEETH.—The ivory of the tooth—that part which lies under the enamel—is composed of an immense number of little pipes, which makes that part of the tooth porous. This accounts for the rapid decay of the teeth when the enamel is gone. The acids of the saliva, heat and cold, penetrate these numerous cells, and cause a sudden destruction of the tooth. Filling the cavity solid with some metal is therefore the only cure.

CHILBLAINS.—A correspondent gives the following remedy for chilblains: Take common red pepper or cayenne and put into spirits sufficient to make quite strong, and bathe the affected parts freely. This will surely cure.

HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal drank in a tumbler of warm water, will often cure severe cases of headache.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

ROLLS.—Boil six potatoes in six quarts of water, and when done pour and press the whole through the colander; when cool, but not cold, add flour to make a thick batter; add half a cup of yeast or one-half cake compressed yeast, and set to rise; when light, add half a cup of lard and butter mixed, a tablespoonful of sugar, teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a soft dough; knead well and set again to rise; when light, knead down again, and repeat three or four times; an hour before they are needed, cut in small pieces, roll out, spread with melted butter, and fold over, laying them in a pan so that they will not touch each other; set them in a warm place, and when light bake quickly. Or, make into oblong rolls without spreading and folding, and just before putting them into the oven, gash deeply across the top with a sharp knife.

JOHNNY CAKES IN CUPS.—Three cups of Indian meal, one cup of wheat flour, three of thin sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, one teaspoonful of soda; bake in quick oven twenty minutes.

HOMINY FRITTERS.—To one cup boiled hominy add one-half cup of milk, and when well mixed, add one cup flour, one or two eggs, a saltspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful baking powder, stirred in last in a little of the flour; have plenty of boiling lard in a frying-pan, enough to float the fritters; drop in from a spoon; fry till a good brown color. If these directions are faithfully followed, we can promise you some fritters that will delight all who partake of them.

APPLE FRITTERS.—One pint of sweet milk, six eggs, flour enough to form a stiff batter, a pinch of salt half a teaspoonful of saleratus, a teaspoonful of cream tartar; then slice some sour apples rather thin and mix in the batter. Fry in hot lard, browning them nicely on both sides. Sauce—a little cream and sugar. They are nice made of raisins or currants instead of apples. Delicious, if made of canned peaches, and the juice of the peaches, well sweetened and poured over them when served, for sauce.

APPLE ROLL.—One pound flour, one-fourth pound of butter; mix with sufficient water to make a not very stiff paste; pare and slice rather thick, some tart apples; roll out the paste as for pie-crust, and spread the sliced apples to cover it; sprinkle on a little flour, and roll up as tightly as possible without breaking the paste; cook it in a steamer, or wrap in a cloth and boil for an hour; serve by cutting across in thin slices, sauce of butter and sugar, or sugar and cream.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—Two cups of fine bread crumbs, one and one-half cups white sugar, five eggs, one tablespoonful butter, one quart fresh milk, one-half cup jelly or jam; rub the butter and one cup of the sugar together; then add the beaten yolks of the eggs; beat all to a cream; then add the bread crumbs, which have previously been soaked in the milk; bake in a pudding dish (not filling it more than two-thirds full) until the custard is "set;" then draw it to the mouth of the oven, and spread over the jelly or jam; then cover this with a meringue made of the beaten whites and half a cup of sugar; put back in the oven and allow it to remain until the meringue begins to color; to be eaten cold with cold cream. This is truly delicious.

CREAM PUDDING SAUCE.—Beat half pound of fine sugar and butter the size of an egg until light, and then add about half a cup of cream; stir in it a half cup of boiling water, and boil; flavor to taste just before sending to the table.

LEMON PIE.—Two lemons, half cup sugar, yolks of four eggs, one quart milk, two-thirds cup of flour; whites, beaten, put over the top when pie is done.

TO TEST EGGS.—The freshness of eggs may be tested by immersing them in a solution of chloride of sodium (common salt) and water, dissolving four ounces of salt in one quart of pure water. If the egg is but one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel; but if three days, it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, it will rise to the surface.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Put one quart of cranberries, which have been carefully picked over, to boil in one pint cold water; have ready in a bowl one pint white sugar; when the cranberries are perfectly soft, mash them while hot through a colander into the bowl which contains the sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then pour into molds, and set in a cool place for at least twenty-four hours. If the cranberries are good and no more water is used than the recipe called for this way of cooking them makes beautiful molds for the table.

CRACKED WHEAT.—This excellent dish is often spoiled by very good cooks who think they must stir it all the time to keep it from burning. Too much stirring makes it like paste, putting in more water when nearly done has the same effect. One-third of wheat by measure, to two-thirds of water, soft if you have it, will make it about right. The water should be cold when the wheat is put in; it should cook slowly and be covered closely. In this way scarcely any stirring will be found necessary. There is a deliciousness in this dish when cooked as above, which is never found if stirred while cooking. The same may be said of oatmeal, only the latter should be quickly stirred into *boiling* water; cover closely, and let cook about the same time, although it bears cooking longer.

The following which was published a year ago is worth a dollar.—

TO PRESERVE GREEN CORN.—Boil the corn in the usual way till it can be easily cut off from the cobs, strip off the corn, and to every four quarts of corn add one quart of clean salt. Mix thoroughly, pack it firmly in jars or in a clean tub that has been used for butter, and cover with a light layer of salt and a lid or a piece of cotton. When required for use, freshen it sufficiently by soaking in water, then heat it up and season in the usual way. If properly done it will be as nice as when taken from the garden.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Nothing adds more to the cheering influence of a home than fresh, growing plants; but great care must be taken to keep them green and thrifty. As many plants suffer from too much, as from too little water. The soil is not unfrequently kept thoroughly soaked. The roots of plants need air as well as water; and if the soil is kept full of water, they are deprived of air. The rain which in summer so refreshes growing plants, always contains ammonia. By dissolving an ounce of pulverized carbonate of ammonia in a gallon of water, ordinary spring or well water can be made even more conducive to vigorous growth than rain water. Plants should be slightly watered with this solution once or twice a week. The soil should always be kept loose; this can be easily done by daily stirring the earth with a common hair-pin.

GLUE.—A good fluid glue, ready at all times for use without any preliminary preparation, is one of the most useful articles of the household. Such a preparation may be made by melting three pounds of glue in a quart of water, and then dropping in gradually a small quantity of nitric acid. Glue thus prepared may be kept in an open bottle for a long time.

WATER-PROOF WHITEWASH.—The so-called Government whitewash, which is used on lighthouses, and is therefore suitable for exposed buildings, is made as follows: Half a bushel of fresh lime is slacked with boiling water, and kept covered during the process; the liquid is strained, and seven pounds of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and kept boiling hot; one-half pound Spanish white, and one pound of glue dissolved in water are added: five gallons of hot water are then mixed with it, and the whole is left to stand in a barrel for a few days. When used it must be kept hot in a kettle. A pint covers a square yard.

TO CLEANSE WATER.—If a lump of alum as large as the thumb-joint is thrown into four or five gallons of boiling soap-suds, the scum runs over and leaves the water clean and soft and useful for washing. We have often, in ancient times, "settled" a glass of Mississippi water and made it look as "clear as a bell" in a few seconds by tying a bit of alum to a string and twirling it around under the surface of the water in the glass.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

For sale or to rent—A spread of canvass on a vessel.

The fellow who asked for a lock of his girl's hair, was informed that "it costs money, hair does."

Praise makes a wise man modest, a fool arrogant.

"Let it be recorded," said the newspaper reporter to the teamster whose load of wood was overturned.

"Why don't you get even with him?" was asked of a youth whose schoolmate was in the habit of hectoring him; and the wise young man replied, "I never cross the tease for fear he might dot my eyes."

"What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins? Nice room for a donkey to get into?" "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet suavity.

SOUND SLEEPERS.—Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, opposed the building of a new church. One hot Sunday afternoon the people were contentedly dozing under the sermon, when Dr. Howe, from the high pulpit beneath the old-fashioned sounding-board suddenly thundered out, "There is no use of a new church; the sleepers are all sound in the old one."

Warm your body by healthful exercise, not by cowering over a stove. Warm your spirit by performing independently noble deeds, not by ignobly seeking the sympathy of your fellows, who are not better than yourself.

It is not advisable to go out of doors without anything on your head, nor into company without anything in it.

THE WICKED BRANCHES.—An old lady, possessed of a large fortune, and noted for her penchant for the use of figurative expressions, one day assembled her grandchildren, when the following conversation took place; "My children," said the old lady, "I'm the root, and you're the branches." "Grand-mamma," said one, "What my child?" "I was thinking how much better the branches would flourish if the root was under ground!"

THE WAY TO PUT IT.—Father of adored one: "Then it comes to this, sir: you have no fortune, you have lost your appointment, you have no prospect of getting another, and you come to ask my daughter's hand—and fortune?" "No! Suppose we put it this way: I am unembarrassed by wealth, and free from the cares of business, and my future is irradiated by hope; therefore, this is the crisis when I can best devote myself to your daughter, and enjoy that affluence with which you will crown our love."

"He took two drops of thought, and beat them into a bushel of bubbles," was the description given of a speaker whose rhetoric ran ahead of his logic. Rowland Hill said of some in his day that "they had a river of words and a spoonful of thought."

"AM I NOT MY OWN MASTER."—When we hear these words coming boastfully from the lips of a young man just entering upon his majority, we cannot forbear recalling the reply of a French prince to a stranger whom he encountered in one of the rooms of his palace: "Pray, sir," said the prince, "to whom do you belong?"—"To myself," gruffly replied the stranger.—"Ah, my dear sir," was the ready retort, "what a pity it is you have such a bad master!"

SOMEBODY tried to excuse a liar to Doctor Johnson, saying: "You must not believe more than half what he says."—"Ay!" replied the Doctor, "but which half?"

"Dora," said Albert to his sister, "as you are studying arithmetic, will you please tell me if five and a half rods make a perch, how many will make a mackerel?"—"I will," responded Dora, "if you will first tell me, if two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a meerschaum."

NO CAUSE FOR SUSPENSE.—In a rural district of Forfarshire a young ploughman once went courting on a Sunday night. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic: he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion—not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she no doubt remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song, "Men mair be the first to speak," and she sat patiently regarding him with demure surprise. At last John suddenly exclaimed: "Jenny, there's a feather on your apron!"—"I widna ha'e wondered if there had been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sitten' aside a goose a' nicht."

A certain First Lord of the Admiralty, on his first trip down the Thames in rather a leaky vessel, observed the men working the pumps. "Dear me!" he said, "I did not know you had a well on board, captain. But I am really very glad, for I do detest river water."

FAIR AND DEAR.—A young and pretty girl stepped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long been enamoured, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last she said: "I believe you think I am cheating you."—"Oh! no," said the youngster; "to me you are always *fair*."—"Well," whispered the lady, blushing, as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so *dear*."

A boy's way of stating things, though often inelegant, is generally nervous. Example: lad at Easton, Pennsylvania, entered a drug store, bottle in hand, and said he wanted ten cents' worth of "arnakymony." The druggist told him to repeat the word, and said, "Don't you mean arnica or amonia?"

"I dunno," was the reply

"What is it for?" asks the druggist.

"Can't tell," said the boy, starting slowly out. When near the door a bright idea illumined him, and he turned and asked the druggist, "If your wife hit you on the head with a chair laig, which of them medicens would you git to take the swellin' down?"

"Arnica."

"Then fill her in ten cents' worth," replied the boy; and he gazed lovingly at a big stick of licorice as the arnica was being bottled.

The place for Americans to be educated in is America. The notion that a boy will be better educated in Germany than in the United States is a delusion and a snare. The notion that the German university affords a better preparation for a useful life than an American college is a more pardonable form of the same error.—*Christian Union*.

GOOD TO-DAY AS EVER.—Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges, and having in his sermon considered the use and the abuse of the law, pressed somewhat hard upon those counsellors who plead a cause which they know in their consciences to be wrong.

When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the Dean, and, after several alterations, the counsellor asked him, "If the devil was to die, whether a parson might not be found, who, for money, would preach his funeral sermon?" "Yes," said Swift. I would gladly be the man, and would give the devil his due, as I have this day done to his children."

A great operatic singer and star once gave her servant, a simple country girl, an order for the opera on a night when she appeared in one of her greatest parts. That evening the great prima donna surpassed herself; she was called before the curtain time after time; the audience was wildly enthusiastic; almost every rendering was encored. On returning home she wearily asked her maid how she had enjoyed her opera. Well, the opera, ma'am, was fine, but I felt sorry for you," was the reply. "For me child! and why?" "Well ma'am said the waiting-maid, "You did everything so badly that the people always called you back and made you do it all over again."

As the late Vincent Scully was leaving the House of commons, the Whig whip, Lord Monck, who wanted members for a division, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Do'n't go away, old scull." "I'll thank you my lord," returned Scully, in his best Irish manner and accent, "not to cut off the last letter of my name, or, if you will, stick it to the end of your own."

A GENERATION OF VIPERS.—This story is told of Rev. Reuben Nason, the admirable preceptor of Gorham academy: One day recess had been unduly extended by some of the frolicsome lads. The preceptor, becoming impatient, seized his cowhide and rushed out to punish the delinquents. Having timely warning of his approach, the young rascals instantly fled round the building, the preceptor, bareheaded and long-haired, in hot pursuit. The boys had all got to their places, awaiting the foe's arrival. Immediately on his appearance they gave him one rousing hiss. Ascending his "throne" he glanced around the room and exclaimed, "Ye generation of vipers! Who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Boisterous applause was soon followed by quiet when order once more reigned.

At the recent Conference in London, when the regular business had been completed, and the Ministers were waiting for the reading of the stations, a Minister referred to a paragraph in one of the daily papers, in which it was stated that, as there were a large number of strangers in the city, the price of eggs had advanced, and jocularly remarked that he considered it an *eggs*-traordinary invasion of the privileges of the Conference; when Rev. Mr. Lanceley replied, "not at all, the statement only affects the *lay*-ity."

A CONVENIENT FAMILY.—A blind beggar on the Point-Neuf entreated the charity of passers-by on the plea of being a poor blind man, the father of two children. A gentleman who responded to the pitiful appeal saw the man a few days afterward, at Asnieres, soliciting alms as a poor blind man, the father of four children.

"What!" said the gentleman—speaking of course in French—"have you had two children since I saw you in Paris last week?"

"No, sir," was the unabashed reply; "but in Paris living is so dear that two children are sufficient to excite pity; but in the country I am obliged to have four at the very least, and even then find it hard to make both ends meet."

Your Bairns, Not My Bairns.

A certain Dr. T——, of a town north of the Clyde, was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady-love was as strong and decided a Baptist. They were sitting together one evening, talking of their approaching nuptials, when the Doctor remarked,

"I am thinking, my dear, of two events which I shall number among the happiest in my life."

"And pray what may they be doctor?" remarked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you my wife, for the first time."

"And the other?"

"It is when we shall present our first bairn for baptism."

"What! Sprinkled?"

"Yes, my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a bairn of mine be sprinkled, Dr. T——."

"Every bairn of mine, Miss D——t, shall be sprinkled,"

"They shall be, hey?"

"Yes, my love."

"Well, sir, I can tell you, then, that your bairns won't be my bairns. So good night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the doctor left the house. The sequel was no marriage, no bairns, which was the most logical way of settling matters.

REVOLUTION IN TANNING.—Professor Knapp proposes the use of a basic ferric sulphate instead of oak bark or other tanniferous material. He adds to a boiling solution of copperas a quantity of nitric acid requisite for the peroxidation of the iron, and after the reaction is over adds more copperas. The hides are suspended in the cold solution at a suitable degree of concentration, and are ready in from two to four days.

COMMUNICATED.

Dear Sir,—Pardon me for troubling you with this rather moral production. By a letter received concerning a near relative, who is in his ninety-third year, I was led to think of a few of the strange things connected with a life of such a length. It is utterly impossible, within the limits of one letter to do justice to this subject. I shall take a mathematical turn and leave the reader to draw his own lessons. I do not think the time spent in writing it is lost time, for if written and read with proper views; and in connection with other parts of knowledge, it may be rendered subservient, in some way or another, to the intellectual and moral improvement of us all.

First, as to the complexity of the physical frame, according to Huxley, taking the weight as 154 pounds, it would be made up of muscles and their appurtenances, 68 lbs., skeleton, 24 lbs., skin 10½ lbs., fat 28 lbs., brain 3½ lbs., thoracic viscera, 2½ lbs. abdominal viscera, 11 lbs., and 7 lbs. of blood, the quantity that will readily drain away from the body; in other words such a body consists of water 88 lbs., and solid material 66 pounds. The solids in the body are, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, chlorine, fluorine, potassium, sodium, calcium, lithium, iron, magnesium, copper, manganese, and lead—*No brass.*

There are 208 bones in the framework of the body, and each bone has forty distinct scopes or intentions; 246 muscles, each ten several intentions, so that the system of bones and muscles includes 14,200 different intentions and adaptations. Besides there are hundreds of tendons, ligaments, thousands of nerves, arteries, veins, glands and 1,600,000,000 cells and 200,000,000,000 pores in the skin."

In ninety years this body parted with sufficient heat to raise 285,385,220 lbs., or 142,692 tons of water from 0° to 1° fahr. The heart beats in ninety years 3,550,230,000 times, and the amount of blood forced out of the heart in that time was 42,602,760,000 cubic inches, or 24,654,375 cubic feet,—equivalent to a pond of blood 97 yards long 97 wide, and 291 feet deep, and weighing 552,258,400 pounds—a quantity sufficient to drive a Turbine wheel, taking 300 cubic feet per minute, 4 hours a day, for 10 months. The force exerted by this little organ was equivalent to the force required to raise 3,942,040 tons one foot; ninety years, equivalent to 32,873 days, 4,696 weeks, 788,940 hours, 47,336,400 minutes, or 2,840,184,000 seconds. The number of inhalations and exhalations were 710,046,000, and there passed through the lungs a bulk of air sufficient to fill a room 75 yards long, 75 yards wide and 225 feet high. This of course, shows only the bulk of air passed through the lungs. A person could not live 90 years in a room of the above dimensions, for a man vitiaties 2,750 cubic feet to the extent of 1 per cent every 24 hours. The amount of pure charcoal exhaled was 8 tons 500 lbs., and of water 18,480 pounds. Spent at table 49,309 hours; or in other words was 5½ years taking in fuel to keep up the heat of the body.

From the best authority we know that one third of the births are lost before reaching the fifth year. The veteran of 90 years spends over 5 years eating, 30 years in bed, and 60 years awake. Allowing a daily average of 5 miles, the distance travelled was, 164,365 miles, or more than 6½ times the circumference of our globe.

Taking the known population and the yearly mortality, we find that one person dies every second. This is a fact that cannot be gain said or denied, hence (supposing the population constant for ninety years), 2,840,184,000 human beings died during this life time; this is more than 800 times the population of our Dominion, or over 1,000 times the population of London, Eng., which is 30 miles in circumference, or about 750 times the united population of New York, Albany, Washington, Richmond, Detroit, Chicago, Rio De Janeiro, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome and Athens. Or again, this is 37 times the population of the whole Russian Empire—which stretches more than half way around the globe, and embraces half of Europe, one third of Asia and a large portion of North America.

This last number of human beings would form a phalanx, six abreast, winding 3½ times around our earth.

How full of meaning the lines of Wesley:—

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
What'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's slender strings!

Infinite joy or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road,
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God."

JEFFERSON PERRY HARNDEN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FILLIEBUN'S WAY.

This gentleman was in his sanctum, busy in constructing for the Advertiser a profound leader on the Eastern question. Something came through the door, and said:

"Morning! Name's P. F. Myrtle, Michigan. Ont o' work. If the kind gentleman would give me a job o'—"

"How do you do, Mr. Myrtle? I am happy to meet you, sir. I am always happy to meet a worthy individual. Let me shake your hand, sir, for though it be soiled by the dust of the highway, I know that it is the hand of an honest man—the hand of a worthy individual. As a general rule, Mr. Myrtle, I have no mercy for tramps. Do not be offended, I pray you, at the word. There are some in every profession who are a reproach to it you know. Yes sir; as a general rule, I have no mercy on tramps. I usually eject them, without ceremony, from my premises. But I see in you Mr. Myrtle, a worthy individual; yes, sir, although the logic of circumstances may have made it necessary for you to assume, for a while, this disagreeable mode of life, still, I recognized in you a gentleman and a worthy individual, even—"

"Fyou please, wont you gimme a job a'—" "I regret, exceedingly, Mr. Myrtle, that it is not in my power to do so, or I would accommodate you, with felicity. I have nothing to do myself, except to finish this editorial on the Eastern question upon which I was engaged when you did me the honor of calling. But for the fact that you probably would not be able to catch just the train of thought which I was pursuing, I should be happy to have you complete it, for I know that you are fully competent, and a worthy individ—"

"Fyou'd—"

—"individual. You may think it extraordinary, Mr. Myrtle, that in you, a stranger, and under such unfavorable circumstances, I should recognize your true self, a worthy individual; but I am a close observer of human nature, an accurate reader of character, and withal, considerable of a phrenologist; and as such I recognize in you, at a glance, a worthy indi—"

"Fyou'd gimme a bit t' eat—"

"I am extremely sorry that I have nothing of the kind in the office. I take my meals at a hotel, Mr. Myrtle, but if I had it, nothing could afford me more genuine pleasure than to set it before you. But I can give you something—something which is much more rarely granted to one in your position, and which will be more truly appreciated by one in your high-toned sentiments than mere casual considerations—I can give you, Mr. Myrtle, my earnest and heartfelt SYMPATHY. Yes, sir, sympathy in capitals. Take it, sir, and with it the best wishes of one who can discern and acknowledge real merit wherever he sees it. May God bless you, sir! Do not despair; some time the morning will break; some time the clouds will disperse, some time—"

"Would you gimme a nickel?"

"I—I am grieved, sir, more than I can tell you, that I have not a cent. I have felt in every pocket, but it is not there.

I am an editor; I would I were a banker, that I might enjoy the privilege of furnishing you the amount named. More than that, I would set you up in life again, with the greatest pleasure; for, naturally, I am a philanthropist, in my way, and whenever I recognize a worthy ind—

"I'll quit if you'll gimme a chew o' tobacco."

"I never use it, Mr. Myrtle, and, I assure you this is the first time in my life I ever regretted not having formed the habit. Had I only done so, I should probably now be able to manifest my appreciation of true merit by giving you a chew of tobacco. But I'll tell you what I will do, and it's not an offer that I would make every day. Upon general phrenological principles, I am willing to furnish you with a written testimonial, signed by myself, as to your worthiness—a sort of recommendation or 'character,' you know—which may be of much service to you in—What? don't want it? Going—so soon? Sorry you can't stay longer. I shall be delighted to see you again—any time you may choose to drop in. Ah! let me accompany you to the door, if you will go. There! Good-morning, Mr. Myrtle, good-morning, sir."

Goes back to the Eastern questions.

Soliloquizes: "You are a clever fellow, Filliebun; you're a genius, you are. Who could have exterminated a tramp in a neater or more original way? I must write that up, in my style, for the Advertiser."

"Hullo-er-where-ah-um-er."

"Da-d bang 'im! he stole my pocket-book!"—*Quibble Yarrow, in Courier-Journal.*

POPULATION AND LONGEVITY.

The gist of the matter is given by Dr. Parr in the following words: "The nearer people live to each other the shorter their lives are;" and the relations of this proximity to the duration of life are ascertained to be as follows: "In round numbers, where we stand on an average 400 feet off from each other, we live on an average 50 years; where we are 300 feet off we live 40 years; where we come within 60 feet of each other, we live but 30 years, and where we are but 20 feet off, we live but 25 years. It does not seem likely that by extending our interspace beyond the 400 feet we could prolong the average life beyond 50 years; but it is very clear that if we contract the interspace of 20 feet, we must rapidly reduce the mean of 25 years to 20, to 15, to 10, and before long, so to speak, to nothing. That is to say, there is a certain population-density, with which, in the ordinary circumstances attending such a condition, human life could not be sustained at all; and from this melancholy progression, obeying of course, a recondite but intelligible mathematical law, whereby we may measure off in a moment, according to the number of lives per acre, the number of years of life."

UNCHARITABLE PEOPLE.—No one can trust habitual gossips and fault-finders. One is afraid to accept even their offers of assistance in domestic affliction, lest they violate the sanctities of the sick chamber. In their presence no one feels safe. Even though people may never think of believing what they say, they are a disturbing element in any community, and every true person dreads them as the coils of a viper, even though the bite may have been rendered harmless. Falsehood is loathsome, and a relief is felt when men get away from it. It is needless to say that such persons are more open to criticism than anyone else, and that the faults and foibles they charge upon others are the best indicators of their own besetting sins. In nine cases out of ten, they criticise most severely that fault in others which is peculiar to themselves. Uncharitable remarks about the character or conduct of others, or even about their dress or taste—words often so unkind and wounding—might, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be applied with more justice to the person uttering them than to those in regard to whom they are uttered, and, as a general thing, sensible, observant people see this, and attach but little importance to their slander. Why people should delight in looking upon the faults of others, even if real is a question that can be answered only on the ground of perverted human nature, which is prone to hate its neighbor; but such persons help to add to the sorrows of the world, and inflict misery upon themselves. The difficulty is one that concerns personal character. The man's own inward spirit, rather than the foibles of his fellows, is what is to be corrected.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wau,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

DAUGHTERS.

THERE are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fire-side. She is his morning sun and evening star. The grace and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows a weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

LONGEVITY.

Plutarch tells us that the ancient Britons "began to grow old at one hundred and twenty years." They went nearly naked and lived on acorns, berries and water. They knew nothing about sewer-gas, dyspepsia or gout. Travellers in New Zealand tell us of natives who enjoy excellent health and activity, "long after a hundred years." The Macrobius of Ethiopia show a similar record. The ancient Gynosophists of India, religiously confined their diet to fruit and vegetables. Said Dr. Bostwick, late of this city, "These people were perfectly healthy, and scarcely ever died a natural death. They lived to 150 and 200 years, and some who lived so long that, disgusted with the world, they became weary of their lives and committed themselves to the flames, encouraged by the hope of a more perfect existence in some other region of the universe." With the help of all our doctors we managed to live forty years or less, and then drop off fast.

The average population to each physician is, in the United States, 600; England, 1,672; France, 1,814; Austria, 2,500; Germany, 3,000. So, then, with five times as many to dose us with drugs as our German friends, we are able to do about half the work. We hear of German students who study eighteen hours a day. Their Teutonic blood may be too tonic for us, but we are sure that Americans are not living half their days—not half the period they would live if living slower. Why, even the animals that we domesticate, like the horse and dog, only live a dozen or twenty years, while cows and their ilk live a century, and the eagle five hundred years, ac-

cording to Tacitus. To renew our youth like the eagle's, we are to go back to more primitive simplicity." Modern conveniences are other words for disease and death. Our food, attire, and employments, all invited disease. Of old Thomas Parr, who lived one hundred and fifty-two years, the poet Taylor says:

"Good wholesome labor was his exercise,
Down with the lamb and with the lark arise;
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And to his team whistled the time away."

The prices of our Western civilization, are in part, insanity and short lives. This is the testimony of physicians. The largest percentage of the insane is from the English-speaking race. This comes from two causes—our feverish excitement of life shown in haste to be rich, to be ahead of our neighbors in everything, and from intemperance in eating and drinking. Says Dr. B. (already quoted): "abstemiousness will surely conduce to elasticity and longevity. Ignorance of God and Nature's laws alone kill thee. Health and life are pretty much in our own keeping. Here, then, is one theme which the pulpit ought not to ignore. Ethical preaching is as important in its place as doctrinal. While presenting the realities of a life to come, we should not forget a life that is. If we remember the "righteousness and temperance" preached by Paul, we need not fear "the judgement to come," which he also preached

OUTWITTING A LION.

Caytlan Aylward tells a droll story of a rencontre between a Bushman and a lion. The man, a long way from home, was met by a lion. The animal, assured that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport and dally with him with a feline jocosity. The lion would appear at a point in the road and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear again a little further on. But the Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a device by which to outwit his foe. Aware that the brute was ahead of him, he dodged to the right. When the lion discovered that the man had suddenly disappeared, he was a good deal perplexed. He roared with mortification; then he espied the Bushman, who at once changed his position while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eyes the shifting black man. In another moment the little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and showed himself at another point. The great brute was first confused, and then alarmed. It evidently began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the position of matters, and that he was the hunted party. The Bushman, who clearly recognized what was passing in his enemy's mind, did not pause to let the lion recover his startled wits. He began to steal gradually towards the foe, who now in a complete state of doubt and fear, fairly turned tail, and decamped, leaving the plucky and ingenious little Bushman master of the situation.

"GIRLED UP."

The Springfield Republican suggests a new colloquial expression for the next edition of Webster's dictionary. It was invented by an anxious father on the occasion of an interview with the principal of one of the Hampden County academies, where the co-education of boys and girls still prevails. The boy in the case had formerly been studious and promising, and for several months had gradually fallen off from his previous standard, growing so careless and unscholarly that it became a serious question whether he would be able to pass his college entrance examination. It was a coincidence that he had meanwhile become conspicuous as a ladies' man. The principal having alluded to this as a prominent cause of the boy's demoralization, "Yes," broke in the father, "I know it; he's got all girled up." Which the Republican thinks is a remarkably happy and pregnant phrase. If there is any thing that plays the mischief with the boys and girls during that budding, downy and velvety period of their teens, when they ought to be laying solid and permanent educational foundations it is this premature efflorescence of the sexual period, which moves boys and girls, who ought to be kept down to study, to perk and prim and sidle, and play with each other's eyes, and write silly and badly-spelled notes to each other, and eat slate pencils in private. But then it rarely lasts long; it is less harmful than tobacco or whiskey, and there is no law "agin" youths of that age making fools of themselves.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THE BRIDAL PAIR.

With a scream and a deep pant, the cars rush up to the platform of a small station on the Grand Trunk, which we will call Norton. As it is an unimportant station, only a few minutes are allowed for the little crowd of passengers to get on board. As they do so, those already on the cars, eye the new arrivals, as persons travelling generally watch their fellow-travellers.

Ah! here comes the inevitable bridal pair, bound for a bridal tour to the next station, ten miles distant, with all the pomp and circumstance of their new estate; she, shining whitely, like the midnight moon in a clear sky, in all the glory of her bridal dress.

Why, Oh why, will women take such pains to make as conspicuous as possible, the fact that they have just been married, when it is supposed that the very mention of the marriage ceremony in connection with themselves, is enough to make them blush?

The bride, a tall, fine-looking young woman takes her seat with much stateliness, gives a sidelong and backward glance, to note the effect of her magnificence upon her fellow-travellers, and then leans her head with a languishing air against the side of the car, as if she needed the support of a strong arm.

The bridegroom with a shining high hat and curly black hair, oiled till it shines to match, a black suit, white tie and soiled white kids, (I think this is the second day) so short in the hand, as to leave a broad band of tanned integument between their tops and the bottom of the coat sleeves, takes his seat, somewhat shamefacedly, as if conscious of wearing such uncommonly "swell clothes," but soon forgets all in the company of his new relation, to whom he devotes himself exclusively.

When these interesting young people first entered the cars the young folks looked amused and slightly scornful, and the old ones amused and pityingly indulgent;—but as the bridegroom's arm encircles the bride's waist, giving her the support she appeared to need so much; and her head, at the risk of crushing the snowy blossoms on her wedding bonnet or hat, (Ladies, I am not sure which. Is it a hat if it is not tied on, and a bonnet if it is? or how is it?) drops confidently upon his shoulder,—the young folks look more scornful, and the old ones more amused.

The young lady's world, just now, is very small; but in it, she reigns empress absolute.

I like to watch her pretty timid tyranny, knowing that like most other tyranny, it will soon come to an end. Enjoy your power while it lasts, my queen! Soon enough you must doff your crown, lay down your sceptre, and, — well, well! I suppose it must be so, but most of us marry if we can, and very likely if we don't, we wish we had.

As for this young couple, may their love last their lives through, and remain with them as strength and comfort, in the cares and troubles which they must surely meet, if they journey far together, through this vale of tears,—and when they next do ride abroad, especially, if it be four or five years hence, may I be there to see.—ELECTA.

MR. STOCK.

A strager, fat and plump, was yesterday gazing around at the corner of Woodward Avenue and Clifford Street, when he made a step and went into the gutter six inches deep with water. Five or six men were standing near, and when the stranger swam ashore he approached the group and said: "Gentlemen, my name's Stock." None of them made any reply, and looking from face to face, he continued:

"Spit it right out—nothing mean about me!"

The men were amazed, and could not make out what he meant, and one of them said so.

"Why, I'm Stock, and I've been watered—see?" he replied, as he held out his wet sleeves.

"You could have said that stock was down, or up, or weak—see? You could have said it was Stock-y, or that it was stock speculation—see?"

The men looked blank as boards. Stock began to grow red under the ears, and as he turned to go he growled:

"Well, I don't want to settle in this town! Folks here don't seem to know any thing!"

This speech roiled one of the men, and he called after the stranger:

"You say that over again and I'll whip stock?"

"Whip stock! whip stock; You've hit it—beautiful—never heard a better one!" exclaimed the man, as he returned.

"Ah! you chaps were playing off on me—come have some beer!"

He seemed so jolly and good-natured that the procession followed him to the nearest saloon.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CONVERSATION RULES.

When in a public place, always talk loud; others, besides your immediate victim, will be greatly interested in and edified by your learned conversation, especially if any be engaged in the frivolous pursuit of reading.

Confine your remarks as much as possible to yourself; it is fair to presume that what so entirely absorbs your interest must be equally absorbing to others.

When your interlocutor begins relating one of his experiences, break in upon him with one of your own adventures. If he be a sensible person, he will certainly prefer listening to your new story, when he is already so familiar with his own.

While your friend is talking, seize every opportunity to supply him with the words properly to express his thoughts. Not only will you exhibit what should not be hid, viz., your superior lingual accomplishments, but you will be performing an act for which your friends will ever hold you in remembrance.

Talk up smart to boys and timid men; they will love and respect you all the more for it.

When ladies are within hearing, it is best to embellish your conversation with an occasional oath. It is such a manly sound, you know.

Tell everybody all your home affairs. Where subjects for converse are so rare as they everywhere admittedly are, it is generous in you to add to the common stock of subjects for discussion.

It has been said that language is the art of concealing our thoughts. This is a mistake. It is simply intended to take the place of thought.

Brag all you can of what you are, what you have done, and what you are doing. People are generally fools, and they will believe all you say. When a gentleman is engaged in illuminating an abstruse subject, interrupt him occasionally with a pun. This shows your receptivity, and is very pleasing especially where there is a number of persons present listening intently to the speaker. Too close attention may overstrain their intellects.

When the conversation deals with yourself, you should show a natural and becoming interest. When it shifts to some one else, you are no longer to pay attention; if the subject of the ensuing talk be present, he will doubtless take your place as auditor.

When speaking to a foreigner, talk very loud, and imitate his broken English as nearly as possible. He will understand you the better.

Never allow a conversation to run long in one direction. Rather skip about from topic to topic with as much rapidity as you are master of. By this course, not only do you daze all about you with your labyrinthine rambles, but you also display your versatility of attainment.

When a man speaks rudely or harshly, follow suit. This shows him there is a pair of brutes, and he won't feel lonely.

Talk in the concert-room, if nowhere else, and talk loudly.

Should you take a seat in the cars by the side of a gentleman engaged with the morning paper, ply him unmercifully with your small talk. Reading in the cars is bad for the eyes, and it is your duty to your fellow to prevent him from injuring his visual organs.—*Transcript.*

GLOOMY APPREHENSIONS.—Her liege lord had a bad cold, and she, though she is perpetually nagging him, and even wishing he were dead, goes in tears to confide to a friend the gloomy apprehensions inspired by her poor dear husband's hacking cough.

"—h, my dear," she concludes, "I shall immediately call in the best medical talent the directory affords, for if I were to lose my husband I know I should go wild."

"After whom?" says the friend.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

It may perhaps be of use to those anxious to become orators to know that for some cause or other almost all speakers occasionally not only lose the thread of their argument, but lose all knowledge of what they are talking about. I have seen this occur with many of our most experienced orators. When it happens they repeat a few vague generalizations until their thoughts come back to them, and then they fall back again into their speech. Thus their temporary wool-gathering escapes detection, except by those who watch them very closely. An inexperienced speaker, instead of doing this, pauses, gets confused, and sits down in despair. Another great mistake of budding speakers, and indeed of many who are in full bloom, is to speak too quickly. A person who wishes to be heard can hardly speak too slowly. He should pronounce not only each word, but every syllable of each word, distinctly. Mr. Bright once said that nothing had cost him more trouble than to learn to speak slowly. A clear, deliberate utterance of every syllable, with pauses to mark the stops at the end of each sentence, does not produce the effect of tediousness, but the reverse.—*London Truth.*

APOSTROPHE TO WATER.

[The following beautiful tribute to "the only drink," has been so often published that its author's name has been lost, but it is well worth preservation.—*Ed.*]

Where is the liquor that God the Eternal brews for all his children? Not in the simmering stills, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with a stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it. And down, low down, in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunderstorms crash; and away, far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus sweeping the march of God; there he brews it, that beverage of life, the health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—shining in the ice-gleam; singing in the summer rain; gleaming in the dew-drops, till the leaves all seem turned into living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glaciers; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly around the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all chequered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, that life giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; no madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends; would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?

HOME CHEERFULNESS.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them talk to their children in such a way as to make them happy.

Masson's Process for Deodorizing Petroleum.

Into a vessel containing 225 lbs. of petroleum are separately introduced, by means of a long funnel, 2 ozs. each of sulphuric and nitric acid, and 1.1 lb. of stronger alcohol are carefully poured upon the surface of the petroleum. The alcohol gradually sinks to the bottom, and when coming into contact with the acids, heat is developed and some effervescence takes place, but not in proportion to the quantity of the liquids.

Ethereal products of a very agreeable odor are formed, and the substance thus treated acquires an analogous odor, at the same time becoming yellowish in color. The operation lasts about an hour, after which the liquids are thoroughly agitated for some minutes with water, and, after resting for 8 or 10 hours, the purified petroleum is drawn off. The lower stratum, which is a mixture of the acids, water, and alcohol, may be used in deodorizing the heavy oils of petroleum by agitating them well for 20 minutes, and, after 12 hours washing the oil with milk of lime, to remove the acids. Petroleum thus purified may be used in pharmacy for many purposes. All the tinctures for external use may be prepared with it, like the tincture of arnica, alkanet, and camphor, and may also be used for dissolving ether and chloroform, like alcohol; and, combined with fats or glycerine, it promises to be of great utility in the treatment of skin diseases, etc.

A NOVELTY—STEEL NAILS.—Iron is gradually being superseded by steel in many departments of engineering, and now we have to chronicle the introduction of steel nails by a well known firm in Middlesborough. These nails are made by special machinery, they are well shaped and remarkably tough. A nail selected at random can be bent upon itself cold, while it is firm enough to pierce the hardest wood. Iron nails are more or less unsatisfactory articles, and these steel ones are well worthy of trial.—*English paper.*

We do not recollect having seen in print the following anecdote of the late Judge Kent. At all events, it will be, perhaps, fresh and entertaining to the present generation of readers:

A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence showed that the burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a rubber tent, in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole, and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he never actually entered into the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offence charged, and therefore must be discharged. Judge Kent in reply to this plea told the jury that if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in the crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a few moments of consideration, found the prisoner guilty of the offence of burglary. The judge thereupon sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head to imprisonment at hard labor, in the State Prison for two years remarking that as to the rest of his body, he might do with it what he pleased.—*Sel.*

If during the development of my reasoning faculties, any doubt ever arose as to the being of a God, one glance at the starry heavens, on a cloudless night dispelled the doubt; for who could gaze intelligently upon those orbs of light, swinging in the immensity of space, vast worlds innumerable, distant and yet more distant still, each one a ruling light in space immeasurable; and yet, though restless, all moving in harmony, and doubt the power and wise behest of some supernal power. And yet there is within us and around us, in every field of God's vast universe, voices as loud and clear as that which speaks from stellar skies, proclaiming God's ordainment.

Every leaf of every tree of every forest, and every blade of grass, and every flower that flings its fragrance on the breeze, though finite in themselves, proclaim the infinite.

CARTER'S DEVICE.—When Carter, the lion king was exhibiting with Ducrow at Astley's: a manager with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage door and asked for Carter. "Show the gentlemen up stairs," said Ducrow. When they reached the stage, there sat Carter, composedly, in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There's Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Ducrow; "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door. Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiffs staggered back in terror, and rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best of judgment at the time.

The *London News* reports that the Bank of France has for some time past employed a photographic detective to examine suspicious documents, and more recently has placed an invisible studio in a gallery; behind some heavy curtain the camera stood ready for work, and at a signal from any of the cashiers the photographers secured the likeness of any suspected customer. It is also reported that in the principal banking establishment in Paris several frauds have lately been detected by the camera, which, under some circumstances, exercises a sharper vision than the human eye. Where an erasure has been made, for instance, the camera detects it at once, let the spot be ever so smoothly rubbed over, while a word or figure, that to the eye has been perfectly scratched out, is clearly reproduced in a photograph of the document.

A CAT'S INSTINCT.—"James, I have forgotten what part of my garden has been planted. Can you give me a good rule by which to find out where I have placed my seeds?" If one forgets whether the beds are planted or not, a good way to tell is to turn a stray cat into the garden. If the beds are planted, the cat will proceed to race round and dig into them, and act as if it had relatives in China it was anxious to get at; while if they are not, it will sit down calmly in the path, and seem to be meditating on the progress of the missionary work in Africa. A cat's instinct seldom deceives in this matter. A hen is the next best thing.

TALK AT HOME.—Endeavor always to talk your best before your children. They hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they will deem it a drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents, who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first use what they have for their own household. A silent home is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, on the other hand, is often given in pleasant conversation, and what unconscious but mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the uttermost, the grace of conversation.—*Sel.*

TRANSPARENT.—Strange as it may seem, a Viennese professor has established a glass business, offering carpets, cuffs, collars, veils, etc., of glass. He not only spins, but also weaves glass before the eyes of the people. The otherwise brittle glass he changes into pliable threads and uses them for making good, warm clothing. It sounds like a myth, but Mr. Prengel introduces certain ingredients which are his secrets, and thereby changes the entire nature of the glass. He has just finished a white, curly glass muff for a lady in St. Petersburg. He charges forty thalers (thirty dollars) for them. Also ladies' hats of glass, with glass feathers. A remarkable feature of this glass material is that it is lighter than feathers, wool made of glass cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Mr. Prengel's glass invention is something so extraordinary and useful for clothing, etc., as glass is a nonconductor, that it will probably cause an entire revolution in dress material. Wonders will never cease.

DISTRUST.—Of all feelings of the human mind, it is that which is most treacherous in its workings, the most insidious in its approaches, and the least at the command of a generous temperament. While doubt exists, everything may be suspected, the thoughts having no definite facts to set bounds to their wanderings, and distrust once admitted, it is impossible to say to what extent conjecture may lead, to whither credulity may follow. That which had previously seemed innocent assumes the hue of a guilt, as soon as this uneasy tenant has taken possession of the thoughts; and nothing can be said or done without being subjected to the colorings and disfigurements of jealousy and apprehension.

Said he: "Malinda, you are my dearest duck."—Said she: "Augustus, you are trying to stuff me." She was too sage for him.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION

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Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life,
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work out my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need.
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,
That run through a single hour:
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their work and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain:
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lessons we once have learned
Are never so hard to repeat,
Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to the depths be riven,
With storm and tempest, we need them all,
To render us meet for heaven.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN. AT THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER II.

"May I bear a portion of your burden," said Herman, "it is too rough work for a young lady like you. Your fingers would become a needle better, and household duties should give you sufficient employment without this kind of labor."

"I think nothing of it," said Kitty, laughing. "I am used to it, and custom is everything. I doubt whether you would not be in more danger of having soiled hands than I from carrying sticks, besides I fancy it is more in keeping with your ordinary habits of life to carry a rifle than to carry fuel, and I do not know that my mother would be very well pleased at my apparent freedom with a stranger."

"I acknowledge the propriety of your hesitancy, and con-

cess that the class of employment is not customary with me, but I am sure it will be no discredit to me, especially in such good company, and I will take good care that it shall be no discredit to you or your mother either. Please let me take a few sticks." So saying he advanced and took a few sticks from her apron, and they walked on together toward the little cottage.

Somehow, Kitty, who had lived so secluded a life as to have come very little in contact with the world, felt and acted as if she had been guilty of an indiscretion, as she walked along beside the handsome young man who so strangely and unceremoniously proffered his services. Had it been some other young man she would probably have promptly refused his services; but as she looked up in his face she saw nothing repellant, but everything attractive, and yet she felt as if she were out of her element, and began to recall the counsels of her mother given that morning, but could not see in what way she had failed in their observance.

"When I approached you," said Herman, "I disturbed you in a reverie. You informed me that you had been thinking about the relationship existing between our departed friends and us, and wondering if they retained their old interest in us; the suggestion has awakened a new train of thought in my mind. I had a sister to whom I was most ardently attached, but who was taken away when about your age, she was always so wise and so good, though so young, that we all revered her, and a short time before she died she said to me, 'Herman, if it is possible for a disembodied spirit to be interested in the affairs of earth, my solicitude for your welfare will never be less than now. I will watch over you with a sister's undying affection, till we meet at the river to the verge of which I have almost arrived. Live worthily, so that our love for each other may grow stronger, in the ages to come. It may be that in some way her gentle spirit exercises an influence over me still, at least, I feel sure of this, that thoughts of her pure, happy life, and no less happy death, have often been between me and the tempter, when I have been solicited to wrong courses. Do you think I too may have been influenced by the spirit of my departed friend during the years that have intervened since she passed away?'"

"You said you thought the subject a deep one for one of my age, and perhaps I had better not express an opinion; indeed I can hardly say that I had formed an opinion upon the subject. I was only thinking, following my instincts, and feelings and fancies, scarcely reasoning at all; but I do not see why it might not be. I will ask mother when I get home. She appears to me to be wiser than any one I know, perhaps she can throw some light upon the subject. But pray, by what name shall I present you to my mother?"

"You have a perfect right under the circumstances, to know my name, and I have no motive for concealing it. My name is Herman Trevellyn. Leward Trevellyn, the owner of this estate, is my uncle. I have been but a short time here, having recently come from college on a visit to my uncle, by whose generosity I have been educated, my father not being in a position to bear the expense of sending me to school from home. I have yet one term to spend at college, when I hope to graduate, if I can be as successful in the future

as I have been in the past. But pray how is it that you and your mother live such a secluded life? Have you no friends in the neighborhood, in whose companionship you can find relief from the cares and anxieties of ordinary life?"

"I have no relatives, except my mother; at least, not in this country. My only other relative, an uncle, went to Australia many years ago, and as we have not heard from him for several years, I fear we have now no relatives in the world; but I do not feel much lonely so long as my dear mother is with me. But here we are at the cottage; it is but an indifferent dwelling, but I think at least you will find it clean. Come in."

As he entered, he saw at a glance that no ordinary house-keeper had been at work there. The walls, though unpapered, were spotlessly white; no dust could be seen in any corner, and the furniture was tastefully arranged. Snowy curtains subdued the light as it entered through the windows, and a few good pictures adorned the walls, while over a bureau hung a likeness, the features of which betokened intelligence and manliness; it was the likeness of Edward Lee. Mrs. Lee, who reclined on a sofa, rose as they entered, and manifested no little surprise at seeing a stranger accompanying her daughter and carrying some sticks, which he laid down with those which Kitty deposited in a box near the stove. "This is Mr. Trevellyn, a nephew of our landlord. My mother, Mr. Trevellyn. We accidentally met as I was returning from the mountain, and he insisted on coming with me to call upon you, and wouldn't let me carry all the sticks I had gathered, though I'm sure it was no great load for me alone."

"Bear ye one another's burdens," comes from an old code of morals that has not been improved upon by modern innovations," said Mrs. Lee; "and though I am not sure that this act of kindness was rendered in the spirit of that precept, I can assure Mrs. Trevellyn that as the friend of his uncle Edward Trevellyn, he is welcome to our humble cottage. Though I have not had the pleasure of seeing him before, I have heard favorably of him through his uncle."

"I am glad to learn that my character stands fair before my friends," said Herman, "and I hope so to conduct myself as to retain their good opinion. And, as to the motives by which I was actuated in introducing myself in this unusual manner, I can only say that the peculiar circumstances under which I met with your daughter, the train of thought which was awakened by a brief conversation, and a desire for an acquaintance with persons whose history seemed to place me in the relationship to them of kindred sympathies at least, led me to a desire for a further acquaintance; and though the act of carrying a few sticks is so small a thing in itself as to be unworthy of notice, still it serves as an outward recognition of the precepts you have just quoted. In my opinion there is in this age too little development of the externals of morality, even in the church, to impress the outside world very favorably as to the value of religious profession and internal piety. I do not think they flourish well, lacking the air and sunshine of an outwardly manifested life."

"True," said Mrs. Lee, "as the cultivation of the mind depends for its success upon the exercise received through the operation of the external senses, so, good works are the medium through which internal piety is fostered, as well as the evidence which the world demands of its existence."

"We were discussing a question, mother, which I promised to refer to you," said Kitty. "The question is, are our deceased friends still interested in us? And may we entertain the idea that they watch over those whom they love, and gently influence them to do right, and to keep them from the paths of vice. I was thinking of my father, and he of a sister to whom he was very tenderly attached, and that is how the question arose?"

"The question," said Mrs. Lee, "is one not so easily decided. It is quite certain to my mind that our happy departed friends are interested spectators of what is transpiring below, and as such constitute a portion of the 'cloud of witnesses' Paul speaks of in the 11th of Hebrews; witnesses as I take it, not only in the sense of bearing testimony, but also in the sense of observing, so as to be able to bear testimony. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus I think also bears out this idea, as does also the passage in Luke 23:43, and if the view I entertain be correct, it is not unreasonable

to suppose that our friends *could* exercise some influence over us for good, and their interest in us, is sufficient proof that they *would* do so, if not inconsistent with their present moral relationships. Angels are expressly declared to be ministering spirits, and in some respects, why not in this, the beatified in heaven are said to be equal to the angels."

"Well, it is a pleasing thought, and one calculated to assist our purposes of noble living, to believe that our friends are watching our conflicts with adverse influences, and waiting expectantly for our reunion with them in the happier country. But may I ask if you and your daughter are the only representatives of the Lee family. I think your daughter told me you had no relatives in the country."

"We are so far as I know the only remaining members of my father's family. I had a brother who emigrated to Australia several years ago, but whether he still lives I do not know. We have not heard from him for three years, and by our last letter he informed us that he intended going in a short time to Tasmania. Our family circle once consisted of ten members, but they have been scattered through all the climates of the world, attracted by love of adventure to Africa and Australia, by commerce to India and China, by military excitement to Madagascar, and Turkey, and some of our distant relatives went to America. You have heard of General Lee of the Confederate army. I believe he came from a branch of the same family as my husband. All my own relations, unless it may be, Gordon, who went to Australia, and he, too, for aught I know, are dead."

Thus it ever is; poor, restless mortals, we wander about, seeking rest and satisfaction to infinite capacities, among finite and perishable objects, and all the time death, who holds the portals of immortality, is busy reaping, or, it would be more appropriate to say transplanting, for after all death is but a scene, an episode in the drama of life."

"True," said Herman, "but it is a scene most of us would prefer left out of the play, especially when we are ourselves the actors, and I hope we may act our part in many a pleasant scene before the episode you refer to, but I must now take my leave, and with your permission and your daughter's. I shall be happy to call again."

"As a friend of Mr. Trevellyn, we shall be pleased to have you call at any time, and if in our humble cottage you can find sufficient pleasure to compensate for the absence of the comforts and associations of wealth, we shall feel flattered."

"I assure you Mrs. Lee, I am not at all enchanted with the pretensions and adornments of wealth. There is too much outward show and too little moral and intellectual beauty. Not perhaps that they do not exist, but if they do they are hidden by the outward glare and glitter and gaiety of wealth, and beauty, and fashion."

(To be continued.)

We insert the following piece of poetry by request of several parties. It appeared three years ago in the *College Courier*.

THE BROTHERS.

(Continued)

O, brother! how that voice of thine
Thrills through this weary breast of mine,—
The very voice I used to hear
Forever loved, forever dear :—
'Tis joy to meet the fond and true,
To whom we bade a long adieu ;
'Tis joy to hear once more the tone
Which seems an echo of our own.
Then, oh what joy to meet with thee,
Thou dearest friend on earth to me!
How oft I've sighed at twilight hour,
To greet thee in this lovely bower ;
To clasp thy hand, thy joys to share,
To know thy grief, thy every care ;
And in return to tell thee mine,
And find a pitying heart in thine ;
Yet oft I felt—I knew not why,
And then the tears would fill mine eye—
That in my griefs, my hopes, my fears,
The partner of my early years
Would have no share ;—would not deride.
I knew he would not frown or chide :—

And yet I knew his highest aim
 Had been to win a glorious name;
 I knew that he had won the prize;
 I knew the world's admiring eyes
 Were fixed on him—the brave and young;
 I knew that fadeless laurels hung
 Around his proud and noble brow.
 I saw the great and haughty bow
 Before the conqueror as he came
 With trophies won and bright with fame.
 I did not envy him; ah, no!
 And yet a bitter pang of woe
 Stole through my heart, and I have wept,
 When all around have calmly slept,
 To think that he, my brother friend,
 Would never from his height descend,
 To bend the knee to breathe a prayer
 For me when sinking in despair;
 Nor with me at the throne of grace,
 Plead for a wretched, heathen race.
 But though I speak of grief and pain,
 Brother, think not my mission vain;
 For I, unworthy as I am,
 Have pointed sinners to the Lamb,
 How great the boon! how sweet the thought!
 It is enough; 'tis all I sought.
 Ten years ago this very hour,
 We stood within this lovely bower;
 Then life was young, the future bright.
 Brother, how do we meet to-night?
 Then hope thy bounding bosom filled;
 O, hast thou seen thy hopes fulfilled?"

"Yes, all; for I have won a name—
 Laurels are mine, and deathless fame.
 I've stood upon the battle-field
 With gory sword and broken shield;
 I've heard the cannon's deafening roar;
 I've seen the crimson torrents pour;
 I've felt my own life-blood to start,
 And agony has wrung my heart;
 Yet on, still onward, I have pressed,
 With kindling eye and dauntless breast;
 For glory beckoned from afar,
 And glory was my guiding star.
 Through toil and hardships I have passed,
 But I have won the prize at last;
 A rich reward I have obtained
 But what, dear brother, hast thou gained?
 Thy cheek is pale, thy form is bent,
 Thy youthful energies are spent;
 And spent for what? for future ease?
 For fame, for wealth?—Ah, none of these!"

"'Tis true I've reached my native shore,
 A wreck of what I was before;
 I went in youth, I went in health,
 But did not go for fame or wealth.
 I've won the prize I sought to win—
 Seen sinners saved from death and sin;
 And while the warrior's wreath is thine,
 A crown of glory will be mine;
 I know that on my pallid brow
 The seal of death is resting now;
 But I can look beyond the gloom
 that hangs around the dreary tomb,
 And realms of endless beauty see
 Prepared through Jesus' blood for me;
 And when I reach the dismal tide,
 The raging waters will divide;
 Jesus will safely guide me o'er
 To Canaan's fair and peaceful shore!
 I am not worthy of such bliss,
 Not worthy of a hope like this;
 But through the merits of the Lamb,
 Wretched and sinful though I am,
 I hope to reach the better land;
 I hope to meet the blood-washed band,
 In their glad songs of praise to share,
 And find the ransomed heathen there,
 With whom in lands beyond the sea,

I've often bent the suppliant knee.

What have I gained? not ease, nor fame;
 Sickness and sorrow, want and shame,
 Have been my lot; yet of them all,
 Not one rude pang would I recall;
 For my Redeemer and my God
 First trod the path that I have trod;
 For me the crown of thorns he wore,
 For me the painful cross he bore,
 For me he died on Calvary's hill,
 For me, for me, he's pleading still.
 My wants and sorrows have been few
 To what my dear Redeemer knew;
 He's sympathized with every care,
 In all my griefs He's had a share,
 On land and on the billowy foam,
 And now he gently calls me home.
 How bright that home—how sweet my rest,
 When on my Saviour's loving breast
 This aching head shall find repose,
 This weary heart forget its woes.

What hast thou gained of earthly bliss
 That ever can compare with this?
 What hast thou gained? O brother, think,
 If now thou stood'st upon the brink
 Of the eternal world, what power
 Could cheer in such a trying hour?
 Would laurel wreath dispel the gloom,
 Or gild the passage to the tomb?
 Could all the honor earth bestows
 Soothe thy torn heart or hush thy woes?
 Or will the glory thou hast won
 Obtain the blissful word, "Well done?"
 When thou the King of kings shalt meet,
 And stand before the judgment seat?
 Ah! we alike have toiled and fought
 And we have won the prize we sought;
 But ask, dear brother, of thy heart,
 Did I not choose the better part?"

He paused awhile, the tears fell fast;
 In trembling tones he spoke at last:
 "Brother, we parted years before;
 We soon shall part to meet no more.
 We ne'er again at twilight hour
 shall stand within this lovely bower;
 Our hearts may heave, our bosoms swell,
 But we must say a last farewell.
 Since last we met two cherished forms
 That sheltered us from earth's rude storms,
 Have left our home, have sunk to rest,
 The turf upon each lifeless breast;
 Ah! we shall miss our father's tone
 within the hall so dark and lone;
 And we shall miss our mother's smile,
 And we shall miss her love the while.
 In calm repose the dear ones sleep;
 Over their tombs we both shall weep;
 Beside their tombs we both shall bend,
 And then, O then, my brother friend,
 For thee my very heart strings break!
 The burning tears fall for thy sake—
 For when thou next shalt wander here,
 I, too, their quiet rest shall share;
 And thou, while tears of anguish start,
 Will stand alone with burning heart.
 And shouldst thou ever seek this spot,
 I know 'twill never be forgot,
 For memory still will hold it dear,—
 O thou wilt miss thy brother here!
 Years may roll on—ten may be past,
 And yet this meeting is our last!
 Our last on earth, our last in time!
 O, shall we meet in that bright clime
 Where death and parting are unknown,
 And joy and rapture reign alone?
 "I leave thee, brother, and I go,
 Willing to part with all below

Save thee alone. How can I part
With one so dear unto my heart,
And fear (God grant it may be vain),
That we shall never meet again!

O brother! brother! soon my head
Will rest amid the silent dead;
Soon I shall yield my fleeting breath;
Soon will my voice be hushed in death;
Then let me plead, as ne'er before
I plead with thee in days of yore,
That thou wilt bend thy stubborn soul,
And own a Saviour's mild control;
By all his boundless love for thee,
Unto his side for mercy flee;
The cross, though shameful, fondly bear,
And in thy Master's sufferings share;
Then when a few more years are o'er,
We'll meet upon the heavenly shore;
In sweet accord we'll loudly raise
Our songs of love and endless praise.
Forgetful of our sorrows here,
Forgetful of the falling tear;
Or if our thoughts we ever cast
On these dark scenes within the past,
We'll shout and we'll rejoice the more
To think those trying scenes are o'er—
To think that we have gained the land
Where we can clasp each other's hand,
And fear no parting, fear no change,
But arm in arm forever range
The shores of love, with hearts that swell,
But dread no more the sad farewell!
I leave thee, brother; down thy face
The burning tears each other trace;
Thy heart is rent with pangs of woe;
'Tis twined 'round me and—yet I go;
And when upon my death-sealed brow
The tear drops fall, O wilt not thou
Remember that the dying prayer
Of him who sleeps so calmly there
Arose in agony for thee?
Then, brother, wilt thou bend the knee?"

He ceased; his trembling voice grew weak,
And paler grew his hollow cheek;
Within each other's arms, the pair
In anguish wept together there;
Heart answered heart with wondrous power,
Though lips were mute in that sad hour.

Through all the long and dreary night,
Till morning broke in splendour bright,
Beside the couch of death and pain
A brother knelt with burning brain.
On the pale brow the sunbeams fell,
The parting spirit sighed: "Farewell!
The strife is o'er, the soul is free—
The wretched mourner, where is he?
Alone;—save his, no footstep falls
Within his father's ancient halls;
No friend is near with soothing tone,
No heart to sorrow, save his own.

With trembling lips and pallid brow,
He seeks the lonely garden now.
He's reached the bower, how sinks his soul!
O how the burning tear-drops roll!
He listens, but he knows 'tis vain—
To hear his brother's voice again;
He knows he sleeps in calm repose,
Forgetful of his pains and woes;
He almost longs that rest to share.
When hark! upon the balmy air
There seems to come a gentle tone,
'Tis sweet, 'tis thrilling, and well-known;
It whispers in a tender strain,
"O brother, shall we meet again?"

Forgotten now the sword and shield,

Forgotten now the battle-field!
The haughty chief has knelt in prayer,
And love and penitence are there.
The world recedes and heaven appears,—
Seraphic music greets his ears,
And holy smiles play round his brow,
And thus he breathes the sacred vow:
"All that I loved I now resign;
Wealth, fame and honor once were mine,
But now no more. Welcome the cross!
Compared with which all things are loss.
The laurel-wreath that glory twined
Around my brow, I will unbind;
I'll battle for a heavenly crown.
To lands beyond the raging wave—
Where my departed brother gave
His youth, his energies, his all,
Obedient to his master's call—
There I will go, through Jesus' grace
I'll strive to fill my brother's place!
Welcome, then, earthly grief and pain!
O brother, we shall meet again!"

Years passed away; where palm-trees wave
Their branches o'er a lonely grave,
A true and a devoted band
Of India's sons and daughters stand,
With tearful cheek and pensive brow,
For they have lost their leader now;
They bend the knee, they breathe a prayer,
They raise their trembling voices there;
Faith guides each tear that sorrow weeps.
Beneath that mound the warrior sleeps,
Far from his childhood's peaceful home,
Far o'er the bilows' watery foam,
He calmly rests; his race is run,
The everlasting prize is won,
And he has clasped his brother's hand
Within the bright, the better land!

SELECTED.

A BRAZILIAN LEGEND.

They have many beautiful and touching legends connected with Brazil—one in connection with a little bird called *El Alma Perdida*. I will tell the story as it was told me. It is said an Indian and his wife went from their village to work, carrying their infant with them. The woman, becoming thirsty, went to a spring to get water, leaving the infant in its father's care, with many cautions to take good care of the babe. When she arrived at the spring she found it dried up, and concluded to go in search of another one, which was some distance farther. The husband, becoming alarmed at her long delay, carefully covered the child with leaves, and arranging it comfortably, started in pursuit. When he found his wife and told her he had left the child, the mother's heart became troubled for her darling, and they hastened back, when lo! to their terror and dismay, there was no sign of their treasure.

In their agony they went searching through the forest, on through groves, bright and fair with their tropical loveliness, but in response to their bitter cries and lamentations they could hear nothing but the wailing cry of this little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes, to their distracted imaginations, syllabled the words "papa, mamma."

It is supposed the Spaniards heard this touching story, and, with their poetic imaginations, called this beautiful winged creature, with its melancholy song, "*El Alma Perdida*" (the lost soul).

There is perhaps not in all Brazil a legend listened to with more interest than the one connected with this bird, with its angelic song, that with its sweet tones, echoes through Brazil's wilds.

What a rare gift is that of manners! How difficult to define; how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or talent; they will more than supply them all.

FARMER A AND HIS BUTTER.

A very fine dairy has Farmer A ;
He makes "gilt-edged" butter, his neighbors all say.
Now, Farmer A thought his butter so nice
That by "holding" he'd get a much higher price.

JUNE.

"Good morning," the middleman said ;
"Have you butter to sell ?" Mr. A. shook his head,
"What d'ye pay ?" "Thirty-five is a very fair price."
Mr. A shook his head. "My butter's too nice."

SEPTEMBER.

"I've called 'round again to look at your butter."
This remark set the farmer's head in a flutter,
(It's advanced, his calling shows that very plain,
I think I won't sell till it goes up again ;)
"What d'ye pay ?" "Forty cents," the middleman said—
"That's a little more like it"—but he still shook his head.

NOVEMBER.

"I want some 'gilt-edge,' some A number one,
I think to the very top notch it has gone ;
Mr. A you had better take my advice—
Dispose of your butter while it brings a good price.
Of course you're aware you may hold it too long,
The best butter sometimes becomes very strong."
"What d'ye pay ?" "Forty-five," the middleman said,
"Let'r bob up to fifty"—he still shook his head.

MARCH.

The butter is "frowy," he'll hold it no longer ;
For every day it smells stronger and stronger ;
Sorry that he hadn't sold when 'twas higher.
He starts off to town to hunt up a buyer.
The middleman's tryer goes down through the stuff—
Whew ! Whew ! how it smells—one smell is enough ;
"I don't wish to buy." "Make me one offer, please."
"Mr. A, I am paying ten cents for poor grease."

MORAL.

Now, don't hold too long, just because it is nice,
Let 'em slide every time when it brings a good price.

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

There resides in Wichita, Kansas, a widow by the name of Mrs. A. H. Gibson. She is of slight stature, and very quiet and retiring, and with her daughter carries on the profession of milliner and mantua maker. During the late visit of the Indians to that town, and as the sons of the forest were in single file passing along the streets, a Cheyenne brave suddenly broke ranks, and rushing into the store where Mrs. Gibson was employed, put his arms about her, patted her cheek with his hand, and in broken English gave expression to great joy and satisfaction. All the ladies in the store were, of course, nearly frightened out of their wits, while the blanketed savage kept reiterating, "Good squaw ! heap good squaw !"

The sequel is not uninteresting. Previous to the great Indian massacre of 1862, Mrs. Gibson, then Mrs. Southworth, lived alone on the Minnesota frontier. One day a squaw came to her house and made her understand that she wanted soup, after obtaining which she carried it away to the woods. For several days she came regularly on the same errand. A few days before the bloody massacre, in which so many settlements were wiped out, and in which so many men, women, and children were ruthlessly butchered, two or three Indians with two squaws came to Mrs. Gibson's and asked for dinner. After the meal one of them told her that they must bind her in secrecy, and that no harm could befall her.

Of course, she could only submit, and as she was being carried to her destination during the next day saw the burning homes, fleeing settlers and scenes that will never be etched from her memory. They kept strict watch over her for two weeks, after which two squaws took her to within a few miles of a fort, forty miles distant, put her down in the road, and told her when dark came to go in, which she did. From the squaw she learned that the soup she had daily made was for a sick chief Monoway, who recovered, and who

had determined to save her and hers. When she returned to her home the next spring, after several months absence, she found everything just as she had left it. Not a cow or even a chicken were missing, but everything had been cared for, fed and protected, during the long winter by some Indians who had been detailed for that purpose, and who immediately relinquished everything to her peaceful possession. Mrs. Gibson's visitor was one of the party, and in spite of the time intervening, immediately recognized her, and expressed his satisfaction as related.

SOME QUICK REPLIES.

Dr. B——, who was for many years associated with the University of Virginia, was noted for his quickness of retort, and some of his repartees, which are fading out of contemporary memory, are worthy of preservation.

Once, many years ago, being on a visit to Washington, he thought he recognized a friend in the man who was immediately before him. "How are you ?" he said, clapping the supposed friend familiarly on the shoulder. The stranger, turning stiffly, answered, with some resentment, "My name is Hull, sir." "I beg your pardon," said the professor. "I was looking for the Colonel."

On another occasion, as he was walking, looking intently at something in the street, a man coming in the opposite direction, and who was gazing with equal earnestness into a shop window, ran shoulder to shoulder against him. The stranger, drawing himself up with extreme *hauteur*, said : "Why did you run against me ?" With equal severity the professor answered in exact imitation of his questioner's tone and manner : For precisely the same reason that you ran against me," and the encounter ended in a good-natured laugh.

A gentleman, coming into his office one day, said : "Doctor, why do you keep your room so hot ? It is like an oven." "I must," he answered promptly, "for it is here that I make my bread."

On a visit to a New York publishing house, against which he had a claim for six hundred dollars, he was ushered into an office where one of the firm sat on a high stool, pompously shelling letters. The professor stood awaiting recognition ; but no notice was taken of him. Finally, the small business man, twisting himself round on his perch, said, in the most supercilious of tones : "What ?" "That," said the professor, handing the order for the money. The business was settled without another word.

A very tiresome civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the University professors, who for a joke, and to rid himself of the nuisance, sent to Dr. B—— with his engineering schemes, as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes, and unfolded his schemes several times with wearisome multiplicity of detail to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say, "Just one moment, professor, one thing more." Finally, his hearer's much-tried patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patentee again said : "I only want to show you one thing more, professor. I have invented a short method of boring mountains, which I think will prove very valuable." "My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent a short method of boring individuals you would indeed confer a lasting benefit upon the race." The engineer departed.

A would-be *littérateur*, who was the head of a large variety and notion business, was constantly annoying the doctor with his pretensions. On one occasion he said : "Doctor, I have an idea"—— "No, no, my dear H——," said the Doctor, a little impatiently, "you are mistaken, you deal in notions, not in ideas."

On another occasion, the same gentleman broke in upon a conversation with the sudden and irrelevant question, "Doctor, did you ever read Shakspeare ?" The listener struggled a moment in silence with his indignation, and then, assuming a mystified air, asked in the most commonplace tone, "What Shakspeare ?"

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them ; and the evils bear patiently. For this day only is ours ; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

A Cunning Expedient.

There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit on an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailor, and told a secret of great importance, which he desired him to impart to the king, and when this had been done he would be prepared to die. After receiving this piece of intelligence, the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The culprit replied that he knew the secret of causing a tree to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty should not lose the opportunity. The king, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers and his chief priest, went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted, it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean; therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said,—

"I remember, in my younger days, that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare to say my hand is clean. I pass it to my prime minister."

The prime minister, after a brief consideration, answered,—

"It were a pity to break the charm through a positive blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to a great many temptations, how can I be sure that I have been always perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of the citadel."

"No, no!" cried the governor, drawing back, "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Get the high priest to plant it."

The priest said,—

"You forget that I have the collecting of tithes; and the disbursements for sacrifices."

The thief exclaimed at length,—

"Your majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among any of us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient that he at once granted him a pardon.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

If somebody should give me a diamond to carry to Europe, I can know exactly how much would be lost to the world were I to drop it into the sea; but if a seed should be given me, I can only regard it with awe as containing concealed within it the food of untold generations. That is the difference between looking at the truth as a diamond or as a seed—as final or germinal.

In all training of character, continuity and economy must be supreme. The notion that character is spontaneous is held by most people in the earlier portion of their lives, and is wrong. When they discover this, nine-tenths change to the other extreme. This is wrong, too. Hosts of young men think that their character will form of itself, and they will necessarily become better as they grow older. Hosts of old men believe that their character is fixed, and that it is impossible for them to become better. Such beliefs are foolish. People are also wrong in thinking that they can put off their bad traits and put on good traits. The old failures cannot be thus transformed, but out of the old habits new can be formed. This is what many a poor creature needs to know. We must make what we are to be out what we are already.

—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

Dangers to Young Men.

Dr. John Hall delivered, some time ago, a lecture on "The Perils of the Times." Among other things he treats of dangers that threaten young men as young men. He mentions four. First, the danger of shallowness, which arises from the hurry and bustle and state of activity in which we live. Individual capacities are not trained to their highest

perfection. The advice is given to young men that it would be well for them to be masters of some one thing. The second danger arises from a mistaken conception of what success really is. Money has come to be considered the ideal of success. And allied to this mistake is a false notion of gentility. It is said to be the fact that throughout New England it is extremely difficult to persuade young men to become mechanics farmers, or laborers. The young are filled with the idea that they must go to the large cities. This is an unhealthy condition of things. All honest work is honorable if done in a right spirit. Another peril is caused by a certain unsettledness in life. It is extremely easy in this country to pass from one line of life to another. The very thought in the minds of young men that they can easily pass to another line of work, if they become dissatisfied with their present employment, disinclines them to direct their whole energies upon the work in hand. Dr. Hall's advice is: Choose slowly, deliberately, with the best advice, and perhaps later than young men are ordinarily accustomed to do, and then when the occupation has been decided upon, stick to it. Another danger comes from the enervating influences that surround young men. Dr. Hall said he had not a word to say against true pleasures; but he spoke of those pleasures that weaken and unfit men for stern, hard work. It is said sometimes that the reins are drawn too tight. But no one who had stood by as many death-beds as he had would say the reins could be drawn too tight.

NONENTITIES.

We are told that it is deemed necessary, among the Zulus, that every individual should have some bodily ailment, about which he boasts to his neighbors; and here, in civilized America, there are many people of this way of thinking, as every fashionable physician will tell you. I say "fashionable," because hypochondriacs are generally wealthy enough to indulge their whim, instead of being obliged to leave it at the work-bench or wash-board; and upon their folly the favored physician fattens. When, after an hour or two's waiting, they are ushered into the sanctum of the oracle, they receive a soothing lecture upon the desirableness of avoiding over-exertion and keeping the mind amused; they are advised to take moderate exercise, much fresh air, and plenty of wholesome food; an agreeable tour is suggested; and, altogether, the patients are recommended to make their lives as pleasant as possible, without overtaxing their energies. "Let your life be enjoyable, let your life be long;" is the pith of the charming doctor's advice. Can it be a matter of wonder that he is at the top of his profession? Combined with his excellent suggestions is a consoling assurance that there are no symptoms at present of any organic disease, and that none are to be anticipated unless the patient is imprudent, in which case the doctor will not answer for the consequences. The patient goes away, quite satisfied that he is an interesting invalid, while the doctor laughs at him for a poor creature, and awaits his next patron. Well, the world teems with hobbies!

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

Take life like a man, says Spurgeon. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to hold and to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be a heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done. Who cannot look back on opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, and all caused from lack of necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follow it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish.

THE TEST.

It matters not, my friend, how rich you are,
How grand or great;
How brightly o'er you shines ambition's star,
Or high estate:
It matters nought though rarest silks enfold
Your stately form,
And marble walls inlaid with gleaming gold
Shut out the storm.

But whether you have proved your noble birth
By noble deeds,
Regardless of the sneers and snares of earth,
Or useless creeds;
Whether your soul has soared in courage high,
Erect and free,
With resolution that can do or die,
Is much to me.

I care not whether you have won in fight
A warrior's fame,
Or graven in silver letters dazzling bright
A statesman's name:
It matters not that people bow the head
In flattering tear,
Or nations tremble with a nameless dread
When you are near;

But whether you have spoken words most kind,
And sown the seed
That bears rich fruitage in the human mind,
Of thought and deed;
Whether your heart has triumphed o'er its pride
With courage true,
And 'mid the lowly hearted turned aside
Its work to do;

Whether your eyes have learned to look in love
On all around,
And turning others' eyes and hearts above,
Their bonds unbound—
Reclining on the rich return that waits
For those who see
Beyond the portals of the golden gates,
Is much to me.
For he who learns to work and watch and wait—
Unvexed by any fortune, any fate—
Thus truly good is truly grand and great.

I. EDGAR JONES.

THE TALE OF A MADMAN.

In one of the insane asylums of Philadelphia can be seen a handsome man, blind and insane, although you could not discern from his actions that such was the case. Being a physician, I could naturally glean something from his life's history. He was not blind when he first entered the institution; it is said his face was distorted with horror, and his ravings were terrible to view; but one night he deliberately tore out his eyes. Strange to relate, after this terrible occurrence he became calm, and apparently perfectly sane.

I will relate in his own words the story he told me on one occasion.

"I shrank in horror and disgust from those who loved me. When I described the horrible objects which presented themselves to my view, men said my brain was diseased; the pictures but the phantasms of a lunatic.

"Years rolled on. I lived and breathed in an atmosphere of corruption; insects filled the air; everywhere I saw disagreeable objects.

"I heard of beauty, and laughed with scorn and unbelief; women of whom men sang and boasted came, when my eyes were closed, and clasped my hand. I wondered how they could touch that hand, composed, as it seemed to me, of moving animals, small, it is true, but repulsive. As they touched my hand a sweet feeling pervaded my being; I opened my eyes to behold the beauty of the songs of men. I saw and cried out in terror—Loathsome objects everywhere!

"Thus lived I on in horror, not knowing that my eyes were at fault, and not the objects which had almost crazed my brain.

"A skilled physician gazed upon my face. He stood in mute surprise.

"It is a strange case; the crystalline covering of the pupil and iris of the eye is very thick, and formed in such a manner that the objects seen are magnified; the horrors that you have experienced may be viewed through the microscope; the crystal of your eye is to you what a very powerful microscope is to the natural sight. This is a freak of nature never before known."

"For weeks I closed my eyes and tried in vain to tear them from their sockets; but my friends had bound my hands, to prevent them from destroying my sight—my sight!

"An operation being performed, heaven opened on my sight; giants became liliputians. The fresh, crisp air; the clear, crystal water; the smiling face of man, and the dearer, sweeter face of woman, gave a joy to my heart which I can never, never! feel again.

"Intoxicated, and pleasantly fascinated by sweet, heavenly women, I loved and was loved. I clasped hands again; this time no horror met my gaze; like a lily her hand lay in my own. The past was forgotten when I rested my head upon the heart that loved me well, and loving we lived.

"But objects began to enlarge, beauty to decay. Shriek after shriek I uttered; I rushed to her I loved—clasped her in my arms in one fierce, mad embrace—then dashed her from me in horror and disgust; for my sight was again blasted with those loathsome objects as in years gone by.

"I baffled fate; yet I am groaning in a mad-house, sane—but blind."

DEBT IS DANGER.

No man of good morality is happy when in debt. His peace of mind is disturbed, and he is led to commit imprudences or sins foreign to his nature. The wise man who avoids debt avoids numberless danger.—if the neighbors speak well of him. He is a favorite with the store-keepers. The workman declares he is a good employer. He knows the state of his own money matters. He is honorable and just in all his dealings. You can depend on his word; for virtues, like certain birds, go in flocks, and never move alone. If misfortune overtakes him, he breaks the edge of it by not being in debt. "At all events," he says, "I have no bills to pay." He is not afraid of every ring at the bell, nor of the first man he meets being a creditor whom he is putting off. His income is not always anticipated and spent beforehand. He can always make both ends meet, and often lay by something at the end of the year. He can help a poor relation, or give a needy friend a helping hand. He squares his accounts every month, perhaps every week, and always has money in hand. If he wanted credit no one could get it more easily, because it is well known that debt forms no part of his system. He practises self-restraint, and improves his moral character by adhering to a rule so simple, and so much for his own comfort and advantage, that he is astonished any of his neighbors should go upon another tack and make a show at the expense of their creditors. Whatever he has, eats, drinks, wears, drives, rides, uses, is paid for. If it were not he would hardly think it his, or that he had any right to it. Several persons whom he knows are in his eye thieves and beggars, though they cut a considerable dash. They are thieves because they order what they can never pay for, and beggars because they are insolent while they seem to be rich. He is a true-hearted man, and hates chains, and so escapes disaster.

A Good Adviser.—Those men who understand the value of a woman's advice have learned a valuable lesson. It is a wondrous advantage to man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are not combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she really be your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honor, and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart.

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
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These or similar premiums will be given again at the close of the third volume.


NOTWITHSTANDING our purpose to issue our paper earlier, we have been again hindered; this time partly on account of extra pressure of job work required at once owing to the Western Fair, (at which, by the way, we were so fortunate as to take the first prize for *letter press printing*), and partly on account of having a large quantity of type locked up in a heavy circular job, which we had to get off before we could complete our paper. We hope in the future to be able to get the paper out much earlier, and in the meantime we ask our readers to bear with us as patiently as possible.

Some parties have written us without giving their address. Please be careful to give name and address with street number if possible, as we frequently have several subscribers of the same name in the same town. We desire to give all our subscribers the fullest satisfaction possible, and will gladly supply any missing numbers on notification that they failed to arrive.

We are getting copies of volume No. 2 bound in cloth, and will supply them to any who want them at 50 cents each, or in half leather at 75 cents each, and 5 cents extra for postage. A good engraving will be inserted as frontispiece to the bound volume.


 We want agents particularly in Eastern Ontario, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Manitoba, and all over the United States, to take orders on commission.

No one can give better commissions than we do.

 See **EXTRA-EXTRAORDINARY** terms to subscribers on second page of cover.

We want agents, at once, in every neighborhood to get up clubs; for terms of which see second page of the cover.

Please do not neglect to renew when, or before your subscription expires, as the paper will not be sent unless the subscription has been renewed. We will, however, send it to those who are not prepared to pay at the time of renewing, but by postal card or otherwise express their wish to have it sent on; but we will not lay ourselves open to the charge made against us in several instances of trying to force our paper upon persons who do not want it. We know that our paper is appreciated by a large class of the most intelligent and refined portion of the community; and if there are others who do not appreciate it, or who for pecuniary or other reasons do not wish to take it, we do not wish to even be suspected of trying to force them to take it against their inclinations; but we do expect those who have taken it in the past to pay for what they have received; and no one with a common sense of justice would ask to be released from their obligation to us without paying up.


 Subscriptions may be sent in 3, 2 or 1 cent postage stamps, when paper money is not at hand.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or

street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

 Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

Affecting Incident.

A friend of ours relates the following: "On our return from Europe, when off the banks of Newfoundland, on a very dark night, a concussion was felt throughout the vessel, and a considerable degree of alarm was experienced by many of the passengers. On making inquiry we ascertained that in the darkness we had run down a fishing smack. Immediately the vessel was stopped, and three boats were manned, and lowered, and put back in search of the occupants of the ill-fated craft.

An hour was spent in the search; and in the meantime all on board the vessel had arisen from their berths, and were watching with intense but subdued excitement for the return of the boats. At length the splashing of the oars was heard, as the first came within hailing distance, and the captain shouted at the top of his voice, "is any one saved?" "No one," was the response that came back through the blackness of the night. And then another boat approached, and again the captain shouted "Are there any saved," and again the cheerless answer came back "no one." And the anxiety deepened on every countenance, but still there was one boat to hear from, and they hoped that it would prove more successful. At length it returned and the same question rang out over the water, "Is any one saved?" and again came the same sad response, "No one." And the passengers looked in each others faces and wept.

These rough fishermen were strangers to them, but they were men, and they had gone down suddenly unwarned to their death in the darkness of the deep; and they knew that longing eyes would be vainly watching and waiting for the loved forms that would come to them no more. And the tears were manly tears, welling up from the sacred springs of human sympathy. But alas! how many moral wrecks there are all around us, among our neighbors, acquaintances and friends, going down to a more terrible fate; but where are the tears, the anxiety, the sympathy, and the effort for their rescue."

The Lawyer's Prayer of Ninety Years Ago.

Ordained to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name,
The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear;
To virtue, and her friends a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend.

Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect the oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify the villain's cause.

Let others, with unsparring hand,
Scatter their poison through the land;
Inflame dissension, kindle strife
And strew with ills the path of life.

On such her gifts let fortune shower,
Add wealth to wealth and power to power.
On me may favouring heaven bestow
That peace which good men only know:
The joy of joys by few professed
The eternal sunshine of the blest.

All earthly good I here resign,
The praise of honesty be mine;
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The Confessions of a Dyspeptic Tobacco-Using Lawyer.

Among our passengers was a tall young man, of fine appearance, but somewhat delicate, not to say sickly. He passed into the second-class car, lighted his cigar, and began to smoke. Here, I said to myself, is an opportunity to do some good to a person to whom great good needs to be done. Approaching him in a respectful manner, I said, "I believe, sir, we are strangers to each other, and, as this interview may be our only one, will you allow me as a medical man, to give you a word of advice?" Looking at me with a little apparent surprise, he said, "Certainly I will."

"Well, then, my dear sir, let me say that I discover in your countenance, and in your whole appearance, that, young as you are, your constitution is already beginning to suffer from some bad influence. It may be the use of tobacco or it may be something else. Pray what is your employment?"

"I am a lawyer, sir; but law has not hurt me. I am killing myself with tobacco, and I know it."

"How long have you smoked tobacco?"

"I have never smoked very much till of late; but I have chewed the article ever since I was sixteen years old."

"How old are you now, sir?"

"Thirty-three."

He had, consequently, chewed the weed about seventeen years. He told me that he had never been sick with fever, but had had a great deal of ill health. "It is well," said I, "that you have escaped severe disease requiring medical attention, for you would probably have been a greater sufferer on account of the use of tobacco. Not only will disease be more dangerous at the beginning, but more difficult to manage."

On further inquiry, I found that he was suffering from dyspepsia. His liver was somewhat affected, as well as the whole alimentary canal.

"How much tobacco do you chew in a year?" I asked.

"I use a pound of the best paper tobacco a week."

"Fifty-two pounds a year, then?"

"Yes, quite as much as that."

"Then you expend twenty-six dollars a year for tobacco, and have done so seventeen years. Do I understand you correctly?"

"Certainly you do."

"This is quite a heavy tax on your purse!"

"I know it is. I would give \$500 to be freed from the vile habit."

"Why, then, do you not leave it off?"

"I cannot do it. I have tried a great many times."

"You look as though you had force enough to be able to quit it."

"I cannot do it. I must die a miserable slave."

"You ought to last fifty years. You inherited a good constitution."

"One of the very best."

"Are you willing to dwindle away and perish at fifty, when you might as well live on to eighty or ninety?"

When the cars stopped I obtained a promise that he would abandon the habit. Men have done such things at fifty and sixty years of age, and have been made young again; but they are rare instances.—*Ez.*

Asphyxia by Carbonic Acid Gas.

Asphyxia, by inhalation of gas, takes place as soon as the person comes within the influence of this compound, and takes it in with the breath. A sudden sense of suffocation is felt, with dizziness of the brain, and inability to stand. If a person is standing at the time the air is taken into the lungs, and falls over, he is in a position, while down, to inhale more of the carbonic acid gas, for, being heavier than the air, much more of it is to be experienced at the bottom of the well, or cavern, where it occurs, than five feet higher up.

This gas, sometimes known under the name of "Choke Damp," is produced in the ordinary process of fermentation, in burning and slaking lime; and it is also found in mines, particularly coal mines, and in wells, cellars, or caves which have been long closed up. It is considerably heavier than the atmosphere, and is consequently found lying on the floor

of the cavity where confined.

No well, vat, old cellar, or cavern of any kind, should ever be entered without first lowering down into the deepest point a lighted candle. If the flame is extinguished, or burns dimly, indicating the presence of this gas, no one, under any circumstances, should be permitted to enter without removing this foul air. It lies at the bottom, because too heavy to ascend. It is not so heavy, however, that a strong current of common air will not dislodge it. Buckets of water dashed down into the well, or masses of lighted shavings or blazing paper, give enough movement to the carbonic acid gas to dislodge it from its resting-place. After testing the success of the effort by again introducing the lighted candle, it can soon be known whether a person may enter with impunity. Freshly-slaked lime also rapidly absorbs it.

Often there may be no such gas shown in the cavity, but the efforts of the workmen will dislodge it from an adjacent space into the one which he is breathing. This possibility should never be lost sight of.

When a person appears overcome by this carbonic acid gas, he is, of course, wholly unable to help himself, and must at once be removed by another. Sometimes a grapnel hook can be used with advantage, but often the better way is to rapidly lower some bold, clear-headed person, with a rope securely fastened around his middle, who can seize and bring to the surface the unfortunate individual. No time should be lost in descending or arising, as the person lowered depends upon doing everything during the interval he can hold his breath, for, of course, should he inhale the gas, his position, in this respect, would be but little better than the man he attempts to succor. A large sack is sometimes thrown over the head and shoulders of the person who descends. It contains enough air to serve for several inhalations, while the texture of the material prevents, to a hurtful degree, the admission of the deleterious gas.

The person suffering from Asphyxia from the gas, immediately after being brought out, should be placed on his back, the neck and throat bared, and any other obstacles to the breathing quickly removed. His body should then be quickly stripped, and if he has not fallen into water on being overpowered by the gas, his head, neck, and shoulders freely dashed with cold water.

Remember, this is not "sprinkling," as commonly practiced; but, as said before, a person should stand off some distance, with a bowl of cold water, and throw its contents, with as much force as possible, against the parts. Others would follow without an interval for half a minute, while one can count thirty slowly, then the dripping water wiped away by a towel. This procedure should be repeated from time to time, as apparently required. Sometimes, if a brook of water is near, the stripped person might be dipped again and again; being careful, of course, not to dip in his face. Artificial respiration should be used with as little intermission as possible.

Should the person have fallen in the water and become chilled, the use of cold water, in this manner, had better be avoided, as the evaporation of the moisture absorbs more heat than can be manufactured by the exhausted and overpowered system. In such a case, the body of the person should be put in a warmed bed, with hot applications, and artificial respiration at once established, as in the Asphyxia from drowning and hanging.

While artificial respiration is being used, friction applied to the limbs should be kept up.

THE INEBRIATE'S BRAIN.—Hytti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of a person who lived soberly. Now and then he could congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects that object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance it then becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer-like tissues still throb with the pulse of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation desecrate the God-like! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the

fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone!—*Scientific American*.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE—Exercise oils the joints of the body and prevents them from growing stiff. It needs no money, very little time, little or no present strength. One thing it does need, and that is perseverance. One-third of the time often given to the piano will more than suffice. One less study a day of those who are to-day overtaking so many school-girls and instead of judicious, vigorous, out-door exercise aimed directly at the weak muscles, and taken as regularly as one's breakfast; and is their any doubt which will pay the better, make the girl happier, the better fitted for all her duties, and the more attractive as well? It is as necessary to develop vigorous, healthy bodies as it is to cultivate the mind: for what is mental power without bodily strength?

HEALTHY WOMEN.

A writer, in urging the necessity for more attention to physical culture, notes as a favorable sign the fact that "the pale and interesting" type of female beauty is fast losing its popularity, and that men of position and influence are declaring for the healthy standard of womanly beauty, such as was ever recognized by Greece and Rome. This is certainly an important and happy change in public taste, and already the effects of it are to be detected in an improved condition of feminine health; for it will hardly be denied that on an average the women of to-day are physically superior to what they were a few years ago when tight-lacing and similar destroying customs prevailed. Young women take more exercise than they formerly did. They ride and walk more, and are more in the open air. They have not the insane dread of the sun's rays which they once had. But there is much room for improvement yet. Many homes are still presided over by invalid wives and mothers, who furnish a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to their families and friends, and are a subject of unlimited expense to their husbands. In such homes the greatest of all blessings that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing which never comes.

American homes, more than any other, perhaps, in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. If this will be so no longer, it will be a great blessing to the nation. And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is a proper attention to dress and exercise. Let woman dress, as men do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and let them get out into the air and sunshine, as men do, and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, as it once threatened to do. On the contrary, it will be improved, built up, and beautified, and a time will shortly come when a healthy man will not have to hunt a whole country over to find a healthy wife. We are on the right track now; all that is needed is to go ahead, and the results will soon be manifest. Women will die to be in fashion; therefore let the fashion of female beauty be vigor and strength, and all the ladies in the land will be swinging dumb-bells, practising archery, riding on horseback, and walking for a wager, but they will be in style.—*Selected*.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

RIPE TOMATO PICKLE.—Take smooth, ripe tomatoes and wash clean in cold water; prick them with a coarse needle; lay compactly in a stone jar until full; then take sufficient pure cider vinegar to cover; heat until boiling, then turn over the tomatoes; have ready a piece of foolscap or smooth brown paper, turn the white of an egg on it and see that every part of the paper is covered with the egg; put in the jar (egg side down) and pinch the edges close and cover with paper tied on tight.

MIXED PICKLES.—Little cucumbers about two inches long, green tomatoes, ears of sweet corn about the size of the cucumbers, a dozen small white onions, some pods of string beans and the tender pods of the radish, four or five small

green peppers and some bits of horse-radish root; all of these soak over night in a weak brine; drain through a colander and pack in a two quart can and fill the can with boiling hot spiced vinegar.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup molasses, one cup brown sugar, one cup sour milk, five cups flour, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water, two tablespoonfuls ginger, one of cinnamon; mix the molasses, sugar, butter, and spices until they are several degrees lighter color than when you began; add the milk, then the soda, lastly the flour; beat very hard five minutes; bake in one (or two) shallow pans. Try it warm for tea or luncheon, and you will soon repeat the experiment.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.—One quart flour, two tablespoonfuls lard (half butter is better), two cups milk, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, two tablespoonfuls cream tartar sifted into the dry flour, one saltspoonful salt; mix the shortening into the flour after you have sifted it and the cream tartar together; put in the soda and wet up quickly, just thick enough to roll into a paste less than half an inch thick. Cut in squares, and lay in the centre of each a juicy tart apple pared and cored, bring the corners of the squares together and pinch slightly; bake to a fine brown. Eat hot with a rich sweet sauce.

CHOCOLATE FOR CAKE.—The whites of three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful vanilla.

CUP PUDDINGS.—Three eggs, their weight in flour, butter, and sugar; whip the eggs well separately, and the butter to a cream, then stir in the flour gently, and mix all together. Bake it twenty minutes in small pudding cups. They may be flavored with bitter-almond or lemon-peel. Served with fruit sauce, syrup or cream and sugar.

LIQUID SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One cup of sugar and one-third cup of butter rubbed to a cream; then stir in well-beaten white of one egg; flavor with lemon or nutmeg; add one cup of boiling water, and mix just before bringing to the table.

SAUSAGE ROLLS.—Roll some puff-paste rather thin; cut into squares of about four inches; take the skins off the sausages, divide them in two, roll them in flour, and put one-half in each roll, turn the paste over, cut it straight with a knife at the ends, glaze with white of egg, and bake in a quick oven.

BEEF PATTIES.—Cover a pattie-pan with thin pie-paste; have some rump-steak cut small, seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little flour, and moistened with good gravy; let it stew for a quarter of an hour, fill the inside of the pattie, cover with crust, cut the edges straight, make a hole in the top with a skewer, and bake in a brisk oven from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes.

CUSTARDS.—To a quart of new milk allow seven eggs, a table-spoonful of corn flour, and 6 oz. sugar; boil the milk and sugar together in a lined saucepan, mix the corn-flour to the thickness of cream, pour on the hot milk, well whisk the yolks of the seven eggs and the whites of four, mix them with the milk, pour all into a jug, set the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, stir until the custard thickens, but on no account allow it to boil or it will instantly curdle; serve in custard glasses. Custards may be flavored by allowing a few leaves of sweet bay to stand in the milk while it simmers, or the very thinnest outer rind of lemon peel may be used. If these are not at hand, a few drops of essence of almonds or lemon may be stirred in when the custards are finished.

CREAM PIE (FINE).—One half pound butter, four eggs, sugar, salt, and nutmeg to your taste, and two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot. Wet with cold milk; pour on it a quart of boiling milk, and stir the whole together. To be baked in a deep dish.

SUMMER MINCE PIES.—One cup raisins, chopped fine, one nutmeg, two cups water, tablespoonful cinnamon, two cups sugar, butter the size of an egg, one-half cup of vinegar, eight crackers rolled fine; cook well together before baking.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Pare, quarter, and core the fruit saving skins and cores. Put the quinces over the fire with just enough water to cover them, and simmer until perfectly tender, but do not let them break. Take out the fruit and spread on dishes to cool; add the parings and cores to the water in which the quinces were boiled, and cook one hour; then strain through a jelly-bag, and to each pint of this liquor allow 1 lb sugar. Boil and skim this, then put in the fruit and boil fifteen minutes. Take it off the fire and let it stand in a deep dish twenty-four hours. Then drain off the syrup, and let it boil again; put in the quinces, and boil fifteen minutes. Take out the fruit and spread on dishes to cool; boil down the syrup thick; put the fruit in your jar until two-thirds full, then cover with the syrup.

MOCK OYSTERS.—Take one-half dozen of good-sized ears of corn; put them in cold water, and, when it begins to boil, set it on the back of the range and let it simmer for one-half hour; then put the corn in cold water; when cool, wipe the ears with a dry towel, and grate them; then put them through a hair sieve to rid them of the shells of the corn; have two eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two of grated crackers, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper: beat this all well together; have a lump of good butter about the size of half an egg; put it in a frying-pan; when hot, put in the corn mixture in tablespoonfuls, allowing space that they do not run together; when they are a nice brown, turn them over and fry the other side; it requires about five minutes to cook them; this will make about two dozen oysters: serve them hot.

BRINE THAT WILL KEEP EGGS FOR SIX MONTHS OR MORE.—Take a pail, or an earthen jar is better, as it is less absorbing, cooler, and will not stain the contents; into it put one quart of lime [joints]; to this add water gradually until it boils; then stir until the lime is dissolved; then add one tablespoonful of good salt, stirring well, and when boiling has ceased gradually add five gallons of water; the following day, when cool, the lime and salt being of the right kind, there will be found on the surface a coating of ice; break this gently and you will have a brine as clear as water, the lime having gone to the bottom. This is sufficient brine to fill a ten-gallon jar with eggs. Into the jar should first be put in a thin layer of the slackened lime, then a quart of brine, then the eggs, laying them in gently so as to avoid breaking, for broken eggs will spoil and make brine unfit to use. As the eggs are added, so add the brine, until within two inches of the top. Put on a clean muslin cover an inch more in diameter than the outer dimensions of the jar; tuck in snugly; on this put the remainder of the slackened lime, which seals it, and the eggs are pickled for just so long as you keep the sealing lime wet by frequently adding slightly salted water.

TO CLEAN BLACK CASHMERE.—Place the dress or goods to soak in strong borax water, made lukewarm; let it remain in this all night, then take out and hang on line to drip, and wring nearly dry. press off. Do not rinse or wring.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

ONE IN A THOUSAND.

- "She's one in a thousand," said old farmer Gray,
As he waded knee-deep in the sweet-scented hay.
"You won't find her like, marm, from here to the town—
That woman out there in the calico gown.
"If you could have seen her that morning in May,
When I stopped at her father's and took her away—
A lively young bride, marm, so blooming and fair,
And 'clipper' as that little lamb frisking there!
"When first we were married, and all for her sake,"
(And here the old farmer leaned hard on his rake,)
"She gave up her music, and gave up her books—
No nonsense about her, you know by her looks!
"And if you should lose her?" I ventured to say.
The old farmer sighed, and looked down at his hay,
"Twould nigh break my heart!" he replied with a tear;
"As now help's uncommonly high about here!"

—Out of season—An empty pepper box.

—Thieves work on abstract principles.

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but women generally sew tears.

When married men complain of being in hot water at home, it turns out that half the time it's scold.

Judge; "Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed upon you?" Prisoner; "No, Judge, I had ten dollars, but my lawyers took that."

A young man, whose girl lives some distance from town, says his walk includes "two miles and one lap.

—His optic was red as the sky in the west
When the rubescent sun slowly sinks to his rest;
And softly he murmured, while heaving a sigh,
"A sty on the farm is worth two in the eye."

—A Massachusetts lady is reported to have scolded her little boy for taking a drink of water at a hotel, "For," said she, "we pay a dollar for our dinner, and water is very filling."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The sun shines for all, the moon for the favored few; but how like the mischief the stars wink at what is going on beneath them.

—Of the many Poles immigrating to this country, it is remarkable that a very large percentage are journeymen tailors. This is doubtless owing to the mutual attractions between the needle and the Pole.

—An English paper states "abstemious" and "facetious" are the only words in the English language in which vowels follow each other in their proper order.

—Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can not keep out of their way; but good thoughts win their way everywhere; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad ones may find no room to enter.

—The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct; the right forms the rule of his behaviour; deference and modesty mark his exterior; sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

—Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

—As weeds grow fastest in fat soil, so our corruptions grow and thrive most when our natural state is most prosperous. Therefore God's love and care of us constrain Him sometimes to use severe discipline and to cut us short in our temporal enjoyment.

—Happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone can ever do.

—Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance—will instantly vitiate the effect.

THE MINISTER'S AMEN.—When the minister made his call too long, who should know it so well as little Midget, who whispered, quite audibly, "Didn't he bring his amen with him?"

IN THE CHURCH.—A little fellow, on going for the first time to a church where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in the church, when he replied, "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."

MORE STEAK.—The Rev. G. R. Davis, of Carson, and the Rev. W. R. Jenvey, of Reno, never lose an opportunity of giving each other a sly dig. Parson Davis preached at Reno the other Sunday, and while taking breakfast at Parson Jenvey's house remarked, "Guess I'll take some more steak, as I have to preach." "Guess I'll brace up a little too," rejoined Jenvey, passing his plate for another section of the meat; "I've got to listen."

—It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly—made to feel his need of God—to feel that in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence he is no better off in this world than a lost child in a dark forest, unless he has a father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love, and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things, and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

POLITE.—The Frenchman who fell overboard from the steamer on which the Golden Club was returning to London after its recent dinner at Greenwich, and who, when picked up, politely hoped "he had not kept the steamer waiting," reminds us of the old lady who took a Columbus Avenue horse-car on Tremont Street one day to go to the Providence Depot, and who, on being shown the building, thanked the conductor heartily, adding, "I hope I haven't taken you out of your way." There is some artlessness left in the world yet.—*True Flag.*

THE DUKE.—"Make way for the Duke of Edinburgh!" exclaimed an excitable French committee-man at a fancy fair in London, taking a gentleman by the shoulders to accelerate his movements. "With your permission, I am the Duke of Edinburgh!" replied the supposed obstructive. The committee-man rapidly lost himself in the crowd.

"BANGS."—A man in his shirtsleeves was sitting before the door of a rookery, the other evening, when an acquaintance came along and asked:

"Bill, was that your wife I met on the corner?"

"I guess it was—she just started out."

"I see she bangs her hair," continued the other.

"Yes, she does, durn her!" growled Bill; "but I've got the advantage over her, though. While she can only bang her hair, I can bang her whole body."

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments—a mere nothing wounds it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconveniences of an honest poverty.

THE REASON.—Little Katie B., who is of an inquiring turn of mind, was watching her father cover the fire with ashes one night last winter. She looked at him intently for a few minutes, and then asked why he did it; to which he jokingly replied, "To stop the rapid combustion." A short time after she ran to tell her mamma what she had seen, and ended by saying that "the fire was covered up to keep the rabbit from busting."

Wellington and Monsoon.

Though scrupulous in small things, Monsoon practised kleptomania on a monster scale. When the British entered a town, the Commissary-General hastened to the nearest church and appropriated whatever plate or costly reliquaries he could seize. He had once a narrow escape from hanging, after having actually undergone a drum-head court-martial, and henceforth he abandoned his evil courses. When the Allied Armies entered Paris, Wellington was of course the constant figure of attraction. At a grand fete he took wine (or went through the form of it) with any officer whose face was remembered by him. The Commissary Monsoon was a guest at the entertainment, and Wellington's eye rested on him. Up went the hand and glass as a signal, and bows were well-high exchanged, when thundered out the Duke, "O, I thought I had banged you at Badajos. Never mind; I'll do it next time. I drink your health."—*Life of Charles Lever.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUPPOSING?

Suppose that a man, avaricious and old,
Should come to me jingling his silver and gold,
And offer a share of his Mammon to me,
If I to the sale of myself would agree—
I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a hero, all bristling with fame,
And big with the weight of a wonderful name,
Proposed in a moment of bland condescension
To give me his hand and a little attention—
I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a youth, with his heart in his eyes,
That shone like the light of the beautiful skies,
Should promise to love me through all his glad life,
And begged that I'd be his own dear little wife—
Then I *would*—wouldn't you?

VICTORIA'S REPROOF.

Queen Victoria was noted in early years for her punctuality, and was apt to be impatient with those who were negligent as to time. She administered once a courteous but severe reproof to the Duchess of Sunderland, who as the Mistress of Robes, was obliged to be near the Queen on public occasions. The Duchess was a little careless in matters requiring promptness.

One day, when a public ceremony was appointed for a given hour, the Queen and her ladies had gathered in her palace, and the duchess alone was missing. The Queen grew impatient, and, as the hour appointed passed, she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady. The duchess suddenly appeared, breathless with haste, and stammered an excuse.

"My dear duchess," said the Queen, "I think you must have a bad watch."

Unloosing from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch, she fastened it around the neck of the duchess. The reproof, though conveyed in an elegant present, was overwhelming; The proud duchess colored, bit her lip, and dropped a hot tear. The next day she resigned her office. The resignation was not accepted, and from that time the duchess was never known to be a second late in keeping an engagement.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Formation of Character.

THE Rev. Phillips Brook, in a recent discourse, stated that the law of evolution rules in the moral as well as in the physical world. Nature does not create, but develops. In last summer's roots nature finds the green for this summer's verdure.

"If somebody should give me a diamond to carry to Europe, I can know exactly how much would be lost to the world were I to drop it into the sea; but if a seed should be given me, I can only regard it with awe as containing concealed within it the food of untold generations. That is the difference between looking at truth as a diamond or as a seed—as final or germinal.

"In all training of character, continuity and economy must be supreme. The notion that character is spontaneous is held by most people in the earlier portion of their lives, and is wrong. When they discover this, nine-tenths change to the other extreme. This is wrong too. Hosts of young men think that their character will form of itself, and that they will necessarily become better as they grow older. Hosts of old men believe that their character is fixed, and that it is impossible for them to become better. Such beliefs are foolish. People are also wrong in thinking that they can put off their bad traits and put on good traits. The old failures cannot be thus transformed, but out of the old habits new can be formed. This is what many a poor creature needs to know. We must make what we are to be out of what we are already."—*School Journal.*

A man named Tease has married a Miss Cross. He teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

IS LIFE SHORT OR LONG?

That "life is short," is true in a sense; but if we could recall all that we have done and passed through during the sixty, forty, or even twenty or fifteen years since we woke up to consciousness of being, we should think it a very long time. When we say that life is short, we really speak as we feel; it does look short, just as the distance between two hill-tops seems far less than it really is, when we look straight from the one peak to the other. The reason is that we overlook the multitudinous objects which we should pass on the respective slopes and in the valley in passing between the two points, and it is necessary to take all these into account in judging of their nearness to, or remoteness from each other. So, what of life is past would seem very long to us—even to such of us as are but just through our teens—if we could remember all we have done and said, enjoyed and endured, dreamt about and striven for, as far back as our memory reaches. We should not get into the habit of depreciating life and its responsibilities, as we are almost sure to do if such hackneyed remarks as "Here to-day and gone to-morrow," are constantly on our lips. Life is short comparatively, but it is long positively—quite long enough to abound with efforts and achievements that are truly sublime.

A LAWYER'S NOTE.

A wag of a lawyer was sitting in his office the other day deeply engaged in unravelling some knotty question, when a gentleman entered and inquired, "Is this Mr. Z.?" The student of Blackstone, raising his eyes from the legal book before him replied: "If you owe me anything, or have any business in my line, then Z. is my name; if you have a claim to present, I am not the man. If you called simply for a social chat, you can call me any name." "I propose to present you with some business in your line. I have a note of twenty-five dollars I want you to collect," and handing the lawyer a note, departed, to call the next day. As soon as he was gone, the lawyer ascertained that it was one of his own promises to pay. The next day his client appeared, and inquired, "Well, what success?" "All right: I have collected the money. Here it is, less my fees," handing him fifteen dollars. "Good!" said the client. "I have made two dollars and a half by this operation." "How so?" said the lawyer. "Well," replied the client, "I tried all over the city to sell your note for twelve dollars and a half, but couldn't do it."

THE GOOD OF MARRIAGE.

The French savant, Dr. Bertillon, has given the result of his study of the mortality statistics of every country of Europe. He comes to the conclusion that marriage is conducive to good health, long life, and morality, and is, so to speak, a limited insurance against disease, crime, and suicide. He says a bachelor of 25 has not a much better prospect of long life than a married man of 45; that among widowers of from 25 to 30 the rate of mortality is as great as among married men of from 55 to 60. Taking the French bill of mortality, he shows that while the annual death rate among the married men between 20 and 25 years of age is rather under 10 per 1,000, bachelors of that age die at the rate of 16, and widowers at the rate of 19 per 1,000. These figures apply to the whole of France, while, taking Paris, it appears that the rate for men between 20 and 25 years of age is 15, 7 per 1,000 for married men, 27 per 1,000 for bachelors, and 32 per 1,000 for widowers. With advanced life the difference goes on increasing. With regard to crime, Dr. Bertillon asserts that the offences against the person are 50 per cent. less, and against property 45 per cent. less among married men than among unmarried. The difference is still more remarkable among women, amounting to 250 per cent. The number of suicides is at the rate of 628 per million for widowers, 273 per million for bachelors, and 246 per million for married men.

At Pathland, a boy who had charge of a very stubborn donkey, was one day beating it unmercifully, because it would not go, when the minister of the parish, coming up, censured him for his cruelty. The boy resented the interference, and exclaimed: "I'm sure you needna care; it's none of your congregation."

EXTRAVAGANCE.

A man may have an income of five thousand dollars a year; but if he spends it all he is poor. The way to become rich is to live within your income. Extravagance is far too general. What if one's clothes are not as fine as their neighbors', or if your house is not as costly or furnished as elegantly as some of your friends'? Is it not better by far to do the best you can afford to purchase better, than to get deeply in debt, just to gratify an extravagant whim? It is a fact that many families are rendered homeless by extravagant purchases, and all because they wish to keep up appearances and show off as some neighbor. Such notions are ruinous. Many a young couple, after they marry, are not courageous enough to live within their income, so they get a lot of nice furniture to furnish their house, which is often rented at a high figure, and then two or three servants are often thought necessary. Then here are the parties to be given, and many other expenses to be met, and unless the young husband has a "good" situation in a "savings bank" or "insurance company," so as to replenish his purse, after a short time they are forced to retire to a humbler life. Now let me ask you, would it not have been far better for this young couple to have taken a small cottage, or better yet, a little farm, and furnished their house as their means would allow, and as they could afford it get better articles? Pay as you go along, and enjoy what you pay for—that is the motto to live by.

BLEEDING FOR HIS COUNTRY.

Lord Chesterfield, wanting an additional vote for a coming division in the House of Peers, called on Lord Radnor, and, after a little introductory conversation, complained of a distressing headache. "You ought to lose blood, then," said Lord Radnor. "Gad! do you indeed think so? Then, my dear lord, do add to the services of your advice by performing the operation; I know you are a most skillful surgeon." Delighted at the compliment, Lord Radnor in a trice pulled out his lancet-case and opened a vein in his friend's arm. "By the-by," asked the patient, as his arm was being adroitly bound up, "do you go down to the House to-day?" "I had not intended going," answered the noble operator, "not being sufficiently informed on the question which is to be debated. But you, who have considered it, which side will you vote on?" In reply, Lord Chesterfield unfolded his view of the case; and Lord Radnor was so delighted with the reasoning of the man who held his surgical powers in such high estimation, that he forthwith promised to support the wily earl's side in the division. "I have shed my blood for the good of my country," said Lord Chesterfield that evening to a party of friends.—*Book About Doctors.*

How to conquer a balky horse, by means as effective as humane, is thus told by a writer in the Toronto Globe:

Some fine day, when I was at peace with myself and all around, I would hitch him to the buggy, turning his head to the village. He goes half the way very well indeed; then he begins to consider he has gone far enough in that direction, and stops. I step down; he expects me to use the whip. He is mistaken. As a criminal, I treat him on the silent system.

I push him back a little out of the way; then show him the strap, putting it up to his nose. I go to the off side and buckle it to his off fore-leg, close up to the breast, throwing the other end over his shoulder. I then raise his near fore-foot and fix it with the hoof nearly touching the belly. Then don't I say to him, "Now, old chap you stand there," I don't smoke, so I take a paper from my pocket, and finding a place where I can sit down and he see me, I begin to read. This is something he did not bargain for, and the novelty of standing on three legs somewhat diverts his mind from the cause that stopped him. He now shows signs of a wish to go, but that does not suit at the time, as I have yet to look over "John Calgate." When the strap is taken off I show it to him, caress him a little, and we move on without irritation. The strap will now become a part of the harness for a month or two, till at last the sight of it will act as a talisman.

It is not worth while to think too much about doing good. Doing the best we know, minute by minute and hour by hour, we insensibly grow to goodness as fruit grows to ripeness.

THE BLESSING OF LABOUR.

(From the Atlantic.)

I believe that for most men more than eight hours' work per day is required for the maintenance of physical, mental and moral health. I think that for most men, including operatives, mechanics, farmers, and clergymen, more than eight hours' labour per day is necessary in order to keep down and utilize the forces of the animal nature and passions. I believe that if improvements in machinery should discharge men from the necessity of laboring more than six hours a day, society would rot in measureless and fatal animalism. I have worked more than ten hours per day most of my life, and I believe it is best for us all to be compelled to work. It would be well, I think, if we could make it impossible for an idler to live on the face of the earth. Religious teachers are not without responsibility for having taught that the necessity of labour is a curse. The world owes most of its growth hitherto to men who tried to do as much work as they could. Its debt is small to the men who wished to do as little as possible.

Decorated at Austerlitz.

At Austerlitz Napoleon bestowed the cross from his own breast on a grenadier of the Imperial Guard who had saved the Emperor's life when he was fired at by a Russian sergeant of the line. The veteran dashed out of the ranks—in itself an offence against discipline which, on ordinary occasions, neither Napoleon nor Wellington would forgive—and with his musket struck up that of the Russian, whose shot was thus diverted from its object, only, however, to find another victim in the shape of one of the Emperor's suite. The old grenadier then dispatched his enemy, and gallantly and successfully defended himself against a horseman and two other infantrymen who sought to avenge their comrade. Napoleon was a witness of the faithful guardsman's act, and riding up to him, as the latter rejoined his company, he detached from his own breast the golden cross which glittered there, and pinned it upon that of the veteran. Shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" rang through the air from the ranks of the Old Guard, every member of which accepted the decoration of their comrade as a compliment paid to the regiment itself.

Could not Stand It.

A parishioner of a venerable divine in western Massachusetts took deep offence at a sermon of the pastor's, and vehemently declared, "I will never hear you preach in that house again." Then came the bland interrogation of the pastor, "But you will any one else who may occupy the pulpit?" "Most certainly," was the reply. "And I will take pleasure in having you constantly informed," said the pastor.

When the next preacher, other than the pastor, was at hand, there appeared at the door of the irate parishioner his own minister, with the courteous salutation, "I have the pleasure of informing you that the Rev. Mr. — will be in the pulpit to-day, and we shall be pleased to see you at the sanctuary."

Three or four such calls on such an errand by the venerable pastor was more than he could bear, and softened and subdued, the offended parishioner made reply, "If you will pay me no more visits of this kind, I will attend on your worship and preaching as long as I live." And he stood fast by his promise to his judicious and sagacious pastor to the end of life.—*Congregationalist*.

THE USE OF PAIN.

The power which rules the universe, this great tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful Nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls, or lays ambuscades; never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws; plainly she writes her warnings; tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce red danger-light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves, and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labors. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her caution signals, "Go slow." She stands in the filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily, and

beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag. And what do we do for ourselves? We ply whip and spur on the jaded brain as though it were a jibing horse—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants; we hide the signal and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisee did of old, and pass on the other side with our handkerchief to our nose. At last, having broken Nature's laws, and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colors flying—right in front to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and whimper about it having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and pray him to work a miracle in order to reverse the natural consequences of our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words, we put our finger in the fire, and beg that it may not hurt.

A Knock-Down Argument.

A certain man went to a dervish and proposed three questions.

First—"Why do they say God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place; show me where he is."

Second—"Why is a man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do anything contrary to the will of God, and if he had power he would do everything for his own good."

Third—"How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element? and what impression can fire make on itself?"

The dervish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it.

The man now went to the cadi and said to him.

"I proposed three questions to such a dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head, which made my head ache."

The cadi having sent for the dervish asked him:

"Why did you throw that clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?"

The dervish replied—

"The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head—let him show it to me and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike without the will of God. What power do I possess? And as he is compounded of the earth, how can he suffer from that element?"

The man was confounded, and the cadi highly pleased with the answer of the dervish.

DOES HER OWN WORK.—Does she? What of it? Is it any disgrace? Is she any less a true woman, less worthy of respect than she who sits in silk and satin, and is vain of fingers that never labor? We listened to this sneer a few days ago, and the tone in which it was uttered betokened a narrow, selfish, ignoble mind, better fitted for a country whose institutions do not rest on honorable labor as one of the chief corner stones. It evinced a false idea of the true basis of society, of true womanhood, of genuine nobility. It showed the detestable spirit of caste, of rank, which a certain class are trying to establish—a caste whose sole foundation is money, and so the meanest kind of rank known to civilization. Mind, manners, morals, all that enter into a good character, are of no account with these social snobs; position in their stilted ranks is bought with gold, and each additional dollar is another dollar in the ladder by which elevation is purchased.

Nevada papers, instead of speaking of a deceased citizen as widely and favorably known, remark: "There wasn't a saloon-keeper in the state who didn't ache to trust him."

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

A Massachusetts woman was so jealous of her husband's first wife, that when he died she refused to allow him to be buried beside her. She remarked to the undertaker at the funeral: "I ain't agoin' to have that woman a leanin' on Jim's arm at the resurrection day if I ken help it, you bet."

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

BOYS WHO LEARNED TO SEW.

When the late Admiral ——— was a young midshipman he was sent on a voyage around the world in one of King George the Third's ships. He was three years away, and, as he grew very fast, he found himself sailing in the Pacific Ocean with hardly a stitch of clothes to his back. His mother, sister of Admiral Lord ———, had taught her little boy to sew; so he got some canvas out of the ship's stores, and cut out and made himself a new suit of clothes; his mother was very proud, of these, and when her son was an admiral she used to show them to her grand-children and tell them the story.

Rather more than thirty years ago a lady went to call on another one rainy afternoon; the house was built on an island in a lake in Ireland. In the drawing-room were two little boys sitting on footstools, one on each side of the fireplace. Probably the visitor looked astonished, for the mother of the little boys said, in a low tone, "Please don't laugh at them; what should I do with them on this island on a rainy day if they were too proud to sew?" One of these boys was a lieutenant in the Crimean war: he fought none the worse because he knew how to use the needle as well as the sword when he, with his men, was for eighteen hours in the Redan on the memorable 18th of June.

The chaplain of an Irish institution had seen, when he was young, the straits to which the French aristocratic refugees were reduced from having to do things for themselves; and he got a tailor to come to his house and teach his boys how to cut out and make and mend their own clothes. One of them is now an old general, but he sews on his buttons to this very day; and when he was on service in Asia he not only mended and patched his own clothes, but those of his brother officers. All the men of his regiment knitted their own stockings.

HOME INFLUENCE.—The child's character is formed in the home. It is common to find that lads brutally treated at home instinctively ripen into rude and rowdy boys, who pursue their own enjoyments, whenever opportunity occurs, with absolute selfishness. Repression and tyranny are a twofold botch, in which spring up, with rank luxuriance, all the poisonous weeds of vice. It is a matter of universal observation that liberty to one long-enslaved means license and free indulgence up to the extreme limits of personal fear. Moral law can only assert itself under those rational conditions which have favored a well-balanced and judicious training of the whole nature. It, perhaps, can be safely asserted that the best way to make children respectful, unselfish and well-behaved, is to make them respect themselves. This can only be done by allowing them such a share of liberty and individuality as may be consistent with that watchful oversight which, in the very nature of things, the parent is bound to exercise.

"I CAN SWIM, SIR."

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flag-ship commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the mainmast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily bawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the burning water, under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin-boy.

"Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied; "if I be shot, I can be easier spared than any one else." Narborough hesitated; his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea, amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and, as the time went on, defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was

fading, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserves were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet was scattered far and wide, and the cabin-boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honor due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old Admiral that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own."

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin-boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted by the king.

TOO WELL-DRESSED.—A pretty little girl, in whose cheap and plain dress the child of a laborer could be recognized, contemplated, in company with her mother, the rich show-window of a toy store on the boulevard. Her mother, pointing at the biggest and most richly-dressed of the dolls, said, "You would like to have that, wouldn't you, Louise?" "O no, mamma, not that one. It's too well-dressed for me." "And what difference does that make to you?" "Why, I'd want to be my dolly's mamma, and not her servant-girl."

WHEN IT RAINS.—That class who excuse their neglect of church services by alleging their fondness for worshipping God in nature, may read with profit the following:

A new student had come to the university, and some time after his arrival he called to see Prof. Tholuck. After a while the professor asked him where he went to church.

"O," said he, "I do not attend preaching! Instead of confining myself to the four walls of a building, I go out into the green fields and under the lofty arches of the forest trees. I listen to the singing of the birds, and the countless melodies of God's creatures, where every thing that has breath praises the Lord."

The professor allowed him to go on in this strain for a while, and when he had finished he quietly asked him, "But what do you do when it rains?"

THIRTY-FIVE.—This is my birthday. I have reached a comfortable, responsible, satisfactory age, and I am going to stick to it. I shall stand still at thirty-five. It is the pleasantest age in the world. I am young enough to sneer at the old fogies, and I am old enough to indulge in retrospects and wail about the good old times. I am young enough to go to picnics. Then when I get to the picnic, I can plead old age as the excuse for not climbing the tree to fix the swing. I am young enough to have more to learn than I will ever remember, and I am old enough to know a blamed sight more than I do.—*Burdette.*

CANES AND WOODEN LEGS.—At a Southern camp-meeting, held many years ago, were two ministers, who were mutually antagonistic. One of them, Brother Davis, had a wooden leg, and, when he was especially wrought up, would emphasise every word by thumping it on the platform. During one of the sessions of the camp-meeting, when the public tent was crowded and Bro. Davis exhorting with all the energy in his power Brother Jones appeared with a gold-headed cane. Pointing his long bony finger at him, Brother Davis exclaimed, "Brother Jones, there'll be no gold-headed canes in heaven!" "No," said Brother Jones, angered by the sudden attack, "and no wooden-legged preachers there, either."

A PERFECT PUN.—Sydney Smith, the English wit, characterized the following as the most perfect pun he knew: In Mrs. Hamilton's "Lecture on Education," a story is told of a school girl who, during her examination, insisted on mis-calling the word patriarchs—partridges. "O," was the comment of an author, "she makes game of the patriarchs."

Matters of Conscience.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod, father of Dr. Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience. "O, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan," said the good-natured minister, "I will hear what it is." "Well, doctor," said Duncan, "the matter is this: Ye see the clock yonder on the new church? Now, there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only once in twelve hours; and in my mind that is

was very wrong, and quite against the conscience that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord." The doctor promised to consider the matter. "But," said he, "I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years; but you have a fine head of hair still." "Eh, doctor," exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, "ye're joking; it's long since I had my hair." Dr. Duncan looked shocked, and answered in a tone of reproach, "Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?" He heard no more of the lie on the face of the church.

It is stated that Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, recommends the eating of raisins instead of drinking wine in case of fatigue from overwork or otherwise. Before the Lords' Commission, recently, in London, he testified as follows: "Instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food; and they would be very much better without the alcohol." He also added: "In case of fatigue from overwork, my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. For thirty years I have had large experience in this practice, have recommended it to my personal friends, and believe it is a very good and true experience."

A FAMILY OF CHAMELEONS.

The chameleon has long been an object of peculiar interest to scientific investigators, on account of their curious power of altering their appearance to conform to surrounding objects. Dr. Bachelor, of Midnapore, India, has given in the "Popular Science Monthly" the result of numerous observations of a family of chameleons which he has been keeping. The chameleon does not change its color always to match its surroundings, but its power to hide itself by a change of form is no less wonderful. In a normal state of rest the color is light pea-green, at times blending with yellow. The least excitement causes transverse stripes to appear, running across the back and nearly encircling the body. These stripes occupy about the same amount of space as the groundwork, and are most susceptible to change of color. At first they become deeply green, and, if the excitement continues, gradually change to black. When placed upon a tree, the groundwork becomes a deep green, and the stripes a deeper green, or black, and so long as they remain on the trees the color does not change. Placed on the scarlet leaves of the dracena and among the red flowers of the acacia, no change was observed. But its changes of shape are still more remarkable. Sometimes it assumes the form of a disconsolate mouse sitting in a corner; again, with back curved and tail erect, it resembles a crouching lion, which, no doubt, gave origin to its name, chamai-leon, or ground lion. By inflating its sides it flattens its belly, and viewed from below, takes the form of an ovate leaf. The tail is the petiole, while a white, serrated line, which runs from nose to tip of tail over the belly, becomes the leaf's mid-rib. Still again, throwing out the air, it draws in its sides, and at the same time expands itself upward and downward till it becomes as thin as a knife, and then viewed from the side it has the form of an ovate leaf which lacks a mid-rib, but the serrated line of the belly and the serrated back simulate the serrated edges of a leaf. When thus expanded, it has also the power to sway itself, so as to present an edge to an observer, thus greatly adding to its means of concealment. Half-a-dozen chameleons placed in a small tree, not three feet in diameter across the top, are very difficult to discover, although one is certain they must be there.

THE COW-TREE.—Alexander Humboldt remarks among the many very wonderful natural phenomena which he had, during his extensive travels, witnessed, none impressed him in a more remarkable degree than the sight of a tree yielding an abundant supply of milk, the properties of which seemed to be the same as the milk of a cow. The tree itself attains a height of from forty-five to sixty feet, has long, alternate leaves, and was described by Linden as *Brosimum galeafodendron*. The milk which flows from any wound made in the trunk is white and somewhat viscid; the flavor is very agreeable. M. Baussingault has given a detailed analysis, the samples analyzed having been some of those sent to the Paris Exhibition, and concludes by stating that that

vegetable milk most certainly approaches in its composition to the milk of the cow; it contains not only fatty matters, but also sugar, caseine and phosphates. But the relative proportion of these substances is greatly in favor of the vegetable milk, and brings it up to the richness of cream, the amount of butter in cream being in about the same proportion as the peculiar waxy material found in the vegetable milk, a fact that will readily account for its great nutritive power.

THE HUMAN BODY.

Look at your flower garden, lying yonder before your windows. You know what care you must give it, if you would have it prosper, how you must train the tender vines and water the young plants, and weed and loosen the soil. Left to itself, great weeds would soon choke the flowers; and though you would find it hard to have as many roses as you want, it would be difficult to be rid of all the crop of nettles that would spring up if you forgot those beds a week.

So it is with the human garden. The bad things grow faster than the good, and without help, too; while you must not only help the earthly blossoms—the human herbs of nature—but fight for them against the human weeds. It is romantic and pretty to say that good always triumphs, and that right is always victorious; but it is not true; and those who have power should always remember this. One of the noblest tasks a great man can take upon himself is, to weed the human garden, and give the good, the pure, and the honest chance to bear flowers and fruit, of which those stinging nettles—evil men—are always striving to rob them.—*Con.*

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.—Miss Hosmer has recently patented a process by which limestone, alabaster, and other like substances may be made as hard and as beautiful as marble by the application of steam in connection with a bath of alum. Different colors can be obtained by the use of various chemicals and coloring matters.

AN ELECTRICAL RAILROAD ENGINE.—One of the most interesting novelties in the Berlin Exhibition is the construction of an electrical railway by Siemens and Halske. The electrical power is supplied by a dynamo-electrical machine worked by a steam engine to another dynamo-electrical machine, which works the wheel of an electric locomotive. The length of the way is 200 metres, the velocity three metres per second; the number of wagons three, and passengers twenty.

It is thought that this new motor can be modified so as to be used in aerial navigation, by using a battery instead of a steam engine, and a dynamo-electrical machine as the source of the electricity.

—A remarkable freak of lightning is recorded in a French newspaper. A farm laborer, running for shelter, was suddenly thrown to the ground, the fork he carried on his shoulder being wrenched from his grasp and carried through the air to a distance of fifty or sixty yards. The prongs were bent and twisted with well-nigh mathematical accuracy into the shape of corkscrews, the steel being burnt and formed on its exterior surface into small laminae which emitted a slightly-sulphurous odor. The laborer escaped without injury.

—M. Flammarion, a French scientist, believes that the moon is inhabited, and, moreover, that he can construct a telescope of such power as to reveal the presence of the people upon its surface. He is engaged in this interesting experiment at the present time.

BURNING CHARCOAL.—Certain gases (Carbonic Oxide Gas) are given off during the burning of charcoal, of a very poisonous character, and when inhaled for a sufficient length of time, rapidly prove fatal. The person quickly drops insensible, and dies of Asphyxia, in many respects like the person who has succumbed to Carbonic Acid Gas. The treatment should be similar to that described in case of accidents from Carbonic Acid Gas. Many instances have occurred of persons losing their lives through the effects of carbonic oxide gas given off from burning coals placed in a bed chamber, to warm the room during the night. This practice is extremely dangerous.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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A Tangled Skein.

Life is but a tangled skein,
Full of trouble, full of travel,
Knots that puzzle heart and brain,
We must study to unravel;
 Slowly, slowly,
 Bending lowly,
O'er our task, and trusting wholly
Unto Him, whose loving hand
Helps us smooth each twisted strand.

In our hands at early morn,
And at night when darkness lingers,
Still the distaff must be borne,
While the thread slips through our fingers,
 Lightly, lightly,
 Twisting tightly,
Colors that shall gleam out brightly
When the fabric feels the strain
Of misfortune, grief and pain.

He who lack of skill or thought
Is in awkwardness betraying,
Will the lines of grace distort,
By the friction surely traying,
 Thread so tender,
 Fine and slender,
Stands accused as an offender,
And himself alone must blame
For the knots that cause him shame.

Some may wind a silken thread,
Soft and smooth and beautiful;
Others flax may hold instead,
Or the coarse and shaggy wool;
 But if ever
 Our endeavor
From the stains of sin to sever
We may weave them bright and fair
In the robes that angels wear.

Life's a complex skein indeed,
Full of trouble, toil and travail.
More than human help we need
All its mazes to unravel.
 Slowly, slowly,
 Bending lowly,
O'er our task, and trusting wholly
In God's love, we patience gain
As we wind the tangled skein.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD, in *Congregationalist*

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN. THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

CHAPTER III.

When Herman took his departure from the cottage, he took the direction of the mountain, which was not out of the way to his uncles' but he was not in a state of mind likely to insure success in fowling. He was in a deep reverie; a new line of thought had been started in his mind, and strange feelings had been awakened.

"Kitty Lee," said he to himself, "is a phenomenon: surpassingly beautiful, innocent as a child, and indeed she is not not much more than a child in years, and yet wiser than many women; evidently unused to society, and yet cultured and matured in thought and expression beyond the attainments of expensively educated ladies in the higher walks of life. From her appearance and conversation I would expect to have found her delicately reared, and yet she engages in the rough work of gathering waste wood for fuel without a blush, and as cheerfully as I would expect her to sit down to the piano."

"Halloa! Herman," said a familiar voice, as he entered a sort of avenue leading through the dense shrubbery, and looking up he saw his uncle, who had been more successful than he in bagging game, having secured a brace of pheasants. "What's the matter, my boy? you have got into a new style of hunting; one would think you were looking for precious stones instead of wild game; you'll not find pheasants growing on stems as you would strawberries, I can tell you. We are to have company to dinner this afternoon, you know, so I thought I would try and get some game for the occasion. I have secured a brace of birds, but we want another, so keep wide awake."

"Uncle, what do you know about the Lee family, down there in the little white cottage?"

"Ah, you have been down there, have you? Well, I suppose it is good policy to get to the Lee side of your game."

"Now, Uncle, stop your punning and answer my question. I was at the cottage accidentally, and was so much surprised at the evidences of refinement and taste and culture manifested there, that I was wondering whether Mrs. Lee had not been connected with a higher class of society formerly, than her present circumstances would indicate."

"I do not know much about her history previous to the time when her husband was in my employ; but during the time that he acted for me in the capacity of manager of the estate, I was frequently in their house, and I must confess that the air of refinement and taste and home comfort that pervaded the dwelling, combined with the moral virtues that were evident, without intentional display, won my admiration, and had the effect indirectly, of materially modifying the aspect of my own home life. It was in consideration of my

deep respect for Mr. Lee, that I gave his widow the free use of the cottage as long as she might choose to occupy it, and I am also careful to keep it in good repair. Her husband, I believe, managed to save a little out of his salary, which, instead of spending in finery, Mrs. Lee, like a true woman, adapting herself to her circumstances, invested, and with the proceeds manages, I believe, to support herself and her daughter with some degree of comfort, though in a retiring and frugal manner. Her daughter Catherine, who is always called Kitty, and who is just developing into womanhood, is said to possess considerable personal attractions. But I suppose you are better posted on that matter than I am, as you have just come from the cottage, and I presume have had opportunity to judge for yourself; and that is a question upon which young gentlemen of your age are not usually slow to form an opinion."

"I confess," Herman replied, "that she is a person of more than ordinary personal attractions, but what struck me most was the mental cultivation and maturity of thought evidenced in her conversation; and yet as I understand, she has had very little schooling, and has never been out in society."

"That is not so unaccountable," his uncle replied, "when we consider that her mother was well educated, and used to the best society, not only intellectually but also morally, and therefore she would be capable of instructing her daughter in subjects that would be quite incomprehensible to the fashionable butterflies, the length of whose purse is the measure of their pride. Besides, Mrs. Lee's sad bereavement naturally led her to the contemplation of moral subjects, and left her with little else to do but to impress her own character and sentiments upon her daughter."

"Do you know anything of Mrs. Lee's history previous to her marriage?"

"I only know that her maiden name was Norwald, and I have heard that her father was a wealthy operator in minerals, in some way connected with the celebrated smelting works, at Swansea, in Wales. I believe her father was displeased with the match, and did not correspond with her afterward, until the time of his death, which occurred within a year from the date of her marriage. I was also informed that she was unprovided for in his will; all the property going to a son, who was the only one of the family that remained at home until his father's death, and who subsequently went to some foreign country,—I think to Australia.—Now you know as much about it as I do. But see here, one brace of pheasants is not enough for dinner to-day, and we will have to be sharp for time is passing, and you know the Wilmots are to be our guests to-day, and by the way, Miss Annabel, who is considered the belle of the town, is to be with them, so my boy, we will see what stuff your heart is made of, and whether it will be proof against the charms of beauty and fashionable accomplishments."

Fortune favored our friends so that in a short time the requisite number of birds were procured, and they wended their way to the Trevellyn mansion, where the requisite arrangements were made for the reception of the expected guests.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived, and as Herman was in the garden at the time, it was some time after, when, on entering the drawing room, he was introduced to the party consisting of Mr. Wilmot, his wife, and his daughter Annabel. Miss Annabel was indeed beautiful, but imperious in her beauty. Her eyes were dark, her hair black as a raven's wing, her brows arched, her lips rather thin and mouth small, while her nose was straight and of Grecian mould, her lashes long, and her skin of that slightly velvety transparent appearance, so charming and yet so rare, even among ladies accounted beautiful. Added to this was a well rounded form and a graceful figure, such a face and figure indeed as would have captivated many a young man of much more extensive acquaintance with society, than Herman had acquired. Is it any wonder, therefore, that he looked with admiration upon the magnificent development of female beauty now before him? On her part, she received him with an air of half cordiality, half reserve, that seemed to say, "I should like to know more about you before I bestow upon you any more attention than common civility in the house of my entertainer requires."

Mr. Trevellyn, however, measurably satisfied her mind on

that point, when he informed his guests that Herman was a favorite nephew, who had been attending college and had come to spend his vacation with him.

"Do him good! do him good!" said Mr. Wilmot, in a terse quick manner, acquired by a long continued, prompt, active business career. "Nothing like country air and healthful exercise for college students; nothing like it."

"I trust you have not only found it profitable, but very pleasant here, Mr. Trevellyn," said Miss Annabel, "your uncle's gardens and grounds are the envy of the whole country."

"I have found it very pleasant, Miss Wilmot," Herman replied, clambering the mountain, reading from the book of nature, examining the varied forms of vegetable life, hunting for pheasants, fishing for trout, and listening to the joyful notes of the early song birds that wake while the wind sleeps, and the dew sparkles on the grass."

"I doubt not it would be pleasant enough out on the mountain at day break in fine weather, provided one could feel sure of being awake, but for my part, I could hardly persuade myself to renounce the certain enjoyment of a morning's nap for the uncertain enjoyment of wild bird songs, dew-dampened feet and probable insect bites. I have a beautiful caucy to sing my morning song, while I read, or doze, or dream, as best agrees with my feelings, and then when the garden path gets dry and I have had a comfortable breakfast, I can go out and admire the beautiful flowers and plants and the tastefully arranged walks and lawns and arbors, so I do not envy you your morning rambles. Perhaps if I were located in a country place I might be induced for the novelty of the thing to try the experiment of an early walk, but I think it must be very debilitating. I am sure I never feel so little like exertion as early in the morning."

"And no wonder!" said Mr. Wilmot, "never to bed till after midnight; at balls or theatres, reading novels, fagged out, not half rested at breakfast time; no wonder!"

"Now pa, you are too hard on me," said Annabel, "I am not always up so late. And then you know, I have but little time to read during the day; you know we always have company, and the only time that I can enjoy a book without danger of interruption is after I have retired to my own room. And what would you have me do; shut myself up like a hermit; you don't keep any cows to milk, and I'm sure you wouldn't have me associate with the servants in the kitchen, nor carry vegetables from the market, besides it would be depriving poor people of the means of livelihood, and I think those that have means should employ those that have not. Do you not think so, Mr. Trevellyn?"

"I do not wish to argue the question," said Herman, "certainly I think we could not make a better use of our means ordinarily than by giving others employment with it, but as to the employment of our own time, I think that moral responsibility very properly interferes sometimes with our inclinations, and I think that our circumstances and training often modify both our views of moral responsibility and our inclinations."

"Well," said Miss Annabel, "I do not profess to be well versed in moral philosophy, but so far as I understand moral obligation it requires us in the first-place to be just and honorable in our dealings and intercourse with our fellow-creatures, and benevolent toward those who have been less fortunate than ourselves, and to avoid and discontinue vice. Further than that I think we are justified in following our own inclinations."

SELECTED.

THE REWARD OF HONEST INDUSTRY.

BY ALFRED L. SEWELL.

I want to tell the boys about a friend of mine whose faithful performance of present duty led him into higher positions than he ever dreamed of filling, and gave him what we would all like to reach—honor and success.

In the years of my experience as a printer in Chicago, more than twenty years ago, our firm did a good deal of printing for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, and because of this I came to know a young man who is the subject of my story:

He came from Massachusetts; he was poor, and had no

influential friends to give him a letter of recommendation. He sought employment on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, and after waiting a time at last secured a position as a brakeman on a freight train—salary only thirty dollars a month. He was faithful to his position, and being both intelligent and industrious, he was soon made a conductor on the train, with wages nearly doubled. He soon attracted the attention of his superior officers, who saw in him an honest, faithful, conscientious conductor, one not seeking his own ease or pleasure, but constantly devoted to the interests of the company that employed him, so that not many months elapsed before he was made a conductor of a passenger train—a more comfortable position, and one yielding a higher salary. Here I first knew him, a modest, quiet, unassuming young man, free from the popular vices, and one who tried to be just as faithful and true and devoted to his work as a conductor as though the position had been that of general superintendent.

He did not apparently have a high opinion of his own abilities; there was a total absence of that swagger and strut so often seen in those who come to similar subaltern positions. It seemed as though to properly conduct his train—to secure the comfort of his passengers and rightly serve the interests of his company—required the full exercise of all the powers God had given him.

One of the sternest and most exacting, and yet one of the noblest, ablest, and most conscientious men who ever filled a similar position, was then general superintendent of the road. This man—Col. G. C. Hammond, watched every employee of the road with an eagle eye. He measured every man, knew the ability of each, and seemed intuitively to know the faithful workers from the shirks. Our young conductor did not escape his keen eye. When he least thought of it, his chief was measuring and sounding him, and finding out what kind of metal he was of. But no one ever knew whether he was approved or not, for the chief's look was always stern and cold as ice.

On Friday night, train number four moved slowly out of Chicago under the care of my young friend, who only intent on doing his work as well as he knew how, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be a good conductor—salary nine hundred dollars a year. About noon, when he stopped at the station, he found a telegram from the head office, ordering him to leave the train in care of —, and take the first train for Chicago.

This was an unusual thing. Wondering what was the matter, conscious that he had tried to do exactly right, and remembering how exacting was the general superintendent, he feared that unintentionally he had fallen under his displeasure. Reaching Chicago late Saturday evening, he found Colonel Hammond had gone home, and knowing how strict he was in his observance of the Sabbath, the conductor waited impatiently for the coming Monday morning, when, with a fearful heart, he presented himself at the office of the superintendent.

"Good morning, Mr. Hammond; I've answered your telegram, and come to see what it means."

"Good morning," growled the chief: "I see you have, sir. I have concluded to take your train away from you."

"The conductor's heart sank lower than ever. What before was only fearful foreboding was now painful truth. He had served the company to the best of his ability; he had kept the affairs of his train in complete order; his reports had been carefully and correctly made; and yet, after all, he had lost his position, he knew not why, and felt that his case was sad indeed. He inwardly resolved that, having missed his calling he would quit railroading and try some other service, where faithful work would be appreciated. He dared not hope to reverse the decision of the official, yet in as calm a voice as he could command he politely asked the reason of his summary dismissal.

Colonel Hammond waited a while before he answered. Then the muscles of his face relaxed a little, and he said,—

"I want an assistant superintendent in my office, and have called you to take the place."

"True worth is always modest, and our thunder-struck conductor could only stammer,—

"But I am not competent, sir, to fill the position you offer."

"You can do as I tell you; you can obey orders, and carry out the details of the work laid out by the chief."

To these duties he brought the same thoroughness and faithfulness that had made him noticeable as a conductor. His elevation did not make him vain or spoil him. He was as plain and modest and hardworking as before—the salary at first was one thousand eight hundred dollars.

After a few years of service under Col. Hammond, and an advance of salary to two thousand five hundred dollars, the plain young man was invited to take the office of general superintendent of a young road, at a salary of four thousand dollars. Distrusting his own ability but determined to do his best, he accepted the call, and succeeded, until the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, realizing how much they had lost in parting with him, invited him to resume his old position, with the tempting offer of six thousand a year.

In the meantime Col. Hammond had become superintendent of the Union Pacific road, running from Omaha to Ogden, where it connects with the Central Pacific road. The latter road was owned by four or five millionaires who had built it, one of whom was its general superintendent. However good a business man, he knew but little about railroading, and under his care the road was anything but prosperous, until the owners and directors resolved upon a radical and sweeping change.

But where could they find a general superintendent who had the ability and would dare to re-organize the road and put its affairs upon a better basis? They consulted Col. Hammond and other railroad men, and the result was that most unexpectedly, our modest and hard working conductor one day received a telegram, asking him if he would undertake the duties of general superintendent of the Central Pacific road at a salary of ten thousand dollars. He was satisfied with his appreciation by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, who proposed to increase his pay to seven thousand dollars, and as he preferred to remain in Chicago, he declined the princely offer made by the California road. Then another telegram asked at what salary he would become the chief of the Central Pacific. Almost hoping to discourage his tempters, he telegraphed,

"Thirteen thousand a year in gold."

At once came the answer,

"Accepted."

So taken in his own trap, he had nothing to do but to bid adieu to the city that had served him so well, and turn his face toward the land of gold. My story would be too long if I should try to tell you the unexpected difficulties he encountered from the old officers of the road, who had determined that they would not be superseded, and that the new superintendent should never enter upon his duties; how they, before his arrival, set the whole press and people of California against him; how, supported by the directors of the road, he quietly took control, disarmed prejudice, conquered submission and was successful.

This was nine years ago. He is still general superintendent of the Central Pacific, one of the most important railroads in the world. With its connections with California, this quiet man now superintends 2734 miles of railroad, and over fifty connecting steamboats, besides dictating the tariffs of the China, the Australian, and the Panama line of steamships. While other young men preferred present ease and comfort to the interest of their employers, wasted time in billiard halls and theatres and drinking saloons, Albion N. Towne was at work, building up character as well as reputation, and now fills one of the most important positions in California, and instead of three hundred and sixty dollars a year as brakeman on a freight train, he now draws the comfortable salary of twenty thousand dollars a year in gold.

"Lucky man," said one.

"Lucky" had but very little to do with it; modest worth did it; work did it; faithfulness in the performance of present duties, however humble, did the most.

His untiring faithfulness in the humbler duties not only attracted the notice and won the appreciation of his superiors, but fitted him for the higher positions which, without his seeking, he was called upon to fill.

I have long desired to tell this story of a young man's faithfulness and consequent success, for I consider it a lesson that boys and young men of the day can study to advantage.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.—Emerson.

The Smack in School.

A district school not far away
 'Mid Berkshire hills one Winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of three score mingled girls and boys;
 Some few upon their task intent,
 But more on furtive mischief bent,
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book;
 When suddenly behind his back,
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack
 As 'twere a battery of bliss
 Set off in one tremendous kiss!
 "What's that?" the startled master cries:
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,
 "Wath William Willith if you pleathe—
 I saw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
 With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to the awful presence came—
 A great green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun—
 With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude!
 Before the whole set school to boot—
 What evil genius put you to't?"
 "'Twas she herself, sir," sobb'd the lad,
 "I didn't mean to be so bad:
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whisper'd I was afraid of girls,
 And durstn't kiss a baby's doll;
 I couldn't stand it sir, at all,
 But up and kiss'd her on the spot!
 I know—boo hoo—I ought to not.
 But somehow from her looks—boo hoo—
 I thought she kind o' wish'd me to!"

ACCIDENTALLY INNOCENT : A Lawyer's Story.

No lawyer likes going into court with a thoroughly bad case—yet how can he help it sometimes? I should have more patience with the question, "Do you ever think it right to defend a man whom you believe to be guilty?" were it less frequently asked by people who spend six days of the week seeking to get the upper hand of their neighbors, and the seventh to circumvent their Maker. To the honest inquirer I commend the answer Dr. Johnson once gave to Boswell: "Sir, the lawyer is not the judge."

Was it my place, when George Gilbert's little sorrow-worn wife, with tears glistening in her eyes, besought me to do what I could for her imprisoned husband, virtuously to turn my back and leave her tired, struggling heart to break or not, as it might? I was neither a priest or a Levite to find a ready excuse for passing by on the other side! Yet what could I do? George Gilbert had been sent on a collecting tour, and had gambled away money received for his employers. It was a plain case of embezzlement, and the penalty was a term of years in the State Prison.

"I'm sure he never meant to be dishonest," pleaded the loyal little woman; "he was tempted by a crafty and designing man, but, instead of running away, as others would have done, he came back and confessed his fault, offering to let his whole salary go toward making up the lost money, till every cent was paid. Mr. Meek, the junior partner, was inclined to be merciful; but Mr. Mangle, the head of the house, who returned just then, after a year's absence, insisted that the law should take its course."

I gave what poor consolation I could, for lawyers, like doctors, must keep their patients' courage up at times.

"In the first place I'll see Mangle & Meek," I said. "Mr. Mangle may be brought to hear reason, after all—if he can be only made to see his interest in it."

The pale and despondent face cheered up a little. My words seemed to have inspired a sort of undefined hope, which I was far from feeling myself.

Mr. Mangle received me with stony politeness.

"Young man," his manner said, "don't waste time in appeals to sentiment; you won't, if you'll just look at me."

I took the hint, and came at once to business; repeated Gilbert's offer, and put it as strongly as possible that more was to be gained by leniency than harshness, all of which Mr. Mangle listened to with a conscientious scowl.

"I cannot be a party to compounding a felony," he answered, with a solemn intonation.

"Nor have I asked you," I replied, a little nettled. "I have merely mentioned a plan of paying back your own, leaving it to your own generosity and good judgment to press or not press the prosecution."

"O, it's all the same," was the contemptuous rejoinder; "anybody but a lawyer, with his head full of quips and quibbles, could see that. Besides, there's something rather cool in the proposal to retain your friend in our employ, under pretence of working out the money he has stolen, with the opportunity of filching twice as much money in the meantime."

I felt my temper rising, and not caring to imperil my client's interest by an outright quarrel, I took a hasty leave.

Had I been in the prisoner's place on the morning fixed for the trial, I could not have ascended the court-house steps with more reluctance than I did. And when I entered the court-house, and found Gilbert and his wife already there, and noted the hopeful look with which the latter greeted my coming, my heart sickened at the thought of the bitter disappointment awaiting them.

"The People versus Gilbert!" called out the judge, after disposing of some formal matters.

A jury was immediately impanelled, and the case opened by the district attorney.

Mr. Meek was the first witness. The nervous, hesitating manner in which he gave his evidence would have greatly damaged its effect, had it not evidently arisen from a disposition to do the prisoner as little hurt as possible. But no softening could break the terrible force of the facts he was compelled to relate.

In his partner's absence he had employed George Gilbert as a clerk; had found him competent and trustworthy; had sent him on a trip to make collections; on his return he had acknowledged that, after receiving a considerable sum, he was induced by a respectable-looking gentleman, with whom he had casually fallen in, to join a social game of cards. At first they played for amusement, then for money; and, after losing all his own, in the hope of retrieving his loss, with the fatal infatuation which attends the first infection of that dreadful vice whose end is swift destruction, he had hazarded and lost the last dollar of the money he held in trust for his employers.

Mr. Meek's voice faltered as he closed his narrative. He was going to volunteer something about the prisoner's previous good character, when a disapproving glance from Mr. Mangle brought him to a halt.

Just then the prisoner chanced to turn his head, and, catching sight of the senior partner, who had just entered and was standing among the crowd, he started quickly, then he whispered hurriedly in my ear.

"Turn aside your face," I whispered back. And the case for the prosecution being closed, "Have you any witnesses for the defence?" inquired the judge.

"I will call Hezekiah Mangle," I replied.

A buzz of surprise greeted the announcement, in the midst of which Mr. Mangle stepped forward and was sworn.

"You have been absent for the past year, Mr. Mangle?" I began.

"I have."

"Travelling in different parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"The prisoner was employed by your partner in your absence, and was arrested about the time of your return?"

"Such was the case."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Or met him in your travels?"

"If he will turn his face this way, I can tell better."

At my bidding Gilbert turned and faced the witness.

The effect was electrical. Mr. Mangle turned pale and red by turns.

"One other question, Mr. Mangle. Do you recognize in the defendant a young man from whom you won a thousand dollars at 'poker' while on your travels?" and I named the time and place at which the prisoner had met his misfortune.

The man of iron virtue hesitated worse than his amiable partner had done. He was halting between a point-blank lie, which might entail the penalties of perjury, and the truth, which would cost him money.

Cowardice performed the office of conscience, and the truth came out. The firm's money which George Gilbert had lost had been won by the senior partner; and the court instructed the jury that inasmuch as the sum in question had actually been delivered to one of the joint owners, who was bound to make account to his associate, the prisoner could not be convicted.

"God bless you, Mr. Parker," faltered the happy little wife. "I knew you would bring us out all right."

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

No mistress who regards her authority can afford to treat her servant with undue familiarity; neither should she regard them as inferiors; but there is a golden mean to be obtained. Treat your servants with confidence and consideration, and do not suspect them of doing wrong. They must be trusted more or less by the whole household, and trust, in most cases, begets a sense of responsibility. Require careful performance of their duties, strict obedience to your orders, tidiness and cleanliness in their persons, respectful manners and willing service, and make them understand how much their good conduct adds to the comfort of the whole household. They must have time to do their washing and keep their clothes in order, or they cannot be clean and tidy. Treat them with kindness, but never with familiarity. Don't ask unnecessary questions. If they are sad and moody take no further notice of it, than to suggest (if practicable), that the usual holiday hours should be taken on that day, rather than on the one appropriated to them. Without wholesome intervals of amusement, uninterrupted work becomes intolerable. For that reason, servants should be allowed to receive friends, and even lovers, in the evening, when the day's work is done. If you deny them the privilege of companionship, you establish an unnatural condition, which is a premium for deceit and worse than deceit. Servants will have male friends. Do not compel them to hide in areas, or to make appointments, but let everything be honest and above board. There are and must be different modes of pleasure and enjoyment, and in the gratification of wants and wishes, but there is a common womanhood. Let us remember this gratefully and feel how much it is in the power of every mistress of a household to elevate those she employs. "Good mistresses make good servants."

Busy Idleness.

Many women have a talent for occupying themselves with trifles, and pretending to be busy when they really are doing nothing. Desultoriness consists in hesitating among a number of occupations, any one of which would be sufficient to fill up a person's time, and employ his energies, but all of which, taken together, seem to exercise separate and conflicting attraction and repulsion over him, till he remains irresolute, on a sort of neutral ground amidst them all. Desultoriness usually begins at the breakfast table; and you may generally distinguish the desultory from the decided guests of a house, by the length of time they linger at their breakfast table after the meal is over. When at last they leave the table, they wander idly from room to room, until they suddenly discover that they must write some letters. Do they thereupon write a letter? Not in the least. Tables with every possible accommodation for correspondence are standing about in all directions; but the proximity of paper, pens, and ink seems to divert them from their original intention, and to abolish the necessity of which they just now spoke with as much fervor as though it were a matter of life and death. It will become a matter of life and death later on, but not till the post is just going, or has gone, and then a special messenger will have to be despatched with a letter that ought to have been written eight hours ago, but which the procrastinator will then declare, with admirable *sans froid*, she never had been able to find a moment to write! For—and this is the

most amusing part of the whole—the most desultory of women always make believe to be doing something, and wear the solemn aspect and calm conscience of serious purpose.

A Word of Praise.

Some housekeepers, who keep their homes in excellent order have a very annoying way of talking about what they have done in detail. It is foolish for women to make their work the subject of conversation at all the meals and at the occasions for social intercourse in the evening hour, for it irritates the husband and children, although all are too respectful to say so. Women would do well to examine themselves in regard to this point, and avoid a persistent habit of telling over how much they have done. On the other hand, the husband should not forget that his wife is a faithful worker. How astonished some wives would be if, after a multifarious day's work, the husband should make some such remark as this: "How pleasant it is to come home at night and find the house so clean and tidy, the children so fresh and the supper so deliciously cooked. You are a valuable woman, wife!" If a man should make such an appreciative remark, a wife would be foolish then to tire him with relating the details, while he would be careful not to so express himself again. Bear and forbear, and a careful study of one another's necessities for sympathy, is needed to make domestic happiness. The wife should not expect too much estimation of her labor from the husband, neither should he leave her to struggle alone with her side of the difficulties of household life, especially where there is a family of young children.

Courtesy to Children.

A lady and gentleman were speaking of another's Christian character. The gentleman said, "He was once my Sabbath-school teacher, and although I have no doubt he is a Christian, yet no word of his could ever have any influence upon me."

"Why?" asked the lady in great astonishment.

"He would talk very earnestly and seriously to me in Sunday-school, but if he passed me on the street a dozen times during the week, he never took the least notice of me; therefore all his words were lost upon me."

"I do not want to be in Miss R.'s class any longer," a boy said to his mother.

"Why not, my son?"

"Because she is too proud to speak to me if she meets me on the street, and I do not want to go to Sunday-school to be in her class."

A friend once said, "I had rather fail to recognize older persons on the street, than children, for they always give me such a wistful look before I speak to them, and such a graceful one afterwards, that it pays well."

"Oh, it's only a child," say some: "she will not mind if I did not speak to her!" But children do mind, and they are often more critical and appreciative than older persons.

Children are always required to express gratitude and thanks for favors bestowed upon them: but do we often express ours to them? How many little favors they bestow upon us during a week or month? How many times their little feet run "up stairs, down stairs, and in the ladies chamber," but do we think it anything?

Certainly it is the parent or the teacher's duty to command, and the child's to obey; but are there not times when a milder form than "Do this, do that" (with some threat attached), would be an improvement and a kindness? They must always say please, and cannot we say this to them sometimes? I remember a dear little girl, who struggled nearly all day with her wilful little heart before she could say please to her dear mother; but at last the victory was final and complete.

Children usually copy the manner and tone of older persons, and their treatment of others is very similar to that they receive.

There are two aged gentlemen who are frequently in contact with a particular set of boys. One of these gentlemen can ask and obtain a favor from them at almost any time, and he always receives great courtesy and kindness from them; but the other would not dare ask a favor, and I am sorry to say he frequently receives rude, disrespectful words, and even nicknames, from them. What makes the differ-

ence? The first old gentleman is always kind, grateful and courteous to these boys, while the other never speaks to them without a snarl and a sneer, and gives them nothing but frowns and threats.

How many little ones in this beautiful world hardly know what a kind word or a smile is! Then let us give them, and all other children, all the courtesy we can; let us brighten their skies and smooth their paths all we can, for to them all there must come, some time in life, storms and hedged-up ways,—then the memory of pleasant events in childhood will be a comfort and a cheer. Let us show them that the religion we profess and recommend is, in itself, attractive and desirable, that it makes life better and kinder. A writer of the present day, who does not care for the Christian religion, has lately said, "Some Christians act as if they thought that when Christ said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' he had a drawn sword under his mantle."

What will become of the churches if the children are not attracted to them? What is the hope of the future, and what is the charm of to-day, without the children?

Advice to a Young Man.

The following quaint advice from the Burlington Hawkeye man has the "pith of truth" in it:

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died, the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral, or even heard of the death.

Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder-heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it, and don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, they are more stylish, your moustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, O, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

Young men are useful, and they are ornamental, and we all love them and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are no novelties, son. O, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Do not be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh that you will have to be put away to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding, they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but some people search for it all the more intently.

GRANDFATHER'S CRITICISM.—When I was thirteen years old a celebrated public man died suddenly, and I was moved to write an elegiac poem on the occasion. I knew perfectly well it was not remarkable, but the idea of seeing myself in print was too delightful to be resisted, so I sent it to the daily paper, and being fairly rythmical and grammatical, it was printed at once. My father in some way found out that I wrote it, and was mightily pleased; he took the paper at the breakfast table and handed it to my grandfather, a gentleman of education and taste, asking him what he thought of that poetry. He read it over and laid down the paper carelessly:—

"Oh, it's the ordinary stuff; such things are all trashy, of course."

"But father, R. wrote it."

My dear old grandfather's handsome face changed at once;

he picked up the discarded journal, and with eyes full of delighted tears, went on to praise the "stuff" to the skies and call it wonderful. But, child as I was, I had learned my lesson; and many a time since, when I could trace a virulent criticism back to some neglect of its writer, or a favorable one to the kind heart of a friend, I have thought of my first critic and smiled at the futility of dependence on such variable sources of pain or pleasure.—*Waverley*.

Indian Trappers, Hudson's Bay.

About the first of November, when the animals have got their winter coats, and fur is "in season," the Indian trapper lays out his trapping walk for the winter, along which he places a line of traps from ten to fifteen miles in length. Once or twice a week he makes the round of his walk, and gathers such furs as may be caught. Most of the finer furs are taken by means of the wooden dead-fall and steel-traps of various sizes, the larger fur-bearing animals being either shot, caught in snares, or killed with the poisoned bait.

Towards the latter end of March the Indian trappers leave their hunting grounds, and make a journey to the forts with the produce of their winter's toil. Here they come, moving through the forest, a motley throng. The braves march in front, too proud and lazy to carry anything but their guns, and not always doing even that. After them come the squaws, bending under loads, driving dogs, or hauling hand-sleds laden with meat, furs, tanned deer-skins and infants. The puppy-dog and inevitable baby never fail in Indian lodge or procession. The cheerful spectacle of the two packed together upon the back of a woman is not of unfrequent occurrence. Day after day the mongrel party journeys on until the fort is reached. Then comes the trade. The trader separates the furs into lots, placing the standard valuation upon each. Then he adds the amounts together, and informs the trapper that he has sixty or seventy "skins." At the same time he hands his customer sixty or seventy little bits of wood, so that the latter may know, by returning these in payment for the goods for which he really barter his furs, just how fast his funds decrease. The first act of the Indian is to cancel the debt contracted for advances at the beginning of the season; then he looks round upon the bales of cloth, blankets, etc., and after a long while concludes to have a small white capote for his toddling boy. The price is told him, and he hands back ten of his little pieces of woods, then looks about him for something else. Everything is carefully examined, and with each purchase their is a contest over the apparent inequality between the amount received and that given. In the Indian's opinion, one skin should pay for one article of merchandise, no matter what the value of the latter may be. And he insists, too, upon selecting the skin. The steelyard and weighing balances are his special objects of dislike. He does not know what that medicine is. That his tea and sugar should be balanced against a bit of iron conveys no idea of the relative value of peltries and merchandise to him. He insists upon making the balance swing even between the trader's goods and his own furs until a new light is thrown upon the question of steelyards and scales by the acceptance of his proposition. Then, when he finds his fine furs balanced against heavy blankets, he concludes to abide by the old method of letting the white trader decide the weight in his own way; for it is clear that the steelyard is a very great medicine, which no brave can understand.

When the trapper has spent all his little pieces of wood and asked for further advances, he is allowed to draw any reasonable amount; for, contrary to the rule in civilized life, a debt is seldom lost save by the death of the Indian. He may change his place of abode hundreds of miles, but he still has only a Company's post at which to trade. The Company has always been a good friend to him and his, and he pays when he can. He knows that when he liquidates his old debt, he can contract a new one just as big. No attempt was ever made to cheat him, and there never will be. When he is ill he goes to the nearest fort, and is cared for and attended until he recovers. When he does his duty well he gets a present, and he never performs any labour without receiving fair compensation. Such humane treatment strongly binds the Indian and half-breed to the Company.—H. M. ROBINSON, in *Harper's Magazine*

AN EQUAL PARTNERSHIP.—A capable wife is an admirable and delightful person, and a prize for any man to possess. A husband has no more business to say he supports his wife than he has to say he supports his partner or his clerks. All good wives render a full *qui pro quo* in the partnership of the house, even though they do nothing but make it pleasant, and meet their husbands on their return from business with a smile. A young woman, by virtue of a fine education and natural abilities, is able as a teacher to earn, say a thousand dollars a year. A young man asks her to relinquish this, and join him in founding a home, her part of it being, perhaps, mainly to stay in the house and oversee the house-keeping. She may consent to do so with the most happy results both to herself and him; but one essential element in her happiness must be that by so doing she does not place herself in a position that shall create a painful sense of dependence. There is no high-spirited woman who can endure without pain such an attitude, yet there is no rightly constituted woman who does not, under the right conditions, enjoy having all her temporal wants supplied, and being cared for and protected. It is her natural destiny.

CRUELTY OF OVER-INDULGENCE.—A mother does positive injury to her child by being over-indulgent, and ministering to its whims. We have heard misguided parents say: "I will not have my children restrained while young. They shall never be denied any indulgence or pleasure that I can provide at any cost. They will have troubles and trials in plenty when they have grown up without knowing any in youth that I can ward off." This is the way some mothers manifest their love. What a mistaken ideal! What will their children be when they pass out from their parent's care? How can they bear life's burdens if they have never learned that there are any until, without warning, they find them selves encompassed with them? What power of resistance, what strength of purpose can they expect to have, what efforts toward a useful life can children thus reared ever make with any semblance of success? For their own good they should be taught to "bear the yoke."

No Time for Anything.

The great difficulty in this country is, that we have no time for anything. The very walk of an American shows that he is in a hurry. An Englishman buttons his coat and goes to business as deliberately as he goes to church. An American business-man flies after the car, struggling with his coat-sleeves as he runs, plunges in headforemost, and plunges out at the other end without regard to his neck. Chief among our accidents stand those which occur because people jump upon flying trains or departing boats. To wait ten minutes is something not to be thought of. Dinner is not eaten, it is swallowed whole; and when one comes to the dessert, he finds the fruit was picked before it was ripe. Everything is hurried through, from the building of a house to the curing of a ham. The women who work on sewing machines stop before they come to the end of the seam. The dressmaker sends home your dress with the basting-threads in it, and no loops to hang it up by. There is none of the slow, sure completeness of the Old World about anything, and even fortunes are generally made in a hurry and lost in the same way. If any man you know is getting rich by the slow and patient process of saving, be sure he was not born on this continent. Yet people live as long here as anywhere else, and the days are the same length. Why is it that we have no time for anything?—*Sel.*

John Bacon, the Sculptor.

John Bacon, the son of a clothworker, was born in Southwark, London, in the year 1740. After receiving a good education he was bound apprentice to a Mr. Crispe, a manufacturer of china, in Lambeth, where he was employed in painting on porcelain. Closely and studiously observing the models furnished by various artists, he imbibed a strong liking for the art, in which he afterwards rose to so high a rank; and became so expert in modelling shepherds, shepherdesses, and other ornamental figures, that in less than two years all the work of the department was placed in his hands. His future career may thus be briefly told:

Devoting himself with eager diligence to sculpture, Bacon's success was so rapid that when only eighteen years of

age he obtained a prize of ten guineas from the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts for a small figure of 'Peace.' He also obtained nine other prizes in succession. He invented an improved method of copying clay models in stone; as also a most useful machine for 'getting out points' of the model upon the marble or stone, both of which inventions were adopted by other sculptors. In the year 1769, Bacon became one of the earliest students of the Royal Academy, and took its first gold medal for sculpture in the following year. His public reputation may be dated from the year 1770, when his statue of 'Mars' led Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, to employ him in making a bust of George III. for the hall of Christ Church, Oxford. While modelling this bust the king asked him if he had ever been out of the kingdom; and on being answered in the negative, 'I am glad of it,' said his majesty; 'you will be the greater honor to it.'

From this time Bacon was employed to execute numerous statues and monuments, amongst which may be mentioned the Halifax and Chatham monuments in Westminster Abbey; and in connection with the latter monument the following anecdote is told, and which is an excellent lesson to would-be critics:—

Walking one day in Westminster Abbey, Bacon noticed a gentleman standing before his monument of Chatham, and who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and was loud in his remarks.

'This monument of Chatham,' said he to Mr. Bacon, whom he evidently mistook for an ignorant stranger, 'is admirable as a whole, but it has great defects.'

'I should be greatly obliged to you,' said Bacon, mildly, 'if you would be so kind as to point them out to me.'

'Why here,' said the critic, 'and there; do you not see?—bad, very bad!' at the same time rubbing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence likely to injure the work.

'But,' said Bacon, 'I should be glad to be informed why the parts you mention are bad.'

The gentleman, however, would give no precise reply, but only repeated his assertions, and finished off by saying, 'I told Bacon of these faults while the monument was forming. I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him.'

'What! you are personally acquainted with Bacon?' said the sculptor.

'Oh, yes,' replied the gentleman. 'I have been intimate with him for many years.'

'It is well for you, then,' said the artist, 'that your friend Bacon is not at your elbow; for he would not have been pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled,' and he walked away with silent contempt from the lying critic.

Bacon died in the year 1799. He ordered the following inscription, which he wrote himself, to be placed on his tombstone:—

'What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived, but what I really was as a believer in Christ Jesus is the only thing of importance to me now.'

A Heart-Broken Merchant.

The shrewdness and business capacity that have made the Yankee the first of traders, and promise to turn this country into the workshop of the world, received a striking and happy illustration the other day. The scene was hereabouts, the characters a rising young merchant and a pretty young woman. He had an affection for her, she a liking for him, so they became betrothed. After a time she found that she didn't love him well enough to marry him, and the match was broken off. It was a severe blow, and he staggered under it; but he fought well for himself; protested that his life was ruined, asked if she could not learn to love him, and in all ways did the proper thing. She was immovable, however, and he sadly and reluctantly took his leave. While his eyes were full of gathering tears, he bade his faltering farewells, then closed the door upon his hopes. A moment later he opened it stepped back into the room, and, with tears in his voice, brokenly murmured, "I hope this will make no difference about your coming to the store, Miss—; and that your mother will continue to trade with us. I shall be happy to give the usual discount. Our stock is large and varied, our aim to please." And the door shut finally, leaving him alone with his grief.—*True Flag.*

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Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

Written for the Family Circle.

"The Christian's Watchword."

At twilight's pensive hour, we view,
The lives of noble men;
Who striving for the good and true,
Have passed from "mortal ken."
And oft, the youthful Christian strives,
In "works" to emulate,
The noble self-denying lives,
Which made these men so great.
With purpose high, he meets the world,
Resolved on doing good;
With beating drum, and flag unfurled,
As Christian soldiers should.

Alas! his courage quickly flies,
And soon his spirits quail,
The scornful looks of worldly eyes
Cause "heart and flesh" to fail.
Ah why is human courage weak,
And mental vision dim?
Because His help we do not seek
Nor place our trust in Him.
Oh! if it is ordained that we
Shall stem the rising flood;
Our marching counterguard must be
"Through His Redeeming Blood."

HEREWARD.

Toronto, Sept. 25th, 1879.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Danger from Eating Moldy Food.

From a somewhat extended experience with cooks of all colors, nationalities, and qualities, we are convinced that there is a general carelessness respecting the use of food which has become tainted by mold. It is not necessary that food should be covered with the green velvet characteristic of certain kinds of mold; if it has a musty taste or odor, though the eye may fail to discover anything wrong, it is not simply unfit for food, but is absolutely dangerous to be taken into the stomach. The following case is a good illustration of the danger referred to, and will be a hint of sufficient clearness to induce all intelligent people to take such precautions as will render such an accident impossible unless through the intentional maliciousness of the cook; we quote from *Public Health*.

"A singular case of poisoning from eating a pudding made in part of moldy bread is reported in the *Sanitary Record*. The main facts of the case may be briefly stated as follows: The principal materials of the pudding consisted of scraps of bread left from making toast and sandwiches, and they had been about three weeks accumulating. To these scraps were added milk, eggs, sugar, currants, and nutmeg. The whole was baked in a very slow oven, and was subsequently eaten by the cook, the proprietor of the eating-house in which it was prepared, the children of the proprietor, and two other persons. All of these became violently ill, with symptoms of irritant poisoning. One of the chil-

dren (aged three years) and one of the adults died. The necropsy of the body of the child caused the medical men to suspect poisoning, and accordingly the viscera, together with the remnant of the pudding, the materials used in making it, the matter vomited, etc., were sent to a chemical analyst, Mr. Alfred Allen, for examination. He made tests for several poisons, but without positive result. He was led to look for ergot in the pudding, and was soon startled to find unquestionable evidence of its presence, as far as chemical reactions went, though he was unable, with the aid of the microscope, to detect any actual ergot. From these facts Mr. Allen infers that the reactions hitherto supposed to be peculiar to ergot are common to other poisonous fungi."—*Good Health*.

Epidemics and Lack of Food.

Seeds develop into plants only under proper conditions. They may lie buried thousands of years in the best soil apart from heat and moisture, and then, on the addition of these, germinate and grow.

The same essentially is true of such epidemic diseases as have their origin in vegetable germs. One of the conditions generally essential to the development of them is a low physical vitality. Low vitality may result from anxiety, watching, overwork, intemperance, vice, or from a lack of adequate nourishment.

High health offers little lodging-place to the germs of disease, somewhat as the seeds of weeds find no room in a well-cultivated grass-field. Low health opens a chance at almost every point.

Few things, however, so let down the system as insufficient or improper food. Of six great epidemics which prevailed in Ireland from 1728 to 1829, each began with bad harvests; increased in violence as long as the scarcity continued; and speedily passed away with the return of abundant harvests. Further, in each case the disease, when at its height, reached up among the classes of the people who were "well-to-do," to whom it was always specially fatal.

In times of long-continued scarcity, the rich need, in their own interests, to see that the poor are properly fed. It should be understood that a troubled and discouraged state of mind at such times is another condition favorable to the spread of disease which usually co-acts with the former.—*Youths Companion*.

Danger from Bad Eggs.

At this season of the year it is often difficult to obtain eggs that are fresh unless they are procured from some farmer who will guarantee their freshness. During warm weather, eggs speedily undergo changes akin to putrefaction. The shell but partially protects its contents from the destructive action of germs, unless it is rendered impervious by the application of some substance capable of filling the pores so that the air cannot pass through.

An English gentleman who has investigated the subject quite thoroughly, finds, upon a careful microscopical examination, that stale eggs often contain certain peculiar cells of a fungoid character. These seem to be developed from the yolk of the egg, that portion which should furnish the material to form the flesh and bones of the chick which the egg would have produced by development under favorable conditions. Eggs containing these cells produced a poisonous effect upon dogs to which they were fed. We knew a case in which a whole family were seized with violent purging in consequence of the use of stale eggs; at least the difficulty could be assigned to no other cause.

Eggs grow lighter as they grow older, by the evaporation of their fluid contents, causing the internal portion to shrink. This leaves a small air space at one end, which becomes larger as the egg is older, and if it is very stale it will float when placed in water. Such eggs should be discarded as unfit for food.

RELATIONS BETWEEN MORALS AND FOOD.—Dr. Book, of Leipzig, is responsible for the following on the relation between morals and what people eat and drink: "The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of confirmed coffee drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts

upon the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper, which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. Chocolate is neutral in its physical effects, and is really the most harmless of our fashionable drinks. The snappish, petulant humor of the Chinese is certainly to be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea."

LOCKJAW.—Having lately seen accounts of several cases of lockjaw, resulting from injuries by stepping on rusty nails, &c., I send you a remedy which has been known to prevent this painful disease in several instances: Take a red-hot coal from the fire and pour sweet oil (olive oil) on it; then hold the wounded part over the thick smoke, as near as possible without burning. It will be necessary to repeat the operation two or three times a day. This remedy has been known to cure after the jaws had commenced to get stiff.

LAZINESS AS A DISEASE.—Laziness, says the "Lady's Journal," is a bad disease, and, like many other kinds, is often self-imposed. In the case of many individuals, it is an inherited malady, and consequently hard to oust from the system. But it is oftener the case that the disgusting temper is brought on persons by their own deliberate selfishness—by a vastly discreditable disposition to shirk inevitable burdens incident to living a decent life. Laziness of this kind is one of the cardinal sins, and should submit the obnoxious offender to the discipline of the treadmill. More particularly is laziness offensive to the young and healthy. To learn to work, and work cheerfully, is the central lesson of life. Begin to learn it early—eschew laziness as the most disgusting of all faults, and one that will surely end in hopeless misery; for, depend upon it, none can be so insensible through laziness as to be, in the end, incapable of suffering. Nature is, in the event of a non-payment of her demands, a stern and merciless creditor.

SHORT LIFE OF MODERATE DRINKERS.—A London Life Insurance Society divides its insurers into two classes, abstainers and moderate drinkers. It is found that during the last twelve years the mortality has been one-fourth less among abstainers than among the moderate drinkers. That is, only three abstainers die to four moderate drinkers.

LIME IN THE EYE.—The highly-injurious caustic effect of lime, accidentally introduced into the eye, as frequently occurs to those engaged in building, may be entirely neutralized by the use of cold sugar water, owing to the formation of a compound of the lime and sugar, which is without any action upon the eyes.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BREAKFAST STEW OF BEEF.—Cut into pieces about an inch in length two pounds of uncooked beef that is not too lean. Put into a stew-pan, with just enough water to cover them, and stew very gently for two hours. Set away till next morning, when season to taste with pepper, salt, chopped onion and parsley, and a very little sweet-matjoram. Stew half an hour longer, add two teaspoonfuls of sauce or catsup, a tablespoonful of browned flour moistened in a little water. Boil a few minutes, and serve.

MINT SAUCE.—Slightly melt one large tablespoonful of butter, free from salt, and cream into it the same quantity of flour; add this to one small teacupful of boiling water, stirring constantly, that it may not become lumpy; put in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three of sugar. If lemon juice is substituted for the vinegar, and it is much nicer, take half the quantity, and add a tablespoonful of water or it will be too thick. Boil it well for a minute or two; let it cool slightly, and stir in half a small teacupful of chopped mint. If the mint is added while boiling hot it becomes wilted, and the freshness is lost.

COOKIES.—One cup sour cream, one and a half cups sugar, one teaspoonful soda, nutmeg, and flour to roll out stiff; if sweet cream is used, add two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar.

CALIFORNIA CAKE.—One pint of flour, one pint of Indian meal, one pint of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, small piece of butter,

Mix the eggs and milk together, add sugar and butter, well beaten, then flour and Indian meal, a little at a time, alternately; mix the cream of tartar in the flour, and the soda in a little of the milk. Bake in pans, and serve hot for breakfast or tea.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup milk, three cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; mix with flour, whites of four eggs, beaten to a froth; flavor to taste.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half cup flour, whites four eggs, beaten to a froth. Frosting.—One-fifth cake bakers' chocolate, yolks four eggs, three teaspoonfuls corn starch; cook on stove or in kettle of water stirring constantly; when thick, remove from stove, add one cup pulverized sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Four cups of flour, two cups sugar one cup milk, five eggs, one cup butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar; half of a grated cocoanut put in the cake, the other half put with the whites of three eggs and one-half cup of sugar, and put between the layers of cake. Bake in jelly-pans.

LINCOLN CAKE.—One and one-half pounds sugar, one pound butter, one and three-fourths pounds flour, two pounds fruit, one pint sweet milk, one tablespoonful soda, six eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful cloves, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one gill of brandy.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, one cupful sugar, one cup and a half of flour, teaspoonful royal baking powder, one teaspoonful ginger, half cup of milk, teaspoonful butter; beat the yolks, sugar and butter together; add milk and flour with baking powder sifted in, lastly add the whites beaten to a dry froth; bake thirty minutes.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Three tablespoonfuls tapioca; cover with water; soak four hours; pour off the water; put one quart of milk over the fire; when it boils, stir in the yolks of three eggs and a little salt; stir till it begins to thicken; make frosting of the whites of three eggs, spread over the top and flavor with vanilla.

TO BROWN FLOUR.—Spread upon a thin plate and place upon the stove or in a very hot oven, and stir continually after it begins to color until it is brown all through. Keep it always on hand for gravies. Do it at odd moments, and keep in a glass jar covered closely. Shake it up every few days to prevent lumping.

"HUCKLEBERRY" CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, five eggs, one quart ripe huckleberries thickly dredged with flour, and added after all the other ingredients are mixed.—Nice for breakfast.

DELICIOUS CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one-half cup butter, the whites of four eggs two and one-quarter cups flour with one-quarter cup corn starch mixed through it, two-thirds cup of milk, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the sugar and butter, add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, then the milk, and then the flour, having first mixed the baking powder thoroughly with it. Bake in a moderate oven.—Very nice.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—One quart milk, two tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar, a little salt, three tablespoonfuls corn starch mixed with a little milk, and the yolks of three eggs, well beaten. Let the milk come nearly to a boil, stir in corn starch, cook three or four minutes after boiling, take from the fire and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, stirring thoroughly through the pudding, flavor with lemon. To be eaten cold with cream.—Delicious.

TOMATO CHOW CHOW.—Half a bushel green tomatoes, one dozen onions, one dozen green peppers; chop all together very fine, and sprinkle over one pint of salt, let it stand all night, then drain off the brine, cover with good vinegar, cook slowly

for one hour, then drain and pack in a jar; take two pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, and one each of allspice, cloves, pepper and celery-seed, all ground together except celery seed, half cup of mustard or two ozs. mustard seed, one pint of grated horseradish, vinegar sufficient to mix them, and when boiling hot, pour it over the contents of the jar; cover tight.—Very fine.

CUPBOARD VENTILATION.—In the erection of dwelling-houses the ventilation of the cupboards and closets is generally considered of minor importance; while the want of a thorough draught is apt to make itself unpleasantly apparent to the organs of smell. An English mechanic offers a very simple method for remedying this defect. "If possible, have perforations made through the back wall of the closet, and a few in the door; when the wall of the closet cannot be perforated, bore holes freely in the door at the top and bottom. To prevent dampness, with the accompanying unpleasantness and injurious effects of mildew in cupboards, a tray of quicklime should be kept in them and changed from time to time as it becomes old."

WINTER CARE OF GERANIUMS.—Bedded geraniums which it is desirable to save through the winter should have their branches well pruned back before repotting, and should be placed in a pot but little larger than will contain the roots. If so desired, the plants may be kept safely through the winter by hanging them in a dry, warm cellar, after shaking all the dirt from the roots.

Practical Suggestions.

Dry buckwheat, plentifully and faithfully applied, will take oil off carpets or woollen goods; never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

To take fresh paint off a woollen garment, rub the spots with stale bread until removed.

To remove iron mould from linen, wash the spots in a strong solution of cream tartar and water; repeat, if necessary, and dry in the sun.

To take out tea stains, put the linen in a kettle of cold water; rub the stains well with common castile soap; put the kettle on the side of the stove, to let water get gradually warm; wash thoroughly in warm soapsuds; then rub the stains again with soap, and boil; then rinse.

To take out fruit stains, rub the part on each side with yellow soap; then tie up a piece of pearlsh in the cloth, and soak well in hot water, or boil; afterwards, expose the stained parts to the sun and air until removed.

To remove ink spots on floors, rub with sand wet in oil of vitriol and water; when the ink is removed, rinse with pearlsh water.

To clean tinware, dampen a cloth and dip in common soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry; any blackened ware can be made as good as new.

One of the very best materials for scouring knives, forks, spoons, and tinware is common water-lime. Be careful to secure that which is free from grit.

TO REMOVE GLASS STOPPERS.—Pour a few drops of glycerine or sweet oil in the crevice about the stopper, and in a short time it will be loose. If this does not succeed, heat the neck of the bottle and give the stopper a sharp blow.

DANDRUFF.—To remove dandruff, take a thimbleful of powdered refined borax (can be had at any druggist's or chandler's shop), let it dissolve in a teacupful of water; first brush the head well, then wet a brush and apply it to the mixture and apply it to the head. Do this every day for a week, and twice a week for two or three times, and you will effectually remove the dandruff.

TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this, mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water and applied daily with a soft brush, will preserve the teeth, extirpate all tartarous adhesion, arrest decay, and make the teeth pearly white.

HOW TO CLEAN SILVER.—Mix whitening with soft soap until it is of the consistency of cream, adding ammonia; rub thoroughly, and when dry put into clean hot suds, and wipe each piece as removed.

DYEING.

PURPLE ON COTTON OR WOOLLEN.—Dissolve 2 oz. Cudbear with gentle heat in sufficient water to cover the goods. First dip the goods in salaratus water, wring them and put in the dye, and let them remain half an hour. If you wish a darker shade wring again and wet in salaratus water, then again into the dye and add 2 oz. of alum.

PINK ON WOOLLEN.—Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. powdered Cochineal in sufficient soft water to cover the cloth for half an hour, then strain carefully to remove all sediment, and put in the cloth, having previously soaked it thoroughly in alum water, and let it stand until you have the desired shade.

BROWN ON COTTON OR WOOLLEN.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Cutch and 1 pail of water; put in the goods and boil twenty minutes. Dissolve 4 oz. bichromate of potash in 1 pail of water, then dip the goods from the Cutch into the potash, letting them remain until they are the desired shade. Rinse thoroughly in clear water or in suds.

RED ON WOOLLEN.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Madder soaked over night in brass or copper, add 1 oz. Madder Compound. Then add the goods and bring slowly to a scalding heat; leave in the dye until they are the desired shade, then rinse in clear water. This color grows deeper the longer it is kept in the dye.

BROWN WITH JAPONICA.—Take 12 lbs. of Japonica, 2 oz. Blue Vitriol, 4 oz. Bichromate of Potash, put the Japonica and Vitriol into sufficient soft water to cover the goods; bring the water to a boiling heat, then add the goods to be colored, let them remain 2 hours. Then make a dye of the Bichromate of Potash, add the goods, let them remain half an hour. Keep hot.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

An Irishman who was troubled with toothache determined to have an old offender extracted; but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself; whereupon he filled the cavity with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, lighted it, and then ran round the corner to get out of the way.

A FRENCH STORY.—A domestic attempted self-destruction by drowning, but his master arrived on the spot just in time to save him, and thereupon ordered another of his manservants to keep an eye on the would-be suicide, and prevent him, in case he should renew the attempt. The unfortunate servant being unable to drown himself, although closely watched, accomplished his desired end by hanging. His master, returning, was greatly surprised that the man in charge had not prevented the rash deed, and upbraided him reproachfully, to which he made reply, "Upon my soul, sir, I thought he had hung himself up to dry!"

Getting Liquor for a Sick Wife.

He was a stern, austere-looking man, and when he walked into a store, where "wines and liquors for family use" were advertised for sale, he gazed carefully round before making known his wants. Then he called the proprietor to him, and leaning over the counter, inquired in a low tone if he had any whisky he could positively recommend to families in case of sickness. The proprietor stated, in a subdued though no less confident voice, that he had. He had used it, he said, in his own family, during critical periods of illness, and he hadn't the slightest hesitation in endorsing it, even though the applicant was the president of the United States.

"I am thus particular," said the austere man, "because it is rarely that I have anything of an intoxicating nature about my house, and never then except in cases of direst necessity."

"I understand," said the liquor man, nodding approvingly; "I am a good deal that way myself, although in the business."

Then he took a bottle out of a case that stood on a high shelf, and dusting it off carefully, almost fondly, because the whiskey it contained was so very rare, handed it to the man, with the remark that he might take out a search warrant and hunt through all the private cellars in Bourbon country without being able to find its superior.

"I don't know anything about it," said the stern customer, with an impatient wave of the hand—don't ever drink it myself, and can only take it on your recommendation. My wife, you see, is very bad with sore throat, and—"

"Capital thing for the throat," said the proprietor, rolling the bottle up in a piece of brown paper. "My wife tried it for that not long ago, and it did her a world of good."

"Can't you put it into a different kind of parcel?" asked the austere looking individual. "I don't like to be seen—"

"Oh, of course got just the thing for it here; look like a package of thread or something of that kind," and he put it into a square paper box that fitted it exactly.

"My wife has tried everything for that throat of hers," said the austere man as he counted out the change, "and I thought may be a little ardent spirits just as she went to bed—"

"Nothing better in the world," interrupted the supplier of family distur—we mean wines and liquors.

"You see," said the man, placing the parcel in the inside pocket of his overcoat and buttoning the coat carefully around it, "I abhor anything of an intoxicating nature, but in this case—"

"You do perfectly right," said the dealer, opening the door for him. "An ounce of whiskey—I mean of prevention, is worth a pound of cure."

"She's so delicate," pursued the austere one, "she catches cold with every change of the weather, and things I wouldn't notice at all make her down sick. I am afraid she's not long for this world," with a piteous cough.

"The weather is very bad for delicate constitutions," suggested the liquor man.

"Especially for hers," added the person of austerity, about to step out. Then he turned as with a sudden thought and said, "I suppose if I give it to her with hot water and a little sugar it would be all the better wouldn't it?"

"Oh, much better. Don't forget the hot water and sugar."

The liquor dealer turned to us with a smile as the man left, and said,—

"Wonder if that man thinks he is humbugging anybody. But that is the way some folks get their whiskey."

"Wasn't that story about his sick wife correct?" we asked.

"Sick wife! sick fiddlesticks. He hasn't any wife, and never had, but he doesn't know that I know it. I meet with lots of such cases; men who come here to buy whiskey to drink on the sly, endeavoring to veil it under some such thin pretense as that man employed."

TWO MORE GUINEAS.—A good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. The doctor dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them. But Sir Richard, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet. "Are all the guineas found?" asked his lordship, looking round. "There must be two still on the floor," was Sir Richard's answer, "for I have only three." The hint of course was taken, and the right sum made up.

The Judge's Mistake.

Some years ago, old Judge —, of Maine, accompanied by his good and much-loved wife, visited New York. The judge put up at the old tavern down by the battery. Before retiring for the night, and while Mrs. — was cosily tucked away between the sheets, the judge thought he would have a good scrubbing. Having performed his ablutions to his entire satisfaction, and scrubbed himself until his limbs were the color of boiled lobsters, the judge looked about for some receptacle into which he might turn the contents of the wash-bowl. There was nothing at hand, and rather than summon a servant the old judge conceived the idea of throwing the water out of the window. So, mounting a chair, he opened a square little window which he thought opened into a back yard and deliberately emptied the contents of the bowl. A howl

of rage, greeted the ears of the good old judge, accompanied by female cries and loud oaths from a masculine voice.

"What the —— are you up to?" shouted somebody.

"What the —— are you prowling about at this time o' the night for?" replied the judge. "You ought to be at home with y'r wife and children."

In point of fact, the poor fellow, who had good reasons to be angry, was quietly sleeping in bed with his better half, and the little window which the judge had opened was intended as a ventilator for both rooms. The judge had so completely drowned out his neighbors that they were obliged to seek another room.

A Witty Parson.

A Scotch clergyman by the name of Watty Morrison was a man of most irrepressible humor. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretend, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament without the slightest preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and he gave for a text, "And the ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon that text.

On another occasion Mr. Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so if he would in turn grant him the first favor he should ask.

Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a puppy. The clergyman agreed to it; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.

Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the puppy, as was customary in the baptism of children, and said:

"As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

"Certainly," said the Major; "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well, then, Major, I begin by the usual question, 'You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?'"

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd; the officer threw the candidate for baptism away, and thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the infidel, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

The clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerks reading the hymn beginning with these words—Deluded souls, that dream of heaven!

The story is told that Longfellow and Fields were making a short pedestrian tour some few years since, when to their surprise an angry bull stood in the pathway, evidently intending to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think, says Fields, 'that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin.'" "Yes," replied the poet, "it seems to be a disputed passage."

"This dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady; see how little it is—what a narrow sole it has!"—"I'll bet it isn't as narrow as Deacon ——'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost," was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket and requested the school to sing, "Pull for the shore."

PERSUADED BY AN EPIGRAM.—Judge Day, a very able man, once went as judge on the Munster Circuit. There were so many prisoners for trial in Limerick that he feared he could not open the Commission for Kerry at Tralee without sitting very late. When he continued long after the usual time, and showed no intention of leaving court, the members of the bar remonstrated but without effect. At length, near midnight, as he still held on, a slip of paper was handed him by the crier's wand. He read it, smiled, and announced "he would try no more cases that night." The paper contained these lines, written by a member of the bar:

"Try men by night! my lord forbear;
Think what the wicked world will say:
Methinks I hear the rogues declare
That justice is not done by Day."

Say Well and Do Well.

Say well is good, but do well is better;
Do well seems the spirit, say well is the letter;
Say well is goodly, and helps to please;
But to do well is godly, and gives the world ease
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But to do well is free on every ground.

Say well has friends—some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere,
By say well many to God's word cleave,
But for lack of do well they often leave.
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,
Then all were done, all were one, and gotten were gain

THE RESULT.—Archbishop Whately was at one time endeavoring to elicit a candidate's idea on the market value of labor, in reference to demand and supply; but being baffled the prelate put a question in this simple form: "If there were in our village two shoemakers with just sufficient employment to enable them to live tolerably well, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?" "What would follow, sir?" said the candidate. "Why, a fight, to be sure!"

The Waiter Caught Him.

When they serve you brandy in Paris it is brought in a little carafe marked off on the sides, so as to show exactly how many glasses are taken out. When you come to pay, the garcon has only to look at the carafe, and the amount remaining tells how much has been used. This gave an ingenious gentleman an idea. He would drink three *petits verers*, and then pour in water so that it would appear he had but one. He thought nobody observed the mean trick.

After two or three days this customer found the brandy very feeble, and he called the garcon:

"Garcon," he said, "what is the matter with this brandy?" "It is the same, sir."

"That cannot be. Day before yesterday it was delicious; to-day it is hardly stronger than water."

"I have the honor to inform monsieur that it is not only the same brandy, but that I have carefully given monsieur every day the same bottle."

ABOUT PRESENTS.—The etiquette of giving and receiving presents is easily understood. Acknowledge a present without delay, but do not quickly follow it up by a return. It is to be taken for granted that a gift is intended to afford pleasure to the recipient, not to be regarded as a mere question of investment or exchange. Never allude to a present which you have given, unless you have reason to fear it has never reached its destination.

SPEAK WELL.—Never speak ill of your neighbors, for it is certain that nine times out of ten we are nearer the truth in thinking well of persons than ill.

Said a very old man: "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am thankful when I awake in the morning and find any weather at all."

FEMALE BARBERS.—"Female barbers!" said Snodgrass, repeating a paragraph announcement he had just read in the paper, "I don't believe in 'em." "Why not?" we asked. "Because I remember what trouble Samson got into by letting a woman cut his hair!"

DEVELOPMENT.—There is no greater work on earth than that of developing everything in man, of bringing it into harmony, of holding it back from wrong-doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellence. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater thing who builds a character.

WHICH?—When a gentleman at a banquet was speaking of a friend of his who had the small-pox twice, and had died of it, an Irishman who was present inquired whether the man died of the first or the second attack.

Can a good-natured lawyer conduct a cross-examination?

The Tired Woman's Epitaph.

Here lies an old woman who always was tired,
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired.
Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing!
And every thing there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing;
But, having no voice, I'll be rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me ever,
For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever!"

THE KING'S JEWEL.

'Twas a night to make the bravest
Shrink from the tempest's breath,
For the winter snows were bitter,
And the winds were cruel as death.

All day on the roofs of Warsaw
Had the white storm sifted down
Till it almost hid the humble huts
Of the poor outside the town.

And it beat upon one low cottage
With a sort of reckless spite
As if to add to their wretchedness
Who sat by its hearth that night.

Where Dorby, the Polish peasant,
Took his pale wife by the hand,
And told her that when the morrow came
They would have no home in the land.

No human hand would aid him
With the rent that was due at morn;
And his cold, hard-hearted landlord
Had spurned his prayers with scorn.

Then the poor man took his Bible,
And read, while his eyes grew dim,
To see if any comfort
Were written there for him:

When he suddenly heard a knocking
On the casement, soft and light:
It wasn't the storm; but what else could be
Abroad in such a night?

Then he went and opened the window,
But for wonder scarce could speak,
As a bird flew in with a jeweled ring
Held flashing in his beak.

"'Tis the bird I trained," said Dorby,
"And that is the precious ring
That once I saw on the royal hand
Of our good and gracious king.

"And if birds, as our lesson tells us,
Once came with food to men,
Who knows," said the foolish peasant,
"But they might be sent again?"

So he hopefully went with the morning,
And knocked at the palace gate,
And gave to the king the jewel
They had searched for long and late.

And when he had heard the story
Which the peasant had to tell;
He gave him a fruitful garden,
And a home wherein to dwell.

And Dorby wrote o'er the doorway
These words that all might see;
"Thou hast called on the Lord in trouble,
And He hath delivered thee!"

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

Night on the waters! In the far heavens burning,
Rank after rank the stars light up the deep;
The dreamy moonlight into silver turning,
That crimson which the waves since sunset keep.

Among the gardens on the seashore glimmer
The lone-lamp and the fire-fly's vagrant spark;
And the white face of that untiring swimmer,
The water-lily, shines out in the dark.

Night after night, and summer after summer,
Nature her golden gifts thus renders up:
Fun and wind play the painter and perfumer,
The red wine bubbles in the festive cup.

Everything in this lovely world remaineth
The same, the self-same as it used to be;
Yon heaven from its rich lustre never varieth,
Change comes on nothing, save, O man, on thee!

We move like shadows o'er the land of Fairie,
We darken for an hour the sunny earth;
We come and pass away, the worn and weary
Lay down their heads to wait their second birth.

Those moonlit bowers conceal the broken-hearted,
The roses cover the funeral urn:
Go to the marble stone of the departed
And read, "All dust must unto dust return."

FELIX FAIRFAX.

WATERPROOF BOOTS.—It is not always desirable that boots should be absolutely water-proof, as whatever keeps water out will keep it in, and whoever has worn India-rubber boots for any length of time, knows that retaining the perspiration of the feet soon puts them in a very unpleasant, half-parboiled condition that is not desirable. Still, water-proof boots are useful in an emergency, to be worn for a short time—as in doing the chores in bad weather. A pair of good rubber boots will answer this purpose, or a pair of common cowhide boots may be made water-proof after the method of the New England fishermen. These people, exposed to all weathers, have for a century used the following compound: Tallow, four ounces; rosin and beeswax, one ounce each; melt together, then stir in neatsfoot oil, equal in bulk to the melted articles. The boots are warmed before a fire, and this composition is rubbed into the leather, soles and uppers, by means of a rag. Two applications will make the leather water-proof.

A LIBERAL BISHOP.—Of the late Dr. Baring, bishop of Durham, Truth tells this pleasant story: "He was spending the Sunday with a High Church vicar blessed with very moderate means and a large family. His lordship noticed the pale faces of the children, and said to their mother, 'You must take these little ones to the seaside, and their father too must have complete rest. I will provide his duty for six weeks.' The good lady wondered where she was to find the wherewithal to carry out this excellent scheme. As the bishop, however, shook hands with her on leaving he put a £50 note into her hand and solved the difficulty."

A SIN OF THE TIME.—Nowadays, if a man is tricky and even dishonest in his business dealings, people dub him smart. "Get money, my son, honestly, if you can—but at all events get money!" is a piece of advice which young America is more willing to follow. The world calls the man moral and honorable who is not lewd and degraded in his taste. Who leads an incorruptible life in his family relations and pays due respect to society, though elsewhere, in order to enrich himself, he may cause untold suffering and misery by fraudulent dealing. False morality this, and bitter the lesson it teaches. It should be inculcated on the young that, though clothed with the mantle of respectability, it is no less immoral to defraud others by tricks and sharp dealing than it is to be a common thief, drunkard or outcast from society. Our children need moral as well as intellectual training.

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path walk around them, and do your duty regardless of spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

THE TOMATO.

The tomato is an excellent article of food, notwithstanding the assertion of many who claim that it is not healthy, produces cancers etc., etc. Now I believe it to be one of the healthiest of vegetables. Note its ruddy hue its fine smooth skin, and its plump well rounded form; surely there is nothing to indicate disease and there is every reason to believe that its general health is equal to, if not better, than that of any other vegetable that exists. Take for instance, the beet; mark the fatality that attends their growth! Dead beets can be counted by thousands in every community and in every climate who, who have been nurtured under the most favorable circumstance—as regards sanitary measures—for their healthful growth. Even the potato has its almost yearly epidemic which carries off countless numbers, causing bitter sorrow and leaving scarcely a dry eye in the whole Murphy community. They have other troubles also; 'tis the early potato that catches the worm—or rather, that is caught by it—and no vermifuge, however powerful, has yet been discovered that covers the ground sufficiently to protect it from the fell destroyer. Cucumbers and onions are very far from being immaculate. The former are cut down—or rather cut up—in the heyday of their youth, as it were and seldom live to a green—i. e., a yellow old age. Ever in their infancy, they are continually getting in a pickle, and are no comfort to themselves, nor to anybody else. The onion is a confirmed invalid, and if it leaves its bed it is sure to get in a stew. It prides itself, somewhat upon its rank in society, but it is in bad odor among its fellows. But I digress. It was not the intention to write up the entire vegetable kingdom, but merely to defend our friend—the tomato—from his traducers. Lettuce return, then, to our subject. Find a greater delicacy to preserve—who among you can? Hope you all can—can all you raise, and raise all you can of this healthful esculent. Then, again how essential is the tomato for fixing catsup—not to fix cats up by throwing tomatoes at them, though even as missiles they would doubtless prove efficacious. The refuse tomato cans could be used with equal effect to fix dogs up if—in the language of the genial *Erratic Enriqué*—you wish to curtail your house rubbish.

What could better "pointer moral or adorn a tail?" Finally it is claimed that the consumption of the tomato produces cancer and the like. It has been fully demonstrated that the tomato is a perfectly healthy vegetable, therefore its consumption is a mere fallacy. It never has the consumption. As was recently remarked by a prominent physician: "We defy you to prove it, or to prove that tomatoes produce cancers—we don't believe you cancer, in fact we know you can't sir!" Enough of the tomato—though we never—i. e. hardly—!!! (I was going to say that we seldom, eat enough of them, when something struck me.) To conclude, let me hope all reasonable thinking persons will see the force of our plea for the tomato and enjoy them while the season is yet upon us.

A Coward.

The man who elopes with his future wife is a miserable coward, and a girl is mad to trust herself to his keeping. If his love for a woman is worthy that noble name, he will go and ask her hand from those whose claim to be consulted

can never die. If they refuse it, he is bound by every tie of courage and decency to give them time to reconsider their decision. If they will not, under all ordinary circumstances he is morally free to take her. A man who has not the nerve to do that is the last of men to be made a hero. And as a rule, he is the last of men to care for and honor as he should the woman he had not the heart to win in a becoming manner. The history of romantic marriages, as they are called, is a record of folly which often ends in neglect and coldness and cruelty. Generally the husband, consistent in his conduct throughout, openly despises the woman who gave herself to him so willingly. The man who cannot conquer the difficulties in the path of his love, and carry off its object with the spirit of a conqueror, is not one to whom a woman should trust her love. A man who will urge her to elopement, aware that it will expose her to insolent gaze, and make her name the theme of degrading gossip, and her family the butt of ridicule, should be driven from her presence and incontinently kicked out of the presence of those who know what it is to bravely love a wife.

THE SNAKE CHARMER.—A letter from India says: "These men have a wonderful influence over snakes. They tame them to an amazing extent, and very often come to a European bungalow and offer to clear all the serpents out of the compound or enclosed ground for a small consideration. If the proposition is accepted, they squat down upon the ground and play a quick, horrible jangling tune on a reed flute. Very soon the owner of the compound is astonished to see snakes of all kinds and sizes coming out of holes which he fondly hoped were tenanted only by toads or rats. They moved with a soft, measured motion toward the musician, who quickly grasps them and places them in his bag, until twenty or more are there; then, having, as he says, cleared the compound of snakes, he receives his money and carries off his prey to let them loose on another man's property and whistle them up again for a new reward, for they are all his own tame snakes, and come to him when he blows his flute."

LOOKING DOWN THE CHIMNEY.—It is said of a man who looked down his neighbor's chimney to see what he was cooking for supper, not only did he not find out, but was nearly blinded by the smoke. When you hear men say, "I have watched those who profess so much religion, and I don't see that they are any better than those who do not make such a high profession," depend upon it, they have got some smoke in their eyes, and those whose eyes are full of smoke cannot see very clearly. Denominational smoke is about the most blinding smoke we know of, and prevents the gospel from taking hold of the masses more than any other agency. Were we to sit down by our neighbor's fire occasionally instead of looking down his chimney, we would see many good points in his character that smoke will surely obscure.—*Olive Branch.*

The Greatness of Trifles.

The best fidelity to Christ is shown in a daily vigilant service to him in trifles, in efforts to honor him in humble, inconspicuous services, such as good temper in families, sympathy with man and beast, honesty in business, liberality to servants, fidelity to employers. These things make up the best discipleship. The same truth applies to many things. The best paintings are those where such details as the blades of grass, the leaves of trees, the lines upon the water, and similar minute points, are most perfectly delineated. Artistic excellency consists chiefly in the complete accuracy which the slothful or the ignorant worker cannot or will not accomplish. The great Italian sculptor, Michael Angelo, was once visited by an acquaintance, who remarked, on entering his studio,—

"Why, you have done nothing to that figure since I was here last."

"Yes," was the reply; "I have softened this expression, touched off that projection, and made other improvements."

"Oh," said the visitor, "those are mere trifles."

"True," answered Michael Angelo; "but remember that trifles make perfection; and perfection is no trifle."

In like manner the highest forms of devotion to Christ consist in fidelity to apparent trifles. For only heartfelt love and abiding recollectiveness to him, as an ever beloved object

will enable his disciples to maintain throughout each day, in word and company, in busy occupation, and before his enemies, the duty of honoring him thus continuously and in the whole details of life.

GOOD FEELINGS.

We know a blunt old fellow who sometimes hits the nail on the head more aptly than philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for good feelings. Every body joined and said that the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked the old genius.

"He is possessed of the most benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow, again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of his favorite doings. They began to cast about in their minds; but the old man still shouted, "What has he done?" They owned they could not name anything in particular.

"Yes," answered the cynic, "you say that he is a man that has good feelings. Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action they ever performed in their lives, but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you all would call a surly, rough and unamiable man, and yet he has done more acts of kindness in this country than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions."—*Masonic Jewel*.

The Late Amos Lawrence.

The late David Einstein, of Raritan, New Jersey, was for many years an extensive manufacturer of woollens. While at Boston on a business trip he mentioned to a business acquaintance that, although having transactions with Amos Lawrence for many years, he had never met him, and purposed to make his acquaintance this time. The friend explained that Mr. Lawrence was extremely reserved in his tastes, and would doubtless give him more attention if personally introduced; and offered to serve as a mutual friend. After introduction, Mr. Lawrence inquired:

"What is your occupation, Mr. Einstein?"

"I am proprietor of the Raritan Woollen Mills, and have purchased wool of you these many years," replied Mr. Einstein, very much surprised that his name seemed to be unknown. After a moment's reflection, Mr. Lawrence asked:

"Have you always paid your notes, Mr. Einstein?"

"Always, sir!" he replied, now beginning to grow indignant.

"Ah! that explains it," said Mr. Lawrence, in a tone of triumph; "I know those men who don't pay their notes."

A WONDERFUL CAT STORY.—A gentleman who resides on Adams Street, and has a fountain in the front yard stocked with small fish, had been puzzled for some time over the disappearance of the fish from the basin of the fountain. One night last week he and several friends sat up and watched. About ten o'clock they saw the house-cat stealthily approach the rim of the fountain and scratch in the ground. The cat caught a worm, which she moved around in the water for a few minutes; then, when the little fish would rise and bite at the bait, the cat, with the other paw, grabbed and ate them. "Puss," was the "lone fisherman" of the place. The above story is authentic, yet it reads as if it were apocryphal. Here is an important fact for scientists who draw a distinction between instinct and reason.—*Memphis Appeal*.

A JOKE RETURNED.—A gentleman connected with the United States Lake Survey, was engaged one day on the skirt of a wood in Indiana. Near him, sleeping lazily in the sun, lay his faithful dog, Tiger. Thinking to have some fun with the dog, he gave a shout and a jump into the thicket as if all the game ever protected by game laws from marauding hunters was trashing through the bushes. As he expected, Tiger came bounding and barking to the fray, and, soon detecting the trick that was played upon him, sneaked back to his lair and lay down again. The surveyor resumed his duties, and was hard at work for two or three hours, when all at once the dog rose from his sleep, set his ears and eyes in the direction

of the wood, gave a bark, and made a rush to the forest depths. The surveyor followed the noble animal to a tree, up which he was sending canine congratulations to the prey; but when the surveyor came and began anxiously to scan the boughs for the hiding game, Tiger gave a satisfied "Ah wooh!" bestowed a glance of contempt at the surveyor, and, striking a dignified gait, walked back to his couch with the appearance of a dog that had squared up all accounts with the lake surveyor, and had left nothing due on either side.

A Sailor's Death-Grip.

A sea captain related, at a prayer-meeting in Boston, a thrilling incident in his own experience: "A few years ago," said he, "I was sailing by the island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard!' It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it as for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and, making a slip-noose of it, attached it to the other, and slid it down to the struggling sailor, and directed him to pass it over his shoulders and under his arms, and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped that rope with such firmness, with such a death-grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him, that the strands of the rope became imbedded in the flesh of his hands." This illustrates the fact that God has let down from heaven a rope to every sinner on earth, every strand is a precious promise, and we ought to be so intensely eager to secure these promises, as to lay hold on them as for our lives, and grasp them with tenacious grip.—*Sel.*

ALCOHOL NEITHER A FOOD NOR A TONIC.—At a recent meeting of the British Medical Temperance Association, at which many members of the British Medical Association were present, Dr. Ernest Hart, editor of the *British Medical Journal*, stated that "the medical profession were nearly all agreed that alcohol was neither a food nor a tonic."

A KNOWING BIRD.

Where do you think a bird once built its nest? On the edge of a quarry of slate, so near that when the rock was blasted a piece of the flying and falling slate frightened and incommoded the poor bird very much, says the New York "Observer." It was a thrush. Yet she did not change her quarters; but, being a pretty observant bird, she noticed that at the ringing of a bell the men started and ran. "Ah!" thought the bird, "I'll run too;" so the next time the train was fired and the bell rang to warn the men, away the thrush flew from her nest and lighted among them, indeed close under their feet. The explosion over, she returned to her nest and they to their work. This she did whenever they blasted. Of course this highly diverted the men, and visitors were told of her sensible and discerning conduct. They were anxious to see the thrush. The slate could not be blasted to gratify visitors, but the bell could easily be rung, and it was. The bird heard it, and down she flew. After a few times she saw herself hoaxed, and when the bell rang again she peeped over her nest to see if the men had left. If they did not, she sat still and cocked her head, as much as to say, "No, gentlemen, I am not to be cheated again. Life in my nest is too serious to be trifled away for your amusement. No more make-believes for me. I see through you."

A CURIOUS PET.

A resident of Virginia City, Nev., has a curious household pet. It is a horned toad as tame as a kitten, and has been trained to stand on his head, erect on his hind feet, turn over on its back, to sham death, and other tricks.

The toad is fed on flies and similar insects, but it is also very fond of milk, which it drinks from a spoon. Although always called a horned toad or horned frog in this country, the little beast is a lizard. Naturalists call it an iguanian lizard of the genus *chrynosoma*.

Our mountaineers, who are often quite as close observers of every living thing met with in the wilds as any naturalists, speak of a thing characteristic of the horned toad that we have

ever seen mentioned by any of the scientists. It is that when the female is teased by a dog, it ejects two small streams or slender threads of blood—at least a red liquid resembling blood. The liquid is spurted to the distance of nearly two feet and with considerable force.

This liquid is evidently provided the little animal as a means of defence against foxes, wolves, and such animals, and whatever may be its nature, it renders a dog very sick. One dose of it satisfies his curiosity.

The Shoe Nail.

Ohnerast, an industrious nailer, used to stand the whole day in his workshop, and hammer away till sparks flew in showers all around. The son of his rich neighbor, Mr. Von Berg, used to come every day, and often watched him for hours together. "Come, young gentleman," said the nailer, one day, "learn to make a nail for your own amusement, for who knows what good it may sometime do you?" The young man, who had nothing else to do, accepted the offer. He sat down, laughing, at the anvil, and soon acquired enough of the art to turn out a good, serviceable shoe nail. In the course of time old Mr. Von Berg died. The son soon after lost all his property through war, and went as a poor emigrant to a far distant village. In this village there lived a great many shoemakers, who used to spend a great deal of money on shoe nails in the town, and often were unable to procure them at a high price; for throughout the whole district many thousand shoes were made for the soldiers. Young Von Berg, who was in poor circumstances, now recollected that he understood the art of making shoe nails. He offered to supply the shoemakers with nails if they would assist him to set up a workshop, which they did, and he now maintained himself abundantly. "Well," he would often say, "it is a good thing for a man to make even a shoe nail. This does me more service now than all my landed property, which would not have sold for a hundred thousand francs."

NORWAY VEGETABLES.—The long duration of light during the summer months in Norway has a marked effect upon the vegetables. At seventy degrees north it is found that ordinary peas grow at the rate of three and a half English inches in twenty-four hours for many days in summer, and that some of the cereals also grow as much as two and a half inches in the same time. Not only is the rapidity of growth affected by the constant presence of light; but those vegetable secretions which owe their existence to the influence of actinic force on the leaves, are also produced in far greater quantity than in more southern climates; hence the coloring matter and pigment cells are found in much greater quantity, and the tint of the colored parts of vegetables is consequently deeper. The same remark applies to the flavoring and odoriferous matters, so that the fruits of the northern part of Norway are more intense than those in the south.

Power of Projectiles.

Recently, a crowbar was dropped down the main vertical shaft of a silver mine from the surface, and went directly through a cage at the bottom, piercing the bonnet and floor. No one was on the cage at the time, and no one was hurt, yet it is unpleasant to one making a trip into a mine to reflect that such things sometimes occur. As the bar fell something over five hundred yards, it was travelling with the rapidity and vim of a cannon-ball when it struck the cage. A bit of gravel no larger than a filbert sings like a bullet toward the latter part of such a journey. A dog once fell into a shaft at Gold Hill, and though the shaft was but three hundred feet in depth, two men upon whom the animal landed were killed, as also was the clumsy cur that attempted to hop across the top of the shaft. A rat once fell down the Consolidated Virginia shaft in attempting to spring across a compartment, from wall plate to plate, and eleven hundred feet below landed on the bald head of a miner and exploded like a bomb, causing the miner to think a rock had cut open his skull and let out his brains. A grain of bird-shot dropped into the top of a shaft fifteen hundred feet in depth would probably bury itself into a plank or any piece of wood it might happen to strike at the bottom. This being the case, we repeat that it is not pleasant to think of such things as crowbars going down the shaft.

Effect of Travel on Americans.

Dr. Holland writes of this topic in Scribner: However grand in its natural features America may be, and however vast in its material resources, these peculiarities are hardly legitimate subjects of pride, and, in the presence of what man has done in Europe, the American grows ashamed of his vanity of what God has done for him, and acquires a more modest estimate of himself, and of his grade and style of civilization. The great cathedrals, the wonderful cities, the collections of art, the great highways, even the ruins of the ancient buildings, minister to his humiliation by showing him how far other nations new and old surpass his possibilities of achievement. When a man is thoroughly humble in the presence of his superiors, or in the presence of work that overmatches his power and skill, he naturally becomes not only teachable, but an active and interested learner. Europe to-day is a great inspirer to America, and a great teacher. It is true that she gets but little of her political inspiration from Europe, but her instruction and inspiration in art are almost entirely European. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and even in literature, European ideas are dominant.

So this great tide of life that goes out from us every year does not return without that which abundantly repays all its expenditure of time and money. For in this impression of European superiority, in many things, there is very rarely anything that tends to wean the American from his home. The conventionalities of old society, and habits and customs that had their birth in circumstances and conditions having no relations to this life, do not tend to attract the American from his home love and loyalty. He usually comes back a better American than he goes away, with the disposition only to avail himself of what he has learned, to improve himself, his home, and his country. The American, bred to great social and political freedom, cannot relinquish it, and can never feel entirely at home where he does not enjoy it. He perfectly understands how a European can come to America and be content with it as a home, because he can shape his life according to his choice; but he cannot understand how an American can emigrate to Europe and make a satisfactory home there, because the social and political institutions would be felt as a yoke to him, and a burden.

REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT RACE.—A recent number of the New York "Times" contained an account of the existence in the interior of New Mexico of fourteen villages of Indians who are the only living representatives of the old Aztec race which inhabited this continent long before its discovery by Columbus. The tribe numbers about 7000 in all. One of their villages, containing 800 individuals, consists of two immense stone houses shaped like pyramids, and five stories in height. In the interior of these curious houses their religious rites are performed and the sacred fire of Montezuma maintained.

NEW METALS.—The researches which are being made by numerous able chemists at the present time into the character of peculiar mineral substances, especially one known as gadolinite, found in Sweden and Norway, are bringing to light many new and curious facts. Within the last two years the discovery of no less than ten new metals has been announced. The following is the list: *davyum*, *mosandrium*, *philippium*, *ytterbium*, *decyrium*, *neptunium*, *lavoesium*, *scandium*, *uralium*, and lastly, *norvegium*.

Light, which travels at the rate of 186,000 miles in a second of time, requires $8\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to reach us from the sun; while to traverse the same distance, would require a fast express train of cars more than 250 years. It takes more than 4 hours for light to come to us from Neptune, the most distant planet in the solar system, and three years to reach us from the nearest fixed star, while light from the most distant stars perceptible must have started before the advent of the Christian era, to render them now perceptible. What an idea these facts give us of the immensity of the material universe.

The sun raises every minute, by the power of attraction, on an average, not less than 2,000,000,000 (two billions) of tons of water to the height of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles—the mean altitude of the clouds.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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Written for the Family Circle.

HOME PICTURES.

The sunset's effulgence fell over the landscape,
Aslant o'er the wild wold, and fields far away ;
It burnished the panes of the old-fashioned windows,
That looked from the homestead so quiet and grey ;
O'er the far-stretching meadows the zephyrs came stealing,
And breathed in the boughs of the trees overhead ;
The dew-drop descending kissed e'en the pale daisy
That timidly peeped from its low grassy bed.

Far off in the distance the blue hills sloped gently,
The valleys beneath them lay deep in the shade ;
While in the calm river, all brightly reflected,
The cloud-tinted glory of eventide laid.
The barn doors were closed on the care-garnered harvest,
The reapers came home when the sun sank to rest ;
The swallows that sang by the eaves in the daytime,
Were songless and still in their clay-moulded nest.

The cattle all thirsting came down to the river,
To drink from the depths of its floods cool and clear ;
The sheep flocking homeward were penned in the sheepfold,
And all things gave token when night's fall was near.
The low wind scarce rustled the leaves of the sumach,
Although the tall aspen was shivering by ;
The whisp-poor-will sang on the edge of the forest,
That far in its wild depths re-echoed the cry.

The clear purling runnel beneath shading branches,
Came down from its upperland fountains afar ;
The crickets' cheer-chirp rose in fallow and meadow,
Where the firefly shone through the dusk like a star.
From the far-distant village came faintly the music,
Like elfin-land chime of the sweet vesper bell ;
The white church gleamed ghostly amid its tall tombstones,
Where night shades lay deep in the shadowy dell.

My mother sat still in the porch overgrowing
With ivy that clambered above the pale rose,
With hands calmly folded in unusual quiet,
Enjoying the beauty of twilight repose.
My father leaned carelessly over the gate bars,
To talk with a neighbor the news of the day ;
The song of the boatman that plied on the river
Came back o'er the waters that bore them away.

We strayed with slow steps down the foot-beaten pathway,
And stood, a gay group, on the fair scene to gaze ;
We had garnered treasures of moss from the forest—
Arcadian haunt of our halcyon days—
When echoes of daytime were hushed into stillness,
The landscape lay bathed in the harvest-moon light ;
The last merry words were exchanged and we parted—
How kindly was spoken the final good-night.

How oft I recall, in its own native beauty,

The home that was mine, and that is mine no more ;
As a mariner, leaving some haven beloved,
Looks wistfully back to the fast-parting shore.
The day's lowly toil brought its meed of contentment,
Beneath the dear roof that our forefathers built,
Nor dreamt we of splendor while almost forgetting
Beyond lay the earth in its sorrow and guilt.

I know that the scene is as fair to the stranger ;
The day brings its pleasures, the nightfall its rest ;
Yet would I return not for they have departed,
Whose smile made it home,—whom my heart loved the best.

IDA SHAFER.

London, Ontario, November 14, 1879.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

AT THE GROTTO.

CHAPTER IV.

"Not a bad summary of the moral code," Herman replied, "and if Christianity consisted in good morals only, I should quite agree with you as to the limits of moral obligation ; but I think you will admit that the doctrine of the atonement, and the moral conditions that made an atonement necessary, so modifies our relationship both to God and our neighbor, as to require our doing sometimes, under a sense of duty, what would be opposed to our inclinations."

"Then," said Miss Annabel, "I have only to say that those who think so, should make their duty their inclinations."

"Aye," said Herman, "but that is just where the difficulty comes in, the old difficulty that required an atonement to remove it."

"Well, has not an atonement been made ? Why then trouble yourself any further about the difficulties."

"It is hardly true that an atonement has been made in the sense I mean," said Herman, "one has been provided for by the sacrifice of Christ, but an atonement requires the concurrence of the human will with the divine, and that implies that the sympathies, and motives and affections, and the whole spirit of our minds has been so changed that God's will is the governing principle of our lives rather than our own inclinations. Then is the at-on-ment complete."

"I think these are rather nice distinctions, which we might as well leave to the clergy," said Miss Annabel ; "for my part I never took much interest in them. I believe in enjoying life while we can, and leaving the mysticisms and restraints of professional religion to those who make religion a business, and those who have, through age and infirmity lost the keenness of their appreciation of worldly enjoyments, and have leisure for more sober thoughts."

Herman was quite shocked at the thought that one so beautiful and in some respects accomplished as his new ac-

quaintance should speak so lightly of religion, and longed to convince her of her mistake in imagining that worldly enjoyments afforded fuller satisfaction separate from religion, and to lead her to a higher plane of thought and feeling; but he felt that the shortness of their acquaintance, as well as the time and place would not warrant him in pressing the matter then, so he merely remarked that wrong impressions in regard to the character and design of religion prevented many from participating in its benefits, who would otherwise adorn the profession with beautiful lives and joyous experience; and then proposed that they should take a walk through the garden.

The garden was admirably fitted both by nature and art to call forth the admiration of the most refined critics of beauty and taste. The walks were, with the exception of one on each side of the garden, beautifully curved, forming a kind of labyrinth, from which a party unacquainted with the grounds might not be able easily to extricate himself. On either side of these walks where shrubs and flowers of rare hue and foliage, while the air was laden with perfume, and the pretty birds were warbling their notes of gladness, and the busy bees, industriously gathering their stores of nectar. Near the centre of the grounds was a mound on which was erected a rustic grotto, from one side of which a small stream of pure water issued from a rock which had been converted into a fountain representing the rock smitten by Moses, with the water gushing out, and trickling in a thin rivulet toward a small stream that bounded the back part of the grounds to which they gradually descended from the grotto. To the right, and near where this stream entered the grounds was a miniature waterfall, opposite to which was a smaller grotto, so arranged that but for the rustic seats, and the roof which was a mass of vines and flowers, it would have seemed a freak of nature.

To this little grotto, after passing through the labyrinthine path, and admiring the beauties everywhere spread around them in endless profusion, Herman led his delighted companion for a few moments' rest. And in this delightful retreat, with the hum of the little waterfall before them, and the buzz of the insect world around them, sporting in the cooling shade or gathering the sweets with which the floral world abounded, they sat and held converse.

"What a pleasant place," said Miss Annabel, "I wonder that you should be tempted to take laborious morning walks, when there is so much to delight the eye and regale the senses right at your own door; these grounds are superb, and this cosy little nook with its miniature Niagara is certainly a delightful retreat. How I would enjoy spending the morning here with one of my favorite authors. How soothing it must be to one's spirits, after the excitement and fatigue of an evening party to spend the hours of the following day in a retired spot like this, where the very scenes and surroundings lull the senses to repose."

"Yes, it is a delightful spot," Herman replied, but the effect with me is different from what it would be with you. I come here to get away from books. The book of nature is now my study, and from its pages, some of which lie along the mountain-side, I find more pleasure, and I think quite as much profit as in the works of the best authors. You know none of them can compare with the author of the book of nature."

"True," said Miss Annabel, "but it is a book that needs interpreting, and so is difficult to understand. Now take any of the authors, as Thackeray, Dickens, or Victor Hugo; these we can criticise as we read, and at once form an opinion of their merits, but your book is full of mysteries, and then there is no end to it; you never yet through, and so you read on and on until it becomes monotonous. What is a book without something sensational in it; broken hearts or broken heads; dark plots and deep laid schemes of villainy unearthed; catastrophes averted and virtue and right persistently persevering till victory crowns the effort!"

"Ah! Miss Wilmot," Herman replied, "There is no doubt that sensational novels are quite fascinating, but to those who are in the habit of perusing the book of nature, there are facts no less startling and conflicts no less exciting than those found in books of fiction. And then, how do you criticise works of fiction? It is not by rules of logic so much as by the laws of sympathy, and it is as your own heart sympathizes with or abhors the sentiments expressed, the quality of the action

taken, and the suitability of the finale to awaken sympathy or occasion disgust, that you approve or condemn the story. So in perusing the book of nature. If our hearts are in sympathy with its teachings, we can find abundant room for amusement, and still more for instruction. Sometimes we follow a train of causes and effects until we are lost as in a labyrinth, and again after a persistent search we emerge into the clear light, and before us stands the grand consummation of all the purposes which we have faintly traced along the paths on which we have wandered. Nature has also its tragedies, its punishments of vice and its rewards of virtue. To him who takes the time to study, every page presents some new wonder, something to stir the soul to its depths, something to awaken emotion, to excite admiration, to kindle enthusiasm, and withal to refine and ennoble and beautify.

"You are a strange man, Mr. Trevellyn, and have strange notions. Were you ever in love?" said Miss Annabel, while a playful smile lit up her charming face.

"Yes, always," Herman replied, "always in love with the pure and the beautiful in nature and art, in form and feature, in mind and morals. But now, I think you strange. Pray, why did you ask such a question?"

"Because," said Miss Annabel, "you are so different from other men. Other men talk of love, and parties, and theatres, and all such trash, and you talk like a philosopher. You would do well for a hero in a first-class novel, and if you had been in love it might then be founded on facts."

"When I love in the sense you mean," said Herman, "if I ever do, it will not be at first sight. I always admire a fair face and a beautiful figure, but I can only love where behind the fair face is a gentle and generous spirit, with thoughts and feelings in sympathy with mine, so that with mutual tastes and aspirations, our association together may be true companionship, unchangeable by the storms and shadows that inevitably cross earth's pleasantest pathways."

"Then you will never love at all," said Miss Annabel, "such a creature does not exist, and if she did, she would have so much sentiment for nature; for birds and butterflies, and beetles, and rocks and rivulets, fishes and flowers, that she would have no room in her heart for anything else, and so your love would not be reciprocated."

"You must then have reserved a great deal of room in your heart for the man who may be so fortunate as to win your affections, as you appear not to have lavished them upon inferior objects. Probably that happy person is already established in his little paradise from which he looks complacently upon less fortunate aspirants without, who in their timidity, dare not venture to knock at the gate."

"O, what a speech!" exclaimed Miss Annabel, as a deep blush suffused her face. "And if it were so, what of it? No earthly paradise shuts out the tempter. Our remotest ancestors were expelled from their terrestrial paradise for disobedience, and their less perfect progenitors are not more secure now."

"Better not to have known the bliss than having tasted, to have the cup dashed from one's lips," Herman replied. "But there comes Jonas to call us to dinner." So saying he arose and led his fair companion back to the house, where the guests were already seated at the table.

"I hope you have enjoyed your walk, my daughter," said Mr. Wilmot, "delightful spot, that garden! Been through it myself; just got in. Didn't meet with you, though. Down by the 'Niagara,' as my friend Trevellyn calls it, I suppose?"

"Yes, we were down by the little falls, and a delightful place it is. I was almost wishing you would give up business and purchase a country seat like this. I have learned to regard rural life in a different light from what I did formerly, and I think I would willingly give up the gaiety and excitement of fashionable life for the pleasant scenes and associations of such a place as this." And she cast a careless glance upon Herman, who interpreted it to mean that however much she might have seemed to be unfavorable to his sentiments, she was at least to some extent impressed in his favor.

The evening passed very pleasantly in the Trevellyn mansion, and Miss Annabel with the vivacity of manner and versatility of accomplishments characteristic of cultured women of society, won the admiration of her companions, and shortened the hours, till Mr. Wilmot, looking at his watch, jumped up exclaiming, "By George, who'd thought it was so late—ten o'clock! Must be going!"

"We shall be glad to see you again at the 'Falls,'" said Mr. Trevellyn, "during my nephew's stay if possible."

"And you must come to see us in the town in the meantime," said Mrs. Wilmot, "and you must promise us you will come too, Mr. Trevellyn, and I am sure my daughter will join me in the invitation," she said, addressing Herman.

"We shall be happy," said Miss Annabel, "and we will try and make your visit agreeable."

So the guests took their departure, and Herman retired to his room, but not to sleep. He had been in the society of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and she had made an impression upon him; but what kind of an impression? Such an impression as for the time drove sleep from his eyes; and yet it was not love. Was it admiration? He had felt admiration as profound before and sleep had not deserted him. He thought of her appearance, her expressions, her sentiments, but none of them could account for the vague impression that robbed him of his rest. Her society was charming, and yet there was a sense of want of congeniality that seemed like an invisible barrier between them. Then his thoughts wandered to the little white cottage, and he recalled the scenes and incidents of his recent visit, and the calm sunshine that rested upon the humble home, and the spell was broken. He slept.

To be continued.

SELECTED.

THE PANIC IN THE DESERT: A Tale of Seven Year's Since.

"I am afraid, sir, it is true."

"Upon my word, Mr. Marston, I am very sorry to hear it."

The second speaker was, like myself, an Englishman—a tall, dignified old man, who, as he spoke, cast a quick, anxious glance towards a bright-eyed, slender girl of nineteen, who stood at the tent-door watching the picturesque process of saddling and loading the kneeling camels for the start. Mr. Wynne was a widower, with an entailed estate, a large income, and but two children, one of whom was a son in England, heir to the property, and M. P. for some borough; and the other, his young daughter, Ethel, with whom, after travelling in the Holy Land, the father had ventured so far as Bagdad. As for myself, I was simply a young English civil engineer, lately employed by Midhat Pasha in some of his magnificent projects for irrigating neglected Mesopotamia, and now homeward bound. There were rumors of war and disturbance among the Anayze Bedouins, and consequently both the Wynne family and myself had been glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of joining the Bagdad and Damascus caravan, which was under the protection of a Turkish military guard.

Caravan travel is tedious, but full of interest to those whose curiosity as to Eastern manners and Eastern costumes is not yet dulled by custom; and Miss Wynne never seemed tired of sketching some group of pilgrims in flowing robes and turbans of the sacred green, some knot of the irregular soldiery as they cooked their pilaff or groomed their horses, for a party of solemn Arabs shrouded in their white haicks.

All went on prosperously until, on the evening of the fourth day, ugly rumors began to circulate through the camp and the inquiries which Mr. Wynne, more anxious on his daughter's account than his own, requested me to make, had but served to prove their truth. The plague was among us, and two members of our migratory community—one a Kurdish horse-dealer, the other a Syrian Christian—had died in the night. To return, however, was impossible; not merely on account of the desert robbers who dogged our course, but because Bagdad itself was already a hot-bed of disease, to which fatalistic apathy might render Mahomedans indifferent, but from which Europeans were glad escape.

I knew but too well—for I had spent three years already in the East—that when once sickness breaks out in a caravan it is a grisly companion very difficult to shake off. And so, in this instance, it proved itself to be. Never a day passed without fresh victims being claimed by the Destroyer that shared our march and bivouac; never a halting-place but was marked, when we left it, by mounds of sand heaped hastily over the shallow graves scooped in the yellow soil, and in some cases protected by thorn-bushes and loose stones from the jackals that prowled in the rear of our motley

multitude, and the vultures that hovered high aloft in the sunny sky, and which followed us as sharks pursue some water-logged ship in the tropic seas. Familiar faces were constantly missed from the circles that formed at evening around the camp-fires. Now it was some gallant soldier, whose gay Albanian garb and bronzed features Miss Wynne had transferred to her sketch-book; now a venerable Hadji, with silver beard and flowing robes; and anon a fat Parsee merchant from Bombay, or a shrewd, supple young Greek, who was left behind in the wilderness. None seemed exempt save the brown-skinned, scantily-clad camel-drivers, who plodded on—true children of the sun—unconcernedly, under the sultry glare.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that my casual acquaintance with my fellow-travellers of my own speech and race should have rapidly ripened into a close intimacy. Mr. Wynne was a proud man, and, like most old-fashioned Englishmen, reluctant to make new friends without the formality of an introduction; but it so happened that he had, at Bagdad, dismissed his roguish dragoman for peculation beyond the traditional percentage which such interpreters are allowed to levy, and was therefore glad to avail himself of the smattering of Arabic and Turkish which I had picked up.

Ever since the outbreak of the plague I had observed the old man to be thoughtful and anxious, and at times he would glance apprehensively at his daughter, as if he feared to see the first signs of the deadly blight dim her girlish beauty. Miss Ethel's own high spirits began to decline—not from fear, but from sympathy with the distress that reigned around us. There were bereaved fathers and orphaned children in the caravan; and sadder still, perhaps, were the last hours of those who were journeying alone, and to whom care and burial had to be rendered by the hands of strangers.

"Poor people, I wish I could help them!" said the English girl, more than once, to me, as I reined up my horse beside the camel on whose high saddle, trapped with embroidered cloth she was mounted.

"Indeed, Miss Wynne, it would be useless," I replied. "These poor creatures have an almost superstitious faith in European medical skill, but we have neither doctor nor medicine-chest, and from the moment of the seizure there is little hope of recovery. All we can do is to struggle on."

The Wynnes were rich, and travelled, as people of means and station usually do, comfortably. Their tent with its gilded ball towering aloft and its compartments walled in with snowy canvas carefully pegged down—was large and handsome; whereas the black little covering under which I slept, with my good horse, which had for years been the comrade of my rambles, tethered outside, was just such a shelter as a Kurd or an Arab requires. They had servants, too, such as they were—a set of rascally Levantines—half of whom, more scared by the hardships of the desert than by the plague, absconded, and went off with anything salable and portable towards the fleshpots of Bagdad. On the evening of the seventh day, as I was picqueting my horse, I received an urgent message from Miss Wynne begging me to come at once. I did not lose a moment in obeying the summons.

My worst fears were confirmed. Mr. Wynne, who had on that day repeatedly complained of headache and lassitude, was very ill, and there could be no doubt as to his symptoms being those of the fell disorder to which so many of our company had already succumbed. All that care and loving-kindness could do was to alleviate the pains of impending death—for, from the first, it was evident that the case was hopeless. Before Mr. Wynne died he took my hand.

"You are our friend," he said, in his weak voice, "and our countryman. I am obliged to leave my girl alone here. Promise me, Harold Marston on the word of a Christian gentleman, that you will—see her safe—home."

He ceased to speak, and said no other articulate word; but I gave the pledge he asked of me and performed it faithfully.

Those were sad and toilsome days that succeeded. Ethel's grief was deep and bitter, and it had needed all the arguments and entreaties that I could conjure up to induce her to accompany the inexorable onward movement of the caravan, leaving her father in the hurriedly made grave beneath a cairn of loose stones, in which my hands had helped to lay

him. In the long, slow march I was now always by her side, doing my best to rouse her flagging spirits by speaking of England, of her old home, her absent brother, and the friends who loved her. She seemed grateful for my kindness, and reposed full confidence in me; and, indeed, I had enough to do in keeping her father's remaining servants to their duty and in providing for her comfort at the halting-places, as with diminished numbers we staggered on—the jackals' doleful howl our lullaby, the vultures ever hovering over our doomed heads.

It was on the twelfth day's march that we reached, in straggling order, the river Khabour—a swift, but shallow feeder of the mighty Euphrates; and, as we forded it, a party of mounted Bedouins dashed out from among the sand-hills, and made a swoop upon us in quest of captives and booty. I see the scene yet—the long lines of laden camels, the wild horsemen brandishing their spears, or pointing their guns, the panic among the merchants and pilgrims, and the spurting forward of the Turkish irregular cavalry to clear the way. The marauders were balked of their prey. They had probably heard rumors of our condition, and had overestimated our helplessness, for a volley from the Hyta Bashis of the escort put them to flight, and they dispersed at once, scouring over the sand, and mocking with derisive gestures the efforts of the heavily-accoutred troopers to overtake them.

All the Bedouins, however, did not take their disappointment as a jesting matter, for two or three of those who had gained the opposite bank dismounted and took deliberate shots with their long guns at the foremost of us. One matchlock ball, and one only, seemed to take effect, for Ethel's camel reared suddenly, with the screaming cry which these huge beasts utter when under the influence of rage or pain, and fell, crushing down the camel-driver who held it by the halter, and hurling his fair burden into the rocky bed of the stream that brawled and raved as it made its way past, fed by a late rain storm among the Kurdish mountains, towards the great river. Fortunately I was within earshot, and, hearing Miss Wynne's cry of alarm, I dashed my spurs into my horse's flanks and, half swimming, half stumbling among the loose stones, reached the place where the bright hair floated on the turbid river, and by a great exertion was able to rescue her from the fate that seemed imminent, and to bear her, pale and insensible, like some drooping lily that has been beaten down by hail and rain, to the shore.

The firing had ceased, save that our soldiers sometimes sent a bullet after the flying robbers, and all danger was over, so far as the attack was concerned, but Ethel had been partially stunned by the shock of the fall, and she lay helpless, with half-closed eyes, moaning slightly. As I tried, assisted by one of the Arab camel-drivers who had just come up, to raise and revive her, an exclamation from my rude companion made me start.

"She, too—the Frangi princess!" muttered the Arab. "Well, it was written!" And, following the direction of the man's gaze, I saw, with a horror that words are too weak to express, on Ethel Wynne's bare white wrist a dark, discolored spot, somewhat swelled and of a blueish tint edged with angry red. The camel-driver had been the first to note this. There was a strange sort of pity in his hardy eyes as they met mine, which confirmed my fears. Yes, I had saved Ethel from one death only to lose her by one more dreadful; for the plague—I knew it but too well—had set its mark upon her, and she was, all unwittingly, sickening of the direful pestilence that had deprived her of her father. Then, too, for the first time I learned to read my own heart, and to know how very, very dear the sweet girl had become to me. I had protected and served her loyally as a brother might have done; but now I felt that I loved her, at the very instant when it was certain that nothing short of a miracle could save her from an early grave.

"There is a Hakhim at Der, if we could carry her so far," said the good-natured but somewhat apathetic Sheikh of the caravan, as he rode up; "but, Effendi, medicine and doctors, can do nothing if it is one's kismet to die."

However, by bribes and entreaties I managed to get a litter constructed of spears and palm branches, and persuaded four of the sturdy camel-men to take turns in carrying Ethel's still inanimate form over the weary leagues that lay between us and the frontier town.

It was black night when we saw before us, looming over

the dead flat of the desert—never so level as where it trenches on cultivated land—the crumbling bastions, the slim minarets, and the green gardens of Der. It was like the scene of a perturbed dream, when the tired bearers of the litter stumbled up the narrow street lit with a red and smoky glare from the torches of the townspeople, Moslem and Christian, who came forth from their dwellings, in Oriental fashion, shouting out their comments, advice, and ejaculations of wonder and pity, as we passed by.

It was easy to find the Great Doctor's door. Fifty volunteer guides undertook to guide us to it.

"The Hakhim," said one tall old crone, whose black veil was heedfully drawn across her wrinkled face, "can call the dead to life. See the cure he wrought of my grandchild Fatima!"

"He patched me up," said a sturdily fellow, whose arm was yet in a sling and his head bandaged, "when the Turkish tax-gatherer's men cut me down with their salres, just because—"

I did not hear the rest, for already we had reached the Hakhim's house, and the bearer's were conveying the litter through the huge wooden gate, clamped with iron and studded with nails, which gave admittance to the court-yard. I stood still as if my feet were rooted to the pavement, not daring to advance—waiting, like a criminal who waits to hear his sentence.

"He is her husband," said a bystander, compassionately. "No, no, her brother," said a second. "Fools! he is a lover," exclaimed the shriller voice of a woman; "and my heart bleeds for him, poor lad!"

Presently I heard myself addressed in English, spoken with a German accent; and, looking up, saw the famous Hakhim himself—a kind, thoughtful-eyed, elderly professor, whose colored spectacles and bald forehead consorted strangely with his flowing Oriental robes and long gray beard.

"I bear good news, sir," said the Hakhim. "My patient, now under my wife's care, will recover. It is not the plague that has seized her."

"Not the plague?" repeated I, half stupidly.

"No, mein Herr," said the doctor, in his gentle, weighty voice. "The Fraulein has been bitten by a venomous fly, and will have a fever, from which, with God's help, I can venture to say—"

But here everything seemed to swim around me, and I remember nothing more until, supported by the Hakhim's arm, I entered his spacious house, to find his kind wife ministering, with all a woman's instinctive tenderness, to the comfort of her young guest.

The doctor was right. The mark which I, and others more experienced, had believed to be the dreaded plague-spot, really turned out to be produced by the bite of one of those poisonous flies which in Syria are often found in proximity to water; while from the fever which resulted, Miss Wynne, well nursed and cared for, speedily recovered, and, under my escort, reached Damascus first and Beyrouth afterwards in safety. At the seaport I was fortunate enough to find a respectable old Scotchwoman from Aberdeen, widow of a sergeant who had died in India, and who, in consideration of a passage home to Southampton by the P. and O. packet, then due, gladly undertook the charge of Miss Wynne on the homeward voyage.

We reached England in due course, where Ethel's brother was ready to receive us on the landing-stage. Ethel's brother has been my brother-in-law these six years now, and darling Ethel my wife.

"I feel, Mr. Marston, as if you were the oldest friend I had in the world and the best," was Wilfred Wynne's hearty greeting to me at our first meeting at Southampton. And, thanks to his persevering friendship, I obtained four years ago the comfortable Government appointment in my own line, which will suffice to keep my unworthy self and those who are dearer far—my wife and little ones—free from the pinch of want.

RESOLVE AND ACT.—The best way to strengthen a good resolution is to act as you resolve. If you resolve to repair an old fence, it strengthens the resolution, and the fence, too, to commence at once. By the street of 'By and by' one arrives at the house of 'Never.' We pass our lives in resolving, till presently we die!

BY H. B. D. .

Little Boy (louder and louder)—“I will i will i will i will i will—
i will i will.

Mother.—"O, dear, what an everlasting torment you are! Maria, hand me that bag of candy. There, take that, and go out of this room; I won't have you here another minute."

The noise suddenly ceases. The child takes his candy and goes out on the piazza, where, in the cool, quiet morning, he eats and meditates.

Ah, what does he think? Will the lesson of this day help him to be a good man? Is he being trained up in the way he should go? And that mother! Is she not sowing the wind, and may she not reasonably expect to reap the whirlwind — *Daily Witness*.

A FAMOUS ARTISAN.

Joseph Gillott was a Sheffield artisan, who, soon after he became of age, was compelled by stress of poverty, occasioned by long depression of trade, to leave the parental hearth, and to seek his fortunes elsewhere. He found his way to Birmingham, and entering the town on foot, stopped for rest and refreshment at an old public house at Digbeth. Long after, when Joseph Gillott had become a millionaire, and was buying up valuable properties in and about the town, this house came into the market for sale. Gillott bought it, and when it was being razed to the ground, to make way for the Museum Palace and Concert Hall that now stands on its site, he directed the workmen to cut out a particular square of the settle, or seat, running round the tap-room and to send it to his house to be made up into a chair that should be handed down as an heirloom in his family. It was the first seat he had sat on in Birmingham, and the place where he had spent his last penny before pushing on into the town whose fame and wealth he was destined so largely to share and to increase. He soon found employment as a maker of buckles, a trade then enjoying a temporary spurt, and soon with characteristic energy, was working on his own account.

Those were the days when it was more easy than it is now to become one of a class which Birmingham has always been famous for—garret-masters. These are a sort of half workman, half master, who buy their own materials, make up their own work with their own hands and tools, and sell their finished goods to the merchants and factors, who pay money down. When the little trade can be extended so as to call for the employment of more hands than those of the garret-master and his family, a shop may be built in the backyard, or rented elsewhere, and in due time the shop may become a factory and the factory may develop into enormous "works." Many a great trade has been built up in this way in the Midland metropolis, and many a colossal fortune has been made from such beginnings.

The most remarkable instance of such a career is presented in the life of Joseph Gillott. In the garret of a very small house in Bread Street—a locality marked for destruction as a "slum"—Gillott made buckles and other "steel toys." "He made very excellent goods," said the merchant who used to buy of him, "and came for his money every week." His work showed evidences of a taste beyond that commonly possessed by a workman, and this insured him plenty of orders; while a native ingenuity enabled him to execute them in the readiest way, with the least expenditure of time and labor, and with the most direct aid from mechanical means. There is no doubt that he was perfectly familiar with the powers of the foot-lathe and stamp and of the hand-press, and that he could make tools with these machines, or perhaps construct the machines themselves to suit the purposes of his trade.

At this critical juncture chance guided his efforts in a new direction, and to an El Dorado which he could have had little conception of. He was engaged to a young woman in his own rank of life, whose two brothers, John and William Mitchell, were working in about the same style as himself on the "new thing"—just beginning to be inquired after—steel pens. Their sister was helping them, and in the confidence of courtship would often explain to her lover the nature of her pursuits. No doubt the brothers were working by "rule of thumb," producing by painful labor of clipping, shearing, filing and punching by hand, a fairly saleable article. But Gillott saw at once that the press could be made available for nearly every purpose, and that the production could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Aided by his skill in tool making, which stood him in good stead during all the greater part of

his career, he worked secretly in his garret till he had perfected appliances which enabled him to make single-handed, as many pens as could be made by twenty persons in the same time under the old system, and of a better and more uniform quality than had yet been seen. He found ready sale for all he could make, and in a short time the demand grew faster than his production, and he wanted help. Then his sweetheart, Miss Mitchell, agreed to his proposal that they should marry and work together, and reap the golden harvest while it was ripe. In after years, Mr. Gillott used to tell how, on the very morning of his marriage, he began and finished a gross of pens, and sold them for £7 4s before going to church.

A French Story.

I. A gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a confectioner's store and says to the gentlemanly confectioner:

"I want a hundred and fifty of the nicest cream tarts you can make."

"A hundred and fifty! That is a pretty large order; do you want them at once?"

"Within three hours, at the latest."

"I can have them ready in that time. Ahem! It is customary to ask a deposit on such orders—say ten francs."

"Certainly, my friend; here are your ten francs."

II. About two hours later, a gentleman irreproachably dressed goes into a tailor's shop across the way from the pastry cook's, and asks to be shown some overcoats. He selects one of the nicest and asks the price.

"One hundred and twenty-five francs, sir."

"Very well. I will take it. I have some money to collect at the confectioner's across the way. I presume you have no objection to letting one of your young men come over with me to get it."

"Certainly not. A worthy man is my friend, Mr. Puff."

III. To confectioner's enter irreproachably-dressed gentleman, now wearing an overcoat, and the tailor's man. The confectioner greets the former with the respect due to a good customer.

"Ah, Puff, I've called round for that 150. You promised to have them for me at 2.30."

"You shall have them in five minutes, sir."

"Very well. I have to go round the corner to see a man. You will give this young gentleman 125 of the 150. I will return and get the remaining 25 myself in a few moments."

"With pleasure, sir."

IV. Five minutes later the confectioner gives the tailor's young man 125 cream-tarts—and a bill for the balance thereon, 21 francs 25 centimes.

One minute thereafter, a confectioner and a tailor's young man are scouring the neighborhood in search of an irreproachably-dressed gentleman with a new overcoat, whom the great city, with its ceaseless bustle and confusion, has swallowed up as a yellow dog swallows an oyster-cracker.

The Widow's Prayer.

In the winter of 1855, in the state of Iowa, the snow fell early in November, to the depth of two feet. The storm was such that neither man nor beast could move against it. In a log cabin, six miles from her nearest relative, lived a woman with five children, ranging in age from one to eleven years. The supply of food and fuel was but scant when the snow began falling; and day after day, the small stores melted away, until the fourth evening, the last provisions were cooked for supper, and barely fuel enough to last one day more.

That night, as was her custom, the little ones were called around her knee, to hear the scripture lesson read before commending them to the heavenly Father's care. Then bowing in prayer, she pleaded as only those in like condition could plead, that help from God might be sent.

While wrestling with God in prayer, the Spirit took the words of the Psalmist and impressed them on her heart: "I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

And again, these words came as if spoken audibly: "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that wait on the Lord shall want no good thing." Faith took God at His word, and with an assurance that help would come, she praised God who heareth prayer, and retired to rest without a care or fear for the morrow.

When again the morning broke, that mother arose, kindled her fire, and put on the kettle, as she had done on other days, before the food was all gone. Just as the sun arose, a man in a sleigh drove up to the house, and hastening in, he inquired how they were getting along.

Her heart at first was too full for utterance, but in a short time he was told something of their destitution, and of her cry to God for help.

He replied: "Last night about nine o'clock, my wife and I were both impressed that you were in need. Spending almost a sleepless night, I hastened at early dawn to come and inquire about the case." Then, returning to his sleigh, he took into the house breadstuff, meat, and groceries; so that the mother had abundance to prepare a breakfast for the little ones who had eaten the last bread the night before.

And as if to make the case above mentioned a special Providence without a doubt remaining, the individual who was thus impressed, and that at the very hour that mother was crying to God, was a stranger to the circumstances and surroundings of this family. Indeed, he had never been in that house before, or ever had showed any interest in the person referred to, but he ever afterwards proved a friend indeed.

Now, after years have rolled round, and these children are all married and settled in homes of their own, that mother's heart is still strengthened to bear the hardships and trust in God, by the recollections of that hour when faith in God was so tested, and yet was so triumphant.

Let skeptics ridicule the idea of a special Providence, or lightly speak of prayer. One heart will ever believe God's ear in mercy is open to the cry of the feeblest of His children, when in distress, the cry goes up for help to Him.

The truth of this account is vouched for by the editor of the *Christian Standard*, it being written by the widow to whom it refers.—*The Christian*.

IS THERE A CURE?—"Do you ever have the blues?" asks a sufferer from that malady, "and is there a cure for them?" Certainly, plenty of cures for them; just as there are for chills and fever, but in like manner they will not always work. We know one man who walks off an attack, another who rows it off, and another who rides it off in the saddle. These are all dyspeptics. The same prescriptions, aided perhaps by lemon juice or diluted nitro-muriatic acid, often prove effective in the case of bilious folk. When the cause is nervous exhaustion, a good remedy is cessation of all work, religious and secular, plenty of sleep, and, if the constitution can bear it, cold water bathing. Always an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, for it is not an easy task to fight off the blues. Misfortune, sorrow, individual temperament, and the accidents of wind and weather, often combine to weigh down the soul until, in extreme instances, insanity may be the result. But there is no rule by which to cure every one; each must find out what is most effectual in his case, and persevere with it to the end.

Blessings of Sunlight.

There are few blessings which we enjoy here upon the earth—that is, material blessings—but come to us through the agency of sunlight. Throughout your whole existence you will find, by following the same reasoning, that your most trifling act, your most thoughtless movement, has derived its origin from the sun. A blow from the fist, a breath, a sigh, can be exactly estimated in rays of sunshine. Whether you trifle or whether you work, to make such an effort, you have been obliged to expend so much strength, and that strength had already been stored in you by the sun, through the agency of a series of transformations.

Your clothing is all borrowed from the sun. He has spun every thread of your linen, and fed every fibre of your cloth and flannel. He either bleaches it snowy white, or dyes it purple and scarlet with indigo or madder. He furnishes leather for useful service, and furs and finery for parade.

He gives you bedding; whether you repose in luxury between eider down and wool, or stretch your weary limbs on straw, chaff, Indian corn husks, seaweed, or even a naked plank, as is the lot of not a few, it is the sun who gives both one and the other. What do we receive from regions in the immediate neighborhood of either pole where the sun is not?

We receive just nothing. We cannot even go to them. The absence of the sun bars out progress with an impenetrable zone of ice and snow.

In like manner your butter and cheese are merely solid forms of sunshine absorbed by the pastures of Holland and Cambridgeshire. Your sugar is only crystalized sunshine from Jamaica.

Your tea, quinine, and coffee and spices, are embodiments of solar influences shed on the surface of China, Peru and the Indian Archipelago. It is the sun's action which sends you to sleep in opium, poisons you in strychnine, and cures in decoctions of tonic herbs. You taste the sun in your saucers, eat him in your meats, and drink him in your simplest beverage, water. Without the sun no blood could run in your veins; your whole corporal vitality, your very bodily life is the result of the overflows of his bounty. Nor is that all we owe to our great central luminary. The physical forces with which we are acquainted—heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity and motion—assuming each other's form and action—believed in all probability to be one in their common birth and origin, are direct emanations from the sun. But how grand and beautiful is the theory that all material blessings here below come to us entirely and alone from the sun! Its simplicity and unity are consistent with the attributes of the Maker.—*Scientific American*.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence. "Saturday night." It is indeed but the prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul hails with new and renewed joy at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases—that cares and anxieties are forgotten—that the worn out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind, its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of a rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired laborer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which he had been a stranger perhaps the past week, where a loving wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses. Here he realizes the bliss of hard-earned comforts; and this time, perhaps, more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings. Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seeks in the clustering vines nourished by his parental care, the reality of these joys which are only his to know at these peculiar seasons, and under these congenial circumstances—so faithfully and vividly evinced by this periodical acme of enjoyment and repose.

The lone widow who has toiled on, day after day to support her little charge—how gratefully does she resign her cares at the return of "Saturday night," and thank Him for these kind resting-places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

The Dark Side.

Why persist in looking on the dark side of things? Some people always see a bad end to every good beginning. They are veritable kill-joys. The croaker is the sort of man who scowls on all festive occasions, and intimates to his family that they had better enjoy themselves while they can, as there may be many rainy days coming.

Then we have the female prophet of evil, who, perhaps, may not be morose in appearance, but is an eager little woman who flits about among her friends gathering materials for scandal and assiduously resowing them.

"A little bird" has told her that Smith and his wife are not on good terms, and that just before dinner last Sunday he threw the leg of mutton in the coal-hole, and beat her with the poker. Yet, perhaps, the real fact was Smith and his wife had a "few words," but nothing beyond one of these little storms which will burst across the clearest matrimonial sky.

The female croaker is never surprised at the crimes and misfortunes of others of her sex. She always knew it would be so! She is an unmitigated nuisance. If scandal were only punishable by law, what a benefit it would be to society at large!

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Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The Physiology of Digestion.

THE DIGESTIVE PROCESS.—Before the middle of the last century very little was understood respecting the real nature of the phenomena which together make up the complete process of digestion. Since that time, the subject has been studied so carefully and patiently that physiologists have now arrived at a pretty clear understanding of the matter. By far the greatest advances made in this study have been through the aid of several curious accidents by which the human stomach has been exposed to view during life, giving an opportunity for its inspection both when inactive, and when in a state of activity from the presence of food. Numerous cases of this nature have been purposely produced in the dog by physiologists for further study, and hundreds of canines have suffered unwilling martyrdom at the shrine of science for the gratification of man's thirst for knowledge on this subject.

We have already considered at sufficient length the anatomy of the digestive organs, the nature of the various digestive fluids, and the action of each of the digestive fluids upon the elements of food. We are now prepared to consider in a connected manner the several processes of digestion. As before remarked, the digestive apparatus consists of a series of organs of which the stomach is only one, and perhaps not the most important, since life can long be sustained without the activity of the stomach, by alimentation through the lower bowels. In the complete digestive process each one of the series of organs acts successively upon the food; and the arrangement is such that the prompt and thorough action of each organ is essential to the successful action of the succeeding ones.

In order to simplify the idea of digestion in the mind of the reader, we may remark at this point a fact which is well sustained by the most careful study of the process, that digestion really depends upon two distinct vital actions; viz., secretion and muscular action. The alimentary canal is simply a muscular tube lined with mucous membrane, along which are situated at different intervals, secreting organs which pour into its cavity their potent juices by means of which the contents of the tube are, if possible, rendered soluble and dissolved. The chief objects of the muscular canal seem to be to move the food along and bring it in contact with the active agents of digestion. With this general view of the subject, let us now consider the several steps in the process.

In order to form an idea of normal or healthy digestion, let us observe the process in a healthy man, in whom all parts

of it are purely physiological. He sits down to his breakfast about one hour after rising, having taken a little gentle exercise to arouse the activities of the system, and perhaps taken a small quantity of cold water a few minutes before to supply the demand for fluid without taking too much at the meal and to excite the gastric and intestinal secretions, as well as that of the liver, thereby insuring both an active digestion and proper activity of the bowels.

MASTICATION.—Our subject places in his mouth a small variety of foods containing in proper proportion the several elements of nutrition, and simply prepared, without the admixture of stimulating or irritating spices and condiments. As the food is slowly received, it is thoroughly masticated, being ground and triturated by a set of sound teeth, capable of vigorous use and aided by the salivary secretion, until it is reduced to a pulpy mass.

INSALIVATION.—At the same time that this grinding process is going on, the saliva, while also aiding the mechanical division of the food, is performing its specific work upon the starch of which the food is likely to be largely composed, converting it into sugar, so that the mass of food, or alimentary bolus as it is termed, becomes sweeter in flavor the longer it is chewed.

STOMACH DIGESTION.—After thorough mastication, each mouthful of food is in turn swallowed, being drawn down into the stomach by the muscles of the œsophagus, not simply dropping into that organ through an open tube, as many people suppose, the œsophagus being always closed, excepting only that portion which is occupied by the food in its passage to the stomach. Shortly after the food has reached that organ, its mucous membrane assumes, according to the observations of Beaumont on the stomach of Alexis St. Martin, a rosy appearance, and there may be seen oozing from its surface the gastric juice in tiny drops like perspiration on the skin. The secretion increases rapidly, and begins at once its specific action on the albuminous elements of the food, which have been made accessible by thorough mastication, which has broken up the food structures in such a manner as to expose freely all its different elements. It may occur that the gastric secretion has been excited before the food has been swallowed; in which case there is no delay whatever in the commencement of gastric digestion.

Dr. Beaumont observed, in watching patiently at the curious window-like opening in the stomach of St. Martin, that very soon after food is received into the stomach, the muscular structures of that organ began to act, setting up a sort of churning process, turning the food over and over, squeezing, pressing, and variously manipulating it, moving it along its lower border toward the pylorus, and returning it along its upper border to the pouch-like left extremity into which it is first received from the œsophagus.

If the food contains a large quantity of fluid, this is absorbed before the process just described begins, since it is evident that too great an amount of fluid would effectually prevent such action on the food by the muscular walls of the stomach. It is obvious, also, that a considerable amount of bulk is needed in the food, to enable the stomach to operate upon it effectually. When milk is taken, it is quickly coagulated by the gastric juice which acts upon the semi-solid masses formed. Soups, gruels, and all fluid foods are rendered semi-solid by partial absorption of their watery constituents.

At the same time that the gastric juice is acting upon its special elements the digestion of starch continues through the activity of the mucus of the stomach, the saliva being neutralized by the gastric juice when the food reaches the stomach. Absorption of the portions of the food which are rendered liquid by digestion is all the time taking place, so that the semi-solid character of the mass is in a measure preserved.

After this process has continued for a time, which is longer or shorter, according to the nature of the food or the manner of its preparation, portions of food begin to pass out of the stomach. As the mass is moved along the lower border of the stomach toward the pylorus, the orifice is opened a little, instead of being tightly closed as before, and small portions of food which have been properly acted upon by the stomach and the gastric juice, are allowed to pass through. If approached by portions of undigested food, the pylorus contracts strongly and allows none to pass. By this means the food is kept in the stomach until gastric digestion has been

well completed. A curious fact, however, rather difficult of explanation, is that the pylorus seems to possess a peculiar faculty for discovering whether substances brought in contact with it ought to be digested in the stomach or not. Unbroken seeds, as cherry stones, apple and grape seeds, etc., together with pieces of glass, stone, or other insoluble substances, are allowed to pass without opposition. After a time, the acidity of the food becomes so great from the increase of gastric juice, that the stomach is excited to strong contraction, and the whole mass is crowded through the pylorus into the small intestine, where the work is completed. The length of time intervening between the ingestion of food and the emptying of the stomach varies from an hour or an hour and a half, when the article eaten is boiled rice or a mellow apple, to between five and six hours after eating fat pork or similar food. The figurative expression used by laborers who claim that pork is an excellent article of food because it "sticks by the rib," rendered literally, means that it is so difficult of digestion that the stomach has hard work to get rid of it after it has been received.—*Good Health.*

A Vegetable Diet.

"At a recent meeting of the London Medical Society, Sir Joseph Fayrer said that he had seen in the northwest provinces of India, whose inhabitants are pure vegetarians,—eating not even butter, eggs, or milk,—some of the finest specimens of the human race, as regards strength, endurance, and physical development.

"Their food consists chiefly of peas, beans, and the like—articles of diet specially rich in nitrogen, which is one of the chief elements of nutrition.

"Hence, no person needs to starve who can secure a dinner of beans accompanied with good brown bread. The body finds in these the main things it requires to sustain life,—heat, strength and nourishment. Indeed, few persons could find a really better diet—provided their digestion is not impaired."

Notwithstanding the constant accumulation of evidence of this sort, there are those who still continue to repeat over and over again the threadbare arguments which have been used for the last hundred years to show that human beings cannot live in health without consuming in their daily diet a large proportion of butcher's meat. The experience of large numbers of the human race is constantly proving this argument to be false, as is shown in the paragraphs quoted above. We would especially urge upon parents the importance of rearing children upon a diet including no other forms of animal food than milk and perhaps eggs occasionally, but not too freely. If diet affects the character, as is unquestionably the case, such stimulating articles of food as beefsteak and the usually accompanying condiments must be in a very appreciable degree unfavorable to the development of those temperate and amiable qualities of character which are most to be desired.—*Sci.*

Cooking for Invalids.

Let all the kitchen utensils used in the preparation of invalids' cookery be delicately and scrupulously clean; if this is not the case a disagreeable flavor may be imparted to the preparation, which flavor may disgust and prevent the patient from partaking of the refreshment when brought to him or her. For invalids, never make a large quantity of one thing, as they seldom require much at a time, and it is desirable that a variety be provided them. Always have something in readiness; a little beef tea, nicely made and nicely skimmed, a few spoonfuls of nice jelly, etc., that it may be administered as soon almost as the invalid wishes for it. If obliged to wait a long time the patient loses the desire to eat, and often turns against the food when brought to him or her. In sending dishes or preparations up to invalids let everything look as tempting as possible. Have a clean tray cloth laid smoothly over the tray; let the spoons, tumblers, cups and saucers, etc., be very clean and bright. Gruel served in a tumbler is more appetizing than when served in a basin or cup or saucer. If the patient be allowed to eat vegetables never send them up undercooked or half raw; and let a small quantity only be temptingly arranged on a dish. This rule will apply to every preparation, as an invalid is much more likely to enjoy his food if small, delicate pieces

are served to him. A mutton chop, nicely cut, trimmed and broiled to a turn, is a dish to be recommended for invalids; but it must not be served with all the fat at the end, nor must it be too thickly cut. Let it be cooked over a fire free from smoke and sent up with the gravy in it between two very hot plates. Nothing is more disagreeable to an invalid than smoked food.

TO ATTAIN LONG LIFE.

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to obtain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear yes, excess of joy, become deadly. Those who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

Crude Petroleum as a Remedy in Consumption.

Dr. M. M. Griffith, of Bradford, Pa., reports some astonishing results obtained by the administration of crude petroleum to consumptives. He claims that out of twenty-five cases of well marked tuberculosis so treated twenty are to all means of diagnosis cured; the rest have been materially benefited; and none have been under treatment more than four months. The nausea attending the use of ordinary crude petroleum led him to adopt the semi-solid oil that forms on the casing and tubing of wells. This, made into three to five, grain pills by incorporating any inert vegetable powder, was administered from three to five times a day in one pill doses. The first effect, he says, is the disappearance of the cough; night sweats are relieved, appetite improves, and weight is rapidly gained.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Griffith has not mistaken some self-limiting phase of throat or bronchial disorder for true consumption of the lungs; also that continued trial of the alleged remedy will justify the high opinion he has formed in regard to its efficacy.

Do not Face the Light when at Work.

Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye diseases have shown that the habit of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly into the eyes, as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light, or if the work needs strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes when the head is slightly bent over and downward toward the work.

In the schools in Germany this matter has already been attended to, and the rule adopted to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupils never face the windows, but only have the sidelights from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an interference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school-rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having also proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

We may add to this the advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side; and never to neglect the use of a shade; so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time, when kerosene lamps, with their intensely illuminous flames, have become so common.

Smoking by Boys.

How few persons realize that the money spent on tobacco in this country would feed and shelter every poor family in the land; that thousands of the finer organizations among men awaken in middle life to the consciousness that their

brains are being gravely affected by the use of tobacco, only to struggle in vain against its fetters; that, directly and indirectly, tobacco hastens the death of large numbers of persons every year.

With these facts in view, parents should remember that the habitual use of tobacco has reached down to mere boys, many of whom strut the streets with cigars in their mouths, while others think it manly to have their smoking-parties.

Now, excesses of every kind during the period of growth strike fearfully at the very foundation of future health and life.

It is well known that Germans are inveterate smokers. They are often pointed at as a proof of the harmlessness of the habit. But a correspondent of the London *Times* calls attention to the fact that the authorities in Germany are taking measures to arrest the practice among the young, on the ground; as attested by the German physicians, that it incapacitates them for the defense of their country.

"Smoking," he adds, "weakens the powers of the stomach at that important crisis of development when the largest quantities of food have to be assimilated to build up the growing frame. It lowers the vitality of the heart. Muscle, energy, endurance, indeed all that makes the man and the soldier, are thus at stake." Not only parents, but boys themselves, should heed this warning.—*Sel.*

A REMEDY FOR HICCOUGH.—A physician asserts that this troublesome, though usually thought trivial, affection may be easily cured by swallowing a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. Lemon juice would probably do as well as vinegar.

A SINGULAR PRESCRIPTION.—An English doctor, who was called in to see a French marquis, and found his patient in an unwholesome condition, prescribed the external application of a certain number of gallons of warm water, with soap in proportion, and the gentle friction of a towel. "*Mon Dieu!*" cried the horror-stricken Marquis, "this is washing one's self!" "I must admit," replied the other dryly, "that the remedy has that objection."

ALOE AS A DRESSING FOR WOUNDS.—Dr. Millet, a French army surgeon, recommends powdered aloe as a dressing for wounds, both as a means of favoring cicatrization and for closing them. It is said to relieve the severe pain of wounds almost immediately, and requires to be renewed only at long intervals.—*Boston Med. and Surg. Journ.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

COD FISH BALLS.—Two pounds boneless fish, soaked and boiled over night and well beaten before breakfast; boil twelve or fifteen good size potatoes; mash them very smooth with milk and a large teaspoonful butter; beat in the codfish; add one egg; if not soft enough, add a little more milk; make into a cake and fry. The secret of good fish-cakes is to have the potatoes fresh boiled and beaten very light.

HAM BALLS.—Mince very fine cold cooked ham (that which has been boiled is best, although fried ham will answer, if not too salt), add an egg for each person; stir in a little flour, and make into balls. Dip into egg, and then into grated bread, and fry until of a nice brown.

FRIED CAKE.—Roll a coffee-cup of pale yellow sugar; then add the yolks of six eggs and a pinch of salt; beat well and pour into the flour-tray and work into a soft dough; roll very thin and cut out with tumbler, drop into a frying-pan of hot lard, and cook quickly. When done, sift white sugar over them.

TEA CAKE.—One cup sour milk, one cup raisins, one cup sugar, one egg, half cup butter, one teaspoon soda, two and one-half cups flour. Dark spices.

REBECCA'S CAKE.—One pint flour, one cup milk, one cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon cream tartar, half teaspoon soda, essence of lemon to taste.

JACKSON SNAPS.—One cup butter, one egg, five cups flour one cup sweet milk, two cups sugar, one teaspoon soda; flavor with lemon or cinnamon. Roll very thin.

BUTTER SPONGE CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one and one-half cups flour, six eggs, half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream tartar. Dissolve the soda in one tablespoon milk. Rub the cream tartar in the flour.

CREAM PIE.—Six eggs, two cups sugar, two cups flour, two teaspoons cream tartar, one teaspoon soda, dissolved in two teaspoons of cold milk. Rub the cream tartar in the flour. This quantity makes three pies. Bake them, when cold split them and put in the cream.

CREAM FOR INSIDE. One pint milk, one cup sugar, half cup flour, two eggs. Beat eggs, sugar, and flour together, and pour into the milk, when boiling, juice and grated rind of a lemon; vanilla, if preferred.

Receipes for Coloring.

YELLOW ON WOOLLEN.—Dissolve 2 ozs. alum in a small quantity of hot water, then add 1 oz. madder compound, and mix thoroughly. Boil 8 ozs. fustic one hour in a sufficient quantity of water, then take out the chips and put in the alum compound. Boil a few minutes, then put in the woollen for one hour; air and rinse thoroughly.

BLUE ON COTTON.—Take 1 oz. china or prussian blue, and one half oz. oxalic acid. Pulverize together, and dissolve in hot water sufficient to cover the goods. Dip the goods in this dye until they are the desired shade and then wring out and thoroughly rinse in Alum water. Porcelain or earthenware may be used.

BLUE ON WOOLLEN.—Dissolve $2\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. alum and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cream tartar in water, and boil the goods in the solution one hour; then put them into water previously mixed with a greater or less proportion of indigo compound, according to the shade desired. This is easily made and permanent.

ORANGE ON WOOLLEN.—Take 4 ozs. Quercitron and $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lac-dye, soak them thoroughly in hot water, then add $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. madder compound. Boil ten minutes, put in the goods, and boil an hour, then air and rinse them thoroughly.

GREEN ON WOOLLEN.—To sufficient water to cover the cloth or yarn add $3\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of alum and 1 lb of fustic. Steep (not boil) until the strength is out, and then soak the cloth until it acquires a good yellow; throw out the chips and add the indigo compound slowly until you have the desired shade.

SALMON ON COTTON OR WOOLLEN.—This is obtained by dissolving 1 oz of Annatto in sufficient soft water to cover the goods you wish to dye; add sufficient soft soap to make an ordinary suds, boil together for ten minutes, then put in the cloth and keep near a boiling heat for half an hour, then remove and rinse in clear soft water.

SCARLET ON SILK OR WOOLLEN.—Take sufficient soft water to cover the goods, bring to boiling heat, add 1 oz. powdered cochineal, and 2 ozs. madder compound; boil 5 minutes; put in the goods and boil the whole nearly an hour; rinse thoroughly in clear water. Color in brass, copper or tin.

BLACK.—For each pound of goods take 2 ozs. of extract of logwood and 1 oz. of blue vitriol; dissolve separately in hot soft water; saturate the goods first in the vitriol water, then turn the vitriol water into the other and keep the dye at a scalding (not boiling) heat for twenty minutes; if cotton goods, boil for ten minutes, stirring constantly to prevent spotting. To set the color, immerse the goods in scalding hot water, containing a teaspoonful of salt to three gallons of water; let the goods remain in until cold, then hang them to dry without wringing; boiling suds will set this color of black dyed silks.

Mouldiness is caused by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve ink; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather can be kept free of mould by the same substance. Thus, Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy. A few drops of essential oil will keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended.

Poison for Rats and Mice.

Carbonate of baryta has been found to be a most efficient poison for rats and similar vermin. Indeed at a special series of trials by the Zootechnical Institute, in connection with the Royal Agricultural College, at Proskaw, this substance was

found to be more efficacious than any other. It occurs as a heavy white powder, devoid of taste or smell. In the Proskaw experiments it was mixed with four times its weight of barley meal, and pellets of the paste were introduced into the holes of the rats, house mice, and field mice. A small quantity proves fatal. It appears to cause immediate and complete paralysis of the hind extremities, so that it may be assumed that mice eating of it in their holes will die within them, and so not prove destructive in their turn to domesticated animals that might otherwise devour the carcasses. It was found in practice that neither fowls nor pigeons would touch the paste, either in its soft state or when hardened by the sun; so that its employment is probably free from danger to the occupants of the poultry yards. Some rabbits, on the other hand, that got access to the paste ate heartily of it, and paid the penalty with their lives. Next to the carbonate of baryta paste the ordinary phosphorus paste proved most destructive, and this, it was found by experiment, is more attractive to the mice in a soft form than when hardened into pills. But it is considerably dearer than the baryta preparation, an important factor in the calculations of the farmer who has to wage war against rodents on an extensive scale.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Death comes to a good man to relieve him; it comes to a bad one to relieve society.

If a woman is truly beautiful, let not her beauty be made dim by the flash of diamonds.

He who despises praise will not be likely to practice the virtues that would entitle him to it.

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.

He who smiles at another's mistake forgets his own ignorance.

Politeness is money, which enriches not him who receives it, but him who dispenses it.

The conscience has to do, not with fitness or expediency or advantage, but with right and wrong.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

If I might control the literature of the household, says Bacon, I would guarantee the well-being of the church and state.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them we only see their virtues.

"You are nothing but a demagogue," said a tipsey fellow to Tom Marshall who promptly paid him back.

"Put a wisp of straw around you and you will be nothing but a demijohn."

"Well, miss," said a knight of the birch rod, "can you decline a kiss?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl, "I can, but I hate to most plaguilly."

"George, dear, don't you think it's rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?"

"No, love; economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Mic, as her husband carved the castor over on the floor, and spilled and scattered its contents, "there, that castor's a dead wreck, sure!"

"Oh no!" said the bland carver, "not quite as bad as that, it's only a little prostrated—I'll take it down to re-cruet."

An Irishman who couldn't get his money, deposited with one high in the church, was asked why he didn't appeal to the Sec. "The Say? So I would," replied Pat, with a twinkle in his eye, "if it was a Cash-payin' Say."

"No man," said Flavel, "bath a velvet cross;" and it is true now as it was then. But He that sends the cross knows its weight, and ever gives the strength that is needful to bear it, and the grace to be profited by it.

—Moderation is the silken string running throughout the pearl-chain of all virtues.

—Never sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active, and, depend upon it, this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

"His profession! What is his profession?" "Madame, he pedals music."

The grandma of a little four-years-old had been telling her one day not to say people lied, but rather that they were mistaken. Her grandmother, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. After she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face and exclaimed, "Grandma, that is the biggest mistake I have ever heard."

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself:

"Dear Sir—Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

WORDS OF THE WISE.—To give a man a full knowledge of true morality I should need to send him to no other book than the New Testament.—*John Locke.*

Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and of God's goodness.—*Hugh Miller.*

THE STAKES.—Several men lately swam the Mississippi River, above New Orleans, on a wager. A reporter on the race says: "None of them seemed to be putting forth much effort till it was discovered that an alligator had struck out from shore as a competitor, and then—well, every man did his best to keep the alligator from carrying off the stakes."

MEANNESS.—A political speaker accused a rival of "unfathomable meanness," and then, rising to the occasion, said, "I warn him not to persist in his disgraceful course, or he'll find that two of us can play at that game!"

A STRANGE COUNTRY.—A country fellow, who had not walked much in streets that were paved, came to London, where a dog came suddenly out of a house and furiously ran at him. The fellow stooped to pick up a stone to cast at the dog, and finding them all fast rammed or paved in the ground, quoth he, "What a strange country am I in, where the people tie up the stones and let the dogs loose!"

LOOKING UP.—Old Phineas Rice was one of the quaint types of itinerant Methodist preachers. He had a hard patch to cultivate once, and when he made his report to the conference following, he reported the church "looking up." The bishop presiding expressed his pleasure, but asked for an explanation, because no one expected success in that parish. Dr. Rice was equal to the occasion, and added, "Well, bishop, the church is on its back, and can't look any other way." There was a roar of laughter all over the conference.

A BOY'S ADVICE.—A man piling wood on the wharf fell into the river, and, when hauled out, one bystander advised him to be more careful in the future. A second one advised him to take a stout drink of whiskey to keep a chill off. A third one thought he had better hurry home and change his clothes, and a fourth cautioned him to get the water out of his ears. When all had spoken, a boot-black came forward and said:

"I hain't got much to say about this 'ere case, but my advice to this feller is to do more kickin' with his heels and less hollerin' with his mouth if he ever falls in again. Shine yer butes for five cents!"

A man's word is the main-spring of his character. Once break the main-spring, and, like a watch, the man runs down.

The man who builds a house that he has not the means to pay for, simply provides a home to run away from.

Miss Cobb has just married Mr. Webb in Baltimore. He probably fell in love when he first spied her!

"Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant. "Well, ma'am it very kind of you to mention it; but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and awkward in his manners, ma'am, for you to like him to come up into the parlor," replied Mary.

A GOOD WORD.—"Pat," said Thorpe, who is fond of using high sounding phraseology to his man-of-all-work, "I am going to town at ten o'clock, and shall weed out the cucumber-beds in the interim." "Interim," thought Pat; "that's a mighty quare name for a garden, any-how!" "Is Mr. Thorpe at home?" asked a visitor who called shortly afterward. "Yis, sorr; ye'll find him at work in his interim there beyant, wadin the cowcubers."

A wag brought a horse driven by a young man to a stop in the street by the word "whoa," and said to the driver,

"That's a fine horse you have there."

"Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault; he was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."

SELFISHNESS.—Selfishness withers the heart prematurely, and makes a young man old, while a kind and beneficent life keeps the heart young, and makes the old flourish like a palm tree. Generous age is deserted neither by God nor man. Its own kindred and coevals may grow few; but strangers perform the part of kindred, and youth delights to blend its morning beams with the rich sunset of a benevolent life.

Gratitude and affection smooth tottering steps, and lighten the infirmities of the merciful man. God and all the good angels are with him. The fruits of his charity in part remains to refresh and nourish him till his change comes, while those not to be found on earth are garnered for him in heaven.

LITTLE BILLY has been taken to see his old uncle, who is so deaf that he cannot hear a single word without recourse to his ear-trumpet. Billy watches the movements of this instrument for some time with great interest, and then exclaims; "Mamma, what does uncle try a'll the time to play the horn with his ear for, when he can't make it go?"

PUT DOWN THE BRAKES.

No matter how well the track is laid,
No matter how strong the engine is made,
When you find it running on a downward grade,
Put down the brakes.

If the demon of drink has entered your soul
And his power is getting beyond your control
And dragging you down to a terrible goal
Put down the brakes.

Remember the adage, "Don't trifle with fire!"
Temptation, you know, is always a liar;
If you want to crush out burning desire,
Put down the brakes.

Are you running in debt, by living too fast?
Do you look back with shame on a profitless past,
And feel that your ruin is coming at last?
Put down the brakes.

Whether for home, for knowledge or gain,
You are fast wearing out your body and brain,
Till nature no longer can bear the strain,
Put down the brakes.

MISCELLANEOUS,

Everyday Enjoyments.

Happy the man or woman who finds happiness in the daily incidents of life. A susceptibility to delicate attentions, a fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and thought constitute, in the minds of its possessor, the deepest undercurrent of life; the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended; the breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture.

There is a daily attention to the slightest courtesies of life, which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, habitual respect to opinions, unwavering attention to the comfort of others abroad and at home, and above all, the careful preservation of those properties of conversation which are sacred when before the world, are some of the secrets of that happiness which age and habit fall alike to impair.

Do Not be Cruel.

In my walk this morning, I passed near a large pool, where a number of boys were enjoying what they call a duck hunt. A poor duck was pursued through the water by dogs, and every time a dog approached it, the poor thing was obliged to dive under the water, to escape from its tormentors. This it did so frequently, that at last it became quite exhausted, and two of the dogs caught it, and pulled it to pieces in a shocking manner, while the cruel boys on the brink of the water clapped their hands to encourage the dogs. It was a barbarous sport, and I mention it that I may impress on your mind a piece of advice: Do not be cruel.

No, no, my boys and girls, do not be cruel, for cruelty is one of the very worst symptoms of a bad disposition. Young people run into a thousand errors through folly; but cruelty is a crime that a child ought to abhor. The heart that is cruel is not to be trusted. Do not think that all things we hear of among mankind are brought about suddenly. Oh, no; they are done by little and little; first the child is cruel, and then he becomes a cruel man. Show me a child that can delight in tearing off the legs of a fly, and I will show you one who, when he becomes a man, will not scruple to torment his fellow-creatures, unless his heart be changed. I know this to be the case, and therefore, mind what I say, Do not be cruel.—*ScL*.

Worth Dying For.

I am no teller of stories, says Hazlitt, yet there is one belonging to Burleigh House of which I happened to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter was divorced from his wife, a woman of fashion and of somewhat more gayety of manners than "lords who love their ladies" like. He determined to seek a second in a humble sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose he went and settled incognito, under the name of Mr. Jones at Honet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighborhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish; his mode of life was retired; it was odd how he got his livelihood; and at last he began to be thought a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Higgins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer at whose house he lodged. Miss Higgins, it would seem, had not been used to romp with the village drolls; there was something in the manner of their quiet but eccentric guest which she liked. Having inspired her with a kind of regard which he wished for, he made honorable proposals to her, and at the end of some months they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a postchaise from her father's house and travelled across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping, until they came to the entrance to Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, and the chaise

drove down the long avenue of trees that led up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew near to it, and she seemed surprised at where they were going, her husband said to her:

"Well, my dear, this is Burleigh House; it is the house I promised to bring you to; and you are the Countess of Exeter!"

It is said that the shock was too much for the poor young creature, and that she never recovered from it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world was worth making, had it only been for this. I never wish to have been a lord but when I think of this story.—*ScL*.

Temperance Views Explained.

The Rev. George Trask, of Massachusetts, was noted throughout the State as an able and eloquent lecturer against tobacco and all intoxicating drinks. At one time he had addressed a large and attentive audience, and, among other things, said in his lecture that no man habitually using tobacco and whiskey could expect to live more than five or six years after beginning to use them. And so earnest and positive was he in his address, and so attentive his audience, that at its close he confidently challenged any reply, and invited any questions on the subject. After a moment's silence a man rose and said:

"I like what you have said, Mr. Trask, but I would like to ask a question. One of my neighbor's is an old man, some seventy-five years old, and he has used both tobacco and whiskey—all he could get—ever since he was thirty years old, that is for some forty-five years. How do you reconcile that with what you said, that a man using both tobacco and whiskey couldn't live more than five or six years?"

Mr. Trask was somewhat startled, and, to gain time for collecting his thoughts, began asking some questions.

"How old did you say the man was?"

"Some seventy-five years."

"And he has been using both tobacco and whiskey ever since he was thirty?"

"Yes, using them constantly and freely."

"Well, what kind of a man is he? Does he seem to take much interest in business, or in anything that's going on?"

"Wa'al, no, I don't think he does."

"Does he seem to love anybody?"

"Wa'al, no."

"Does he seem to hate anybody?"

"No, I don't think he does; he seems kinder indifferent to everything."

"Well," said Mr. Trask, who by this time had gathered up his wits, "*your old man has evidently been dead for some forty years, and the only mistake you've made is that you did not bury him.*"

Amid the shouts of laughter that rose upon the answer, the audience broke up, and Mr. Trask was relieved.

THE MORPHINE HABIT:

Experience of a Victim.

How did I cure my self of the opium habit?" said a little man more than thirty years of age to a News reporter this morning: "First, I'll tell you how I got in the way of using the drug. I didn't use opium myself, mind you, but morphine, the active principle of opium. I took it hypodermically, under the skin; that is, morphine in solution was injected into my arm. You never had inflammatory rheumatism, perhaps? Well, I have, and when a man has that he'll jump at any thing for relief. Five years ago I began in the use of sub-cutaneous injection. I never used the needle-nosed syringe myself, but the soothing fluid was always injected by my physician. At first it was given to me two or three times a week under the skin of my arm; but it was no great while until the syringe came to be used that often each day, and I, became a slave to the drug. I was gloomy, despondent, worthless, except when under the influence of the opiate, and when charged with it was quite as worthless, as the rosy visions that followed its use were accompanied by a languor and listlessness that made me utterly averse to all excursions. My right arm (for that matter my left, also) has been so closely punctured with holes from the syringe point that you couldn't lay a quarter down on my arm anywhere without touching

two or three sore places, for the morphine inflamed the flesh wherever the incision was made.

"Women who use morphine hypodermically have the fluid injected under the knee-cap. This is for the reason that they do not like to disfigure their arms. Two months ago I determined to go to Hot Springs, Ark., to see if I could not boil the morphine out of my system, and undertake some treatment that would cure me of the habit. I was a slave to morphine. It had completely enervated me and ruined me for everything. Cured of rheumatism, I had acquired in its stead the opium disease, opiophagy, which was infinitely worse. When I left this city to go to Hot Springs, my physician advised me to take a solution of morphine along with me and a hypodermic syringe. I did so, but resolved not to use it till the last extremity. Do you know that the craving for liquor is not to be compared with the insatiate desire that a morphine user has for the Nepenthe! On the cars, on my way to the Springs, I suffered terribly, but resolved not to use the opiate, but as I neared my destination my suffering increased. People on the cars who saw my writhings (for my limbs became contorted and my teeth grated together) thought me mad. With great difficulty I bared my arm, and with unsteady hand jabbed the syringe into it. It struck a vein or an artery, I don't know which. The blood spurted across the car. Three or four women fainted, and several men rushed forward, thinking it was a suicide. You can have no idea of the shock that went through me as the fluid entered the vein. Flash after flash of searing, blinding light shot across my eyes, and from my heels to the top of my spinal column went an electric current that seemed to burn as it ran. In five minutes I felt myself again, that is, my old morphine self, but I once more resolved to rid myself of the bondage, even if my life went out in the effort.

"When I got to the Springs, I put my hypodermic solution and the instrument aside and began taking the baths. I don't know whether they did me any good or not. I don't know anything that occurred during the next ten days, except that I suffered a thousand deaths. I had every pain and ache that almanac ever told of. Morphine is a drug that the entire system grows to and assimilates with. If you deprive yourself of it after it has become necessary to you, you suffer the tortures of the damned. I had but one thought in my mind all those terrible days—to free myself from the drug. I did it, and thank God for it. Do you see my hair, how gray is it? Not one man in a thousand, I've been told, could do what I have done. Several physicians to whom I have told my experience look on me in wonder. They say my nerve is unequalled. They may be right. I only know that \$60,000 wouldn't hire me to undertake the experience of these ten days again."—*Indianapolis News*.

Life's Duties.

When children are given to a married pair, their duty toward them should supersede every other consideration. Parents take upon themselves too many burdens. The father has his trade or his profession, and his few leisure hours he must spend in social pleasure. The mother has her household cares, and the comforts of her family to study, and beside this there is as much time to be devoted to fancy work, visitors, and to amusements of one kind and another.

Her children are merely secondary considerations, and depend upon the kindness of hirelings. Their dresses may be miracles of puffing, ruffles and embroidery, but what does that count when their minds are dwarfed through neglect? In all respects her house may be a model, but if she neglects her duty to her child, what does that count?

How a Soldier Escaped.

A German cavalry soldier and his horse were captured in the fight at La Bourget, and taken off with other prisoners. Three days after the fight they halted for the night in a village. The poor fellow was sitting near the window, thinking how he might escape, while his noisy captors sat round the fireplace drinking their wine. Suddenly he hears in the streets the neighing of a horse. He guesses that it is his brave steed, that had broken loose from a shed where she had been placed, and is in search of her master. One of the broken panes of the window had been mended with paper. Boring with his finger a hole in it, he lays his mouth to the

opening, calling cautiously and coaxingly, "Lizzie, Lizzie!" A joyous neigh is the reply, and Lizzie is close to the window. Then with a sudden dash he breaks open the crazy casement, and before the tipplers know what is the matter he is outside, and on the bare back of his faithful mare. It seemed as if the mare knew that the life of her master was at stake; for she started off like a whirlwind; and yet she is not urged on by spur or bridle; for the captors have taken the boots of the rider, and the bridle is hanging by the saddle in the shed. Shots are fired after them, and bullets fly past their ears, but do not harm them. The huzzar does not know the way, but Lizzie remembers it; and, after thirty-five hours, both arrive at the outposts of La Bourget, happy to be again among their comrades.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

Fussy People.

The best housekeeper is the woman who does her work quietly, without making her cares the theme of conversation from morning till night. The fussy housekeeper is a wearisome person to live with. She has specialties and whims and notions. Her plumage is always ruffled, her manner is always agitated, she is in a perpetual stew, and unfortunately never gets quite "done" till the last quiet sleep overtakes her. The worst of it is that these fussy folks always persuade themselves and try to persuade others that they are accomplishing a great deal by their fussiness, which is only true in that they make total destruction of all peace and comfort within the limits of their petty sovereignty. Now there is a great deal to be done in every household, however small, and it can be done all of it, without any fuss at all. The whole operation of house cleaning can be gone through with by disturbing one room at a time, while the rest of the house is kept in its usual order. It is foolish to keep the house disarranged for weeks together. If the housekeeper would be a homekeeper as well, she must avoid fussiness. The home is infinitely more than the house, and there is such a thing as destroying the home by the very perfection of housekeeping. The most immaculate of housekeepers are not always the most lovely of women, for they allow household cares to narrow the mind and quench the intellect. In proportion as a woman is fussy is she insufficient. The efficient woman has an eye for the main chances and never sacrifices them to side issues. The fussy woman is forever puttering over non-essentials and of course is forever behindhand with the essentials. Until she overcomes her tendency to fussiness she can neither be prompt, efficient nor serene.

"HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE?"

It is not every one who asks himself this question, because strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life assurance companies are aware of the credulous weaknesses of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted.

The following is one of these well-authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scenes of an assurance office and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as lives unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age.	More	Years to Live.	Age.	More	Years to Live.
1	"	39	50	"	21
10	"	51	60	"	14
20	"	41	70	"	9
30	"	34	80	"	4
40	"	27			

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.

WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
 From the beauty of the hills,
 And the sunshine, warm and tender,
 Falls in splendor on the rills,
 We may read love's shining letter
 In the rainbow of the spray;
 We shall know each other better
 When the mists have cleared away.
 We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
 And forget that we are dust;
 If we miss the law of kindness
 When we struggle to be just,
 Snowy wings of peace shall cover
 All the pain that clouds our way,
 When the weary watch is over,
 And the mists have cleared away,
 We shall know as we are known
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
 From the faces of our own,
 Oft we deem their love has failed us,
 And we tread our path alone;
 We should see them near and truly,
 We should trust them day by day,
 Neither love nor blame unduly,
 If the mists were cleared away.
 We shall know as we are known
 Never more to walk alone,
 In the dawning of the morning,
 When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
 As our father knows his own,
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know as we are known,
 Love beyond the orient meadows
 Floats the golden fringe of day;
 Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
 Till the mists have cleared away.
 We shall know as we are known,
 Never more to walk alone,
 And the day of light is dawning,
 And the mists have cleared away.

FOOLISH HABITS.

Walking along the street with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind, under the arm or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye, in the streets, and died a few days ago.

To carry a long pencil in the outside or vest pocket. Not long since a clerk in New York fell and the long pencil pierced an important artery that had to be cut down from his shoulder, to prevent his bleeding to death, and even then he had a three months' illness.

To take exercise or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges repose.

To guzzle down a glass of water, on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under a notion of the health-giving nature of its washing out qualities.

To sit down to a table and "force" yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite but a decided aversion to food.

To take a glass of soda, or toddy, or sangaree, or mint drops, on a summer day, under the belief that it is safe and better than a glass of water.

Not Growing Worse.

Is the world growing worse? We do not think so? All observing, intelligent men know that the world, however appearances contradict it, grows steadily better. One reason

of the contrary seeming true is that we now have facilities for gathering all the news in the world—and evil makes news while good does not—and presenting it in a single day. When we take up the morning journal the villainy of the entire civilized globe is thrust upon our attention; whereas only a few years ago, we got it in fragments, and often but a small portion at most.

Another is that during periods of commercial dulness and monetary pressure, men, driven to their wits' end to avoid failure in business, are tempted in a hundred ways that they would not be in active and prosperous times. Moreover, their irregularities are hidden by subsequent success, while with continued strain and stagnation, their misdeeds are forced into light—there is no method of covering them up. Sinners are "found out," nowadays, and cannot lead wicked lives undiscovered.

Some Wonderful Facts.

Now, supposing your age to be fifteen years or thereabouts, you can be figured up to a dot. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles. Your blood weighs 25 pounds. Your heart is nearly five inches in length. It beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 200,800 times per day, 30,722,000 times a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown from it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to a square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a draining-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length in the entire surface of the body of 211,156 feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost twenty miles long.

Curious Facts About the Alabatross.

No passenger to southern lands can have failed to note the extraordinary powers of flight of this magnificent bird, and the wonderful ease with which it sweeps for some minutes together through the air on expanded, motionless pinions, rising and falling slightly, and taking advantage of the gravity of its own body and the angle at which the wind strikes its feathered sails enables it to prolong the course of its flight with the least possible effort. Seldom, except in calm weather, may it be seen to alight upon the water, from which it arises with difficulty, running for some distance along the surface. The ends of the wings clear of the water, it turns toward the breeze, and rises into the air in a gentle curve, exactly in the same manner as a paper kite. That the alabatross follows a ship for many days in succession, sleeping at night upon the water, and coming up with her in the morning, there can be no doubt. We have watched them for several consecutive evenings during fine weather, in the latitude of the trade-winds, settling down on the water at sundown, and preening their feathers, until they became mere specks in the field of the telescope; but they were with us again in the morning soon after sunrise; some strangers among them perhaps, but several which, from some peculiarity of marking, we knew to be our companions of the day before. In one instance, a conspicuous mark had been made by a pistol-bullet in the wing of an old brown-headed and curiously pied bird, by which he could be identified beyond doubt. The second or third flight-feather had been shot away, leaving a clearly defined gap in the wing as it came between the light and the eye; and this bird followed us for three days after having been fired at, though we had been sailing an average of nearly eight knots an hour. One of the most striking examples of their endurance on the wing, however, is the fact, which we have more than once observed, that the same birds which had been unweariedly with us in the day, accompanied us throughout the whole of the succeeding night as could be easily verified by the light of

the moon. It is not an uncommon practice with passengers to endeavor to catch these noble birds by a bait fastened to a hook and buoyed with corks. That such a cruel practice should ever be tolerated even "to relieve the monotony of a voyage," is to us inconceivable, and can only be accounted for as the last resource of a brutally morbid fancy. The albatross is essentially the scavenger of the ocean, and we doubt whether it makes any attempt to capture living fish unless when very hungry, for we have seen flying-fish rising in quantities while the albatrosses made no attempt to catch them. That the nautilus is sometimes eaten is evident, for we have taken it from the stomach; but the chief food is dead fish and other refuse. In the South Atlantic we passed the dead body of a small whale, on and around which were at least a hundred of these birds, either gorged or gorging themselves with the blubber; and guns discharged at them failed to induce many of them to take wing. We had on one occasion an opportunity of observing how rapidly these birds collect about a carcass. Like vultures or ravens, when an animal dies they discover it very speedily, and flock to the scene of the banquet. At a hot, still evening in the South Atlantic a horse died, and when cast overboard next morning, the gases already formed by decomposition, enabled it to float. The few albatrosses in our company immediately settled down upon it; but in less than an hour we could see through the telescope a great cloud of the birds on the sea and hovering around the unexpected prize, the almost entire absence of wind having kept us within two or three miles of the spot. It may be that the (usually) white plumage enables stragglers, far out of human ken, to see their fellows gathering in the neighborhood of food; others again from still more remote distance may see them, and so on; until stragglers over hundreds of miles of space may be gathered to one common rendezvous. The greater part of the year is passed by them at a distance from land; but they flock to barren and almost inaccessible rocks to breed. There the female lays her one dirty-white egg in a slight depression upon the bare earth, the sitters being frequently so close together that it is difficult to walk without touching them. They are totally indifferent to the presence of man, and merely indicate their resentment of his intrusion into their nursery by snapping at him.

He passes. The parents share the labor of incubation and rearing the young, and when this is over, they all go seawards together, and silence and solitude once more reign where all had lately been clamorous and busy life.

How Far Can we Hear with the Telephone

This is a question frequently asked, but which we believe has not yet been definitely settled. The longest distance that we have seen mentioned is given in the item below, namely two thousand miles. But perhaps Mr. Edison has had more extended experiences. If so we would be glad if he would let our readers know.

An exchange states that Mr. Robert A. Packer, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is at present hunting with a party of gentlemen in Nebraska. A few days ago he for two hours conversed pleasantly with his wife and friends at Sayre, Pa., his brother at Mauch Chunk, Pa., and friends along the line. The medium was the railroad and Western Union Telegraph wire and Edison's telephone. At the office in Bethlehem, Pa., connection was made with the Eastern and Amboy wire, and at Perth Amboy with a Western Union wire, and thence to Chicago and North Bend, Nebraska, where the party are. The distance was about two thousand miles, and every whisper was audible.—*Scientific American*.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.—Nature, an English periodical, tells a story of an old horse which had wandered about in search of grass and water during a severe drought:

Coming to the great bare market-place, and finding a knot of men talking there, he singled out one of them, and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him; but, as it was not very harshly done, he returned to the charge, with the same reception. But he was a persevering animal, and practically demonstrated the axiom that "perseverance gains the day," for upon his taking the chosen sleeve for the third time between his teeth, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him; so, putting his hand upon the horse's neck,

he said, "All right, old fellow! March on."

The horse at once led the way to a pump at the farther side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. One of them, at the bidding of the white man filled a bucket with water. Three times was the bucket replenished and emptied before the "great thirst" was assuaged, and then the grateful brute almost spoke his thanks to his white friend by rubbing his nose gently against his arm.

CANINE AFFECTION.—In one of the cemeteries of Edinburgh a monument has been erected to the memory of a dog. It appears that the dog followed his master's body to the grave, and after seeing it interred, took his position by the side of the grave, and could not be persuaded to leave it. For fourteen years he remained in the church yard, his favorite resting-place being the foot of his master's grave. Food was furnished him by the members of the family; and one morning he was found there lying dead, and his history being so well known, he was buried by his master's side. Miss Coutts, one of the wealthiest women in the world, on hearing of his singular history, ordered the erection of a monument over his remains, closely resembling the faithful animal.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Well-tried Institution.

We are convinced that no other institution in Canada has so well proved its usefulness in fitting men for successful business life, as one of our own local establishments,—we refer to Jones's London Commercial College.

Founded by its present proprietor in the fall of 1861,—the first of its kind in Canada, it has ever since occupied the leading position among the practical training institutions of the Dominion. The result is, that to-day there is scarcely a locality in British America where its former students may not be found successfully engaged in trade, commerce, or the learned professions, whilst a large number of those young men once connected with its classes, seeking for a more extended field of operations, have migrated to the United States and other foreign countries, and are there making their influence felt as sterling business men.

In June 1878, the Principal, Mr. Jones, adopted the plan of boarding all pupils coming from a distance who desired it, and erected a large three-story brick building for that special purpose. This building is lighted with gas, warmed with hot air, divided into apartments, each of which is designed to accommodate two students. One of our most skillful city physicians, has been secured to supply all necessary attendance and medicines, without extra charge to the pupils. The rooms are comfortably furnished, and plenty of good wholesome food is provided for all.

The text-books in use at this College, are the very best that can be obtained, and the system of instruction is eminently practical and thorough from beginning to end.

The knowledge imparted is just such as should always supply a student that obtained at our public schools, as it is admirably suited to giving that practical application of previous acquirements, which alone can make them valuable to the possessor.

To those young men who have in childhood, been deprived of the advantages of a common school education, it supplies the necessary facilities for securing it now, without subjecting the pupil to the mortification that would necessarily be experienced in attending other schools. All here are young men, and although in all the different degrees of advancement, from the first-class normal teacher down to those just learning the rudiments of the different sciences, the system of individual instruction pursued prevents any serious annoyance or embarrassment on account of previous deficiencies. Every parent should feel that he has not rightly discharged his duty to his son, until he has secured for him at least from three to six months' training such as this college affords. Young men who are thrown upon their own resources, cannot more readily increase those resources, and make them fruitful for good, than by taking such a practical business course as is given here.

We are informed that the total expense of taking the course, including tuition, books, board, and all incidentals, is only about the same as would be paid for board at almost any other institution. Those wishing further information should address the Principal, Mr. J. W. Jones, London, Ont.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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Spare Me the Day a Little Longer Yet.

O, golden color of the evening sun,
Spare me the day a little longer yet;
The tasks to me appointed are not done,
And night flings down her shadows cold and wet.

Ere yet the rising glory flushed the east,
My day began, with noble purpose fraught:
For well I knew if I but helped the least
'Twould help me on toward the goal I sought.

And, as I journeyed on, I stopped to raise
Those who, toil-worn, had fallen by the way;
And strove to guide along the rugged maze
Their faltering steps into a better way.

At times to some I paused to whisper peace,
To calm the raging of their souls' dark deep;
And lo! the clouds disperse, the tumults cease,
And o'er the spirit waves of comfort sweep.

Unsatisfied, I turned and strained my eye
To catch a glimpse of heights I longed to reach
How can these feeble deeds, so small, thought I,
The way to gain those heights unto me teach?

And, sore dismayed, I laid my burden down,
And though my way lay through a goodly land,
I knew not that 'twas on enchanted ground
My heedless feet had been beguiled to stand.

And, all unmindful of the much to do,
I slept the long, bright, idle hours away;
And see! the goal I sought is just in view,
But ah! night's shadows cloud the face of day.

And, as I haste to finish tasks undone,
My saddened heart is filled with vain regret;
O, golden color of the evening sun,
Spare me the day a little longer yet. ALMETTA.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued.)

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

CHAPTER V.

We now return to the little cottage where Herman left Kitty and her mother, and where for a few moments they sat in silence, Kitty wandering back in her thoughts to the meeting on the mountain side, and Mrs. Lee, thinking first of the strange circumstance of the handsome and intelligent

young man, a nephew of her wealthy and generous landlord, coming under such circumstances to her humble cottage; and then she went back over many chapters in her own history to the time when, under circumstances no less strange she first met with her now sainted husband. Why her thought took that direction just then she could not have guessed, nor did she stop to enquire. A volume of history passed before her in that momentary review, and the last chapter was the first in order, for she traced it backward; and it was a bright one, for a sweet smile for the moment irradiated her features, and then her thoughts returned.

"You have had a rather romantic adventure this morning, my daughter," she said; "Mr. Trevellyn is a promising young man, and I should judge quite worthy of the high estimation in which he is held by his uncle. I have heard him speak of him as smart and studious, and not given to the vices to which young men are generally addicted. But how strange that he should have visited our comparatively mean little home, and under such circumstances. But then you know his father is not rich, and he may not have seen enough of fashionable and artificial life to have become much influenced by it. You know his uncle is defraying the expenses of his education, and probably most of the time since he has left his own home he has been at college."

"It appears then that you have known something of him before to-day," said Kitty. "He told me on our way to the house what you have just now stated, and that one term more would complete his college course."

"Yes; and then the probability is that uncle will give him the management of his estate, and probably make him his heir, as he has no sons."

"Do you think he will get proud and aristocratic then, so that he will be ashamed of what he has done to-day?"

"It is hard to say, my child, the heart is very deceitful. I do not think that he now supposes it possible that rank or fortune could make any difference with him, but in most cases pride and vanity seem to take forcible possession of the heart when wealth and honor are secured. I have seen young men who in their early life looked in mingled scorn and pity upon their haughty, purse-proud neighbors, but who, when in after life they themselves became possessed of affluence, imitated the very spirit they had before scorned and pitied. It may be that he will never think of this morning's adventure again, unless as a passing thought, recalled by some association of ideas or circumstances."

"O yes, he will, mother, whatever else he may do, he cannot so easily forget that!"

"Why do you think so, my daughter?"

"Because his meeting with me, and all the circumstances connected with his visit were so unusual. Besides he asked permission to call again. Do you think he will come again?"

"He may; but as his stay in the neighborhood is to be short, and he will have much to occupy his mind, he may not find time among his numerous engagements to call on us. But now my dear, it is time for dinner, after which you must run down to the post office and get the paper, as I long to hear the news from my old home."

Under Kitty's deft movements the dinner was quickly prepared, and it was thankfully partaken of, for Mrs. Lee never omitted to recognize the hand of Providence in the ordinary blessings of life. When the repast was ended, and the dishes washed and put away, Kitty proceeded to the post office, to get the Swansea paper, which for years had been sent to her mother by a friend, a lady of considerable means who had been her most valued friend in early life. As she approached the post office a splendid carriage driven by a liveried servant passed by, and as it was open she had a good view of its occupants. It contained two ladies and a gentleman. As she entered the post office, a man who had just preceded her exclaimed, "Ain't she a beauty, though?"

"Who do you refer to," another replied.

"The foine lady in the carriage; didn't you see ur? that's Miss Wilmot, the 'ansomest gurl in the town, they say."

"Ah, I wish I had known that, I just saw her from the window, but had not a distinct view, I should judge, though, she is uncommonly fine looking."

"Right she is; but oi wish my wife 'ad 'alf the gold as she 'andles. Money goes a good eight furd'n foine looks in buyin' bread an' beef, I tell you. I 'spose they be goin' out to Trevellyn's. No other foine people like they out that road."

Kitty having received the paper now returned to the cottage, and handed it to her mother, who after glancing over its contents laid the paper down, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes which were filled with tears.

"What is the matter, mother," Kitty exclaimed, springing to her side. "What bad news have you found?"

Mrs. Lee handed her the paper, in which she read this paragraph:

"Gordan Lee, formerly of this place, who emigrated to Australia some years ago, died in Tasmania, on the 21st of March of billious fever."

That was all; no reference to his family or his circumstances; but to Mrs. Lee the news came with sudden pressure upon her sensitive nature, and though she had not known whether he lived or not, this notice told her that he had lived until the 21st of March, and that he was now dead, thus severing the last link that bound her to her father's house."

"Kitty darling," she exclaimed, as she threw her arms around her daughter, you are all I have left of my kindred now. May God protect you and spare us to each other long."

At an early hour on the day following a boy came to the cottage carrying a small parcel and a sealed envelope addressed to Mrs. Lee. The parcel contained a pattern of a pair of slippers, and the envelope a pound note, and a few lines stating that the writer had been informed that her daughter sometimes did embroidery, and requesting her to procure the necessary material and complete the work as soon as convenient, and that the work would be called for on the third day following.

"This is a strange order," said Mrs. Lee, "and from some one who appears to have confidence in our honesty, and in your judgment, as he has sent more than enough money to pay for both the material and the labor, and has deputed you to select the material. Well, as we are sure of our pay, if you will procure the material we will go at it at once, and never mind who our patron is. I dare say he has some reason satisfactory to himself at least for withholding his name."

The rooms were soon tidied and everything put in order, and then Kitty proceeded to the village and purchased the requisite material for working the slippers, and returned to the cottage where work was at once begun, and by persevering industry the ornamental part was finished before they retired to rest. The next day they were early at work, and when, towards evening, a gentle knock came to the door, they were nearly done; and when Kitty opened the door she was surprised but not displeased at meeting Herman Trevellyn.

"I have called," said he, "to see how you were getting on, and to have a little chat if it will be agreeable. I trust you are both in as good health as usual."

"We are in usual good health, thank you. Please walk in."

"Well, Mrs. Lee," said Herman, taking a seat beside her, "how have you fared since I saw you? I hope you have been comfortable."

"Thanks to a kind Providence," Mrs. Lee replied, "I have nothing to complain of, but I have received some sad news since you were here. The only brother I had left is dead."

He died in Tasmania only three months ago. You will recollect I mentioned his name to you when you were here before. Now, I am alone in the world: with the exception of my daughter, I have no kindred on earth, but I doubt not all is for the best, and the wisdom of our Heavenly Father is not to be impeached by the murmurings of his erring children.

"True! and happy is it for those who dwell beneath the sunshine of his smile; for where no frown is seen nor merited it is easy for the child to trust, but disobedience breeds doubt, and doubt sits down in shadows, and arrays itself in sackcloth, and crowns itself with ashes."

"Yes, faith is at home in the sunlight," Mrs. Lee replied, "Religion truly experienced is a joyous thing and enriches the pleasures of life with heavenly benedictions. As our pastor used to say, it is a happy combination of all that is good and true in the enjoyments of the worldling and the higher delights of religion; and such I have found it to be."

"What a beautiful slipper pattern you are working," said Herman, examining the piece. The colors are beautifully blended, and the work well done, if I am a competent judge in such matters. Do you do much work of this kind?"

"No, not much," Mrs. Lee replied, "and this came to us in a strange way." And then Mrs. Lee related how it came, and what the note accompanying it contained, and asked Herman's advice as to what she would do with the money, as there was more than enough to buy the material and pay for the work done on it.

"I would advise you, by all means," said Herman, "to keep all the money sent, unless the price of the work should be asked; in which case I would charge what the job was worth, and tender the balance to the party receiving it."

"I will act upon your advice," Mrs. Lee replied, "but it does not seem quite right to take more than fair compensation for our time and trouble."

"Quite right, I think," said Herman, "if the party voluntarily paid more than he knew it to be worth, and I think it very probable the party who sent it knew pretty nearly its value."

"What then could have induced him to send more than the value of the work, to pay for the material," said Mrs. Lee.

"Friendship for yourself or your daughter, perhaps," Herman replied, "It may be that some one of Miss Lee's admirers has taken this method of ingratiating himself in her favor."

"I have no admirers," said Kitty, "that I know of, and if I had I do not think they could buy me in that way, and I would not submit to any one having a claim upon me, either, for any such consideration."

"Never mind," said Herman, "in all probability it is friendship for your mother that has been the motive. However I would not scruple to take the money, and I do not think you should feel yourselves to be under any obligations whatever."

The conversation then turned upon general subjects; their early history, the scenery by which they were surrounded, and that which they had witnessed elsewhere; natural philosophy, and the bearing of the natural sciences upon personal piety; and Herman was surprised and pleased at the freedom and wisdom with which both Kitty and her mother sustained the conversation, and so the time passed in delightful and profitable intercourse, until Herman felt that it would not be prudent longer to protract his stay; so he took his leave, but not until he had been asked to come again, and promised to do so at an early day.

The next day the boy who had called with the parcel, called again; and when the work was tied up he took it, and again handing Mrs. Lee a sealed envelope, he retired without saying a word.

On opening the envelope Mrs. Lee found that it contained another pound note, accompanied with a few lines which ran as follows:—

Dear Madam,—Accept my thanks for the promptness and fidelity with which you have done the work sent you, and find inclosed a pound note in payment for the same.

Yours sincerely,

When Mrs. Lee read the note she was more puzzled than ever. At first she felt indignant. Then she exclaimed,—"Is the man a friend or a fool!" Then she said, "it may be that it is the kindness of a beneficent Providence. Let us

so receive it and be thankful. I am sure it is much needed. Now Kitty you can buy a load of fuel, and I hope it may not be necessary again for you to search the mountain-side for fagots, in the meantime let us rest in the love of our Heavenly Father, and trust to his guidance who has said, 'They that put their trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing.'

Who clothes the grass and paints the flowers,
And bathes them all in dew,
And feeds the ravens; us and ours
Shall clothe and comfort too."

To be continued.

SELECTED.

CRAVING REST.

Oh! for the leisure to lie and to dream
By some woodland well, or some rippling stream,
With a cool green covert of trees overhead,
And fern or moss for my verdurous bed!

To rest and trifle with rushes and reeds,
Threading wild berries like chaplets of beads,
Letting the breeze fan my feverish brows,
Hearing the birds sing their summery vows.

Oh! for the leisure to lie without thought,
Upon the mind's anvil the ingot upwrought;
The hammers that beat in my temples at rest,
Calm in life's atmosphere, calm in my breast.

To loiter or to saunter, to laugh or to weep,
Waken the echoes, or silence to keep,
With no human being at hand to intrude,
Or question the wherefore of manner or mood.

Oh! for such leisure to rest and to stray
In green haunts of nature, if but for a day,
Through leaves to look up at the sky from the sod,
Alone with my heart, my hopes, and my God!

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

"Oh, what a lovely bunch of pansies! Is it possible they are for me?" I exclaimed to a tiny, brown-eyed girl, who placed a fragrant bouquet of the gold and purple dewy blooms in the hammock in which I was idly swinging under the big maple.

"Auntie Lee sent them," said the wee child, "and she hopes the mountain air will soon make you well, and she's your neighbor down under the hill."

"Who is this neighborly Auntie Lee?" I asked the woman with whom I boarded when next she came within hearing of my voice.

"Oh, then, she sent you some posies," replied talkative Mrs. Evans, coming briskly from the garden and sitting down on the steps of the little porch so that she might entertain me while she was shelling her peas, thus "killing tew birds with one stun," as she said, "I was a wonderin' tew myself not a few minutes ago how long 'twould be afore she'd find out about ye an' send ye suthin'." I can't see for my part, how she can afford to do as she does."

"Why, what does she do?" I asked.

"Oh she says she aims to be neighborly, and if anybody happens to be sick anywhere around she sends them little things to eat and flowers to cheer 'em up, as she says, an' she always has her knittin' work in her pocket and her 'odd job o' knitten' as she calls it, grows out like magic into gloves and mittens and wristlets and stockin's that she gives away."

"To her friends, people fully able to buy them, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, no. 'To poor children an' tew old men and women that I spose are real needy, an' that set great store by her warm and handsome presents, for her yarns are as bright as her flowers, an' I've told my man a good many times that the color went toward makin' her little gifts so welcome. An' then she has so much comp'ny."

"Rich people from the city, whose visits she returns, I suppose?"

"Oh, land sakes, no; poor folks that are tickled most to death to get an invitation to her pretty little home. Yes,

her home is amazin' pleasant, though her man is only a poor mechanic. She's always a sayin' that she'd rather dew a little good every day as she goes along, than be a waitin' to do some great thing when she gets able, and perhaps lose her opportunity and never do nothin'." I told her one day last year, says I, "Mrs. Lee, I should rather be a puttin' by a little sumthin' in the bank for a rainy day, than to be a givin' away all the time." And says she, "Mrs. Evans," says she, "that's your way, 'an it's a good way. I don't find no fault with it but all these little things that I give away would never get into the bank, and so, you see, they would be lost, and I should pass away without ever doin' anything for my Master. An' I don't want to go to bed a night without thinkin' that I have that day tried to lighten some fellow mortal's burden, brought a smile to some face, or a streak o' sunshine tew some heart, if it's only givin' a bunch o' posies in the right spirit."

"And these flowers cost her a good deal, first and last, I suppose!" said I, caressing my pansies.

"Oh, 'twould cost me a good deal to run such a garden as she does, but Mrs. Lee says she's not strong, so she gets fresh air, sun-baths, and exercise in her garden, and spends her time workin' in there instead of visitin'. She returns all her calls by sending her compliments with a bunch o' posies."

"She hires some one to carry them about, I presume?"

"Massy, no. There isn't a child in the village but what would run its legs off for Auntie Lee," and having finished shelling her mess of peas, my talkative little hostess trotted about her work again, saying as she disappeared through the doorway, "It's well enough to be neighborly, of course, but Mrs. Lee may see the time when she'd a wished she had a leetle sumtin' out at interest."

The Vermont mountain air agreed with me, my health gradually improving, and I stayed on, week after week, spending a great part of my time when the weather did not positively forbid, in my hammock under the maples. As yet I had not once seen my neighbor, Auntie Lee, but grew to love her on account of the pretty nosegays that daily found their way from her hand to mine by one and another child messenger.

One night, late in August, there was a heavy thunder shower, the sudden downfall of rain swelled the little river that skirted our village to a veritable mountain torrent. A small dam some miles up the stream had broken away and the angry flood came rushing down sweeping all before it.

"Auntie Lee's husband's work shop has gone," shouted my hostess, Mrs. Evans, as she knocked at my door in the early morning after the storm; "and that's not the worst of it, for her garden is all washed out and undermined, so that it will take a purty pile of money tew fix it up again if tis ever fixed. I wonder now ef Mrs. Lee don't wish she hadn't been quite so neighborly, and so had a little sumthin' out at interest?" and it really seemed to me as if the brisk little woman chuckled to herself as she patted down the stairs.

In less than half an hour she came back with as doleful a looking visage as I ever saw.

"Whatever is agoin' to become o' me and my man," cried she; "and we gettin' to be old folks, too. Our savings were all in the stock company at Minotville, because they paid more interest than the bank; we only tuk it out o' the bank a little while ago, neow their mill has gone clean off, an they'll all go to general smash and we along with 'em. And this time she went slowly groaning down the stairs. I could not help pitying the woman from the bottom of my heart.

There was great excitement in the little village, as a matter of course, but Auntie Lee was reported to be as "chipper" as ever. The nosegay came to me every day as usual, not quite so many nor so great a variety as formerly, for a part of the garden had been washed away, but enough to give me an increased admiration for the sweet old lady, who was so persistent and so unwearying in her neighborly acts of kindness.

The next Monday's local newspaper had this unique notice at the head of the village items:—

All who have ever been the recipients of kindly deeds from 'Auntie Lee' and who would like to reciprocate now in her day of misfortune are invited to bring their supper to Oak Grove on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock and talk the matter up over a 'neighborly' cup of tea."

At the time appointed I had a carriage come to take my

hostess and me, and my basket of cakes and buns fresh from the bakery, to the beautiful grove. As we were driven along I was surprised to see so many people, lunch baskets in hand, speeding in the same direction.

"Almost everybody in town is going," said Mrs. Evans, "high and low, rich and poor.

As I was being assisted to my seat a gentle, motherly little woman spread a soft shawl over the back of the chair intended for me, and quickly folded another shawl for my lame foot to rest upon.

"This is Aunt Lee," said Mrs. Evans, and the sweet-faced little woman and I looked into each other's faces with a little curiosity, perhaps, as well as sympathy, and shook hands cordially. "I don't know what all these good people are to do with Elijah and me," she said, with a smile that was as genial as a sunbeam, "but the minister would have us come, and he and his wife drove around for us."

The minister ascended the platform just then, and after tenderly yet impressively invoking the divine blessing, he looked down benignly upon the faces upturned to his, and with a touching intonation of voice asked:—

"Who is my neighbor?"

He then went on to tell how Aunt Lee had answered that question in regard to himself.

"When I first became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Lee," he said, "I was finishing my theological studies here in the village with Dr. Mills, and they had just married and settled down in their little house yonder, which they had inherited. Once I was sent for to preach on trial in the adjoining town of Luxboro'. My only coat was worn threadbare and extensively patched, and I had no way of procuring another. Feeling sorely grieved and dispirited I started out for a walk, and for the sake of telling my troubles to some fellow creature and with no thought of receiving any aid in the premises, turned into Mrs. Lee's house and read to her the invitation I had had from Luxboro' and frankly told her why I could not go at present.

"Leave it to the Lord," said the good woman, and forthwith she proceeded to take my measure with a piece of tape. 'Go home,' she continued, 'write your sermon, and come here again on Saturday morning.'

"I obeyed. I subsequently found that the woman had actually taken a piece of cloth that she had laid by in the house for a cloak for herself, and, tailoress as she was by trade, had cut and made me a coat from it. I preached my first sermon in it, and shortly received and accepted my first call."

"Oh, dear," whispered Aunt Lee from her seat by my side, "he has paid me for that coat every New Year's day since, and it wasn't much for me to do after all."

Major Sanford, the richest man in town, was the next to take the stand. The old people smiled and nodded their heads, but the young folks looked at each other and wondered what he could be indebted to Aunt Lee for.

"When I was a boy," the Major began, "I was bound out in H—— to a very, very bad master, from whom I determined to run away. I availed myself of an opportunity to escape one Saturday afternoon, when I was sent to the pasture to salt the cattle. I came straight over the mountain to this place. I wanted to get out of the state as soon as possible, so came directly to the bridge down here at the river, which is, you all know, the New Hampshire boundary. Just as I had stepped upon Vermont soil I overtook, on the road, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, young people then. They had a basket and a spade, and had been digging up wild flowers to transplant in their garden. Although an entire stranger, they accosted me kindly. Noticing that I had been crying Mrs. Lee asked me my trouble. Before I knew it I had blurted out the whole story, and had been invited by her to go home with her and stay over Sunday. I was, of course, only too grateful to accept the invitation. After supper we set out the plants, and then Mr. Lee took me with him down the hill to the bank of the "brook" as we called it then, and into his little machine shop. I soon evinced my fondness for tools, and confided to him an invention that had, in a crude form, long had possession of my brain. Being a natural mechanic, he saw the utility of my invention at a glance. The subject was not mentioned on the morrow, which was a quiet restful day to me. Mrs. Lee loaned me a clean linen suit belonging to her husband, and I went to church with them. Next day Mr.

Lee went over to H—— and made terms with my master, because Mrs. Lee said she could not allow me to feel like a 'run-away.' Then Mr. Lee took me into his employment and gave me a corner in his shop, where I could at odd moments work at my model. My invention was a success, and made my fortune, as you all know. I am thankful, my friends, that I am able to-day to repair the damages done to the dear little homestead and to rebuild my old friend's shop." Major Sanford sat down, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, while his delighted audience applauded vociferously.

"Dear heart," said Aunt Lee to me, "what was he talking to me? He's paid us over and over, and he's tried and tried to make Elijah go into partnership with him, but he wouldn't and I would not let him."

Then followed one-minute speeches by the score. "They kept me three months when I was sick and homeless," said one. "I made their house my home for weeks when I was sick and homeless," said one. "I made their house my home for weeks when I was out of work," said another. Ten homeless working girls were married in their parlor, and went out into the world with their blessing. There was a great number of touching little speeches from those that had received flowers and delicacies in illness and warm garments in time of need.

And so from them all flowed out contributions of money, the greater part of which was safely placed in the bank for the benefit of the Lees when old age and failing strength should overtake them.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Evans to Aunt Lee, "you've been lendin' to the Lord, and he pays the best interest, after all, I never could understand before; but I do now."

There are none of us so poor that we cannot give as we have. A smile or a kind word even will come back to us in kind," said Aunt Lee, and we all brushed away the tears that we could not suppress while those touching speeches were being made, and went to our homes.

ONE GLIMPSE SUFFICIENT.

On the road to the Yosemite Valley, by what is known as the Mariposa trail, is a remarkable outlook, appropriately called Inspiration Point, from which is obtained the first distinct view of the wonderful valley.

It was after a dreary ride, through a dismal snow-storm, on a gloomy day, without agreeable companionship, that the writer reached that point, and, leaving his horse with an attendant on the rough mountain road, found his way through the wet shrubbery to a position on a jutting rock of the eminence, said to be favorable to a commanding view, and there looked in the direction pointed by the guide.

A dense mist shut out everything from sight, beyond a few rods at the farthest. But, as he looked, the storm was over, the clouds parted, the setting sun came out, huge masses of vapor lifted themselves like a rolling curtain from the depths beyond, and the valley was suddenly exposed to full view.

There at the left stood El Capitan, with its sheer walls of granite, like a massive cube of rock, rising from the green valley to an elevation fifteen times as high as Bunker Hill monument; while beyond at the right and left rose a dozen or more other granite walls, and towering peaks and lofty domes, some of them as high above El Capitan as five, ten, or fifteen Bunker Hill monuments piled above the first fifteen.

There the beautiful cataract of Po-ho-no was pouring its vibratory waters over a height three times as great as Niagara, while other falls yet three times as high as Po-ho-no were shimmering in the sunlight. And there, in the compass of a view three miles by fifteen, were clustered such bewildering sights of grandeur and beauty as overwhelmed the looker with a sense of their majesty and vastness, and put at fault in an instant every standard of mountain measurement and every ideal of natural scenery he had ever conceived. It was but for a moment.

The clouds returned, the lifted veil was dropped. All again was mist and gloom. But that one glimpse was sufficient to him who gazed, to reveal beyond doubt or question the wonderful beauty of the Yosemite Valley.

Had no other view of it ever been given him, he would have known as truly as if he had seen it every day from childhood, that it was impressive and lovely and awe-inspir-

ing beyond description.

Nor is it in natural scenery alone that a single glimpse suffices for a disclosure of essential characteristics, and fixes for all time an estimate of that which is thus observed.

You enter a room in some city or country home, with whose inmates you are quite unacquainted. You see unexpected signs of refinement and taste there. The furnishing is not elegant nor costly; but it is distinctly admirable.

Grace and delicacy show themselves on every side. Good taste and cultivation are apparent in the appointments and adornings of the room; in single pieces of furniture; in the style of the curtains, or the colors of the carpet; in the corner brackets, or a few simple mantel ornaments; in pictures on the wall, or books on the table; in the selection and arrangement of flowers or vines.

The less expensive all these are, the more they disclose of real character. One glance settles the question in your mind concerning the taste and refinement of the person responsible for the appointments of that room.

You cannot be mistaken thus far. No money can purchase these signs of refinement. No deception can make poor taste stand for good. You are sure that all further acquaintance would only give added evidence of the accuracy of your instant judgment on this particular point.

So also in matters of personal conduct. In a railway car or on a steamboat you see a gentleman leave his seat to give a bit of candy to the crying child of a poor overtaxed mother, with a look of kindness on his face that could not be simulated. You feel sure of his goodness of heart, if you never saw anything of him but this. One glimpse is sufficient. You would not be afraid to trust your child in that man's care at any time.

Or again you see a richly dressed lady jerk the arm of her little girl with an ill-natured snap; and you hear the impatient tones of her unmotherly rebuke of the child. One glimpse is sufficient. You need nothing more to satisfy you that she is not the person to have charge of the infant-class in your Sunday-school. A neighbor's boy is often judged by you, once for all, by a single show of meanness or of generosity, of ill-nature or of sweetness of temper, of modesty or of impurity.

An applicant for a place in your office, or shop, or kitchen, or on your farm, in many a case satisfies you concerning his character by the way in which he bears himself in his first interview with you. And no subsequent disclosure is likely to reverse a conviction based on the one glimpse which fairly opens to view the distinguishing traits of any person's nature. The conclusion arrived at is as fixed as it is prompt.

When character is strongest and most positive, either for good or ill, it comes to show itself in one's face that a single glimpse of that face tells the whole story of the life and being, to any keen-eyed observer. The very word "face" means, primarily, "the whole frame or body; so called from *facere*, to form or frame."

"For of the soul the body form doth take.
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

Many a person, it is true, has not sufficient character to frame the body and to shape the face, any more than to show itself distinctively in ordinary conduct, or in the furnishing of one's room. Just as many a phase of natural scenery lacks the power to impress itself on one's mind from one glimpse or from many. But a character which is real and potent asserts itself everywhere; and it is manifest in the face, beyond a doubt or a question.

You meet some faces which repel you at a glance. You know they are not to be trusted. You see selfishness, or lust, or malignity, or cunning and deceit, written in every line, and exhibited in the expression as a whole. You do not want to hear argument on the subject. You know that those persons are unworthy of confidence and respect.

Again you see a face of evident sincerity and uprightness, to which you give your confidence unreservedly at the start.

Or you look into a face of refinement and delicacy and saintliness; you see there the signs of quick perceptions, of keen sensitiveness, of purity of motive and conduct, of high-strung nature in close control, of attainment in godliness through sanctified suffering. You are as sure at the first glimpse as you ever could be, of the superiority of that char-

acter in its sphere. You give it your reverent admiration from the beginning, without a fear that you could ever find yourself mistaken in its predominant qualities.

Or again, in some hour of need, you see a face which shows manly independence and vigor, to be trusted unwaveringly alike in every emergency. One glimpse is sufficient. That man can be depended upon.

It is often true that a glance, under certain circumstances, exhibits one's character by its disclosure of feeling, even more clearly than the ordinary expression of face.

There are single looks of affection which are treasured as the choicer memories of a lifetime. One look of sympathy in a moment of need has told so much that it was henceforward, unflinching, a help and a comfort to a sorely-burdened heart.

There have been sterner rebukes in a look than in the bitterest words which were ever spoken.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly."

And many a child weeps bitterly, even after he has come to full manhood, as he remembers some unloving or ungrateful word which long ago was rebuked by a mother's never-to-be-forgotten look of sad and heart-sick reproach.

If, then, a single glimpse of us—of our faces, of our doings, of our personal possessions—is liable at any time to disclose our character to others, and to make an impression concerning us which shall permanently influence the observer, how important it is that our character be such that we are willing to have it disclosed always and to all. It is of no use for us to be on the watch for opportunities to make the abiding impression in the hope that thereby we can shape it desirably. That which shows us conclusively comes out from within; it cannot be put on. No forced smile, or designing words of kindly tone, or pretence of integrity, refinement, or manly vigor, can be a substitute for that which is unaffected and sincere. What we are, not what we assume to be, is settled by the glimpse of us which discloses our real selves to one whose opinion is worth having.

Said Cromwell to Bernard, an unscrupulous lawyer:

"I understand that you have lately been vastly wary in your conduct. But do not be too confident of this. Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will."

A favorite maxim of Granville Sharpe was:

"Always endeavor to be what you would wish to appear."

The scriptural maxim is yet better and of fuller meaning:

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life;" and out of it are, also, the unconscious and inevitable disclosures of character.—*S. S. Times*.

The Silent Hour.

When Mary Lyon planned the routine of daily life at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, she set apart half an hour, morning and evening, for the silent hour. This each young lady was to spend alone with God. In a family of three hundred, she must be absolutely alone. Her studies must be laid aside, her usual occupation left, and a brief period passed apart from the world. The time could be occupied in devotional reading or quiet thought. If a girl chooses to give the hour to writing, to study, or to idleness, there was no law to prevent it save the law written upon every heart. The wisdom of this rule is seen in the experience of forty years. Irrisome, perhaps, at first, it became, at last, to many, a restful and blessed hour, bringing in rich and choicest gifts. Young ladies have been taught to think upon subjects of the supreme importance, and the habit has followed them since leaving its sheltering roof. Do not those busy in the outside world equally need this—aye, more, is there not an imperative demand for a silent hour for business men amid the whirl and turmoil of active life? We spend our years as a tale that is told; sunrise and sunset crowds each other with the fearful rapidity that life moves in our days. Our energies are bent constantly to the care of self and the circle of dear ones about us. The sharp competitions of trade; the constant annoyances which come from contact with selfish characters; the fret and worry of life, demand one hour, or, at least, half that time, for absolute rest of soul, in which, lifted into a divine atmosphere, we may breathe the air of heaven. We shall

thus be the better fitted for earth's conflicts. What an infinite variety of thoughts would present themselves each recurring day. How do these terrible events, these moral wrecks, these multiplied instances of the fall of men from high positions in society and in the Church, emphasize the need of this daily silent hour with God, in which spiritual strength can be renewed and the nearness and power of unseen and eternal things can be felt. The need of the world, in these intense days, is a silent hour, when men shall stop in their mad rush for gain and pleasure, and think soberly upon their immortal destiny.

Faraday's Cheerful View of Death.

The loss of physical and mental power caused Faraday to reflect more and more on the great change and the hereafter. "I cannot think," he wrote, "that death has to the Christian anything in it that should make it a rare, or other than a constant thought; out of the view of death comes the view of life beyond the grave. My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy it is for all of us that the true good lies not in them. As they ebb may they leave us as little children, trusting in the Father of mercies, and accepting His unspeakable gift."

Calling on a fellow director at the Royal Institution, who was partially paralyzed, Faraday said:

"You and I are waiting; that is what we have to do now, and we must try and do it patiently."

To the Count of Paris, who had invited him to Twickenham, he wrote:

"I bow before Him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept patiently waiting for His time and mode of releasing me, according to His Divine Word, and the great and precious promise whereby His people are made partakers of the divine nature."

To another friend he wrote:

"I have told several what may be my own desire—to have a plain, simple funeral, attended by none but my own relatives, followed by a gravestone of the most ordinary kind, in the simplest earthly place."

When asked how he was, he answered, "Just waiting," and he sat at the window of the house at Hampton Court, watching now the people on the green, now the ever changing beauty of the clouds.

Fidgetty People.

Although women are usually considered to be more nervous than men, they certainly fidget less. Put an equal number of men and women to sit for half an hour upon arm chairs with loose chintz covers and anti-maccassars. When the women rise, the general appearance of their seats will be little altered; but when the men leave their chairs, there will remain visible evidence of a screw-like action upon the chintz, and it will be a miracle if half the anti-maccassars are not torn from their places. Or if a lady and gentleman converse together beside a drawing-room table covered with knick-knacks, the former will not touch them, but the latter will select some object and nervously play with it in a meaningless manner. One of the most wearisome and provoking forms of fidgetiness is that known as "pacing the quarter-deck," in which the offender traces and retraces a short space of ground or carpet like a wild beast at the zoological gardens when feeding time draws near. In this habit, and in any of the many other ways in which a man can show that he has got what children term "the fidgets in the legs," he has the power of making an intolerable nuisance of himself.

The arch-fidget of history was the great Napoleon. Not only did he pace up and down, but he whittled chairs and tables, and did other naughty things for which a judicious nurse would have tied up his hands in fingerless gloves. Such habits are but forms of nervousness, and it is certain that Napoleon was essentially a nervous man. Of all minor forms of the malady, the most serious in its results of social torture is that which manifests itself in what is vulgarly known as "the devil's tattoo." Who shall describe the horrors of this evil habit? An organ-grinder is an enemy to mankind, but the tattoo-beater surely owes his origin to something worse than human. For such criminals, and indeed for most men who are given to making morning calls, we would suggest that digitariums should be provided in

every drawing-room. These harmless instruments might then be the means, like scientific toys, of combining amusement with instruction.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods; she is not fashionable; generally, she is not rich. But, oh, what a heart she has when you find her—so large, and pure, and womanly! When you see it, you wonder if those showy things outside are women. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class horse. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them, if necessary, with no vulgar magnificat to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you will think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute,) and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor, fashionable society woman, that thinks herself rich, and vainly tries to think herself happy. Now do not, we pray you, say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go, find the true woman, and you can. Throw away cigar, put up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.

Downright hard work is essential to success in anything that is worth accomplishing in the world, as no native ability relieves a man from the necessity of earnest and persistent application in whatever he undertakes, if he would be efficient in his endeavors. This is as true for men of brilliant genius as for those of moderate capabilities. Indeed, it is generally recognized by them more readily than by inferior minds. "The fact is," said Ruskin, "that a man of genius is more ready to work than other people, and gets so much more good from the work that he does, and is often so little conscious of the inherent divinity in himself, that he is very apt to ascribe all his capacity to his work, and to tell those who ask how he came to be what he is: 'If I am anything which I very much doubt, I made myself so merely by labor.'" So if a man thinks he has genius in one direction or another, he will best prove it by working hard and persistently at anything he undertakes in that direction. His genius will prompt him to labor, not to relieve him from labor.

Superstition in England.

A remarkable case, as showing the amount of superstition still prevalent among the lower orders in England, came before the the borough Magistrates of Ludlow, Shropshire, recently. A woman named Collier was summoned under the local by-law for using abusive language toward another, named Oliver. The parties, it appeared, were neighbors, and a sheet having been lost off a garden line, the practice of "turning the key and the Bible" was resorted to with a view to the discovery of the thief. The complainant said Oliver met her in the street and told her the bible had been "turned down" to several houses where suspicious persons lived, and then when Mrs. Collier's name was mentioned "the bible fled out of their hands." The Bible was then turned to see if the sheet was stolen during the night or day, and, as the latter was indicated, Mrs. Collier called her "a — daylight thief." The bench dismissed the case, remarking that the superstition was "more like a relic of the past" than a belief of this "advanced age." It is curious to remark how this method of divination, very commonly practiced in the middle ages, has survived almost without modification. The Bible is opened at the book of Ruth, and, balancing the key on the forefinger of each hand, which are formed in the shape of a cross, the verse is repeated commencing, "Whither thou goest I will go." Where it turns the guilty party is to be found.

Learning to Save.

The first thing to be learned by a boy or young man, or anybody else having the least ambition to become a useful member of society is the habit of saving. No matter if a boy or girl has wealthy parents, each should learn to save, if for no other reason than that riches are "well known to take to themselves wings and fly away." Few are so well-to-do as to be secure against poverty and want. The children of the wealthy classes are often miserably poor, while men of large

means have commenced life without other advantages than habits of industry and a desire to save. It is especially important that the children of people in moderate circumstances, and of the poor, should learn to take care of the money they get. A boy who is earning wages should manage to save a portion of them if possible. If he can lay by only 1s. a week, let him save that. It doesn't amount to much it is true, but it is worth saving; it is better saved than wasted—better saved than thrown away for tobacco or beer or any other worthless or useless article or object. But the best thing about it is that the boy who saves 25s. a year on a very meagre salary acquires a habit of taking care of his money which will be of the utmost value to him. The reason why workingmen as a class do not get along faster, are not more independent, is that they never learned to save their earnings. It does not matter a great deal whether a man receives a salary of 5s. a day or a pound, if he gets rid of it all, during the week, so that there is nothing left on Saturday night, he will not get rich very rapidly. He will never have much ahead. But the individual who receives five shillings per day and is able to save a shilling, or the one getting a pound, who is careful to lay by five shillings, is laying up something for a rainy day. Young people who expect to labor with their hands for what they may have of this world's goods, who have no ambition or wish to become professional men, office-holders or speculators, should by all means acquire habits of economy and learn to save. So surely as they do this, so surely will they be in a situation to ask no special favors. Every man wants to learn to look out for himself and rely upon himself. Every man needs to feel that he is peer of every other man, and he cannot do it if he is penniless. Money is power and those who have it exert a wider influence than the destitute. They are more independent. Hence it should be the ambition of every young man to acquire, and to do this he must learn to save. This is the first lesson to be learned, and the youth who cannot master it will never have anything. He will not be independent.

The King in His Beauty.

To some poor misguided souls it has sometimes seemed as if there were an unrecconcilable antagonism between religion and the beautiful, beauty of form and feature, beauty of dress and house and home; there must be something half-sinful in these, they think, and no doubt these may be made sinful, as indeed anything can be made sinful. The devil has taken and perverted many beautiful things in this world, and turned them into instruments of evil. Beauty of dress ensnares many a soul, as does beauty of feature, and beauty of house and home. The devil has somehow got the monopoly of the larger part of the creations of art. Some of the finest painting in the world was done with the devil's brush; some of the grandest poetry was written with the devil's pen. Audiences of sinners gather nightly in our opera houses and listen to the most ravishing strains of the sublimest music—but musical art of a high order, it is thought, must not be laid on the altar of the church. Many glorious sights must we not see, many sublime sounds must we not hear, because, forsooth the devil has preoccupied the ground, and so placed his mark on these things of beauty that God's people must have none of them. As the world goes and as religion, too, goes now-a-day, but little art is open to the enjoyment of the Christian man. And so used are we become to being excluded from the temple of art, that from sheer force of habit, we sometimes think that there must be some irreconcilable contradiction between religion and the beautiful. By no means, by no manner of means! No doubt many departments of art are so perverted to sinful ends and purposes that a Christian man can have nothing to do with them without sin; yet it does by no means follow that these wonderful creations of art belong to the devil, and not rather to God and His children.

A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man, wisdom, and courage, and strength, and endurance; a bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture and often despair. No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision and energy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit

can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant, he delights in enterpriso and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He needs his moral force in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of cheerfulness, of peace, of comfort, and his soul renews its strength again and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness or gloom, or is assailed by discontent or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

THE KIND-HEARTED CREDITOR.—A saloon-keeper went down to the train last night to over-haul a man who owed him sixteen dollars. He announced his intention of wiping the platform with the man, if he once got hold of him. He found the man, and the two had a talk about the debt. The debtor told a pitiful story about his hard luck, and said he had only just enough money to get to Elko. The saloon-keeper is a kind-hearted German, and after hearing the story of the fellow's misfortunes the tears stood in his eyes, and he remarked, "Mine Got, Pill, ish dot so? Vell, here's two tollars und a half for you to get grub on der vay," and thrusting the money into the man's hand, he pressed it with a warm grip and a tremulous "Goot-by, Pill," and went up town murmuring "Dot poy is always in hart lug."—*Virginia (New.) Chronicle.*

Where the Angels Lingered.

A little girl, with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood, clad in a dress of chintz, loitered behind as the great dusty crowd moved out of the gates of Mount Adna the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and done honor to the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes filled with a far away look of tenderness, until the last one had disappeared and the rattle of the drums had died away. Then she turned and vaguely scanned the mounds that rose about her, clutching still tighter the fading bunch of dandelions and grave grass that her chubby hand held. An old man came by and gently patted her curly head as he spoke her name, but she only shrank back still further, and when he told a passing stranger that the little one's father was one who died on shipboard and was buried at sea, there was only a tear-drop in the child's eye to tell that she heard or knew the story. When they were gone she moved on further to a neglected, empty lot, and kneeling down she piled up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it down and smoothed it with her chubby hand. "This won't be so awfully big as the others, I guess, but maybe it will be big enough so that God will see it and think that papa is buried here." Carefully she trimmed the sides with the grass she plucked, murmuring on: "And maybe it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years; and then maybe papa will some time come back and"— But she paused as though it suddenly dawned upon her young mind that he rested beneath the waves, and the tear-drops that sprang to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grasses on the mound she had reared. When the sexton passed that way at night as he went to close the gates, he found the little one fast asleep, with her head pillowed on the mound.

ANXIOUS CARE.—What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow of its sorrows; but, it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil, it makes you unfit to cope with it when it comes. It does not bless to-morrow, and it robs to-day. For every day has its own burden. Sufficient for each day is the evil that properly belongs to it. Do not add to-morrow's to to-day's. Do not drag the future into the present! The present has enough to do with its own proper concerns. We have always strength to bear the evil when it comes. We have not strength to bear the foreboding of it. As thy day thy strength shall be. In strict proportion to the existing exigencies will be the God-given power; but if you cram and condense to-day's sorrows by experience, and to-morrow's sorrows by anticipation, into the narrow round of the one four-and-twenty hours, there is no promise that as that day thy strength shall be. God gave us—His name be praised!—God gives us power to bear all the sorrows of His making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is not

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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We Wish all our Readers a Happy New Year.

May the angel of peace spread her wings like a dove,
O'er their path through the days of the year;
And their house be the home of felicitous love,
And their larder be filled with good cheer.

May the "pearl of great price" their fair temples adorn,
And with "Wisdom" a laurel wreath twine;
And the "Comforter," gently as cometh the morn,
Lead them on up to glory divine.

Now is the time to do something toward extending the circulation of the FAMILY CIRCLE. Let each subscriber please try to get one more to subscribe. It will help us wonderfully.

With the New Year we purpose turning over a new leaf, and going to press not later than the 15th of the month; earlier if possible.

We are sorry that some of our subscribers had to wait a long time after subscribing before they received the first number, especially in Hamilton. We do not wish to say anything more than that it was not our fault, and we hope it will not occur again.

It is unnecessary to notify us not to send the FAMILY CIRCLE after subscription expires, as it will not be sent hereafter unless ordered.

To induce our friends to help increase our circulation we will send a bound volume of last year's numbers, free of postage, to any one who will send us two new subscribers with the cash (\$1.00), directed to this office.

To any one who will send us three new subscribers, or two new ones, and renew their own subscription, we will send as a premium the volume for last year bound, and the CANADIAN BAND OF HOPE, a beautifully illustrated children's paper, for the present year.

Some parties have written us without giving their address. Please be careful to give name and address with street number if possible, as we frequently have several subscribers of the same name in the same town.

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We have copies of Volume No. 2 bound in cloth, and will supply them to any who want them at 50 cents each, or in half leather at 75 cents each, and 5 cents extra for postage. A good engraving will be inserted as frontispiece to the bound volume.

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Please do not neglect to renew when, or before your subscription expires, as the paper will not be sent unless the subscription has been renewed. We will, however, send it to those who are not prepared to pay at the time of renewing but by postal card or otherwise express their wish to have it

sent on; but we will not lay ourselves open to the charge made against us in several instances of trying to force our paper upon persons who do not want it. We know that our paper is appreciated by a large class of the most intelligent and refined portion of the community; and if there are others who do not appreciate it, or who for pecuniary or other reasons do not wish to take it, we do not wish to even be suspected of trying to force them to take it against their inclinations; but we do expect those who have taken it in the past to pay for what they have received; and no one with a common sense of justice would ask to be released from their obligation to us without paying up.

Subscriptions may be sent in 3, 2 or 1 cent postage stamps, when paper money is not at hand.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The Way to Health.

The only true way to health is that which common sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason. Eat moderately, drink temperately, sleep regularly, avoid excess in everything, and preserve a conscience "void of offence." Some men eat themselves to death, some wear out their lives by indolence, and some by over-exertion, others are killed by the doctors, while not a few sink into the grave by vicious and beastly practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical sciences in the world cannot save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct, he is planting the seeds of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.

The Physical Value of Singing.

Singing is one of the healthiest exercises in which men, women and children can engage. The *Medical Wochenschrift*, of St. Petersburg, has an article based upon exhaustive researches made by Prof. Monnassein during the autumn of 1778, when he examined 222 singers ranging between the ages of nine and fifty-three. He laid chief weight upon the growth and absolute circumference of the chest, upon the pneumatometric and spirometric condition of the singer. It appears to be an ascertained fact from Dr. Monnassein's experiments that the relative, and even the absolute circumference of chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that increases with the growth and age of the singer. The professor even says that singing may be placed physically as the antithesis of drinking spirituous liquors. The latter hinders while the former promotes.

A Fatal Shirt Button.

The death is announced at Heidelberg of Dr. Adolf Sander who was formerly in large practice as a physician in Elberfeld and its neighborhood. One morning in 1874, while dressing, he contrived in some way to get a shirt button between his teeth. Unconsciously, while laughing, the button slipped into the back of his mouth, and thence into the larynx. All the exertions of his surgical friends to remove it were vain. It was ascertained that it sank into the right lung, which soon became irritated. Spitting blood ensued, and he was himself looking forward to his death as not very remote. He removed to a villa he had near Frankfort-on-the-Main to

pass his last days in quiet. Here he was surprised by a violent fit of coughing, accompanied by spitting of blood, in a paroxysm of which the button was ejected. His health rapidly improved, and in a few months, regarding himself as quite cured, he resumed his professional work, and endeavored to gather up the threads of his former practice. But last year unmistakable symptoms manifested themselves that the lung had not fully recovered from the presence in its substance of a foreign body for several months. He spent the winter in the south of Europe, but returned almost worse than he went. He gradually wasted away, and died a few days ago.

Causes of Diseases of the Eyes.

The following excellent summary of causes of injury to the sight is made by Prof. Raoux, an eminent physician of Lausanne :

1. Bad light, or defective illumination.
2. Air vitiated by animal emanations, vegetable or mineral dust, the smoke of various combustibles, especially that of tobacco, in which nicotine exists.
3. Temperature too high or too low, and sudden changes and draughts.
4. Clothing too tight, particularly at the neck or waist.
5. Position with the head and body too much bent forward, during labor with the eyes.
6. Premature study, excess of reading, etc.
7. Alcoholic excesses.
8. Use of the eyes and brain immediately after eating.
9. Habitual constipation, cold feet, and everything which tends to produce congestion of the head.
10. Immorality, especially during childhood and youth.

Among the attractive features of that excellent edifice, the New York Hospital, is its *solarium*, situated on the top of a portion of the structure, and inclosed in glass, serving also the purpose of a conservatory. Here, in sunny days, are congregated many patients, and they certainly have the appearance of being very comfortable. The great Hospital of St. John, at Brussels, has on the roof an elegant garden, tastefully laid off, and planted with shrubs, small trees, and a grass lawn, interspersed with fragrant flowers. In this quiet, rural retreat patients, particularly convalescents, are permitted at certain hours of the day to promenade, indulging in the luxury of good air and bright sunlight. There are few of our hospitals that might not profitably imitate these examples, and not only construct rooms inclosed with glass, but, better still, rooms without glass, where direct solarization can be employed with the most gratifying and salutary results.—*The Sanitarium*.

Follies of Fashion.

A caricature published in 1840 is still to be found in old collections, which represents a fine gentleman and lady walking hopelessly around a handkerchief which the lady had dropped on the street. Both of them were too tightly-laced to be able to stoop to pick it up.

In the first years of this century men, as well as women, strove to exhibit the wasp-like waist, which was held in admiration. Even as late as 20 years ago it was common for a fashionable lady to put on her hat before her corsets, as she could not lift her hands to her head after they were laced. The press and even the pulpit attacked this suicidal folly. It has almost disappeared among educated people.

Women in this country have become familiar in statues and pictures with the ideal forms of beauty which the world in all ages has admired. They have learned how hideous to an artist's eye is the lean, consumptive waist which was once decreed by fashion.

There are one or two ways, however, in which the fashionable dress of to-day still injures health and deforms the figure. One of these is the high, ungraceful hat perched on the back of the head. An eminent aurist attributes the rapid increase of diseases of the ear to this recent uncovering of the ears by women.

Another is the massing of a heap of unclean, dead false hair upon the back of the head, the heat of which frequently injures the scalp and produces an affection of the brain.

The most common and ludicrous error is the high-heeled

narrow shoe which women not only wear, but put upon their helpless children. The muscles of the instep and foot are completely displaced by these shoes. It is impossible to wear them a year without deforming the foot, displacing the toes, and crippling the muscular power of the leg.

Some time, probably, our women, better educated than now, will learn the beauty of the natural foot and of a free, light step—a charm which few American women (except those with red skins) can boast.—*Youth's Companion*.

How a Sedentary Life Affects Women.

The Popular Science Monthly remarks that many of the ills and diseases prevalent among women in our day are no doubt traceable to the sedentary mode of life so common among them. The progress of the industrial art has done away with much of the household drudgery to which women were formerly subjected, and the result is in too many cases want of sufficient occupation for needed bodily exercise. It says: The fruits of this state of things are strikingly exhibited in certain observations made by the late Dr. Robertson, a Manchester surgeon, who in his practice as a specialist for women's diseases found that in women who themselves performed all their household work their was no trace of certain complaints, that these complaints begin to make their appearance in women with one servant, become more pronounced in women who have two servants, or worse still with those who have three servants, and so on. He showed statistically that the death from child-birth were four times greater in the cases of women with four servants than those with none. On the other hand, we observe a statement the other day that since the suspension of labor in the mills of New England on account of the panic many of the female operatives have sought employment as domestics, and as a consequence there is much more sickness among them than there was previously. This would seem to show that housework is not as healthy as labor in cotton or woolen mills.—*Troy N. Y. Times*.

A Hint for Nurses.

We quote the following excellent hints for changing bed linen from *Scribner's Monthly* for September :

"Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse or more difficult to an inexperienced one than to change the bed linen with a person in bed. Everything that will be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him; the soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet, take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the beds with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheet, replace the former and put on the spread. Lastly, change the pillow-cases."

THE TREATMENT OF BUNIONS.—The treatment consists in removing all pressure from the part affected. The formation of a bunion may in the beginning be prevented; but when actually formed it is scarcely possible ever to get rid of it, and it remains an everlasting plague. To prevent the formation of a bunion, it is necessary, whenever and wherever a shoe or boot pinches, to have it eased at once, and so long as that part of the foot pinched remains tender, not to put on the offending shoe again. When a bunion has once completely formed, if the person wish to have any peace, and not to have it eased, he must have a last made to fit his foot, and have his shoe made upon it. And whenever the bunion becomes inflamed, and is painful, it must be bathed with warm water and poulticed at night.

The Secret of Beauty.

The secret of beauty is health. Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if they have lost it, or to keep it if they have it yet. No one can lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest he must take, his baths, his diet, his exercise, are matters of individual consideration, but they must be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well he looks well, and when he looks bad he feels bad, as a general thing. There are times when one could guess, without looking in the glass, that his eyes were dull and skin was mottled. This is not a case for something in a pretty bottle from the perfumers, or for the lotion that the circulars praise so highly. To have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and the happiness that usually comes with it are the true secrets of beauty.—*Quarterly Review.*

Hoarseness and Loss of Voice.

We append some paragraphs on these topics which have lately been printed in our exchanges: (1) For hoarseness or tickling in the throat, take a small quantity of dry powdered borax, place it on the tongue and let it slowly dissolve and run down the throat. It is also good to keep the throat moist at night and prevent coughing. (2) When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case from the effects of cold, a simple remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. (3) Horseradish will afford instantaneous relief in most obstinate cases of hoarseness. The root, of course, possesses the most virtue, though the leaves are good till they dry, when they lose their strength. The root is best when it is green. The person who will use it freely just before beginning to speak will not be troubled with hoarseness. (4) Beat well the whites of two eggs, add two table-spoonfuls white sugar, grate in half a nutmeg, add a pint of lukewarm water, stir well and drink often. Repeat the preparation, if necessary. (5) Whoever will try honey and alum—a small portion of each, will never suffer from hoarseness.

WAKEFULNESS AT NIGHT.—A glass of milk taken on going to bed at night may assist you in overcoming your sleeplessness. In the New York State Inebriate Asylum a glass of milk is frequently administered at bed time to produce sleep, and the result is often satisfactory, without the use of medicine.

HOW TO OBTAIN SLEEP.—The following is recommended as a cure for sleeplessness: Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons prefer cold. To those suffering from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain-work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon.

AN EPIDEMIC FROM IMPURE WATER.—An alarming epidemic of diarrhea recently broke out in the Kentucky State penitentiary. Within forty-eight hours more than five hundred convicts were attacked, scarcely enough well ones being left to care for those who were sick. A careful examination showed that the cause was the use of impure water.

POISONOUS PAPER COLLARS.—An English physician extracted ten and a half grains of arsenic from a single paper collar. All paper collars are not poisonous, but many manufacturers employ arsenious acid in producing the gloss, and such collars are of course dangerous.

Condurango, the South American drug which has at various times acquired such a reputation for the cure of various and widely different diseases, among which have figured prominently all kinds of malignant diseases, has proved, upon chemical analysis, to contain no active principle. Its chief virtue evidently is that it is inert.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

GOOD PRESSED BEEF.—We commend to our many new house-keeping readers the following, which has been partly given in former years. Take any fresh lean beef—the cheaper pieces—as the upper part of the leg above the “soup pieces,” answers very well; that containing tendons or plenty of gelatine is even preferable, and some of the round steak or any other lean portions may be used with it. Boil closely covered until so tender that the meat will fall from the bones. (It is better to keep a closely fitting pan of cold water over the cooking kettle, to condense and cause to fall back the rising steam containing the escaping flavor.) Use only so much water as is needed to prevent burning. Take out the meat, mix and chop it fine. Put it into a pan or other deep dish. Skim off any excess of grease from the cooking liquor, and add it to a tablespoonful of Cooper's or other good gelatine for each three or four pounds of meat. When dissolved pour it into the chopped meat; put on it a large plate or tin that will fit into the dish, and place upon this twelve to twenty pound weight—flat-irons will answer. When cold it is a solid mass, from which thick or thin slices may be cut, that are marbled in appearance, and are very excellent for sandwiches, or for a tea or breakfast dish, and will keep several days even in warm weather if set in a cool place. It is tender, juicy, digestible, nourishing, convenient and economical.

CUP CAKE.—Four cups of flour, four eggs, three cups of sugar, one of butter, cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder or one of soda.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs, and flour to bring it to a right consistency; pare and core a dozen large apples, and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix well in the batter. Fry in lard as you do doughnuts, and eat with powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon.

CRANBERRY DUMPLING.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted together; mix into a soft dough with sweet milk; roll the dough out very thin in oblong shapes, and spread over it one quart of cranberries, picked and washed clean; add half a pound of sugar, sprinkled evenly; fold over and over, then tie in a pudding-cloth and put into a steamer, where let it cook over a steady fire for one hour, with faith, never looking into the pot. Serve with sweet wine sauce, or cream and sugar.

THE SURPRISE PUDDING.—To eight ounces of fine flour add six ounces of currants and six ounces of suet chopped fine. Make these into a crust with a little water, and line a mould or pudding-bowl with it. Then take four ounces of loaf sugar pounded, the juice and rind of two lemons, and add to these five eggs well beaten. Beat all these ingredients well together, and pour the mixture into the lined mould and boil it for an hour and a half.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of nice, fine bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg; bake until done, but not watery; whip the whites of the eggs stiff; beat in a teaspoonful of sugar, in which has been strained the juice of the lemon; spread over the pudding a layer of jelly; pour the whites of the eggs over this; replace in the oven; bake lightly; to be eaten cold, with cream, if preferred.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three eggs, two cups of flour, two cups of apples cut small. Bake one hour, and eat with sauce.

SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—Two cups of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of corn starch or flour; beat all well, then add a teaspoonful of boiling water, put in a saucepan on the fire until it thickens like cream; do not let it boil. Flavor to taste.

APPLE JELLY.—To thirteen good-size apples put one quart of water and one lemon; boil till soft, and strain. To one pint of juice add one pound of sugar, and boil twenty minutes.

APPLE SNOW.—Pare and core tart, juicy apples; stew with just enough water to keep from burning; sweeten with white sugar, and beat perfectly free from lumps; when cold, add the juice of half a lemon. and, for a dish large enough for eight or ten persons, the whites of two eggs: beat the mixture until it is stiff enough to stand alone, and is as "white as snow," and you will have a delicious and elegant dessert; eat with whipped cream.

CELERY FLAVORING.—Soak for a fortnight half an ounce of the seeds of celery in one pint of brandy. A few drops of this will flavor a pint of soup very nearly as well as if a head of celery was stewed in it.

TO COOK ONIONS.—Onions, even the "silver skins," have quite a strong flavor, which may be removed by boiling, till about half done, in water in which has been thrown a small lump of charcoal. Then drain off and finish the boiling in milk and water, and this objectionable vegetable will be found sweet and delicious.

STARCH.—To prepare starch, mix one-half pint starch with one-half pint cold water, and add three quarts of boiling water, stirring until smooth.

TO CLEAN BLACK CASHMERE.—Wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water; rinse in bluing water—very blue—and iron will damp. It will look equal to new.

TO CLEANSE THE TEETH.—A good way to cleanse the teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine white castile soap, then dip in prepared chalk. A lady says: "I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth, as the chalk is prepared, but with a good stiff brush and the soap it is as effectual as soap and sand on a floor."

EGGS FOR WINTER USE.—It is a foolish plan to be seeking the best method for putting down eggs for the winter use. This used to be one of the first tests of thrifty housekeeping. But it is better and just as easy to have hens lay all the year around. If hens have a warm house and enough to eat, and of the right kind, they will lay in winter as well as in summer. Farmers always expect to feed some grain to the fowls, then if they would save all of the waste meat and scraps that accumulate from the table, and feed it to the hens in winter they would be repaid in fresh eggs. It is also a good plan to hatch out some early and late chickens, as in that way the late ones will be laying when the older ones want to set.

STAINED HANDS.—Stains upon the hands from preparing fruit or vegetables may be removed by rubbing the hands while washing with a little tartaric acid, afterward rinsing them in clear water, then using soap and fresh water. Once or twice washing will clean every stain, and the hands will be soft and white. The juice of ripe tomatoes will remove the stains of walnuts and most fruits from the hands.

Chemicals in the Household.

It is surprising, considering how many women have been instructed in chemistry in school-days, to find how few housekeepers make any use of chemicals in various household processes. Especially is the case in cleansing processes. The washing of clothes is usually wholly accomplished by rubbing the clothes on the washboard, and with no other detergent than soap. The rubbing of the clothes wears them out far more than use; and if housekeepers only knew, or, if knowing, they would take advantage of the fact, that many washing compounds will almost entirely cleanse clothes which are soaked in them overnight, and thus almost entirely do away with the labor and wear of the washboard, wash-day might be robbed of half its terrors. Receipts for washing compounds, the principal ingredients of which are soda, ash, ammonia, and lime, can be found in almost any household recipe book, and they are very cheap and harmless.

All such washing compounds are useful and convenient for cleansing woodwork, paints and carpets in a house; also

in washing dishes and securing that desideratum of housekeepers—clean dish-clothes. Ammonia is a simple, cheap and harmless chemical, and should be bought by the quart and kept in every family. A few drops added to water will cleanse children's hair and make it soft and sweet. It is an admirable disinfectant to remove the odor of perspiration. It will remove grease spots from clothing, and often restore color to stains. Its common and frequent use cannot be too frequently urged. Borax is another chemical that should find common use in every family. For cleansing teeth and sweetening the breath a few grains of the powder in water are unexcelled. It also softens and whitens flannels.

Salicylic acid is a perfectly odorless and harmless, yet powerful disinfectant, and for many disinfecting uses in the household is invaluable. It is very cheap and convenient in room. In these days, when to stay various forms of disease is so important, mothers and housekeepers would do well to give study and thought to these things, and try to make their knowledge of science practical. It is very encouraging to note how many women are at present turning their attention to studies in general and applied science. Let us have its benefits exemplified in the household.

A Vegetable Diet.

As "hard times" often reduce families from affluence to the barest necessities of life, it is well to know that men may live and thrive on vegetables alone.

At a recent meeting of the London Medical Society, Sir Joseph Fayrer said that he had seen in the north-west provinces of India, whose inhabitants are pure vegetarians—eating not even butter, eggs or milk—some of the finest specimens of the human race, as regards strength, endurance and physical development.

Their food consists chiefly of peas, bean the like—articles of diet specially rich in nitrogen, which is one of the chief elements of nutrition.

Hence, no person needs to starve who can secure a dinner of beans, baked with a little pork, and accompanied with good brown bread. The body finds in these the main things it requires to sustain life—heat, strength and nourishment. Indeed, few persons could find a really better diet—provided their digestion is not impaired.

Still, we would not advise an exclusively vegetable diet in our climate. Children especially need different diet. This nature shows by providing milk for the infant, for which all the resources of science have thus far have failed to find a full substitute. At a later period—in fact, during the whole period of growth—no food is better, every way, for bodily health than a porridge made of oatmeal and milk.—*Youth's Companion.*

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Love and Lightning.

A lady, who her love had sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding-rings were made of gold?
I ventured thus to instruct her:
Love, ma'am, and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from heaven they came;
Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor.

There isn't a vegetable that can catch up with the tomato.

Railroads are built on three gauges: Broad gauge, narrow gauge, and mortgage.

It is better to improve by other people's errors than to find fault with them.

"I hab hearn," said a colored preacher, while enforcing the duty of liberality on his congregation, "ob many a church what hab died becase it gib away too little for de Lord, but I neber hearn ob any what died becase it gib away too much. Ef any of you know ob any church ob dis kind, what died from liberality, jes tell me where it is, and I will make a pilgrimage to it, and by de soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon its moss-covered roof, and write upon its top-most shingle: "Blessed am de dead what die in de Lord."

A gentleman, being threatened with an infectious fever, said to his little son, who, in an affectionate mood wished to embrace him, "you musn't hug me; you'll catch the fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amazement upon his papa, who, by the way, is a pattern of propriety, and quickly asked, "why, papa, who did you hug?"

Humorists are not encouraged in China. When a paragrapher gets off a joke on a slant-eyed Emperor, the alleged humorist has his pig-tail cut off. The loss of this hirsute appendage is bad enough, but when they amputate it without removing it from his head it becomes painful, and the paragrapher's propensity for joking is cured forever.

A TRAVELLER.—One of our furriers recently sent the store-boy to the back part of the establishment to bring back a certain fur cape. After some time the youngster returned with the article neatly folded up, and was greeted with, "Well, you've got back at last, have you? You've been gone long enough to sail from South America." "Well, sir," said the lad, as he modestly raised his parcel, "I did double the cape."

NEVER DESPOND.—Don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip down by the way, and others thread over you a little. Accidents will happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out different from your expectations, and we may be sufferers for the time, but if we have faith in ourselves and work with a will for an object we shall succeed in the end.

THE WORLD'S VERDICT.—There is no higher tribute paid to Christianity than that which comes from its enemies. The Pharisees of a few secular papers pick up every instance of failure on the part of professors to walk worthy of their high vocation, and then tell us that Christianity is most admirable in itself, but that the churches are corrupt, because some of their members are proven to be bad! What is this but a confession that a consistent Christian is the highest style of man?

CONSCIENCE.—Not all the gold of Peru could purchase one moment's peace of conscience, nor all the combined work of the world, both natural and artificial, buy eternal rest; yet their price is within the reach of the poorest and meanest, for a simple act of faith will purchase both.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Habit is a powerful factor in the make-up of character; as our habits are, so are we judged. If kind and thoughtful by nature, our habits will prove the fact. The habit of doing good or evil will distinguish the individual according to the force he puts into it, and if that habit can find circumstances to develop it, it may have a wide influence.

HE COULDN'T HELP IT.—The wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along, and the errors were numerous and bad. "Why husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar; else you are very negligent." "Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work; "what's the matter now?" "Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular number." "I can't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being."

Hard work prevents worry. "Work, but don't worry," the old saw says; but some people don't work, so they take it out in worrying.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING.—"Feller spoke disrespectful of my sister; said he'd bet she was cross-eyed, and I sailed in." "Is your sister cross-eyed?" inquired the reporter. "Hain't got no sister," was the reply. "It was the principle of the thing what I got licked for."

An eccentric individual, being particular about his new minister, is said to have prayed aloud, at a meeting of the kirk elders, "Send us not, an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his goslinhood, but a man with all the modern improvements."

Those newspaper editors who are too proud or too obstinate to retract any unjust or improper language which they have admitted to their columns, should profit by the example of an editor who gives notice as follows: "If any subscriber finds a line in his paper that he does not like and cannot agree with; if he will bring his paper to the office and point out the offending line, the editor will take his scissors and cut it out for him."

AT MASS.—Tantara, the celebrated landscape painter, was a man of ready wit, but he once met his match, an amateur had ordered a landscape for his gallery; in which there was to be a church with some people entering or leaving it. Our painter did not know how to draw figures well, so he put none in the landscape. The amateur was astonished at the truthfulness and coloring of the picture, but he missed the figures. "You have forgotten to put in any figures," said he, laughingly. "Sir," replied the painter, "the people are inside at mass." "O, well," replied the amateur, "I will wait and take the picture when they come out."

How His Head Swelled.

The following I heard repeated by one of the perpetrators when living in Manchester, about thirty-five years ago. I regret that it is so long since I left Lancashire that I am doubtful about being able to give it in the correct dialect: "Tom went out o' th' shop, and a lot on us agreed to hev a lark we 'im; we thowt we would freiten 'im loike. So when he come in Ned says, 'Art thee badly, lad?' He says, 'Noa; whoi?' 'Cause thee looks whoite.' Then comes up Jack; he ge's a jump, and says, 'Tom, what's tha matter wi' thee lad! but tha does look bad. Whoi! tha head's swelled.' Says he, 'Git out, or I'll swell thy head to' tha'. I'll gi' tha a buzz at ear-hoile. Next comes up Bill and two or three more, and they all says, 'Whoi, Tom's summat tha matter wi' 'im; 'is head's swelled.' 'Not it,' says he, beginning to be alarmed. 'But it is; try thee hat on, an' tha'll see.'" The band of his hat had previously been tightened, so when he tried to put it on, and could not, he became downright frightened, went home and took to his bed. After he had been there a few days he was told the trick, and recovered.—*Notes and Queries.*

A lady giving her little boy (aged 4) religious instructions, told him that if he was good he would go to heaven and sing psalms and play the harp before the throne of God. "But I can't play the harp," said the child. His mother answered that he would know how to play when he got up to heaven: The child then said: "Mamma, when I get up to heaven I shall ask God to give me a drum."

Some Queer Things.

Take, for example, the following genuine notice on an Irish church-door: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk." Here is another kindred specimen: "Notice.—The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly." In the April of 1806, the following bill was stuck up: "This house to be let forever, or longer if required." Such a house would quite match the gown mentioned by Miss Edgeworth, "which would wear forever, and might be converted into a petticoat afterward." Another peculiar garment is described in one of Lady Morgan's earlier novels as being composed of "an apparent tissue of woven air."

SEASONABLE.—This bit of fact and fancy is published as appropriate to the season:

The golden glow of harvest
Has faded from the land,
The anthem of the brooklet
Is hushed upon the sand;
And while the scarlet leaflet
Beneath the snow-flake lies,
The small boy enters the pantry
In which the nice mince pies
Are located, and takes out one under his coat.

MISCELLANEOUS,

SEEKING.

I seek blue violets far and near,
The green trees whisper to deride me;
I reach a lowly path, and here
The dainty darlings droop beside me.

Through all the world I seek, and ask
That fame and fortune may elate me,
I turn me to my lowly task,
And there does happiness await me.

Irish Love-Song.

AIR.—*"The Little Red Lark."*

Ah! swan of slenderness, dove of tenderness,
Jewel of joys, arise!
The little red lark, like a rosy spark
Of song, to his sun-burst flies;
But till you are risen, earth is a prison,
Full of my captive sighs;
Then wake, and discover to your fond lover
The morn of your matchless eyes.

The dawn is dark to me, hark. O! hark to me,
Pulse of my heart, I pray;
And gently gliding out of thy hiding,
Dazzle me with thy day!
And O! I'll fly to thee, sing, and sigh to thee,
Passion so sweet and gay.
The lark shall listen, and dew-drops glisten,
Laughing on every spray.

Written for the Family Circle.

DRAMMEL:

A Christmas Story.

BY FRANK LAWSON.

One Christmas Eve, as I was sitting in my study listening to the jovial voices on the street, I fell into a melancholy mood quite at variance with my ordinary nature. The more boisterous the noise and mirth became without, the drearier became my thoughts, and, as I sat watching the burning sticks blaze brightly, and crackle in the fire-place, the thought forced itself upon me, that many might upon this very night be in the midst of privation and want; while the general throng were in their most jocund state, regarding the loss the need of homeless sufferers. Thus moralizing, I sat by the fire for hours, till the tumult on the street had ceased and scarce a footfall disturbed my musings.

Strange, I thought it then, but stranger still it seemed an hour afterwards, that the remembrances of an old school-fellow, named Drammel should rise vividly before me at this particular time, when a thought of him had never crossed my mind for years before. I remembered distinctly the quiet, reserved little fellow, who never joined in the rough games of his schoolmates. I remembered too, and more painfully distinct, how grieved I had felt after giving the poor fellow a thrashing for not helping in a plot against the teacher, and he didn't even so much as tell the teacher on me.

Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by a timid tap at the door, and as I was the only one who had not yet gone to bed, I stepped to the door and nervously opened it. There, on the door-step stood a poor shivering, little ragged girl, whom I quietly contemplated, till she turned toward me and opened her mouth as if attempting to speak, but closed it again without an audible sound. At any other time or under any other circumstances I would have unhesitatingly begun talking to her, which I'm sure would have made it easier for her to tell me what she wanted. Presently she raised her large black eyes, from which the tears began to flow, and she faltered:

"Please—sir—da."

She stopped, and the tears fell faster.

Feeling still preventing my speech, I tried to smile, and leaned forward to encourage her.

"Please—sir—dad's a dyin'."

I confess I was more at a loss for words thus far than she; but I now quickly inquired her name, to which she replied with some hesitation, "Mary Jane Drammel."

The truth flashed before me in an instant; this little girl was the daughter of Drammel the schoolmate of my early days, and it was he who was dying.

"Come! take me to your home!" I exclaimed hurriedly, as I put on my hat, rushed out, and waited for the child to lead the way.

The night was bitter cold, the wind was blowing the snow in eddies along the pavement, and I shuddered to see the little girl before me trudging bravely along with stockingless feet, and shoes full of holes. We had not gone far when she turned down a mean little alley. Still following, she led me to an old, dilapidated house at the further end, and opening the door with a firm, yet nervous hand, I saw displayed a picture of utter wretchedness.

The building, which had once been a frame house, was nothing but a ruin now. One side of the large room, which was the only apartment belonging to the place, was covered with snow, that had drifted in through apertures in the wall, or more properly side. As I gazed upon the white flakes, I remembered to have admired them at other times, but they made my very heart-blood chill in that dreary place. The hearth, too, was covered with snow, and had evidently been without a fire for some time. It was easy to account for the haggard look of the occupants of the room, and I was not surprised upon turning up the bed-cover, in which was an old mattress, to see Drammel lying upon it with a pallid ghost-like face, nor to see the care-worn look in his wife's features, as she sat there beside her husband's, perhaps, deathbed.

"Do you think Santa Claus will come here to-night, Mr.?" said the little girl. He used to come when we lived in a good house, but now 'da' is so sick, and it is so cold here, I'm afraid he won't come. I could see his tracks in the snow if he did. O, I wish he would come and bring me some stockings, for my feet are awful cold, and if he'd bring something to cure my poor 'da, I would be a good girl and wouldn't cry when I'm hungry."

A hasty glance by the light of a flaring tallow-dip was all that was needed to convince me of the amount of distress that prevailed there, and I saw at once that medicine was not the only thing required. However, I promptly sent for a doctor, and after tendering the best advice I could, had all the provisions which were immediately necessary for the little family sent to them.

On my way home I pondered upon the causes of the little girl's coming to me, and wondered if Drammel had remembered and kept track of my whereabouts ever since we went to school together. I had not even so much as thought of him for twenty years at least, and would not have known him now had I met him without his name being told me. But I came to a more satisfactory conclusion before entering my door. Mine was the only window showing a light between the old ruined house in the alley and my home.

But prompted by a strong desire to see what had taken place in Drammel's household, next morning when I arose I eagerly wended my way thither.

My knock was answered by Mrs. Drammel, who didn't know me until the little girl came up and said with a force which I didn't believe her to possess:

"It's Mr. Eldon."

Upon hearing this, she pleasantly bade me enter, saying that her husband wished very much to speak to me.

When I went to the bedside Drammel extended his shrunken hand, which I instinctively grasped, and my heart swelled within me as he said with grateful tears in his eyes,

"You've saved my life, and my wife's and child's too, for we must have all died if—"

The tears were forcing themselves from his eyes, and he paused as if to check them.

"I was a most starved and frozen to death," he said, after recovering himself, and he would have gone on talking, but not wishing to display my feelings there, I promised to call again, and left the family happier than they had been for many months before.

Drammel is now making an honest and comfortable living. Through my influence he got employment, and

proves himself a hard working man and a real credit to society. Whenever I meet him now his hearty clasp of my hand, his grateful look, and open smile, remind me of the occurrence of that Christmas—a Christmas which I look back upon with pleasure, and I think I may safely say that I never spent a happier one in all my life.

Name of The Good Samaritan.

Oberlin, the well-known philanthropist of Steintal, while yet a candidate for the ministry, was travelling on one occasion from Strasbourg. It was in the winter-time. The ground was deeply covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. He had reached the middle of his journey and was among the mountains, but by that time was so exhausted that he could stand up no longer.

He was rapidly freezing to death. Sleep began to overcome him; all power to resist it left him. He commended himself to God, and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death.

He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious of some one rousing him and waking him up. Before him stood a wagon-driver in his blue blouse, and the wagon not far away. He gave him a little wine and food, and the spirit of life returned. He then helped him on the wagon and brought him to the next village. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which his benefactor refused.

"It is only a duty to help one another," said the wagoner, "and it is the next thing to an insult to offer a reward for such a service."

"Then," replied Oberlin, "at least tell me your name, that I may have you in thankful remembrance before God."

"I see," said the wagoner, "that you are a minister of the gospel; please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan."

"That," said Oberlin, "I cannot do, for it was not put on record."

"Then," replied the wagoner, "until you can tell me his name, permit me to withhold mine."

Soon he had driven out of sight, and Oberlin never saw him again.

The charm of this story is that no name is given of any person—all we have is the generous spirit which prompted it.

A Child's Rebuke.

The Pittsburgh *Telegraph* relates how a blase young fellow, moody under the influence of liquor, had strolled into the reading room of one of the hotels, when a little girl of ten years came in and looked timidly about the room. She was dressed in rags, but she had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each, begging. One gentleman gave her a five-cent piece, and she then went to the gentleman spoken of and asked him for a penny, adding, "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was all out of humor and he said crossly: "Don't bother me; go away! I haven't had anything to eat for three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder and stared at him for a moment, and then walked slowly toward the door. She turned the knob and then after hesitating a few seconds she turned quickly and walked straight up to him who had spoken so ill-naturedly, and gently laying the five cents she had received on his knee said, with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice, "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days, you take this and go and buy some bread. Perhaps I can get some more elsewhere." The young fellow blushed to the roots of his hair, and lifting the miniature Sister of Charity in his arms he kissed her two or three times in delight. Then he took her to the persons in the room and to those in the corridors and the office, and told the story and asked contributions, giving himself all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over \$40 and sent the little kindly-hearted one on her way rejoicing.

Wicks made of spun glass have been tried in lamps, and it is said they do very well. It is stated that they supply the petroleum, oil or alcohol to the flame with more steadiness than the ordinary wick; that they secure a clear and pure light at a less expense of fuel, and that they diminish the usual unpleasant odor.

Children in the Park.

When I get soul-and-body weary, says Fauny Fern, I like to stroll into the Parks, sit quietly down, and watch the children with their nurses. I think that I can pick out every child there who has a sensible mother. She neither exposes its little bare legs to the treacherous winds, nor puts out her baby's eyes with a dazzling white veil, or dresses her child so fine that it cannot sit down on one of the seats. If her child is hump-backed, or lame, she does not render the poor little creature's misfortune more conspicuous by a gaudy costume. If her boy has grown big enough to be ashamed of long, girlish ringlets about his shoulders, she does not insist upon sacrificing his insipient manliness to her absurd vanity. With these views, you may be sure that my list of children who are blessed with sensible mothers is rather limited than otherwise. Still it comforts me that it takes a long time for the weakest mamma to spoil a very little child; to transmute its naturalness into artificiality, and graduate lip, eye, and brow, in fashion's school. So I love to watch them, encumbered as their gracefulness often is with fine trappings. It is an article in my creed that a pretty child looks prettiest when plainly dressed, and that a plain one never can be made pretty by "fuss and feathers."

I saw a little girl, the other day, there, shaking her golden ringlets about under a sensible hat, and toddling before me on the gravel walk. I wanted to see the face under that hat; so I stooped down—uncertain what reception I should meet—and peeped under the brim. Not a droop of the clear eyes; not a blush of shyness; but instead—two of the sweetest parted lips in the world, put trustingly up to kiss me. I'm not ashamed to say that there was a big lump in my throat, and a moisture about my eyes, as I returned it, or that I looked after her till she was out of sight, and prayed heaven she might never give a kiss less purely, or where it would be less valued. I have felt the dewy, fragrant touch of those little lips often since, though I don't know what mother's pet I blessed, nor does it matter.

How Tony Sold Rosebuds.

He was only a dog, but a very smart dog indeed. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy, called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy; and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with the good dog.

Now Tony had grown to be a large, strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often, standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for his customers, Beppo would feel inclined to cry for very loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say:

"You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody. I'll stand by you."

But one day it happened that when the other boys, who shared the dark cellar with Beppo, went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know.

Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist, who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds. Having filled his basket, the boy went home again and tied it round Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog, and said:

"Now, Tony, you are the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safe, and don't let any one steal anything."

Then he kissed the dog, and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he gravely took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now and then, when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went

home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome.

Beppo untied the basket, and looked in the cup, and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

That is how Tony sold the rosebuds; and he did it so well that Beppo never tired of telling about it.

A True Hero.

After the yellow fever had ravaged Memphis in 1878, such was the terror of the people that it became impossible to find any one willing to nurse the sick or bury the dead. James Forbes, an engineer on a railway running into the city, had a fireman named George, a gruff, silent fellow, who had worked with him for years.

One day the engineer was sent for. His boy, a lad of eighteen, was struck down with the plague. As he left their engine, George struck his shovel into the coal, and pulled on his cap.

"Where are you going?" said Forbes.

"Along with you. I'll see you through this pull, Jim."

Forbes lived in a small house on the edge of the Bayou Gayosa, a sluggish stream, laden with impurity, which oozes through the city. The boy had been seized with the disease in its most malignant form. He died that night.

Forbes and George nursed him, carried him out in the coffin, and with their own hands dug a grave and buried him. When they came back, they found that Forbes's only other child, a little girl, had been seized. The mother, a few hours later, was stricken down. Both died. The two men stood beside them. The air was heavy with a horrible odor, literally the breath of death.

"You've done all you can, George," said Forbes; "save yourself. Fly before it is too late."

"No, I'll see you through," said the fireman, gruffly.

Coffins were no longer to be had. They made a box, laid the mother and child in it, dug a grave, and buried them.

Before the task was finished, Forbes turned to go home. The plague was upon him. George carried him to the house, nursed him tenderly until he died; then alone he buried him beside his wife and children. After the last sod was heaped upon the grave, he turned away and went quietly back to his work.

George was not the only hero who justified his right to live, in that terrible dark day. There are hundreds of them still living, or at rest beside those whom they vainly tried to save.

A SPARROW'S FRIENDSHIP.—This little story, which comes to us from England, might put many a human biped to blush: A gentleman residing in Canterbury, being in the habit of feeding the sparrows which congregated about his garden, noticed one of them pick up several of the largest of the crumbs and place them before another of the number, who gladly availed himself of the opportunity so kindly afforded him of enjoying his meal in peace and quietness. On watching closely for the cause of this, he discovered that the bird on whom this attention was bestowed had only one leg, and was, therefore under a great disadvantage in procuring the means of subsistence.

DON'T FRET.—One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighborhoods, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evil; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere presence of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm.

Three Golden Balls.

The game of billiards originated in a pawnbroker's shop. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, a London pawnbroker, William Kerr, was in the habit of amusing himself in wet weather, when there were no customers, with pushing about three balls on the counter with a yard measure. This

suggested a board with side pockets. An old manuscript says: "Master William Kerr did make one board whereby a game is played with three balls; and all the young men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St Paul's; hence one of ye strokes was named a 'canon,' having been by one of the said clergymen invented. The game is now known by the name of 'bill-yard,' because William or Bill Kerr did first play with the yard-measure. The stick is now called a 'kew,' or 'kne.'" The bill-yard is modernized into billiard, and kew into cue.

FATEFUL MOMENTS.—In every serious fire, says Conrad Wilson, the ultimate amount of disaster is determined by the duration of time between the first moment of the outbreak and the arrival of sufficient aid. Whether this interval is 30 minutes, is a question often on which great values are staked, and it frequently makes all the difference between the extinction of the fire without loss, on the one hand, and infinite ruin on the other.

Men talk gravely of the value of time even in the ordinary affairs of life. But have they ever referred its value to a standard like this? Have they ever considered the intense reality of disaster or the sublime conceptions of ruin by which alone can be measured its priceless value in the first brief stage of a conflagration, when vivid events crowd each other in an endless series, as they flash through the little eternity of that half hour.

Then seconds are expanded into days, and minutes into months; moments are measured by millions of value; every tick of the clock is prophetic of a warehouse in ruins, and each vibration of the pendulum swings an unhoused family into the street.

In the origin of most fires the breath of a child that puts out a candle would extinguish the incipient flame. Give that flame a few more seconds, and neither child nor man could lift from the ground the weight of water required to subdue it.

Shakspeare in Court.

The Albany Law Journal, states that a Pennsylvania judge, in a recent case involving the question of the custody of children where the parents disagreed, quoted "Taming of the shrew," v.2,146:

"Thy husband is thy lord, thy life thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land,
To watch the night and storms, the day is cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;"

and added: "This which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of a woman, is poetry, but at the same time law. The man who uses this power to burden, and not assist, his wife, becomes a tyrant and not a husband. The woman who seeks no counsel from her husband, sets up her own authority against his, and does not, with love, yield him homage and respect, has yet to learn the true nature of the relation into which she has entered."

Children commonly possess some good qualities, and it is the duty of parents to discover these qualities and foster them; thus instead of directly suppressing the evil, we should develop the good, which will in time "overcome that which is bad." We cannot expect at one stroke to drive from the youthful mind all that we dislike; all we can do is to trust to good influences, and endeavor to interest their youthful minds in the higher and nobler aspirations.

A naughty nephew has swindled his uncle, a foolish Kentucky farmer, out of a bride. The old man was well-to-do, and his nephew lived with him on Green River. A charming country lass in the neighborhood was very poor, and yet disinclined to marry wealth when it was handicapped by old age. The old man's entreaties did not cease, and finally in despair he enlisted the services of his nephew, who was prevailed upon to argue the case with the charmer. The confiding old farmer never suspected anything, when the nephew suggested the propriety of capturing the young lady with presents, and giving her an earnest of what she might

expect after marriage. The suggestion was received favorably, and the old man thinking the younger the better judge in such points, gave him \$150 for the purchase of his gifts. The nephew went down to Evansville a few days ago and bought some handsome dresses, jewelry and other bribes, and took them back to his Green River home. The old man presented them to the lady freely as a token of regard, hinting that if she would become his wife she could have as many duplicates of the lot as she pleased. The young lady went to work and made up the dresses, and then ran away with the nephew.

POMPEII.

In a recent lecture Rev. Henry G. Spaulding said that in 1748 the spade of a Spanish engineer first struck upon the buried ruins of the city. The city was buried at a depth of from twenty-three to twenty-six feet of ashes and volcanic mud. The lower half of the deposit consisted of dry ashes and small stones or scoriae. Then comes about ten feet of volcanic mud. This was caused by the heavy vapor of steam in the atmosphere, which converted the showers of ashes as they fell into a plastic mass. Above this mud are the scoriae and ashes of later eruptions, and the soil which has accumulated upon the surface. Nothing, or very little, was burned in Pompeii. The heat was not sufficient to change the colors of the frescoes on the walls, and the woodwork was carbonized by its long entombment in such a soil. The lecturer defended the city against the charge so commonly made that it was an immoral and vicious city. It was a city of art and culture, and was inhabited by men of wealth and rare taste. If our modern American cities were to be blotted out as Pompeii was blotted out, the future discoverer would find beneath their ruins evidences of vice and licentiousness to which Pompeii can give but little comparison.

Silk from the Sea.

The sea yields many precious things—coral, amber, and pearls—but it is not generally known that in certain parts of the Mediterranean a species of mussel is found, of which the shells contain one of the most beautiful textile materials known. These shells are about seven inches long and three inches broad, and each of them contains a hank or byssus of the fibre, weighing half a drachm, and at first it presents nothing particular to the eye, being soiled with mud and the remains of marine plants. But when washed and combed the fibres are seen to be extremely lustrous, glistening in the sunshine in shades varying from a golden yellow to olive brown. Spun and woven in the ordinary manner, stockings, gloves, neckties, and similar articles, can be manufactured from them, and they are likewise specially suited for making the finest lace. At present the production of these fibres hardly exceeds 260 kilogrammes (3 cwt. 3 qrs.) a year. Specimens of these curious mussels and their finished products were exhibited at the recent Paris Exhibition, but they appear to have been overlooked.

ANCIENT GLASS.

The London *Saturday Review* is of opinion that the oldest specimen of pure glass known is a little moulded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. It was probably fashioned more than 2,000 years B. C., and the skill displayed in it is sufficient evidence that the art of glass making was not then in its infancy. Glazed pottery and beads as old as the first Egyptian dynasty have been found.

Of later glass there are numerous examples, such as the bead found at Thebes, which was the name of Queen Hatasso or Hashoph, of the eighteenth dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story prepared by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians is so far true that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schliemann found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass blower was known long before is certain from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much

older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half obliterated scenes in a chamber of a tomb of Thy at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of assiduous researches of many Egyptologists, to give it a date in years.

HOW TO MAKE COWS GIVE MILK.—A writer in the Southern Farmer says his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 260 pounds of butter were made this year. This is in part his treatment of the cow:—"If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk give your cows every day water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pail full at a time, morning, noon, and night.

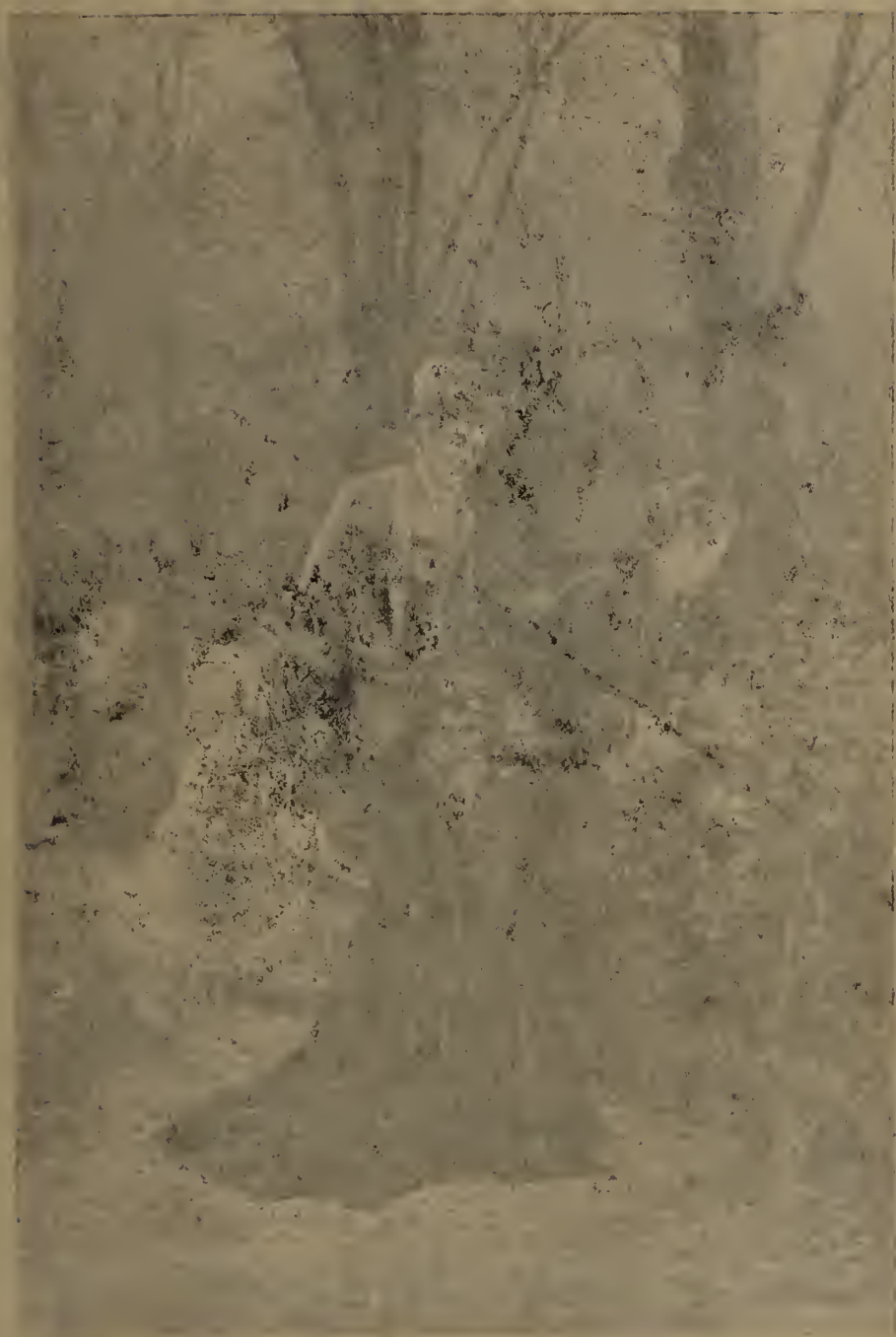
STRAW SLIPPERS.—In no other country, said Prof. Moise, in a recent lecture, will the traveler find so many things as in Japan, and he was kept very busy recording his first impressions. One of the first things that struck him were the wooden sandals worn by these thirty-five millions of people. They have a separate compartment for the great toe, and make clacking noise on the street. Straw slippers are also worn, and a traveller setting out on a journey, will strap a supply of them on his back that he may put on a new pair when the old is worn out. They cost but a cent and a half a pair. They are not rights and lefts, and leave the feet free to the air—we never see those deformities of the foot in Japan which are so frequent in this country. They are never worn in the house, being left outside the door; passing down a street you see long rows of them at the doors, old and new, large and small. It is surprising to see how rapidly the Japs step out of them, and pick them up again with their feet, without stopping when leaving the house.

THE SPHYGMAPHONE.—Dr. Richardson, the eminent English champion of the temperance cause, is also very eminent for his scientific attainments and discoveries. He has recently invented an instrument called the sphymaphone, by means of which the pulse can be made audible, and can be heard by a large audience. It is even said that by means of this instrument a physician can sit at home and listen to his patient's pulse several miles away.

LEADVILLE.—The effects of high altitude are illustrated at Leadville. Cold water boils at 190 degrees instead of 212 degrees. Nothing that is eaten cooks at this temperature. All sorts of devices are resorted to for confining the water so it will not evaporate till it can be charged with more heat. The pulse runs high. Liquor quickly intoxicates, lungs have increased labor, and evaporation cools the body suddenly, subjecting it to catarrhal and pulmonary derangements. Though nearer the sun by over 10,000 feet, its heat is diminished, showing that the sun does not send fire to us, but chemical power, which acting on the atmosphere, eliminates heat according to the density of the atmosphere, and in all inter-planetary space light and heat are absent. Leadville is rich in gold, but not in health. Even flies cannot live there.

How to Cure Snoring.

One of the simplest, and at the same time most effectual remedies against snoring is to place a thin, oval-shaped piece of silver or hard rubber, between three and four inches in length, and one and a half inches in width, formed so as to fit the jaw comfortably, between the lips and the gums. By this simple appliance the breath is forced through the nostrils, and aside from being prevented from snoring, it keeps the throat and tongue moist instead of being dry and parched, as when air is inhaled into the mouth and throat. If the mouth is kept shut all trouble about snoring will be removed.





GATHERING FLOWERS.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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NO. 7.

Written for the Family Circle.

New Year's Eve and Morn.

The dying year : cut down by Fate's stern hand,
Fades slowly in the dim, weird shadow-land,
(That mystic home of Time's departed dead;
Whither the shades of bygone years have fled).
Fading, with all its actions in its train,
And sad-voiced memories alone remain
To chide the weary drooping hearts that sigh
O'er wasted moments in the hours passed by.
The virgin moon, by fleecy clouds o'ercast;
Looks down in sorrow on the wasted past,
As silent vesper stricken shadows fall
And veil the year, now fading past recall.

The midnight hour has struck; the old church bell
Has tolled the past year's sad departing knell;
And loud is borne, along the natal air,
The gladsome notes that greet the newborn year.
All vanished now: the darkling, earworn trace
Of bitter Retrospection's gloomy face;
The Old Year's sadness, faded now from view,
Is merged within the brightness of the New.
And Luna, radiant majesty of night,
Floods the new year with clondless streams of light,
That pierce each shadowed path, as though to cheer
The wayworn pilgrim through the coming year.

HEReward.

Toronto, New Year's Day, 1880.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued).

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT IN THE CITY.

Three days after the events narrated in the last chapter, Miss Wilmot was sitting in the magnificent parlor of the paternal mansion, perusing the latest novel of one of her favorite authors, when, hearing a carriage stop, she looked out toward the grand entrance to the beautifully decorated grounds fronting the street, and saw a young man alight, followed by an elderly lady and gentleman, whom she at once recognized as our friend Herman Trevellyn, and his uncle and aunt. Rising suddenly, she bounded up to her own apartment and hastily arranged her toilet, which she had not completed when the waiting-maid announced the arrival of the party already alluded to, whose cards she had presented to her mistress, Mrs. Wilmot. It must be admitted, that though Miss Wilmot would not have owned, even to herself, at that moment, that the presence of her visitors was an incident of more than ordinary interest, still her cheeks became

flushed, and there was quite an appreciable acceleration of her heart's pulsations; and when, under the influence of the excitement of the moment, she descended to the drawing-room, she appeared to her greatest advantage, and it is not a matter of surprise that Herman thought her peerless in her beauty, as with gracefully mingled cordiality and dignity she extended her hand and bade him welcome.

"We had begun to fear," said she, "that you were so in love with your uncle's beautiful home and grounds that you would not favor us with a visit to our less inviting city residence. In the city, of course, there is an air of artificiality about everything. Even the most tastefully arranged lawns and arbors and flowers seem put up and circumscribed."

"It is true," Herman replied, "that on account of the comparatively small dimensions of the premises available in cities, it is impossible to have the air of freedom of which more commodious grounds are capable, and then the disposition to display a large variety of species, and to produce too great a variety of effects, I think sometimes does violence to good taste, but I do not notice that defect in the grounds here. Indeed, the grounds here are not so restricted, nor the various objects so crowded as to give the air of artificiality of which you speak. True, you have not the stream with its waterfall, nor the hills, and rocks, and vales, that give in my estimation a peculiar charm to my uncle's estate, but your grounds are charmingly laid out so far as I have seen them, and must indeed be a luxury not common to city life."

"Not many gardeners to beat ours," said Mr. Wilmot, who had just come in from business before the guests arrived,—"brought up to it from a boy. Father a gardener before him. Knows how to do his work, and does it."

"Shall I show you our garden?" said Miss Wilmot, addressing Herman. "It is not as pretty as your uncle's, but it is as fine as any in this part of the city."

"Yes, yes, take a look through the garden," said Mr. Wilmot, "while my friend Trevellyn and I rest ourselves and chat a little. Time enough for us."

"Yes," said Mr. Trevellyn, "less exercise satisfies us than would have done so thirty years ago. I begin to think sometimes that I am growing old, though I declare my heart feels as young and as strong as it did at any time in my life. I don't see why we should ever grow old."

The garden into which the youthful couple entered was oblong in shape, and was but a continuation of the grounds in front of the buildings, for there were no fences separating them except a hedge-row extending across at the rear of the house, and pierced with open gateways or paths at each side of the house, and with a well-trimmed arbor-vitæ evergreen at each end of the hedge-rows. Immediately at the rear of the house, and at each side, were statues of smiling cupids, so arranged that by turning a tap they playfully drenched each other with spray. In the centre of the garden was an arbor surrounded with trellises and covered with flowering vines, and around this were arranged, half shaded by shrubbery, such flowers and plants as love a cool and shaded situation. At the rear end of the garden the foliage was too dense to admit of much floral ornamentation, but many of the trees and shrubs were themselves of the flowering varieties.

and the air was laden with fragrance. Bees and insects were busy extracting sweets from the flowers, but a few sparrows and a single robin were at the time the only representatives of the feathered race lending their presence to beautify the scene, if we except Miss Annabel's canary, of which she was very fond, and which in its silver plated cage, she had left suspended in the arbor. There was not here the incessant hum of animated nature, which was so marked a feature in Mr. Trevellyn's gardens; nevertheless, there was with the air of quietude, a display of magnificence and taste in all the arrangements and decorations, second only to the Trevellyn estate.

Amid these scenes Herman was led by his fair companion, who gave the history of the rarest plants, some of which were brought from distant countries by her father's agents, who were employed in his business in the principal countries of the globe. "After all," said she, when she had called attention to everything of special interest, it does not at all compare in loveliness with your uncle's magnificent garden and grounds."

"I have nowhere met with so enchanting a scene as this," Herman replied. "My uncle's grounds are admirable, but the chief attraction, a loveliness which is the special gift of Heaven to favorites is lacking there."

"I don't know what you refer to," said Miss Annabel.

"A central figure," Herman replied. "The first garden ever made has, perhaps, not been excelled by any of a later date in the beauty of its adornment, but after all, what was Eden without Eve."

"You flatter me," Miss Annabel replied, blushing deeply, "unless you refer to our distant relative after her fruit-testing experiment, in which case I would not think it very complimentary."

"I was referring to appearances, not morals," Herman replied, "yet I do think that external beauty should in the natural order of things be a fair index to corresponding qualities of the soul which animate it. It was not necessary that Eve should cloud her loveliness by the consequences of transgression. She gained nothing by it but unprofitable knowledge and sad experience, and it is not necessary that any of her daughters should follow in her footsteps."

"But you surely do not believe that the simple eating of an apple, or some other description of fruit, could involve such serious consequences as are attributed to it, do you?"

"It was not the fruit, nor the eating of the fruit, but the disobedience, the rebellion, the violation of covenant engagements implied in the act, that was followed by the sad consequences in which we have all been involved, as I understand it," said Herman.

"Then I would advise you to get a nice central figure for your garden, carved in stone, like those cupids that are gleefully casting spray upon each other. They at least will maintain their innocence."

"I presume," said Herman, "that those figures are emblematical. I perceive that their bows are laid aside, and their arrows in their quivers, and instead of using them, they are throwing cold water on each other; and as Cupid's ardor has been cooled, the rich treasures of your heart have not been opened, is that the inference?"

"Those who make books should know how to read them; and if you see anything symbolized in the figures, interpret it as you please. In my opinion it would be better for mankind, and woman-kind particularly, if the little rogue called Cupid were not quite so loose in his method of flinging about his arrows; the consequence of which is that young people are often mated who are wholly uncongenial in taste and sentiment, and quite incapable of bearing with each other, much less of enjoying each other's society. I do not believe in persons in different positions in life tying themselves together as some of my acquaintances have done, to quarrel over their differences ever afterward."

"I quite agree with you," said Herman, "that a good degree of caution should be exercised in the bestowal of our affections, but I do not think that caste distinctions should be rigidly adhered to; equality of fortune or social standing does not necessarily imply congeniality of sentiment. True unity consists in sympathy of views, and feelings, and moral sentiments; and where these are found, difference of wealth or station will not disturb the harmony that ought always to exist in every Christian household."

"I should like very much to see what kind of a figure you would erect as a suitable representation of love. I suppose it would be a cupid shooting his darts at an angel."

"Not at all," said Herman, "I have no objection to the presence of angels, and take pleasure in the thought that they are not uninterested spectators of our everyday life; but for human companionship nothing will do but a human soul in a human body; a soul adorned and beautified with all the graces that angels admire, and represented to the senses by a physical presence as beautiful in its outward appearance as the soul dwelling within. If I should prevail upon my uncle to erect such a statue in his garden, might I take you as my model?"

"Bosh!" she exclaimed, as she plucked a rose from a tree that clambered up the arbor, you surprise me! I am a long way from *your ideal*. Me represent the graces angels admire? Why it is ludicrous. No! no! not yet. Sometime, perhaps, when the world is less satisfying and I want to claim a place with those ethereal creatures, I shall devote more time to cultivating those graces which I do not deem attainable in the present."

"O! Miss Wilmot!" Herman replied, "how can you speak so lightly of those matters which are of the highest importance conceivable, especially as there is no certainty in reference to the future. I cannot look upon your face, so bright and beautiful and joyous, and think that you are wholly indifferent to those matters that are of so much consequence to your happiness in the future. Pardon me if I have spoken to you in a way that my relationship to you did not warrant, but my slight acquaintance with you leads me to feel solicitous for your highest happiness, which I feel would be more fully secured by a more decided recognition of your true relationship to him who holds all our lives in his hands, and who is as worthy of our supreme affections as he is positive in his requirement of them."

"You have no need to apologize," she replied. "With the views which you entertain I cannot but esteem you more highly for your advice, at the same time I am not prepared to accept the consequences involved in a change of course at present. My circle of acquaintance is not of the religious class, and I see no reason why I should be an exception while I am quite happy as I am. And now let us talk about something else. When do you return to college?"

"Next week I shall have to leave, to be in time for the opening."

"So soon; I wish you would come to the city, and attend some of our parties. I am sure you would be charmed with the society of some of the ladies to whom I would introduce you."

"I don't want to be charmed," Herman replied, "and therefore I would not care to attend your fashionable city parties. I like a quiet visit like the present one much better than the mingled formalities and gaieties of fashionable parties."

"I cannot say that those parties afford me unalloyed pleasure," Miss Annabel replied, "I dread them, and am fascinated with them. The society is charming, the display is brilliant, the excitement absorbing, the dinners enjoyable, the music delightful; but the exercise is fatiguing, and the conversation superficial and often nonsensical. I often get heartily tired of them, and yet when the next comes I am quite as eager to take my place as before. But now the dinner hour has come, let us return to the house."

"Well, Mr. Trevellyn," said Mr. Wilmot, when he entered the drawing-room, "how did you like our garden? I hope my daughter showed you through it satisfactorily."

"I was quite charmed with it, especially as it was shown to me by so competent and interesting a guide. I did take exception to one thing, however," said Herman, laughing. "I saw two cupids, who are supposed to be doing execution with their bows and arrows, with their weapons lying idly by, and throwing cold water upon each other. I do not doubt that Miss Wilmot's admirers find her heart very difficult of impression under the circumstances."

"Capital! capital!" said Mr. Wilmot, "you have hit it nicely. Admirers! Yes, she has plenty of them, such as they are. Anybody could admire a fresh, handsome young lady, and —"

"There, that will do, pa; that will do!" Miss Annabel interposed.

"And," Mr. Wilmot continued, "she is as fine looking as any of them in my opinion, though I am not an unpreju-

diced party; but they, the pampered young gentlemen, who have nothing but money to recommend them, and some of them not much of that, are hollow—" and he finished the sentence by tapping his forehead; "and others are hollow—as well," he added, tapping the region of his heart.

The dinner bell now rang, summoning them to a luxurious repast, which was partaken of amid sallies of wit and repartee, which were at once promotive of good spirits and good digestion.

The time passed swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, until the shades of evening began to fall, when the guests took their leave, and Miss Arabella retired to her room to commune with her own thoughts, instructing her maid to say, if any one called on her, that she had retired feeling somewhat indisposed.

"How different he is from other men," she said, when she found herself alone.

"The only really sensible one among them all,—hollow-headed, yes, father, you are right, and hollow-hearted too. He is genuine, and good and true. If I could always be with him, I could give up my gay companions and my empty-headed admirers, as father calls them. But why such folly? perhaps he does not care for me at all!"

Then she took up a book and read, but she did not know what she read, and at last the words blended with her thoughts, and her thoughts took shape—she dreamed.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Family Circle.

DICK'S MASQUERADE.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bitterly icily cold day, the wind was keen and sharp, and the little frozen flakes of snow felt like sharp pointed needles, driven against one's face with vicious force.

"It was a terribly cold day," said the men, as they pulled their ulster collars as close to their ears as they could get them, and rammed their fur caps down on to their heads, till nothing was to be seen but a pair of blinking eyes, and the tip of a red nose. Whilst the ladies shivered, and drew their warm furs closer about them. In fact it was one of the coldest days our Canadian winter has yet brought forth, and Jack Frost was holding high revel.

Up through the busy thoroughfare came a little figure, clad in a dark gray tweed dress, with a dog-skin jacket decidedly the worse for wear, a broad black felt hat with a long ostrich feather, and a white cloud about her neck.

She was very pretty; it needed but a glance to see that, and many a passer-by forgot to rail at his frozen extremities as he took a second glance at the piquant face under the broad felt hat. She looked doubtfully, a trifle anxiously, about her as she walked, as though dreading to be recognized.

"Oh! how I hate to do it," she murmured to herself, "it is so bitter, so humiliating; and then too it is hard to part with the bracelet, the dear old bracelet that I have seen Mamma wear so often on her beautiful white arm, when she was dressed to go to some ball. Ah, me! how different it is now; she never thought that I would ever be doing what I am going to do now, nor Papa either, when he clasped the bracelet on her arm on their wedding day. Heigho! well, it cannot be helped, the children must have warm clothes; and besides, I could not endure to let Christmas pass without giving them their Christmas dinner; they are all looking forward to it; poor wee things! Oh no! I could not bear to disappoint them; poor Gerald does his best, but he cannot do everything; poor old fellow! he has been wanting a new overcoat since the winter before last."

Here her thoughts broke off, for she found she had arrived at her destination—a little dingy second-hand store, kept by an old Jew. In the window was displayed a miscellaneous assortment of articles, all second-hand. It was not at all an inviting place for anyone unaccustomed to such scenes to enter, and Nellie Grant stood hesitating for a moment, and then screwing up her courage, lifted the latch and entered. The old Jew stood behind his counter, talking to a well-dressed young man, who looked as much out of place there as

Nellie. He was buying some books, and had just completed his bargain when she came in, but instead of leaving the shop he drew back into a corner and waited, as she stated her business, which she did in a low, sweet voice, which would tremble a little in spite of herself.

"If you please, I wish to dispose of this bracelet; what would you give me for it?" She took from her muff a case in which lay a beautiful bracelet of gold, set with pearls.

With a keen glance at the girl, out of his little seedy eyes, the Jew took it from her, and examined it closely, while Nellie stood with downcast eyes and trembling heart awaiting his decision.

"Ha! how much you want for it, Miss?"

"I don't know—I mean about twenty-five dollars," she gasped, almost in tears.

"I will give you eighteen," he said, laying the bracelet down on the counter, and looking at her.

She hesitated a moment, and the small hands inside her muff were clasped tightly together.

"Very well," said she, "I will take that."

He slowly counted out the money, and then shoved it towards her. She gathered it up, and without waiting to put it in her purse, quickly left the shop as though anxious to get away. When she was gone, the young man before-mentioned emerged from his corner, and saying: "Keep the bracelet till I come back," he also left the shop and hurried after Nellie's retreating figure. On, on, she went, and still he followed her. Of course, it was highly improper for him to do so, and I do not defend his conduct in the least. But little cared Dick Cameron whether it was proper or otherwise; all he thought about was finding out who this lovely girl with the wonderfully sweet voice was. Soon she turned into a quiet street, and stopped at an old rough-cast house; she ran up the steps, and went in closing the door behind her. Dick was disconsolate; however, he took heart when he saw a man emerging from the next house, and came towards him.

"Could you tell me, please, who lives in that rough-cast house yonder?"

"The Grants live there, and a mighty proud lot they be; I take it," he answered.

"The Grants?" echoed Dick, starting slightly; "Is there a young man about my age in the family, named Gerald Grant?"

"Yes, there be," said the man, nodding.

"And what does he do?"

"I believe he is a clerk in Cunningham's warehouse; they're a pretty large family to keep, and they be as poor as rats; Mr. Gerald supports them; and the young lady, Miss Grant, I believe she is a bit of teacher or something; but they are a proud lot they are, and hold themselves high."

With this parting comment on the Grant family, the man went off, and Dick, congratulating himself on his luck, for he happened to know something about this Gerald Grant, betook himself again to the pawn shop.

"How much will you take for that bracelet," he asked the Jew.

"How much? Ah! then you will want to buy it?"

"Yes, I do want to buy it, and I will pay you any reasonable price you may name."

"Forty dollars. Zat is reasonable."

"Forty dollars! you old rascal! how dared you swindle that poor child? Forty dollars? And you only gave her eighteen!"

"Ah! the shentleman don't understand; I must make moneys."

"You might have given her the price she named. But here's the forty dollars, give me the bracelet."

Putting the case into his pocket, he slowly wended his way home, or, more correctly speaking, to his boarding house. Entering his luxurious bachelor apartment he lighted a cigar, and throwing himself into an arm-chair, thought over the events of the morning, and revolved in his own mind the possibilities of making the acquaintance of the Grants.

"By Jove! I have it!" he exclaimed, springing up and overturning a chair in his excitement. "I shall go down now and see about it. Ha! ha! ha! what will the 'mater' say if she hears of my masquerade." And Dick shouted with laughter, as he sallied forth to put his design into execution.

Meantime, reader, let you and I—more privileged than Dick—take a peep at the interior of that old rough-cast

house, into which Nellie Grant had vanished from his longing eyes.

It was the breakfast hour, and the whole family were seated at the table. There were ten of them, brothers and sisters, of whom Gerald and Nellie were the two eldest, and the recognized heads of the house.

"I say, it's only two weeks to Christmas?" put in Jack, the irrepressible.

"Only two weeks till Tismas," echoed Baby Syd, looking around upon the assembled household, with a benignant smile lighting up her chubby face.

"So it is, darling," answered Nellie, looking lovingly at her,—"littlest one of all"—and then letting her glance wander around the table at all the bright young faces, and thinking with a pang in her heart, how little she would have to give them when Christmas did come.

"I wonder if Santa Claus will bring us anything this year," said Dolly, with a wistful remembrance of a certain flaxen-haired dolly in a shop window down town.

"Well, now, I come to think of it I don't believe he will," answered Fred, "I saw him the other day, and he told me he was afraid to come here because last Christmas Syd scared him half to death, by sitting up in bed and crying out, 'Oh, Santa Claus did bring me a booful dolly,' before the poor old fellow had time to get out of sight, for you know he hates to be caught; so you see Syd its all your fault."

"Oh, Fred! for shame to tease her so," cried gentle Maude; while Baby Syd, bending slightly forward in her high chair, a spoon held aloft in one fat hand, and her solemn blue eyes fixed on her brother's face, listened with mighty indignation.

"Then Santa Claus tells 'tories, and he is a bad man, and I don't want him to bring me anysing; now!" she cried in a temper of baby rage.

"Syd! syd! Fred. was only fooling," interposed Gerald. "Perhaps, who knows, Santa Claus may bring us all something at Christmas; come and sit on my knee, Sydney and tell me what you would like."

"We will have a Christmas dinner anyway; won't we Nell?"

"I think we must have the turkey and plum pudding at any rate, Jack," Nell answered.

"And now, children, you had better be off to school; and we had better be off, too, Fred. By the way when do the holidays commence, boys?"

"On the nineteenth; examination is going on now; and oh! Gerald, I am sure I shall take the Latin prize."

"Indeed, Heber, I am very glad to hear it; do your best, my boy for I fear this will be your last term at school. And now, off with you, it is a quarter to nine."

When all the rest had dispersed to the various occupations awaiting them, Nellie stood alone at the window, turning over in her mind the problem of that Christmas dinner; and the few trifles she longed to give to the children.

"It must be done without troubling Gerald," she thought. And so the result of her meditation was the expedition to the Jewish pawnshop, which was to lead to greater things than the purchase of a Christmas dinner.

When Dick Cameron left his room with the laudable intention of putting his new born idea into working order, he went straight to the great warehouse of Cunningham and Morley, and asked to see Mr. Cunningham on important business, he was at once admitted to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the senior partner, and was greeted by that worthy with a bluff "How d'ye you do, Dick, my boy? glad to see you; sit down sit down."

So Dick, my boy, sat down and proceeded to state his important business, while Mr. Cunningham listened in a dazed sort of way looking so helplessly at the young man, that Dick could have laughed had he not been in such dead earnest.

"You—you want to become a clerk in my warehouse,—you with fifteen thousand a year at your back, have you gone crazy, Cameron?"

"No, I assure you I am quite sane, sir; and I should feel very grateful if you would take me on," answered he laughingly.

"Well, but what are your reasons?" persisted Mr. Cunningham.

"Excuse me, sir, that is a secret just at present; but I do wish you would do as I ask you, you need not pay me a

salary; it is not money I want; will you do me this favor, Mr. Cunningham? Surely it is no crime for a rich man to work."

"No, no, God forbid! But if you have really set your heart on becoming a clerk in my warehouse, Dick, I—why, I can only comply with your request, although I do think it a most remarkable one, coming from a man in your position; and, by the way, what will people say to this freak of yours?"

"Very few need know anything about it; not that I would care if they did, only as it might affect my purpose; and there is one more thing, sir. I want the other fellows to think of me as one of themselves, as a poor man, in fact; if they find out the truth all is lost; will you keep my secret, and allow them to think me a poor man?"

"But how is that to be managed, some of them surely know you as the rich Dick Cameron?"

"I think not, sir; recollect that I have been absent from Canada for the last four years, and have only been home a week. I do not anticipate much trouble on that score."

Still Mr. Cunningham hesitated.

"You may trust me, sir; my motive is honorable, and while I remain in your employ I shall serve you to the best of my ability."

Dick said this with a smile; and when handsome Dick Cameron smiled there was no resisting him, so Mr. Cunningham gave in, and consented to take the young fellow as a clerk.

"But, remember, my lad," he said, "if you enter my employ, it must be with the distinct understanding that you receive the same salary as do the others."

Young Cameron's face flushed crimson for a moment.

"Very well, sir: that shall be as you think fit."

"Does your mother know of this, Cameron?"

"No, but if any rumor of the truth reaches her, I shall tell her all; and Mr. Cunningham," said Dick coming nearer to the old gentleman, "upon the day I leave your employ, whether my scheme has succeeded or failed, I promise you I will tell you everything."

"Thanks, my boy; and meantime you have my best wishes for your success, and also my entire confidence."

"Thank you, sir," replied the young man.

"By the way," he said, "you have a clerk named Gerald Grant, have you not?"

"Gerald Grant, yes, certainly; what of him?"

"Oh! nothing, only I heard his name mentioned by you the other night at Mr. Stuart's. What sort of fellow is he?"

"A very clever fellow, indeed," answered the elder man, with a smile.

"He has been with me for the past three years; I knew his poor father, a proud, passionate man; got mixed up in a law suit about some property or something, his claim being disputed by a cousin, another Grant; the suit continued for three or four years and ended in the cousin's favor; poor George Grant was ruined, he had spent every cent he owned in the world on that suit, and when the verdict in favor of his cousin was given, he walked out of court with his proud head held as high as ever, knowing that starvation stared him in the face, and not himself alone but his ten children as well. His cousin offered him a considerable sum, but Grant refused it, saying he would see his ten children hanged before his eyes, and then place the halter about his own neck sooner than touch a farthing of his accursed money. One week later he died, leaving Gerald to support as best he could his young brothers and sisters. How they have lived is a puzzle, for Gerald is as proud as his father, and will accept no favors from any one."

"I have seen Gerald Grant once, and I like his face, I shall cultivate his acquaintance."

"Do so, only do not fall in love with his pretty sister, should you chance to make her acquaintance also. Grant would never forgive you, if you stole Nellie from him."

"Ah! you know Miss Grant then?" asked Dick with suppressed eagerness.

"Yes, I know her; do you?" looking keenly at him.

"No, but I have seen her, and to see her is to love her," he added to himself. "Nellie, so that is her name; Nellie, Nellie, a sweet name, and just suits her face."

"Well, good-bye, sir, and thank you once more; I will enter upon my duties to-morrow, if that will suit you?"

"Certainly, and good-day, Dick."

So he went out, and left the old gentleman to ruminate on

the cause of this new caprice of his favorite Dick, whom he had known and loved as his own son since the time when Dick gloried in his first pair of trousers.

The next morning, true to his word, the new clerk came, and settled down to work as heartily as though he were not the fortunate possessor of fifteen thousand a year. Indeed, I think he rather relished the novelty of his situation, if one might judge from the quiet chuckle in which he indulged at intervals.

(To be continued)

Written for the Family Circle.

SUNRISE.

Night's reign was o'er, and slowly through
A gateway made of pearl,
The King of Day came gliding
Blushing like a modest girl.

His glory gleamed and glittered,
Through the purple veil that night
Had heedless left behind her,
In her swift yet royal flight.

But at each step growing bolder,
Soon he cast the veil aside,
And rose upon his throne of gold
In all his kingly pride.

His bright eye made the lily-queen
Droop low her fair, pure face,
As if she feared his glowing glance
Would steal her modest grace.

But the Rose stood bright and fearless,
Proud of her beauty rare;
Glowing deep crimson to her heart,
As her breath perfumed the air.

The song-birds carolled sweetly,
As if gone mad with bliss;
And all the lovely sleeping earth
Woke at the Day-King's kiss.

MAIRIE FOSTER.

Lake View

SELECTED.

CHEERFUL HOMES.

A cheerful, happy home is the greatest safeguard against temptations for the young. Parents should spare no pains and begrudge no money to make home an attractive spot. There should be pictures to adorn the walls; flowers to cultivate the finer sensibilities; the choicest and most entertaining of books, and high-toned and instructive newspapers and periodicals. These things, no doubt, cost money, but not a tithe of the amount that one of the lesser vices even will cost—vices which are sure to be acquired away from home, but so seldom there.

Then there should be social pleasures—a gathering of young and old around the hearthstone; a warm welcome of the neighbor who drops in to pass a pleasant hour. There should be music and games and reading. The tastes of all should be consulted, until each member of the family looks forward to the hour of reunion around the hearth as the brightest one in the whole twenty-four.

Wherever there is found a pleasant, cheerful, neat, attractive, inexpensive home, there you may be sure to find the abode of the domestic virtues: there will be no dissipated husbands, no discontented or discouraged wives, no "fast" sons nor frivolous daughters.

The following weighty remarks on this subject are worthy of the most thoughtful consideration, and certainly point to the true remedy of an evil that is becoming distressingly characteristic of the age.

"Recreation is a necessity of hardworking, overstrained life. Men and women need it, and will have it. But should they go from home to find it? Is home nothing but a place to sleep, eat, and drudge in? Plainly false and injurious as

is such a view, it seems to be that which widely prevails among us. The members of the household seek their recreations abroad. Yielding to different tastes, or controlled by different circumstances, they seek it in different places. Husbands and wives, parents and children, thus separate from one another in their associations; the family unity disappears; and the seeds of discord are planted in the home circle.

"Under this false and fatal idea, that it is necessary to go abroad to seek after enjoyment, society has become a travelling association of pleasure-hunters, as if pleasure could be found by thus hunting for it. The old, happy home-life is disappearing—and with it is vanishing, not only the truest enjoyment, but also the greatest safeguard of our social state.

"Miserable or guilty is the man who quits home to find enjoyment. Lost is that woman who does it. Unhappy is the son or daughter who does not find home the happiest spot on earth. The family circle is a misnomer, as applied to the members of households thus separate in their associations and pleasures. With them there can be no golden chain of holy affection, strengthened and kept bright by loving association and the communion of the innocent joys and sacred sorrows of the family. Home should be the dearest, happiest spot on earth to every individual. There the weary man of business should find his needed rest. There the wife and mother should find her purest, deepest pleasure. And there children should find attractions stronger than all the world can present."

It is, we fear, too true that we tinker away at the evils of society, and go on making new "societies" to amuse, instruct, or restrain the people, when the great want is homes.—*Heart and Hand.*

Love in Fiction.

To all great artists, love is the master passion. Very few are they who have it in their heart, or their power, to ignore its universal potency, or who do not take advantage of the agency which works more wonders than any other among them, to shape their fables by; but at the same time, love in the hands of a great artist is rarely the exclusive interest, the sole turning-point of the drama. Even in the most perfect of love tales, the story of "Romeo and Juliet," the background is full of a varied and wonderful life, of all the gradations of humanity, old and young carrying on the affairs of the world in the distance, in a lowered and subdued tone of colour, as being far from our eye and not immediately necessary to primary interest, but yet so carrying them on that a greater atmosphere of being, a wider universe than that of their own passion, is kept around the hapless pair. But the small dabblers in the art of fiction who are now so abundant are, perhaps, scarcely capable of appreciating, and are quite indisposed to obey, this wholesome rule of restraint. They are aware that love is the chief subject of fiction, without being aware that fiction, even in treating its favourite theme, must, if it is to keep any value or power, be faithful at the same time to those sober realities of existence which only the foolish suppose to be antagonistic to sentiment. It is not the natural selection of the one subject which is most appropriate to romance which makes fiction unreal—for this subject belongs more or less to every life, and never can be left out of the question: but it is the exclusive concentration of all faculties upon this one theme, so that if the novelist were to be trusted, all life would be confined to one chapter, and a man's or woman's existence gauged by his or her share of its early agitations and satisfactions. This, it is needless to say, is about as false a view of human existence as would be that which should pluck out love altogether from the influences that sway it. Especially are women badly used by this superficial and unintelligent art. "Love is but part of a man's life, but it is all a woman's," is so universal a sentiment in fiction, that it might be stereotyped by the printers as absolutely certain, to recur at least once or twice in every novel of second or third rate importance.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Extravagance, it is said, has been one of the chief causes of the hard times so generally experienced during the past few years. And it cannot be said that the complaint is ill-founded. There is unhappily too much in it. Among all

classes of the community a false and artificial mode of life has become general. In dress, in food, in luxury, in amusement, the evil is patent. The higher classes outrun their income, and, as a matter of course, become involved in debt. Their example is followed by others in the station below them; and thus it comes to pass that the majority of people in both the middle and working classes "live, live, aye, the whole of their lives, heavily handicapped with needlessly incurred debt, and no road is more easily travelled than the road from debt to dishonor." In thousands of cases the things for which these debts are contracted are not necessities of life. They contribute nothing to health or even comfort. For the most part they are useless, if not dangerous extravagance, and indulgence in them is injurious to both health and honour.

It is not difficult to trace the bearing and influence of this mode of living upon trade in general. When people go beyond their means, they must contract debts or commit fraud to keep up appearances. Both are often done, and both assuredly end in mischief. There is nothing put by for future emergency, and in too many cases not only poverty but disgrace is the issue. A thousand cases might be quoted to illustrate and confirm this remark, and of all the great domestic and social evils of the present age, that of extravagance is the most appalling and destructive. It does not matter at all in what form the extravagance is indulged. If to keep up appearance in dress, furniture, food, amusement, or any other thing, people go beyond their means, spend what they cannot afford or what is not their own, and then run into debt, they commit a suicidal act, or enter upon a broad road to ruin. The evil must be checked. But how?

A remedy is not far to seek. It may be difficult of application in every case at once, but it must be applied. The first essential thing is economy. People must compress their wants within their means, make their expenditure tally with their income. They can do it if they will try; and they had better do it willingly when there will be honor in the act, than by constraint and in disgrace. Whatever is not really needed should not be bought, or if the buying of it will incur debt or cause danger. A habit of self-denial even will be found most advantageous. It is not now a question of high or low prices; it is a matter of common prudence and honesty. And if people will practice the good old rules of economy and thrift, they would soon do much toward the removal of these hard times. There might be less glittering show, but there will be much more solid comfort.

A Chapter on Housekeeping.

Housekeeping is administration on a small scale. It includes the capacity for managing children and servants, and of exercising economy if necessary. Yet a girl is not generally given any preparation for the life of a housekeeper, though it may be cheerfully conceded by her parents that such will probably be her destiny. The average school course contains nothing that will fit her to be the head of a household, with its complex duties and requirements. There is much of the power in a home in knowing how to cook, or to direct others how it shall be done. If the dinner is a failure the music of the piano will not bring soothing to the mind of the husband. He will find his wife's sweetest strains but discord, while the recollection of the overdone or underdone joint and heavy bread is fresh in his recollection.

Let no lady think it derogatory to master the art of cooking. She will never regret her knowledge, and will find it useful as long as life lasts. In the hands of the cook lie in a great measure the health and temper of every member of the family, and she should be so thoroughly instructed as to run no risk of abusing her power. And the husbands who toil hard to procure for their households the necessities for the sustenance of life, have certainly a right to expect that the best shall be made of the material thus supplied, and their tables be invariably spread with well prepared food.

Economy in cooking does not consist in the use of very little of what are called the necessities, but rather in getting up even the simplest dishes in such a manner as not only to taste but to look well. Some housekeepers possess this faculty in a remarkable degree. Others are totally without it. And there is too often waste which might be avoided by exercising a little forethought and care. Meat is thrown aside that might be hashed; the flour is sifted in a wasteful

manner; soap is left in water to dissolve; sugar is spilled from the barrel; apples decay for want of looking over; pie; crust is left to sour; bones, good for soup, are thrown away; pieces of bread go into the swill bucket; and in a hundred such little ways is the substance of the household wasted; The importance of economy in small matters is too little considered. It is seldom that the wife can in any other way help her husband, and it is her duty to lighten his load by exercising economy, if economy is any consideration to him.

Under the English housekeeper's management there is no waste. She is economical concerning everything, her care extending even to the drippings. Nothing is too trivial for her notice, and she is ever on the alert to detect an error in the household account. It is not surprising, therefore, that English girls, under the supervision of such mothers, are as a general thing better fitted to take charge of a household of their own than our average American girl.

SMALL THINGS OF LIFE.

It is to be observed that even as the world judges, small things constitute almost the whole of life. The great days of the year, for example, are few, and when they come they seldom bring anything great to us. And the matter of all common days is made up of little things, or ordinary and State transactions. Scarcely once in a year does anything really remarkable befall us. If I were to begin and give an inventory of the things you do in a single day, your muscular motions, each of which is accomplished by a separate act of will, the objects you see, the words you utter, the contrivances you frame, your thoughts, passions, gratifications, and trials, many of you would not be able to hear it recited with sobriety. But three hundred and sixty-five such days make up a year, and a year is a twentieth, fiftieth, or seventieth part of your life. And thus, with the exception of some few striking passages, or great and critical occasions, perhaps not more than five or six in all, your life is made up of common and, as men are wont to judge, unimportant things. But yet, at the end, you have done an amazing work, and fixed an amazing result. You stand at the bar of God, and look back on a life made up of small things—but yet a life how momentous for good or evil!—*Dr. Bushnell.*

The Tobacco Plague.

The following excellent article is one of a series written by a talented Scotch writer for the *Christian Woman*:—

Smoking is one of the feet upon which drunkenness rests; it is its prime feeder, the most powerful accessory to drinking, and the greatest lever to drag a reformed drunkard back to his cups. Of every hundred Good Templars who break their obligation, seventy-five per cent are smokers. Surely all this is something to us as temperance reformers. When I see a young man form the habit of smoking, I feel that he has taken the first step on the wrong road. Tobacco is not a safe thing; it should be called the bane of the young. Do not the victims of smoking themselves condemn the practice, and wish they had never become its slaves? The father who would train his children to smoking, would be considered a monster, and yet every parent who indulges in the pipe is guilty of the sin, let him preach as he may; his example speaks more loudly than his precept. Great is the responsibility of every man and woman in regard to the rising generation. What the young see us do they naturally follow, and we are under the most solemn obligation as Christians, as philanthropists, as moral reformers, to set before them an example they can safely follow. It is the duty of religious teachers, and of every person who acknowledges the obligation of religion, to shun all practices which will weaken their influence for good, and bring reproach on their profession, and to avoid all examples which will lead the steps of the young into the paths of error and vice.

But my sisters may say we are not guilty in this matter. True, tobacco-smoking is generally a masculine vice,—fortunately for the race that it is so. If the daughters of our people were to weaken their vital forces by its use, we should find the children of the coming generation with an hereditary taste for poison, a diminished power of resisting disease, a race of unhealthy dyspeptics with exhausted frames which a merciful Providence would ere long blot out; and while I hold that it is equally the duty of the fathers of the coming gen-

eration to keep their bodies pure as it is that of the mothers, I cannot hold ourselves guiltless, inasmuch as it is a truth that the vice that woman sets her face against must fall.

I am always sorry when I see a young woman in company with a young man who smokes; she thereby sets the seal of her approval to the filthy habit.

I am always sorry when a young man asks a lady if she objects to smoking, and she replies, "Oh, no." She is either afraid to speak the truth that it is disagreeable, or she has dealened her God-given instincts of purity, which are intended for the guardianship of the race. Young woman, I declare truth when I say, Yours is the hand to stay this evil, you have a power in this cause excelled by none, whether you know it or not. Let every young woman say, "The lips that touch liquor or tobacco shall never touch mine," and, "No young man need enter my presence whose clothing smells of the weed," and you set in motion myriad forces which would result in untold good.

A gentleman in America told me he was once a great smoker, and being in a railway car he saw another smoker on entering spit on the floor, (a usual accompaniment to the habit); a beautiful young lady quickly gathered up her skirts to avoid the filthy saliva, with a look of such absolute loathing and scorn that it was an instant revelation to him; he said to himself, is it possible that I also am guilty of practices that can compel the loathing of such a woman as that? May God forgive me; but from this time I will never smoke a cigar or pipe again; and he never did. He saw the lady many years afterward and thanked her cordially for the reformation she had unconsciously wrought. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

At a convention of ministers where free entertainment was provided for the guests, one of the number came to the door of the house where he had been appointed to stay; the lady of the house came to the door, a little boy on either side of her: the gentleman said, "I have been told, madam, that I should find a home with you until our convention is over, I hope that it is agreeable to you?"

"I am sorry," said the lady, "it is not." The gentleman urged with no effect; he then said, "But are you not afraid of disobeying the apostolic injunction, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares'?"

"I am not afraid," said the lady, "angels never smell of tobacco, as I perceive you do, and, moreover, I have taught these, my boys, that smoking is wrong; excuse me, but I dare not have your influence in my home."

What a bitter reproach to a moral teacher! Brave, noble mother! would that all mothers felt that God expects them to guard the purity of their children. Man may boast that he molds the destiny of the race; but it is woman that molds the race itself. Let every mother so train her daughter that she shall refuse to sanction in her society the young man who will sap his vitality by taking a poison into his system, and we should soon have a different state of things. We are placed here, in our Father's garden; be it ours, one and all, as reformers and as Christians, to uproot the tares which spoil the golden sheaves; let us remember that to sully the body is also to soil in some measure the spirit, and both are his,— "bought with a price." Let us guard the purity within, and so make the world better.

ONLY A CAPE AND A SWORD.

Bonaparte never forgot any thing; least of all the days of his poverty, and the slights he then received. Grace Greenwood sends to the N. Y. Tribune the following reminiscence of the corporal and emperor, which is quite characteristic:

When Bonaparte first paid court to Madame de Beauharnais, neither was rich enough to keep a carriage, and the young hero, who was deeply in love, often gave the charming widow his arm when she went to visit her man of business, a notary named Raguideau.

Madame, who had great confidence in this legal adviser, who was a friend as well, went to see him immediately after her engagement to Bonaparte, who, as usual, accompanied her, but from motives of delicacy, did not enter the notary's cabinet, but remained in an adjoining room, where several clerks were writing.

The door being imperfectly closed, he here heard nearly all that was said during the interview, and especially the arguments used by Raguideau to deter Madame de Beauharnais from the marriage she acknowledged herself about to contract.

"Mark my words, madame," said the notary, earnestly, "you are about to commit a great folly, of which you will bitterly repent. Why, this man you are about to espouse has nothing in the world but a cape and a sword."

Said Josephine: "Bonaparte never spoke to me of this, and I had not the faintest suspicion that he had overheard Raguideau's contemptuous words. Can you, Bourrienne, figure to yourself my astonishment when, eight years after, on the day of his coronation, as soon as he was invested with his imperial robes, he said, 'Let them go and seek Raguideau; have him come instantly. I have something to say to him.'"

The notary was promptly brought and stood much astonished before the Emperor, who with his peculiar ardent smile, said to him, "Eh bien, monsieur! have I nothing in the world but a cape and a sword?"

Lamentable Ignorance.

Perhaps the day is not far distant when girls will receive a practical training to fit them for becoming wives and mothers; it is to be hoped so; for under the present order of things a great many mothers are possessed with the idea that ignorance on the part of their daughters with regard to many laws and facts universally considered as of most vital importance to them is promotive of innocence. In consequence of this mistaken notion hundreds and thousands of girls fall into snares and pitfalls designed for the unwary, and thousands more assume responsibilities which they lack both knowledge and capacity to discharge. They know absolutely nothing about the wonderful mechanism of the human body, or how to preserve their own health. From the brilliancy of social success the belle passes in a year or two to the hush of the nursery; here, too, comes the young lady student in rapid transition from academy or college life; here, too, is the giddy girl transformed into the helpless, unknowing mother—each willing and glad to barter her very life for the knowledge that would enable her to give life and health to her child. But this kind of knowledge does not come by intuition, nor in answer to whatever prayers mingled with however bitter tears. In the revulsion of feeling experienced by the ignorant young mother, and her profound consciousness of the impotence of the knowledge she has acquired to aid her in the discharge of her maternal duties, she often renounces books and intellectual culture almost entirely, and sinks into the nursery-maid and the household drudge.—*Sel.*

THE TELEPHONE AND THE BABY.

A telephonic story of American life has just been repeated to me, with an assurance of its truth, and as illustrating the future of Mr. Bell's recent invention. A proud grandmamma, who has only just been promoted to that happy relationship, is awakened in the dead of night by the inexorable bell. "Mamma, dear," comes to her the frightened voice of her beloved but inexperienced daughter, "I'm sure baby has the croup. What shall I do with it?" Grandmamma replies that she will call the family doctor, and be with her anxious daughter in a moment. She awakens the doctor and tells him the terrible news she has learnt from her daughter. He in his turn requests to be put in telephonic communication with the too-anxious mamma. "Lift the child to the telephone, and let me hear it cough," he demands. The child is lifted, and it coughs. "That's not the croup," he declares; and he declines to leave his house on such small matters. He advises grandmamma also to stay in bed; and, all anxiety quieted, the trio settle down happy for the night.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

"Doctor, you must really prescribe something for me."

"My dear lady, you need no medicine—only a little rest and then you'll be as well as ever."

"But, doctor surely I ought to be given some medicine of some sort or other. You've only felt my pulse; examine my tongue." (He does so.)

"Precisely, madam; your tongue needs rest too."

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We are sending out circulars to all our subscribers who are one year in arrears, (a large number, we are sorry to say) insisting upon their paying up. This course is not our choice; we are obliged to do it in order to keep up our business. In doing this, it cannot but be that some will receive circulars to whom they should not be sent; this we regret, but as they are generally intelligent persons, they will see that such occurrences, where there are so many to deal with are unavoidable, and will assist to set us right. Many will no doubt take offence and withhold their patronage in the future: we cannot help it. "Of two evils choose the least;" this we are doing, as one or the other it is impossible to avoid.

Some will wonder why their paper is stopped. To those who are six months in arrears we send on till their year is out and then stop, unless requested to continue sending, so that requests to stop when subscriptions expire are no longer necessary.

It is amusing sometimes to go through our correspondence. Perhaps in one letter we open we are "abused like a pick-pocket" for continuing the paper without special request, and then availing ourselves of the protection which the law affords in insisting on payment; and in the next there is an acknowledgment of receipt of circular, an apology for neglect of remittance, payment of arrears, and amount required for renewal of subscription, concluding with, "yours gratefully." If we were to yield to all the susceptibilities of our emotional nature, we would have to reverse the motion so suddenly and so often that the machinery would soon give out, so we keep the brakes on a little all the time, striking an average between the extremes and that carries us on in "the even tenor of our way."

We intended to send out with this number a fine steel engraving, but at a late hour, our engraver informed us that it would not be possible to supply it in time; we have therefore been obliged to give the fine wood engraving sent herewith instead, which our readers will perceive is but little inferior to an engraving on steel. It is a late autumn scene and is, intended as a frontispiece to the third volume.

Now is the time to do something toward extending the circulation of THE FAMILY CIRCLE. Let each subscriber please try to get one more to subscribe. It will help us wonderfully.

To induce our friends to help increase our circulation we will send a bound volume of last year's numbers, free of postage, to any one who will send us two new subscribers with the cash (\$1.00), directed to this office.

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Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The Real Cause.

The principal reason why thousands of invalids do not recover, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of skillful physicians, is that the real cause of disease is not reached and removed. In the majority of cases this real cause exists in the habits of the individual. The use of tea and coffee, tobacco, liquor, opium, and a large list of stimulating condiments and other bad articles of diet, together with many injurious practices regarding diet, exercise, clothing, and other habits of life, constitute the chief causes of ill health. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that dosing and drugging, guzzling mineral waters, bitters, koumiss, and all sorts of vitalizing liquids so called does not effect a cure. This fact is well illustrated by the story of a wealthy invalid who had been long ill and one day sent for his physician, and after detaining him a long time with a tedious description of his aches and pains, said,— "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless draughts; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you'd strike at the real cause of my ailments, if it be in your power."

"It shall be done," replied the doctor, and at the same moment he lifted his cane and demolished a decanter of gin that stood on the table.

"Now, then," continued the honest physician, "I have struck at the real cause of your ailments; banish the 'bottle,' and you will far less need my pills and draughts."

If all physicians would deal so honestly with their patients, there would be a vast amount of bottle-smashing in the houses of poor and rich all over the land.

A melancholy woman lay in sickness, on her bed; and in a faint and broken voice, to her sad husband said: "Dear David, when my earthly form has turned to lifeless clay, O wait and weep a little while, nor throw yourself away. I know a woman kind and true, on whom you may depend; O marry Arabella Jones—She is my dearest friend." "Yes, Hattie, I have much desired to talk of this before—For Arabella Jones and I have thought the matter o'er." "Then you and Arabella Jones have been too smart and sly; I tell you, David Wilkinson, I'm not going to die!" Her dark eyes flashed, her strength returned, she left her bed of pain: a week had hardly passed away, when she was well again.

FAILURE OF BRAIN POWER.—The best possible thing for a man to do, when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain-force, because, during sleep, the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace.

TEA AND SICK HEADACHE.—Tea does not remove the cause of sick headache, and so cannot effect a radical cure of the disease. It is really a deceptive means of obscuring the real difficulty, relieving the immediate suffering, but making the individual more liable to suffer in the future. The principle is exactly the same as that acted upon by the drunkard who takes a morning dram to cure the effects of the previous night's dissipation. The best way to cure a sick headache is to totally discard tea, coffee, and all other narcotics and stimulants, adopt a wholesome dietary, and abandon all causes of the disease, which are generally those which occasion disorder of the digestive organs. A little appropriate treatment will be sufficient to relieve the immediate suffering, and with the removal of the cause the disease will speedily disappear.

We heartily agree with the sentiment of a Hamburg paper which said, "Tobacco burns out the blood of the German people (American as well), destroys their teeth, their eyes, their lungs, their brains; turns their flesh into mummies, and their minds into metaphysics."—*Good Health*.

CHARCOAL FOR BURNS.—People generally will be glad to know that charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a small piece of charcoal on the burn the pain immediately subsides. By leaving the charcoal on for an hour the wound is healed.

A NEW REMEDY FOR SORE EYES.—"Can you cure my eyes?" said a man to Dr. Brown.

"Yes," said the doctor, "if you will follow my prescription."

"Oh, certainly doctor," said the patient; "I will do anything to have my eyes cured. What is your remedy, doctor?"

"You must steal a horse," said the doctor very soberly.

"Steal a horse, doctor?" said the patient in amazement.

"How will that cure my eyes?"

"You will be sent to State prison for five years, where you can not get whisky, and during your incarceration your eyes will get well," said the doctor.

BONE FELON.—The London Lancet gives the following recipe for the cure of bone felons. As soon as the pulsation which indicates disease is felt, put directly over the spot a fly blister, about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time directly under the surface of the blister may be seen the felon, which can be easily taken out with a needle or a knife.

REMEDY FOR COLDS.—This is another of the remedies to which we have applied the term infallible, and whoever has occasion to use it will agree with us in that regard.

Take three medium sized lemons, boil for six or eight minutes take up on a plate, then slice them thin with a sharp knife. Put them and their juice into a brown earthen pan, and put over them one pound of clean brown sugar—the browner the better—and set the pan on the back of the stove so

that the sugar may melt gradually. When it is melted move the pan to a hotter part of the stove, and let it stew for about three hours. Then take it off, let it stand half an hour, and then stir into it a small tablespoonful of the oil of sweet almonds. When cold it is ready for use.

Before this simple remedy the most stubborn cold and racking cough will give way in a few hours, and two makings of it will drive the worst cold from the breast and throat; though one is generally sufficient for the purpose. A dose is a teaspoonful whenever you choose, provided you do not eat it up to rapidly, as it is very temptingly good. Stir well when taking it.

TO CLEAN CISTERN WATER.—Add two ounces powdered alum and two ounces of borax to a twenty-barrel cistern of rain water that is blackened or oily, and in a few hours the sediment will settle and the water be clarified and fit for cooking purposes.

SLEEPING DRAUGHTS.—An English doctor, writing about sleep and sleeplessness, observes that the state narcotics produce is not sleep, but a condition of narcotism that counterfeits sleep, adding, "When a man says, 'I want a quiet night, I will take a sleeping draught,' he speaks in parables. To express the fact plainly, he should say, 'I want a quiet night; I cannot obtain it by going to sleep, or I am afraid to trust to the chances of natural rest, so I will poison myself a little, just enough to make me unconscious, or to slightly paralyze my nerve centres, not enough to kill.' If this fact could be kept clearly before the mind, the reckless use of drugs which produce a state that mocks sleep would be limited." The state of inaction which is brought about by natural sleep is very different from that which is produced by paralysis of any degree.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, commenting on a recent instance in which a sleep-walker was killed by falling from the roof of the house, says: "Such accidents can be easily prevented by laying upon the carpet by the side of the sleep walker's bed a strip of sheet metal, iron, zinc, or copper, so wide and long that when he puts his feet out of the bed they will rest upon the metal. The coldness felt will wake him thoroughly, and he will go to bed again. A friend broke up the habit of sleep-walking in his son by placing a strip of wet carpet by the side of his bed."

TOBACCO USING.—This habit is almost universally condemned by medical men and old men even though they have themselves been addicted to it for many years. They are ready enough with excuses for their own course: but they would shrink from advising bright and pure boys to do as they do. It may well be said to the boys concerning the men who use tobacco themselves and advise others not to: "All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do ye not after their works; for they say and do not."

Carrier Pigeons.

An English physician with an extensive practice has found an important aid in carrier pigeons. I take out, he says, half-a-dozen birds, massed together in a small basket, with me on my rounds, and when I have seen my patient, no matter at what distance from home, I write my prescription on a small piece of tissue paper, and having wound it round the shank of the bird's leg, I gently throw the carrier up into the air. In a few minutes it reaches home, and, having been shut up fasting since the previous evening, without much delay it enters the trappage connected with its loft, where it is at once caught by my gardener or dispenser, who knows pretty well the time for its arrival, and relieves it of its despatches. The medicine is immediately prepared and sent off by the messenger, who is thus saved several hours of waiting, and I am enabled to complete my morning round of visits. Should any patient be very ill, and I am desirous of having an early report of him or her next morning, I leave a bird to bring me the tidings. A short time since I took out with me six pair of birds. I sent a pair of them off from each village I had occasion to visit, every one bearing a prescription. Upon my return I found all the prescriptions arranged on my desk by my dispenser, who had already made up the medicine.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

POTTED TONGUE.—Boil a good, fresh tongue tender; trim off the skin and rind, weigh the meat, mince it very small, and pound it as fine as possible, with three ounces of butter to every pound of tongue, a small teaspoon of mace, half a teaspoon of nutmeg and cloves, and cayenne pepper to suit the taste. Beat the spices and meat well together, and then put away in your pots for use.

GRAHAM B. EAD.—Five teacups of butter-milk, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, thicken with graham flour as thick as can be stirred steam about two and one-half hours, and bake one-half hour. this amount just fills a two quart basin.

WARM BREAD.—One pint of sweet milk, teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls sugar, and sifted flour enough to make a stiff batter—stiff enough to drop from spoon instead of running; beat well, then add two heaped teaspoonfuls royal baking powder, and bake slowly until it has risen very high and light; then let brown. Eat warm with butter.

CORN BREAD.—Beat two eggs light, mix with one pint of milk, add a teaspoonful of soda, one pint of corn meal, and one tablespoonful of melted butter.

ANOTHER.—One-half pint of corn meal, one egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt, and sweet milk enough to mix soft.

FISH CROQUETTES.—What fish remains over from dinner one day will make croquettes for breakfast. Pick the fish carefully, removing skin and bone. Make a sauce or *liant* with an ounce of butter and the same of sifted flour; put this in the saucepan, with a pint of boiling water, a saltspoonful of salt, a very little fine white pepper, and a dust of nutmeg. Stir this thoroughly so that it is smooth. Cook the fish slightly in this *liant*, and then put it aside in a dish to cool. When cold, flour a board and lay the fish paste on it; dust with pounded cracker and roll out the paste. It ought not to stick, provided you have put enough pounded cracker. Have the yolks of two eggs well beaten; cut the paste in strips about two inches long and an inch wide; roll them over on themselves; dip in egg, and fry in hot fat. Of course the fat must be at a high heat. The art is to let them just brown, and not break the croquettes. If they are greasy, put them on paper to absorb the excess of fat. Sprinkle a little well-chopped parsley over them.

RICE CROQUETTES. Put in a stew-pan, half a pound of rice, a pint and a half of milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, stir until boiling, put over a slow fire, cover and simmer, until quite tender. Mix well the yolks of five eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and add to the rice, stirring till the eggs thicken, but do not let them boil; lay the rice on a dish, and when cold, form into balls, or other shape, not larger than a small apple. Dip the croquettes into beaten eggs, roll in cracker dust, and fry in very hot lard, a nice light yellow color; drain and serve on a napkin, with powdered sugar sifted over them.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of milk, one egg, one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, half teaspoonful cinnamon, and flour enough to roll out.

OAT-MEAL—RICE.—Cold boiled oat-meal or rice beaten up with an egg or two and fried in hot lard is a nice breakfast dish.

FLANNEL CAKES.—One pint of sweet milk, half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls sugar, yolks of two eggs, and flour (sifted) enough to make a thin batter, just thick enough to bake on griddle; when well beaten, add two teaspoonfuls good baking powder, mix thoroughly, and, lastly, add whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth; don't beat them in, but stir gently through the batter; bake at once.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of cold coffee, four or five cups of

flour, one pound of raisins (only one and a half cups are necessary). Put the raisins in the coffee. Spice to taste.

GINGER DROPS.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, flour to make a stiff batter, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, ginger and salt to taste. Drop in tins, and bake in quick oven.

WATER SPONGE CAKE.—Two well beaten eggs, one cup of sugar four tablespoonfuls of cold water, a little salt, one and one-third cups of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and flavor with lemon.

POVERTY CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two thirds of a cup of butter, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of chopped raisins four and one half cups of flour, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one cup of butter; one teaspoonful of ginger, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix hard and roll thin.

SPICED APPLES.—Eight pounds of apples, pared and quartered; four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves; boil the vinegar, sugar, and spice together; put in the apples while boiling, and let them remain until tender (about twenty minutes); then put the apples in a jar; boil down the syrup until thick, and pour over them.

BAKED APPLES.—Take nicest russet apples, dig the cores out, and fill the apples with sugar, put in a little water, and bake. the russet is the best apple there is to bake; try them.

JELLY ROLLS.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, five cups of flour, one cup of milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar; bake in thin sheets, spread with currant jelly, and roll when cold, or in round, thin cakes, and spread, laying three or four cakes one upon another.

SNOW PUDDING.—Three tablespoonfuls of gelatine dissolved in a very small quantity of water; then add a quart of boiling water, cup of sugar, juice of three lemons, rind of one. Let it get quite cool, then beat three eggs to a stiff froth and stir it well with the gelatine; put in molds, and freeze.

Another.—One and one-half pints of boiling water poured on to one-half box of gelatine (Cox) and dissolved. Then add juice of two lemons and two cups of sugar. Let it stiffen a little, then add the white of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Eat all thoroughly together and turn into a mold.

SUET PUDDING. One cup of suet chopped fine, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one cup molasses, one cup milk, two and one-half cups flour, teaspoon baking powder, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon, nutmeg, and little candied lemon chopped; steam or boil from two to three hours.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of raisins, one pound of currants, half a pound of citron, one pound beef suet, ten eggs, one pound of sugar, one pint of bread crumbs soaked in milk, a little salt, a nutmeg or mace; flour added to make it stiff enough for the spoon to stand up straight; boil constantly five hours.

LEMON SAUCE.—Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter and nearly a pound of sugar until light; add the juice and part of the rind of two lemons and two eggs; beat well and stir into it two cups of boiling water, and boil a few moments.

GELATINE FROSTING.—Dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatine in half cup of boiling water and strain; thicken with powdered sugar and flavor.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING.—Three-fourths cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, two cups flour, one of corn starch, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and whites of seven eggs; bake in a long shallow pan; take half cup milk, butter size of an egg, cup brown sugar, quarter pound chocolate; mix and boil until stiff, then add tablespoonful vanilla; spread on the cake, and set in the oven until dry.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

ANOMALIES IN RHYME.—A writer in Puck puts several anomalies in rhyme as follows:

The polished stove which warms your room,
Is blackest when it's bright;
The head and limbs and mind of man
Are loosest when he's tight;
Those folks who are by blood akin
Get up the bitterest fight;
The blindest man can't build a home
Unless he has his site;
And 'mong the darkeys in the South
The blackest are called White.

A New York man calls his best girl Ignorance, because Ignorance is bliss.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

Speaking of butter, we may respect its color, but do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.

"She isn't all that fancy painted her!" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

A gentleman who suffered much from palpitation of the heart says he was instantly relieved by applying another palpitating heart to the region affected.

A harmless, half-witted creature was accosted by a saucy fellow, who thought to make game of him. "I say, Jack, lad, dost want a place? Master wants a fool." "Ay, indeed," replied Jack; "wants a fool, does he? Then you are going to leave, or does he want a couple?"

THE DOCTOR'S MAN.—The late Dr. R. was one who could seldom resist telling a good story, even when it turned the laugh against himself. On one occasion a man-servant, whom he had recently engaged, astonished him by appearing to wait at breakfast with a swollen face and a pair of unmistakable black eyes. "Why, John," said he, "you seem to have been fighting?" "Yes, master, I have," was the reply. "And who may your opponent have been?" "Why, sir, Dr. M.'s man," naming a rival Esculapius. "And what did you fall out about?" "Why, sir, he said as you wasn't fit to clean his master's shoes." "And what did you say?" "Well, sir, I said you was!"

HIS EYES.—"Doctor," said a patient, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and with a Socratic air replied, "I do not doubt it, my friend; but you ought not to forget that you would suffer a great deal more without them."

A CAUSTIC REJOINDER.—One of the most caustic replies was that of Mr. Curran to his opponent in a celebrated case. "If that be law, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare, "I may burn my law books." "It would be far better, my lord, to read them," was the rejoinder.

A Detroit, who died the other day, had invested in lottery tickets for eighteen consecutive years and never drew a prize. He had been buried two days when his last ticket turned up lucky. The prize was a silver-plated butter-knife.

LET'S WIFE.—A Sunday-school visitor, who was interrogating the children, asked the question, "Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?" There was a pause, and then a small boy, with a preternatural growth of head piped out, "I s'pose it was because she was too fresh."

HIS ANDRY.—*Instructor in Latin.*—"Mr. B. of what was Ceres the goddess?" Mr. B.—"She was the goddess of marriage." *Instructor.*—"O, no; of agriculture." Mr. B. (looking perplexed)—"Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."

Dr. Johnson once silenced a female backbiter, who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks, by the remark that it is a far less harmful thing for a lady to red-den her own complexion than to blacken her neighbor's.

When a man detects a missing button after getting on a clean shirt, no one in the house is aware of the fact. He takes off the shirt and puts on another, quietly smiling all the while. He never, never speaks of it to a soul.

"You are always doctoring that clock," said a physician to one of Benson's men; "if I were to treat my patients so I should lose my credit." "Ah," retorted the man, "the sun discovers all my little blunders, but the earth covers yours."

A commercial traveller lately left at a certain hotel an article belonging to his wardrobe, and wrote to the chambermaid to forward it by express to him; in answer to which he received the following reply:—

I hope, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt—
I'll frankly tell you all about it;
I've made a shift with your old shirt
And you must make a shift without it.

"There is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings, "but silence is the best yet discovered."

"Have you got any perfume in colors?" asked the young lady, smiling sweetly on the druggist's clerk. "Yes, miss; we have some in blue and green." "None in red?" she asked. "No, miss." "Then you have a very poor assortment," she said. "Yes, very poor; we haven't a red scent."

"So, ends my tail," as the bee said to the boy, at the same time giving him a practical illustration of how he conducted business.

"I will preach from dat portion of de scripture dis evening," said a colored dominie, "where de 'Postle Paul pints his 'Pistle at the Pheisia's."

Vassar girls don't intend to die old maids, apparently. A number of them were recently discovered fencing with broomsticks. A proficiency in the handling of this domestic weapon should be acquired by every young lady who designs to enter the matrimonial state.

Conscience is the true vicar of Christ in the soul; a prophet in its information; a monarch in its peremptoriness; a priest in its blessing or anathemas, according as we obey or disobey it.—*J. Newman.*

A GOOD MAN.—He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in the wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in station below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

"So you are going to keep a school," said a young lady to an old maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself; but where is the widower?"

The Price of a Trinket.

X., travelling through Brittany, asks an old woman who is peddling crosses and medals at a church porch the price of a certain trinket.

"Is it for your wife or your sweetheart?" she asks.

"For my sweetheart," replies X., not precisely seeing the drift of her question.

"Ten francs."

"Ten francs—phew!" says he, turning on his heel.

"Come back, come back," cries the old woman; "take it for three. You've been lying to me, though; you have no sweetheart—if it had been for her, you'd have bought it at once without any regard to the price."

"I'll take it—here are your three francs."

"You haven't a wife either—if it had been for her, you'd have beaten me down to two francs—O, you men, you men!"

MISCELLANEOUS,

STARLIGHT.

All day among our fellow-men we move;
 And in our homes, or on the busy street,
 Exchange with them our gold, our hate and love;
 Pass this one by, and this one smiling greet;
 Add yet a little to the hoarded store
 That we have heaped in long laborious days:
 Or tired of this, we say we'll toil no more,
 And follow after joy through pleasant ways,
 But at the last the day is done, and when
 Our little earth is fading on the sight,
 God's world-sown universe appearing there,
 Throngs all the splendid spaces of the night;
 Our waking spirit then begins to rise
 And soar on new-found wings beyond the skies.

When the End Comes.

When the end comes, and, like a tired child,
 I fall beside the long high way of time,
 Nor strive the last, rough, upward range to climb—
 O, Father, hold me not unreconciled!
 Let me not then remember all the wild
 And thorny ways through which my wounded feet
 So long have toiled, but rather what beguiled
 My way of pain' and made it oftentimes sweet
 With laughter of glad streams, and pastures green,
 And fragrant forest pathways opening wide
 On dewy meadows sparkling in the sun,
 Like gleams of paradise in dreams foreseen!
 So shall my slumber be untrifled,
 And my awakening find the journey done.

H. T. CORNWELL.

THE BROTHERS' HOMES;

Or, Temperance vs. Total Abstinence.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Ah, here we are!" said a pleasant voice, as the driver, having jumped from his seat, opened the carriage door.

"Yes, sir, I think so. This is the street and number—244 or 246 which did you say?"

"Pon my word, I've forgotten, and lost the card," answered the pleasant voice.

"The name, sir? I'll inquire."

"Never mind. I'll take a look at both houses, and see if I cannot decide. I'm earlier than expected, so I can look well before they come out to welcome me. Just dump my luggage down on the sidewalk, and make off for another job," said the old gentleman, handing the fare to the man, who soon after drove off.

"Well, here are two cottages alike, and very unlike too. This one is Charley's home, I know. Why? Because it is newly painted. The fencing all in perfect order. The grounds very limited, are prettily fixed up. Flowers and vines—ah, I like the looks of this place! And I'm sure I'm right in fixing it in my mind as Charley's. Some don't-careish fellow lives there—loves his pipe, cigars and wine, may be better than his home, wife, and children. Dear, dear! how those blinds are suffering for a coat of paint! A few dollars would make that fence all right. How different that entrance would look with a little rustic seat like this one! I wonder that fellow does not notice how much he might improve his place if he only did as Charley. But here comes the servant. I'll get her to let me in."

"Rather sooner than you expected me, ain't it? Folks not up yet? Just go back and open the door, my girl; let me in, and then tell Mr. Charles Mayfield that his uncle has come."

"Oh, sir, you mistake! It is next door Mr. Charles Mayfield lives," answered the girl.

"Next door? No; you mistake, surely. My nephew Charley can't live there!"

"Yes, sir. But his—." What the girl was going to say was stopped by a jovial voice in the next door, calling out: "Uncle, here! How are you?" And in a moment more the pleasant old gentleman was caught by both hands and drawn

along to the next house. His nephew Charley saying: "I'm so delighted to see you! Come in!"

Into the parlor he was carried, and seated in a very comfortable arm-chair. The interior was more inviting than the outside. It told very plainly that the wife did her duty toward making everything as nice as possible; in a word, making the best of her means.

A very short time after a sweet-faced little woman entered, and was presented by Charley, saying:

"Here is your neice, uncle."

The old gentleman received her welcome greeting by a return of real affection. His heart warmed immediately to his nephew's wife. She bore the traces of beauty which had been chased away by an over-amount of care, the uncle very soon felt sure. There was an unmistakeable look of weariness and anxiety in her eyes.

Very soon Nellie, as Charley called her, excused herself, and went out, saying she had a very inexperienced servant, and had to oversee and assist her in her work.

Breakfast was announced, which was one that Uncle Hiram enjoyed, notwithstanding the feeling which was uppermost in his mind, that the strong, fragrant coffee, the delicate rolls, and the steak which was cooked just as it should be, in a word, all that was so nice, was the result of Nellie's skilful hands. And she looked so tired and heated when she sat down to do the honors of the table. Again Uncle Hiram noticed that constantly her eyes wandered from the table to a door which entered the next room, which was partially opened. Her ear seemed strained to catch every sound. At length a little, feeble wail told the cause of her anxiety.

"Will you excuse me for a moment, uncle?" she asked, and continued: "Our babe was quite sick all night, and I feel anxious about her."

A moment or so after Nellie withdrew, the servant came in, bringing a fresh supply of hot rolls. Then Uncle Hiram had a chance of seeing the help Nellie had with her many duties—a half-grown girl.

"Inexperienced truly, inefficient and insufficient," said the kind old man to himself; and he made a note of that on the tablets of his heart.

Soon Nellie came back, looking much relieved, and said, smiling:

"She seems much better this morning. How these little ones fill our hearts with anxiety! I was up with her all night."

Down went another note on Uncle Hiram's tablets. Awake all night with a sick baby, and up cooking breakfast in the morning! No wonder her youth and beauty have been chased away, poor, weary, overworked mother!

"Who lives next door, Charley?" asked his uncle, after they had withdrawn from the breakfast-room.

"Why, I have a surprise for you—Henry lives there."

"Henry! Henry who?"

"Why, Henry Mayfield, my brother."

"No! Why, the last time I heard from him he was in St. Louis."

"Well, he is here now, and has been for five months. His wife's relatives are all here. And so he having been offered a position in the same firm with me, accepted it. We agreed to keep it as a pleasant little surprise for you."

"Well, I'm glad of it."

Just as Uncle Hiram said so the object of their conversation came in.

Henry Mayfield was not the jovial, merry fellow, that Charley was, and not likely to be so generally a favorite.

But there was an earnestness and determination in his bearing that inspired respect immediately.

"Come, Uncle! Go in with me to see my wife and little one," said Henry, after sitting and talking a while. We have a half-hour yet before business requires us, and then, if you like, we will go down town together." Henry's parlor, into which he ushered his uncle, was furnished better than his brother's; but still it was not so prettily arranged—the "woman's touch" was not so plainly visible. Immediately Henry's wife came in to welcome her husband's uncle.

She was a bright, little woman, not near so delicately featured as Nellie; but with a youthful, well-preserved look, an easy, quiet, peaceful air about her that made Uncle Hiram feel quite sure, if he stayed her guest a month, it would not put her out a bit. If any extra care or worry came, it was not

to her. Some one else's mind and hands would have to overcome any difficulties.

"Henry, dear, have our boy brought in to see his uncle," she said.

"Ah, ha!" thought Uncle Hiram, "I see—the shoulders best able to bear the burden of family cares have it. Just as it should be?"

A few moments, and the baby boy was brought in by the nurse and presented to the uncle. Baby, like his mother, looked happy and healthy.

When they were about leaving for down town, Uncle Hiram heard Henry say:

"Ada please order the cook to delay dinner an hour to-day. I've business which will detain me so long."

"Very well," was the smiling reply.

"A cook and a nurse. That is why Ada looks so calm, healthy and happy. Just as it should be. Poor little, patient over-worked Nellie! I wonder how it is, both having equal means. I must find out what the trouble is," said Uncle Hiram to himself.

Now, Charley was not a drinking man, his uncle felt sure. He knew, indeed, that when he first grew to manhood he had vowed never to touch rum in any form.

The dinner at Charley's was better if possible, than the breakfast. It was a real treat to the old bachelor, whose life was spent in a boarding-house, to partake of such good, healthy fare as Nellie gave him. But always he felt like partaking of it under protest. Nellie—little, weary tired Nellie—ever filled his mind and heart. At dinner, Charley brought forth his ale, declaring it to be "the very best in town." And after dinner his cigars, "none finer to be found," he said.

Now, Uncle Hiram could partake of both without serious disadvantage either to his health or purse. But caring very little for either, he seldom used them. During the evening several gentlemen friends came in to call on Charley's uncle, and again ale and cigars were put out.

Uncle Hiram went to calculating. Ale, fifty cents, at least, that day; sometimes less, sometimes more. Make the average half as much—twenty-five cents. Cigars always as much; frequently, as that day, treble the amount. In a month it would sum up, at the very lowest, fifteen dollars. And who would tell how much more? What would not that money, worse than lost, have secured for Charley's wife and children?

Rest, health, peace, and length of days, most likely.

Now Uncle Hiram knew well enough how it was Charley did not have things beautiful without and around his premises, and why Nellie's weary mind and tired hands could not have help and rest.

But next, he must find out how it was that with Henry, things were so very different.

The following day Uncle Hiram dined with Henry. Everything was excellent and well cooked; and Ada sat at the head of the table with an easy, quiet grace, which perfectly relieved Uncle Hiram's mind from any care for her. He knew very well Ada's husband sought in every way to relieve her of every unnecessary care and anxiety. After dinner came tea and coffee—nothing more. When they retired from the table Henry said:

"Uncle, would you like a cigar or pipe? I'll get you one in a few moments if you say so."

"And will you join me?" asked his uncle.

"I do not use either. I care not for the weed, and I think it better not to cultivate a taste," answered Henry.

"You are right my boy—and how about wine or ale?"

"Nothing of the kind, Uncle."

"Total abstinence is it, Henry?"

"Yes, sir."

"I knew you were a temperate man, as is Charley: But he takes his ale, I notice," said Uncle Hiram.

"Yes, I wish he did not; a man has no idea how such little things, as he thinks them, draw upon his purse."

"I know, I know!" said Uncle Hiram. And he no longer wondered at the difference in Charley's and Henry's style of living. And so he had a good talk with Charley, and showed him how Henry, with the same salary, could keep two servants, and beautify his home, and he not be able "to keep his head above water," to use his own expression.

"Yes, my boy, the cause is just this—the difference between temperance and total abstinence. You'll try it now, will

you not, for your wife's sake?" said Uncle Hiram.

"Indeed I will, sir, and with many thanks to you for opening my eyes," answered Charley, who really loved his wife, but was thoughtless, and never for a moment considered himself responsible for Nellie's failing health, strength and beauty.

When Uncle Hiram's next visit was made, he saw, before he entered the house, that Charley had kept his word. And when Nellie's joyous greeting was sounding in his ear he knew then that all was "just as it should be" with Nellie, as well as Ada. And the grateful little wife knew to whom she was indebted for the happy change, and blessed Uncle Hiram for it.

A WIFE'S FAITH.

In one of the towns of England there is a beautiful little chapel, and a very touching story is told in connection with it. It was built by an infidel. He had a praying wife, but he would not listen to her—would not allow her pastor even to take dinner with them, would not look at the Bible, would not allow religion even to be talked of. She made up her mind, seeing that she could not influence him by her voice, that every day she would pray to God at twelve o'clock for his salvation. She said nothing to him, but every day at that hour she told the Lord about him. At the end of twelve months there was no change in him. But she did not give up. Six months more went past. Her faith began to waver, and she said, "Will I have to give him up at last? Perhaps when I am dead he will answer my prayers." When she had got to that point it seemed just as if God had got her where he wanted her. The man came home to dinner one day. His wife was in the dining room waiting for him. He did not come in. She waited some time, and finally looked for him all through the house. At last she thought of going into the little room where she had prayed so often. There he was playing at the same bed with agony, where she had prayed for so many months, asking forgiveness for his sins. And this is a lesson to you who have infidel husbands. The Lord saw that woman's faith, and answered her prayers.

True reverence for God includes both fear and love. Fear, to keep him in our eyes; love, to enthrone him in the heart; fear, to avoid what may offend; love, to yield a prompt and willing service; fear to regard God as a witness and judge; love, to cling to him as a friend and father; fear, to render us watchful and circumspect; love, to make us active, and resolute; love, to keep fear from being servile or distrustful; fear, to keep love from being forward or secure; and both springing up from one root, a living faith in the infinite and ever living God.

WHAT WILL CARRY ME OVER.—A few years ago, in a New England village, a little boy lay upon his death bed. Starting suddenly up, he exclaimed. "Oh! mother, I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children, who are beckoning me to them, but there are high mountains between us, too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over?" After thus expressing himself he leaned back on his pillow, and for a while seemed to be in deep thought, when, once more arousing and stretching out his little hands, he cried, as loud as his feeble voice would permit: "Mother, mother, the strong man's come to carry me over the mountain!" He was peacefully asleep. The strong one had, indeed come to carry the little one over.

WHAT TO TEACH.—A philosopher was asked by a teacher, this question: "What shall I teach my pupils?" He answered "Teach them thoroughly these five things: 1. To live morally and usefully; 2. To think comprehensively; 3. To reckon mathematically; 4. To converse fluently; 5. To write grammatically. If you successfully teach them these five things, you will have nobly done your duty to your pupils, to their parents, to your country, and to yourself."

To play the part of the tempter is the surest way for the human soul to do the devil's work and to win his reward. But let not the tempted one think that his only or his worst temptation comes from without. When a young man is urged by another to drink, or to gamble, or to steal, there is more

than one petitioner for sin, and the stronger of the two is in his own breast. If he yields, it is because he yields to an influence a hundred-fold stronger than that of the most persuasive friend,—the influence of his own wrong wishes. He has overthrown the divine monitor, and trampled upon his personal sense of right. No man is *compelled* to sin by any influence from outside, however strong. Therefore, while the guilt of him who urges another to evil is not lessened one whit, let not the sinner think that he has yielded to outside pressure alone, and has not listened to his own evil desire.

A FALSE STEP.—Perhaps you have made a false step, and have lost hope in consequence. You probably exaggerate the evil done. Don't fancy that everybody is talking about it. People have plenty to think about, and they will not be interested in you very long. Try again. Choose a new path, and cut down the branches, and trample down the briars, and subdue the obstacles, which, after all, are only there to test your strength. You will be happy in doing this, and you will be respected by all the other plodders in their respective pathways. Try to keep the sunshine ever above you, and the North Star ahead of you: let cheerfulness and good will be your companions, and in time you will reach the top, a recognized hero or heroine. Success in life depends upon industry and a determination to succeed.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.—Propose to yourself an object that is noble; pursue it from motives that are high. Let what is best in you take the mastery. You shall be ranked with the wise and good long before you are fully either. And as you go on in the course of improvement, the idea of your better self shall become more definite, and the life of this idea of wisdom and goodness shall be dearer and stronger in you. You shall be named after the idea of your life; you are wise, for you are becoming so; you are good, for you are becoming so. In all right courses of life, a man resolutely desirous of becoming a wiser, a better informed, better disciplined, more useful individual, will find his thoughts, both of the end and the way, yet clearer as he proceeds in his work. He sees more truly and more brightly what it is he wants; he sees more fully the means for its attainment. And with better prospect both of the end and the way, there comes increased motive for the self-improving effort of the journey.

How the Judge Introduced Himself.

In the town of Peacham, Caledonia County, in Vermont State, there resided, in days past, the factious and eccentric Judge Mattocks. He was a man noted for his dry humor, quick wit, ready reply, strong native talent and eminent judicial abilities, and in his day held a prominent position in the State and upon the bench, to which he was both at once an honor and an ornament.

The following anecdote is related of him, and is still fresh in the minds of many, who enjoy its repetition with great zest.

The Judge and his wife had been visiting some friends in the southern portion of the State, and when on their way back were overtaken by a snow-storm. He still kept on, nevertheless, to reach home, as the week and the year were both near a close; but in passing the residence of an old friend he was intercepted, and inducements offered to him to pass the night under his roof.

As it was becoming dark, and the prospect of reaching the next station not very flattering, he concluded to stop.

After seeing his fine old Morgan brown safely stabled and fed, himself and host adjourned to the house, where, after doing ample justice to the well-spread table of Vermont fare, he sat down to enjoy his pipe, and an evening's social conversation with his friend and his family.

The judge took the precaution to mention two or three times in the evening that it was a habit of his to bathe or sponge himself all over with cold water every morning; that to it he attributed his general good health.

The kind lady of the house, from these quiet hints, supplied his chamber with a tin pail full of water, together with the necessary apparatus wherewith to perform his ablutions.

In due course the Judge and his wife were shown to their room, and unprotected at the top by banisters, railings or

ought to prevent a fall and a broken head; while the host bidding them "good-night," left them to seek their much-needed repose.

The Judge smiled as he surveyed the results of his gentle hints, as evinced in the pail and its surroundings; but the laugh was not all to be on one side.

The first of January broke clear and cold the next morning and the Judge arose and proceeded to his accustomed aquatic performance.

The water in the pail had frozen over, and in breaking it the Judge had spilled a quantity of water, and in pouring it into the bowl he spilled still more, which froze almost as soon as it touched the floor.

The Judge's wife censured his awkwardness, as she surveyed the little pond frozen about the head of and down the stairs.

The Judge put on his slippers and stepped up manfully to the water pail, which sat near the head of the stairs, to begin, when, unwittingly stepping upon the ice, his feet suddenly went out from under him, and "accoutred as he was," slid—bump—thump—down stairs, through the door—whose hasp broke—into the kitchen, full length, where the women folks were busily preparing breakfast.

Getting upon his feet as quickly as possible, he exclaimed: "Ladies, I wish you a Happy New Year."

He then skipped up stairs, followed by bursts of laughter from the occupants of the kitchen, whose culinary operations were thus ludicrously interrupted.

It is said that those females had a very different idea of the Judge's judicial abilities from that day.

Geese or Gooses.

The particular kind of a smoothing-iron known among tailors as a goose, came near upsetting the reason of a bright young clerk and the proprietor of a Chicago tailoring establishment.

The manager wanted two of the instruments mentioned, and so told the clerk; but, after the latter had sat for some time writing out the order, he looked up in a bewildered way and asked:

"What would you call the plural of a tailor's goose?"

"Why geese is the plural of goose," said the manager.

"Well, you wouldn't have me write an order for two tailors' geese, would you?"

"That does not sound exactly sensible in this connection," said the proprietor. "How would it do to say two tailors' gooses?"

The boy turned to the dictionary, and shaking his head, remarked:

"Webster does not give any such plural as that to goose, and I won't."

The situation was growing serious, when the clerk suddenly fell to writing, with the exclamation:

"Now, I'll fix it."

And the order which he soon handed to the head or the house to sign did fix it, for it read:

"MESSRS. BROWN & Co.:

Hardware Dealers, Fifth Avenue.

Please send me a number one tailor's goose, and—by the by!—send me another just like it."

T—,"

But further than this the question of what the plural of a tailor's goose is has not yet been settled.

Women in the Olden Time.

From the subversion of the Roman Empire to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone, almost entire strangers to the joys of social life; they seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the times countenanced. Francis I was the first who introduced woman on public days to court; before this time nothing was to be seen at any of the courts of Europe, but gray-bearded politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind, and warriors clad in complete armor, ready to put their plots in execution. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered laudable. The use of linen was not known; and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woolen

shirts. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and 100 livres (about £5), was a large portion for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil, instead of candles, which, in those days, were a rarity hardly to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two-wheeled cart, along the dirty, rugged streets, was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature, that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it. In the time of Henry VIII., of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London; and in the same manner took them back to their country-seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth to secure them from the cold.

Premature Women.

When girls midway in their teens throw off their natural, girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, shoot up their hair, and affect the airs of a young woman, they would often be surprised to know what their elders think of the improvement. One such miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognized upon greeting the visitor as she stepped upon the car. "Don't you know me, aunty?" "Who, this isn't Maria, is it?" "Certainly; don't you think I look better than I did last summer when you were here?" "No," replied the honest soul, looking the girl over, "to tell you the truth, I don't. Go home and let down your hair, and be young while you can, for it will not be long before you will be glad to have people think you a girl."

"A Handy Thing."

Happening to call at the house of a neighbor whose better half was ill, a few mornings ago, I found him busied about domestic affairs, doing his best to get breakfast for himself and family. I had been there but a few moments when, with an emphasis that led me to think that he had made some great and important discovery, second only to the telegraph or telephone, he said: "*I have found out one thing!*" "Well," said I, with not a little curiosity, "and what is it?" "I have found," said he, "that a wife is a very handy thing to have about the house." I thought that a man who had been blessed with as good a wife as he had for forty years ought to have found this out a little sooner. Nor do I doubt that he had; but just then he had found it out anew, and it came to him with all the freshness of a recent discovery; and yet it is too true that we husbands who have long been favored with what has been called "Heaven's best gift to man," do not always appreciate it as we should. We are not wont to realize its value till touched by sickness or death.

TRIALS.—There are different ways of looking at the peculiar trials of those we love, in contrast with the trials to which we are subjected. When we see a person of rare goodness called to such suffering and endurance as causes our hearts to chill, we are sometimes inclined to ask, "Why does God so afflict that child of his, and preserve me from like torture? That person is better than I am, why should he not have as easy a time in life?" Another way is to say, "Whom God loveth he chasteneth. How God does love that child of his! I have no such trials. Is God forgetting me? Or am I so wicked that he is letting me have a good time in the world?" A better way yet, is to say of trials or of comforts, to ourselves or to others; "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight. Not my will, but thine, be done."

Every one has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The person who caug without her dinner and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without any one being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbor's eye into a beam; who swallows bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and yet not prick all her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of mankind.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.—A young man in Paris, on a recent Sunday, sticking his head into a cab, was surprised to meet a woman entering by the opposite door. Each ordered the driver to take them to the address they gave him, and begun a short dispute about their rights to the cab. A crowd and policemen came. The regulations were consulted, but the case, being unforeseen, was not provided for. The policeman took sides, one for the lady, the other for the gentleman; the crowd and cabman enjoying it hugely, the cabman keeping the crowd in a roar by his humorous remarks. At last the gentleman, yielding to the claims of the fair sex, got out; and the lady, not to be outdone, followed suit; while the cabman stopped his joking and swore at the policemen, and the crowd roared louder than ever at this street comedy.

Oriental Bargains.

Every traveller in Palestine learns from experience that he has to pay an ample price for everything he receives and enjoys. There seems to be no fixed price, but the vendor or employe gets all he finds it possible to procure. But one of his methods, peculiar enough, is to begin his bargain by making no charge. We remember that the dragoman to whom we applied at Nablus to conduct us to Damascus refused at first to make any charge whatever for his services, but declared he would be amply rewarded for his eight days' going and returning by the mere companionship of a Frank. On urging him to name a price, he put so high an estimate upon his valuable aid that we were compelled to forego the pleasure of his company. We found out that it was all a ruse. He was hoping to be offered *our* price, thinking it might be a large one, and was determined that if it did not suit him, he would then raise it as high as he might see fit. Every one who has travelled at all leisurely through the country has met with similar instances of shrewd bargaining. Dr. Thomson says he has been presented with hundreds of houses and fields and horses, and bystanders were called in to witness the deed, and a score of protestations and oaths were taken to seal the truth of the donation; all of which meant just nothing, or rather just as great a price as he could possibly be induced to pay. A knowledge of this adroit method of dealing, still current in Palestine, greatly facilitates our understanding of Abraham's purchase of a burial-place for his wife. Hebron is much the same to-day as in his time. If one were to arrange for the purchase of a tomb for a member of his family, he would likely be told that he would have one for nothing. There is great exclusiveness in the matter of tombs, and a high price is expected. The Hittites said to Abraham, on his application for one: "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead." Beautiful compliment! but only compliment. Abraham, however, was too shrewd a man not to see through the trick; so he repelled the liberal offer, but insisted on paying for the burial-place. Ephron, with all due politeness, said: "Nay, my lord, hear me; the field I give thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people give I it thee: bury thy dead." But Abraham understood the proposition for *baksheesh* too well to accept, and insisted on an outright purchase. So Ephron named four hundred shekels of silver. But "four hundred shekels; what is that betwixt me and thee?" A mere trifle by name, but a very large price in fact. This, however, was serious business for Abraham, and he made no objection. So he proceeded to weigh out the money, just as men do now in Palestine, with a little pair of scales, to see that none of the coins are clipped. But Oriental custom requires that all the specifications be named in every contract. When you buy a house, not only the building, but every room in it, must be named, above and below, down to the kitchen, pantry, stable, and hen-coop. So when Abraham bought a field, he also bought the cave that was therein, and all the trees in the field, and all that were in all the borders round about. Then this sale was effected in public, just as all similar transactions in these days are brought about. When any sale is now effected in a town or village, the whole population turn out to witness it, in the space about the city gate. All the people take part in discussing the matter with as much interest as if they were personally concerned. In this way the transaction acquires legal force; it has many legal witnesses.

Remarkable Invention.

For an indefinite number of ages, deaf people have gone on putting their ear-trumpets in their ears, and have never thought to put them in their mouths, as it now appears they should. Every aurist has always known that the external ear is not the only avenue of approach to the auditory nerve and any unprofessional person who thinks that it is, can never have tried the simple experiment of putting a watch between his teeth and stopping his ears. Mr. Richard S. Rhodes, of Chicago, did this one day about a year ago, as not less than a million people had done before him, but he is the first one to whom the sounds under such circumstances suggested the idea that a fan-like instrument held between the teeth would greatly help deaf people to hear. Ever since that time he has been developing his "audiphone," as he calls it, and within a few days it had its first public trial in an Indianapolis institution for the instruction of deaf mutes. The reported results are astonishing. A bright little girl about ten years old was the first to whom the test was applied. For a number of years she had been totally deaf and speechless, "but she had not listened a minute before her features lighted up with a smile that told the whole story." Several other children confirmed the happy result, and it was regarded as established that persons in whom the auditory nerve exists at all can be made to hear, even though the ordinary ear trumpet is of no help to them. And as dumbness is only a result of deafness, it follows that the dumb can be taught to speak, as, indeed they have been for several years in an institution in this city, but only by the most laborious methods, and not with entire success. Mr. Rhodes cites one case in which two sisters who had not heard each other's voices for a number of years, resumed conversation within the first hour of using the audiphone. It still remains, however, to invent a help to hearing which will be inconspicuous. There would seem to be no rational reason why people should shrink from using an ear-trumpet any more than an eye-glass, unless, perhaps, that deafness is more unusual than imperfect sight, and therefore attracts more attention. But the fact remains that deaf people are very averse to using artificial aids to hearing, and multitudes will prefer to hear partially and compel their friends to shout, rather than to use anything which confesses their deafness.

Interesting Facts.

The tomb of Edward I., who died in 1301, was opened Jan. 2, 1770, after 463 years had elapsed. His body was almost perfect. Canute the Dane, who crossed over to England in 1017, was found 1779, by the workmen who repaired Winchester cathedral, where his body had reposed nearly 750 years, perfectly fresh. In 1569, three Roman soldiers, fully equipped with warlike implements, were dug out of peat in Ireland, where they had probably lain 1500 years. Their bodies were perfectly fresh and plump. In the reign of James II. of England, after the fall of the church at Astley, in Warwickshire, there was taken up the corpse of Thomas Gray, Marquis of Dorset, who was buried the 10th of October, 1530, in the twenty-second year of Henry VII.; and although it had lain there seventy-eight years, the eyes, hair, flesh, nails and joints remained as though it had been newly buried. Robert Braybrook, who was consecrated Bishop of London in 1331, and who died in 1404, and was buried in St. Paul's, was taken out of his tomb after the fire in 1666, during the repairs of the cathedral, and, although he had lain there no less than 262 years, the body was found to be firm as to skin, hair, joints and nails. The Convent of St. Domingo was lately demolished in search of treasure supposed to be concealed there, and the body of Prince Rodriguez taken out, who had been buried alive in 1563, exactly as when placed 250 years before. His daughter, two and a half years of age, was lying at her father's feet, and as perfectly preserved as himself. The evidences of torture on him are fearfully apparent. The position of his hands shows that he was suspended by the body and neck until he died. Marks of the cord and the burning iron are deeply recorded on various parts of the body. His hair and beard are firm, his skin natural in hue and texture, without the least trace of decomposition in any part.—*London Examiner*.

THE SHEEP'S SENSE OF HEARING.—It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among as many as a thousand others all bleating at the same time; and the lamb, too, is able to recognize its mother's voice even though it be in the midst of a large flock. James Hogg, who was a shepherd as well as a poet, tells us that it was very amusing to watch the sheep and lambs during their shearing season. While the sheep were being shorn the lambs would be put into a fold by themselves and the former would be sent to join their little ones as soon as the operation of shearing was over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the "rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma" which it had left a short time before, it would meet a strange and most deplorable-looking creature. At the sight of this it would wheel about, uttering the most piteous cry of despair, and perhaps run away. Soon, however, the sheep's voice was heard again: the lamb would thereupon return, then once more bound away, and sometimes repeat this conduct for ten or a dozen times before it fully understood that the shorn ewe was in reality its mother.—*Little Folks*.

A BIRD STORY.—A curious incident is related of a canary bird by a Georgia paper. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light upon the mantle shelf, where there was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and earnestly at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage he selected a seed from its box and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and dispirited he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the day, and although the door was repeatedly left open, he refused to come out again.

ANTS' MISTAKES.—It has been thought that ants and other little creatures which are guided by what we call instinct, make no mistakes, but always know what is good and what is bad without trying, as we are obliged to do. But one curious observer has been trying the little things, and he has discovered that they do sometimes make mistakes. He tried harvesting ants, which collect seeds and grain, by scattering small grey and white glass beads about on the ground where they were at work. At first one or two were eagerly seized and carried in the nest, but very soon they found out their mistake, and in some way the whole ant family were informed, so that not another bead was touched, though the whole army of workers passed and repassed a dozen times. In some families, you see, the experience of one teaches all, which saves much trouble and many mistakes.

VEGETABLE ROPE.—The ratan, of which we make the seats and backs of common chairs, is a curious plant. It grows in the tropical forests, and looks more like a rope than a plant. Sometimes it is four or six hundred feet long, climbing the trees and hanging in festoons between them. Some kinds have joints about three feet apart, and at every joint a bunch of feathery leaves, with thorns on their lower sides. Others have no joints at all, and leaves only at the end which is thrust up to the sunshine over the trees. Ratans are very useful in their own tropical homes, and are brought to Europe and America in great quantities to make chairs and sofas.

TO REVIVE FROSTED PLANTS.—Plants are often frosted through ignorance. Those that have been quite severely nipped may be saved if treated rightly. The proper way is, when the frost has been partially drawn out of them, naturally, to drench them with cold water from a fine nosed watering pot, and immediately cover again and let them so remain until they regain their natural color. When they are removed clip off all such parts as are blackened. As soon as it is discovered that a plant has been touched by frost, remove it to a cool, dark room, and on no account suffer the sun to shine on it. If it can be covered so as to exclude air as well as light, it is better still. Dahlias, cannas, and the like need not be removed until the frosts are severe enough to blacken the leaves.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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NO. 8

DON'T FRET.

The following choice poem is credited to G. W. Ross, Esq., M. P. :—

["Don't fret," said the suffering mother to her daughter; "these pains are but chisellings."]

Painful the sculptor toiled. Each heavy stroke,
Fearless and strong, the rugged marble pierced;
And far and near the scattered fragments lay.
O'er every part the chisel plies; nor spares
From sympathy to cut with keenest edge
What fancy most admires. His soul was filled
With beauteous forms: and should the chisel wound
And make the marble writhe with pain, yet he
Must not forbear. With keenest steel deep shades
Of thought must by his hand be traced, and all
That fancy loves, or wins applause, or gives
His work enduring fame, the chisel cuts
Into the polished stone, with toil and pain.

So God, the greater artist, takes the soul,
And with life's burdens, cares and toils, as with
A chisel keen, shapes every part; nor spares
The sharpest edge or hardest stroke, if forms
Of beauty only may by these be wrought.
The pangs of sorrow, and those deep regrets
Which disappointment brings: the weary nights
Of gloom, the wrong endured, the spoils of death,
Are but his chisellings, who seeks to fill
Celestial niches with the trophies of
His skill divine. Who then would shrink from pain;
'Tis but the chisel in the Master's hand;
And tho' in silence tears may flow, and hearts
With anguish bleed, yet angels wait to sing
In strains too strong for mortal ears, His fame,
Who garnished heaven with those beauteous forms,
Which His own hands had wrought while mortals wept

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued).

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERIOUS DEPARTURE.

"What do you think of Miss Wilmot?" said Mr. Trevellin to his nephew, when, on the morning following the visit in the city, they sat together in the library awaiting the call to breakfast. "Having seen her at home, you will be prepared to offer an opinion as to whether she is deserving of the admiration so generally accorded to her as the city belle.

"I think her queenly; and, as far as physical beauty is concerned, peerless," Herman replied.

"How would you like the old gentleman, Mr. Wilmot, as a prospective father-in-law?"

"I should like him well enough in that relationship, if I were satisfied with all that it involved," Herman replied, "but there are other matters upon which I am not so clear. First, as to whether his fair daughter would like me; and, in the next place, as to whether I should like her sufficiently well to warrant me in assuming that position even if it were open to me."

"I have no doubt," his uncle replied, "that it would be acceptable enough to Mr. Wilmot, and I have strong reasons for believing that a reasonable amount of effort would enable you to win the daughter; which, where there is so much competition, would be quite an achievement, and would occasion you to be envied by a large circle of disappointed aspirants."

"Perhaps," said Herman, reflectively; "and perhaps not. But, if I could win her, I am not quite sure that the prize would be so valuable, after all. What if the beautiful casket should contain no jewels? I admire a beautiful picture as much as any one; but, in a wife, a man wants something more than a picture to gaze at. These we can get in paintings and statuary. But in a wife one wants companionship and sympathy; something to develop our better natures, and lead us up to a higher plane of thought and feeling; to purer and holier purposes and life. And, in my opinion, even woman, with all the gentleness and sympathy with which the sex is credited, is lacking in the most essential qualification for the relation of a wife, if she has not, like Mary, sat at Jesus' feet; and, like Martha, learned the value of domestic virtues."

"You are right," Mr. Trevellin replied. "But I am surprised you should at your age, take such a practical and common-sense view of the matter. Most men at your age are influenced in such cases entirely by their passions, and sometimes awake afterward, when the romance has passed away, to the conviction that romance and sentiment are very poor every day food for either the soul or body. But do you know that Miss Wilmot is not possessed of all the qualifications which you look upon as essentials?"

"It might not be within my province to determine that she does not possess them," Herman replied; "and yet I ought to be satisfied that she does possess qualifications which I deem essential, before entering upon so serious an enterprise as that of endeavoring to win her affections, with a view to a matrimonial relationship in the future. That she is capable of becoming everything that I could desire in a life-long companion, I do not doubt; but if a woman is not before marriage what it is desirable she should be after. I do not think it wise to act on the probability that she will cultivate herself up to the standard afterward; nor do I think it right that a young lady should be induced by a prospect of desirable marriage to assume a character into which she had not been developed by other motives and influences. I confess that, when in the company of Miss Wilmot, reason is to some extent at fault, and passion is in the ascendancy; but when reason is free to act untrammelled, doubt arises as to her possession of the requisite qualifications to make a helpmeet for me. I may be fastidious in my notions, but I look upon it as a matter of the greatest moment, that the most perfect congeniality of sentiment should exist between man and woman, in the closest of possible human relationships."

"I would not expect to find a person, of your youthfulness and inexperience, holding such advanced views on such subjects, and can only account for it from a consideration of the character of your mother, which was exceptionally exemplary. And, I must say, that I honor you for the sentiments you have expressed. If it were agreeable to your own views and feelings, there is no one upon whom I would be better pleased to have you bestow your affections, than the beautiful daughter of my old friend, Mr. Wilmot; but as you are yet young, it is as well you should keep quite disentangled with love matters, at least until you have finished your college course. By that time, changes may take place which will bring you nearer in sentiment to each other, and justify you in making advances which it would not be prudent for you to do now."

A call to breakfast now terminated the conversation, and nothing more was said for some time regarding the Wilmot family.

The day was spent by Herman in some of his favorite haunts. First, in the little arbor, beside the miniature "Niagara," where, had any one seen him, they would have imagined he was in deep thought, but in reality his thoughts were neither deep nor stationary; they were wandering, first to one thing, and then to another. His first thoughts were of Miss Annabel, with whom he had sat and chatted in that spot on the day of his first acquaintance with her. He thought of how he had been impressed with her beauty; of what she had said on the moral questions that had arisen; of the words she had spoken at parting; of how she had fulfilled her promise by making his visit to their city home agreeable; and, of what was the general impression made upon his mind by her bearing during that visit, and asked himself the question, "What of it all?" And as he was in no mood just then for deep thinking, he answered the question by saying, half aloud, "She is an enigma; fascinating, and yet I dare not yield to the captivating influence of her presence."

Then he thought of his college life, of his associations in the class-room, and of his reunion with them, which would take place in a few days. Then he arose, and crossing the creek, ascended the sloping ground, which led to the top of the mountain. Arrived at the top, he sat down in an elevated position, where a large sweep of country lay open to view. The village, nestling in the quiet valley; the fields, clothed with verdure, and the little cottage in which dwelt the widow Lee and her daughter Kitty, and, he said to himself, "There lives simple, unpretentious piety, and sound sterling sense. There hearty and utility are combined, and there peace and contentment reign!" And then he asked himself the question, "What value is there in gold? All the gold in the kingdom could not purchase the unassuming worth and the quiet happiness and peace which possess that little cottage."

Then he amused himself for a time in observing the activities of the insect world around him. Here were honey-loving insects, busily searching for their favorite flowers, and others collecting material for building their nests. Others were excavating for their underground homes, while on a little mound near where he sat he observed two small ants, evidently belonging to different colonies, fiercely contending over a choice morsel of food, which they came upon at the same time, and at which they each appeared to claim priority of discovery. At length one, maimed and apparently bewildered, ran around in a dazed sort of way, while the other ran off with the prize.

"Thus," said Herman, to himself, "it ever is among irrational creatures; 'might is right,' and the weak have to yield to the claims of the strong. Would it were so only among irrational creatures, but, alas, is it not men, endowed with reason and with moral capacities designed to guard and guide it, do the same and even worse, prostitute both reason and conscience to accomplish selfish and wicked purposes?"

Then he arose, and strolled toward the cottage, thinking to enjoy an hour's conversation with Mrs. Lee and her daughter, and arouse himself out of the dreamy state of mind into which he had fallen.

When he arrived at the cottage, he rapped at the door, gently, but received no reply. He rapped again, and waited; still no response. He rapped the third time, but there was no answer. Then he tried the door. It was locked.

"Strange," he thought. "Mrs. Lee is an invalid, scarcely

able to leave the house at all, and I was invited to call on them, therefore they did not expect to be absent. Can some calamity have befallen them? Are they dead? Would it be improper, under the circumstances, for me to look in at the window? No, it is my duty. With that he stepped to the side window, and looked in through a small aperture between the curtains. There was Mrs. Lee's chair in its accustomed place, and the furniture was undisturbed; but neither Mrs. Lee nor her daughter was there. What could have become of them? They had gone out in the direction of the mountain, or he would have seen them. Were they at the village, or making a call upon some of their neighbors? Even this idea did not seem admissible, as Mrs. Lee was scarcely in a physical condition to be so employed; still there was no other way to explain their absence from home. So he took the way toward the village, and called at the first house and made inquiries. In response to his inquiries, an Englishman, who occupied the premises, and whom we before noticed at the post office, replied, "We see'd a coach go up t'a cottage to' morn hempty, and come back wi' two leddies in. That's all I can tell 'e. But if it's they, it's mighty hod; for they 'adn't 'a both gone hout o' t' 'ouse 'once since I bin here afore."

Herman thanked him for his information, and continued his walk toward the village.

"Then," he soliloquized, "they have gone to some distance, either on important business, or else they have been led away by some deep laid scheme of villainy, and I shall try at once to find out which."

Coming to the post office, he inquired whether anything were known there about Mrs. Lee's destination, and was told that the carriage in which they were riding, took the direction to the railway station. At the same time a letter was handed him addressed to his uncle.

He then proceeded to the station, and made inquiries there; in reply to which the station master informed him that he had sold to Miss Lee two tickets. That an invalid lady, whom he supposed to be her mother, accompanied her; as she supported her while entering the coach, and that they were going in a southerly direction, toward Wales. This was all he learned, but it satisfied his mind; for he now thought it more than probable that they had for some reason suddenly resolved to visit some of their friends or acquaintances in Wales, from which Mrs. Lee had originally come. He therefore retraced his steps to the village, and then went direct to his uncle's; and, on arriving, delivered the letter he had received at the post office, which, when his uncle had read he handed to Herman with the remark, "It is very strange indeed!" The letter read thus:

My dear Mr. Trevellyn—

As we have been suddenly called, by a dear friend of my mother's, to visit the home of her early life on business requiring her presence, and as we must be absent for a few days; lest you should learn of our absence, and knowing how rarely my mother leaves the house, think it strange, I write this in explanation, to prevent any anxiety that might arise on our account.

Please inform your nephew also of our absence, and oblige,
Yours respectfully,

KITTY LEE.

"It is a long journey for Mrs. Lee to take," said Mr. Trevellyn; "but I trust it will be a benefit to her health rather than otherwise. A change of air and scene often work wonders in relieving chronic complaints. I had thought of inviting them up to spend a day with us while you were here, as, though their position in life is lowly, they are surprisingly intelligent, and, I am sure, you would enjoy a day in their society; but, as it is, I am sure they will not return until you leave for college, and, in the meantime, you must enjoy yourself as best you can with the few associates available, or take a run down to the city, and call on some of our friends there."

"I shall not be lonesome," Herman replied, "while I have books; and to me everything is a book. Your library is full of interesting books; so is the garden, the fields, the mountains, and the stones, and there are lessons of wonderful wisdom in them all."

(To be continued.)

Written for the Family Circle.

NIGHT.

The golden glory of the sun,
Lit up the crimson West,
As he slowly sunk behind bright clouds,
And left the earth to rest.

Each little bird soft twittering
Into its nest had flown;
And tall trees whispered, soft and low,
With a music of their own.

The west-wind laden with the breath,
Of every perfumed flower,
Swept softly in and out to add
Enchantment to the hour.

Aloft there shone one pale-gold star,
With steady, peaceful light;
And swiftly over all their grew
The purple hue of Night.

MAIRIE FOSTER.

Written for the Family Circle.

DICK'S MASQUERADE.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

CHAPTER II.

It was just three days later, and Gerald was leaving home for the store.

"By the way, Nellie; I have asked Cameron up to dinner to-night. He is the new clerk of whom I was speaking yesterday; a splendid fellow. I am sure you will like him."

"I am sure I will too, if he is all your fancy paints him, Gerald," answered Nellie, laughing: "very well, bring him up, and I will do my 'dooty,' as Jemima says."

Evening came and Gerald brought his friend home with him to dinner.

Nellie had put on her best gown to grace the occasion, and was looking her bravest. She was dressed in black silk with snowy ruffles at the neck and wrists; and very fair and sweet was our Nell with her wealth of brown hair coiled about her stately little head; and as she played her part as hostess, with all the grace of a duchess, Dick fell more desperately in love with her than ever.

Dinner over, they adjourned to the sitting-room, as the family called it; a big, stately, comfortable room, as all the apartments were, in the Grants' house. Music, conversation, and a great deal of merry-making followed. There was never, at any time, a lack of mirth in the old rough-east house. I think it needs a large family to be thoroughly merry; and these Grants were ever ready with their jokes and laughter. Ah! these are the right sort of people; the gems of the earth. I wish there were more of them.

When Dick bade his charming hostess good evening, he told the honest truth when he said he had never enjoyed himself so thoroughly before.

"Then you must come again and often, Mr. Cameron," she said, and a chorus of youthful voices joined in: "Oh, yes! Mr. Cameron, you must come soon again."

So Dick promised with secret exultation, and went his way.

"Well, Nellie, *ma soeur*, what think you of our new acquaintance?" asked Gerald, when all the others except Fred had gone off to bed.

"I dare say he is a very excellent young man, Gerald," she answered, demurely. "I shall reserve further comment upon him till I know him better."

"Ah! a very excellent young man," murmured Fred, *alto voce*. "I wouldn't have believed it of Nell; I wouldn't believe it now. But women always were, and always will be hypocrites."

"Do you know, Gerald, it seems to me I have seen Mr. Cameron before, but I cannot think where?"

"On the street, most likely."

"I suppose so, well good-night. It is eleven, and I am off to bed."

After this Dick became a frequent visitor at the Grants', and had promised to be there for dinner on Christmas day. Meantime, Mr. Cunningham had kept his secret well, and not a word of the truth had leaked out. He had been absent for the last four years, studying at Oxford, and but few of his friends were aware of his return; his mother lived almost entirely in the country, and it was generally supposed that he was with her, as he never appeared in fashionable circles.

As Christmas drew near, Nellie and the children were kept very busy. The boys had brought in a great pile of evergreens, and they were decorating the house with them. Then there was the plum pudding, and an immense cake to manufacture. And oh, dear me! such a running hither and thither! such a chattering of little tongues! such shouts of laughter! Nellie's bright, loving smile beamed upon all like a ray of bright sunshine. But Syd, with an air of vast importance, had armed herself with a few tacks, and the iron lifter from the kitchen stove; and was busy "hammering up evergreens," regardless of Jemima's assertion, that she "couldn't get along no ways without that 'ere lifter." While even grave Gerald became infected with the merriment of Christmas tide. Surely never a merrier household welcomed the coming of Christmas, in all the length and breadth of Canada.

At last it came, and the softly, silently falling snow, covered the earth with a mantle of purity. And the church bells ringing out sweet and clear in the cold, frosty air called men to come and give glory to that God to whom the angels long ago sang their hymn of praise: "Glory to God on high; on earth peace and good will to men."

Punctually came Dick, and was instantly seized and almost knocked to pieces by eager little hands; while he was petted with merry Christmas's on every side. For even in so short a time, Dick had become prime favorite with the children.

"Oh! merry Christmas! merry Christmas!" he answered, laughing, and diving his hands into his pockets pulled out numberless parcels, which were received with shouts of thanks from the little ones. When he had divested himself of his ulster, he was seized and borne off to the sitting-room, Baby Syd directing his attention to the decorations.

"We all helped Nellie to do it, and I hanged up some of the w'eaths," she said.

"Did you Syd? I declare it is most beautiful; but where is your sister?"

"Oh! she'll come soon I dess; oh! there she is," as Miss Grant entered the room.

Dick sprang to meet her, and bending over the little hand, murmured his Christmas greeting.

"Thank you, Mr. Cameron, and a merry, merry Christmas to you," Nellie said smilingly. And soon afterwards they went in to dinner.

"What will your mother say to our robbing her of your society to-day, Mr. Cameron?"

My mother, Miss Grant, is one of those people who are always happy in the happiness of others; I have promised to spend New Year's with her. I wish you knew my mother, Miss Grant."

"It would give me great pleasure to meet Mrs. Cameron," Nellie said gently.

The Christmas dinner was a great success. All were young and light-hearted, and a great deal of mirth prevailed at the table; and afterwards in the sitting-room, where Nellie and Dick sang Christmas carols together; at intervals all the rest joining in. Simple and unassuming as everything was, Dick enjoyed himself with a zest he had not known since he was a boy.

"Do you know, Miss Grant," he said to Nellie, "I never saw a family where everyone was so perfectly happy as you all seem to be," Nellie laughed.

"Oh! she said, "we have our black days, and our quarrels and squabbles, as well as other people; though, as a rule, we believe in taking things easily as they come; and do you know I think troubles are not half as bad when one meets them with a smile and a cheerful heart. We have found it so; even the children are ready with their smiles and laughter on the darkest day," and Nellie looked around with a tender light in her brown eyes, which was all for the children, Dick thought, with a little touch of envy. He wondered if the day of her visit to the pawn-shop had been one of those black days of which she spoke; and then he thought

of the bracelet lying snugly in its case in his desk, and longed for the time when he might offer it to her again, when throwing off his disguise he would tell her how tenderly he loved her, and ask her to be his wife. His wife!—how his heart thrilled at the mere idea of it!

"Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!"

Shakespeare.

And what of Nellie? enquires the reader. Had she fallen in love with Dick yet? Or was her opinion still the same as it was two weeks before? "A very excellent young man indeed." Now, I suppose, according to all the laws of romance, it was clearly Miss Grant's duty to fall in love with Dick Cameron. And though I am not prepared to say that she did exactly do this, yet it must be confessed that she was *not* callously indifferent to that young man's attentions. Well! time will show. As Fred. was wont to remark,—
"Women will be women as long as the world lasts." And he might add,—
"Women will learn to love as long as the world lasts," for with them to love something is a necessity, be it only a dumb animal.

Time passed on, and Dick was a constant, almost a daily visitor at the Grants. Nothing was considered complete without Dick, he was a general favorite; even Jemima was heard to remark that, "She was free to confess, the house wasn't complete at all without Mr. Dick."

One afternoon Nellie was in the sitting-room sewing, the rest were out, or in different parts of the house, and Nellie was enjoying a little solitude; a rare treat for her; when the door opened, and Dick came in, his handsome face glowing from contact with the sharp air. Nellie looked up with a smile and a flush, for she had been thinking of him. Dick took the hand she extended to him, and pressed it gently; and something in his face as he looked down at her thrilled her with a sensation of half dread, half joy.

I am glad you are alone, Nellie: I have something to say to you." And standing before her, he told of his love.

"I love you, Nellie; will you be my wife! Nellie? Will you, Nellie?"

Slowly she turned her face to him, and he saw that it was pale and troubled.

"Nellie, Nellie, surely I have not been mistaken. You love me, darling, don't you?" He drew her close to him, and for one blissful moment she allowed his strong arms to enfold her—his lips to touch hers.

"Ah, my darling, I was not mistaken, then. You do love me a little. Say you do, Nellie."

"I do love you, Dick," she replied, her fair face flushing as she spoke.

"And you will marry me, Nellie?"

She drew away from him, the troubled look returning.

"It is impossible; I cannot leave Gerald and the others; Maude and Mary are not old enough to take my place yet and—indeed it is impossible."

"But Nellie," he cried eagerly, "I am rich, and they will all live with us; listen and I will tell you all." And so, commencing with that first morning he saw her, she was soon made acquainted with the real state of affairs.

"So you see, darling; it is all right."

"Pardon me, Mr. Cameron, if I fail to see it in the same light," she answered haughtily; all the pride of the Grants rising up in arms at the part Dick had played.

"Nellie!" he cried reproachfully, "cannot you forgive my deception? It was to win your love I did it. I knew how proud you all were, especially Gerald, and how little chance there was of my winning you, if the fact of my being rich were known. Nellie, my love, forgive me."

There was passionate pleading in his voice, which she could not withstand.

"I forgive you, Dick," she said with a smile; "but Gerald, I fear he will be very angry."

"Yes; I daresay he will; but I will make it right with him. Only say that you will marry me, Nellie," he said pleadingly. But she turned away from him, and said sadly:

"I cannot promise to be your wife, as it would be years perhaps, before I should be able to fulfil that promise, and you might tire of waiting, Dick; or you might meet some other and—learn to love her better than me."

"That would be impossible, Nellie. I could never love

any one better than you; and oh! darling, I will wait years and years for you, if need be; only promise to be my wife some day."

She was silent for a moment, and then laying one hand upon his coat sleeve, said:

"I will promise you this much, Dick, when Maude is old enough to take my place, or if Gerald marries, then you may come back, and—and if you still wish it, I will be your wife. But listen—" as Dick was beginning to speak—"There must be no engagement between us. You must consider yourself perfectly free to choose another wife, if you so desire."

And you, Nellie," said Cameron, slowly, standing with folded arms and moody face, listening to her. "And you also will be free to choose another man for your husband if you wish?"

His tone was bitter, and the frown on his brow grew deeper as he said this. Nellie raised her eyes to his face, those tender brown eyes, now shining with love for him, and said, with one of her rare, beautiful smiles:

"Have I not told you that I love you; and is woman's love so easily destroyed?"

"Forgive me, dear; I shall not doubt you again," answered Dick, pressing the slender form to him and tenderly kissing the sweet lips.

"Good bye, my own darling, my little love; I will come back for you. And you promise to love me, Nellie?"

"Yes, always."

"Then good bye; darling, darling."

The next moment he was gone, and the hall door closed with a bang. With a low cry the girl held out both hands as though to recall him.

"Oh! Dick; my love, my love!"

(To be continued).

NOW.

Arise! for the day is passing,
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth in the fight have gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard-fought field;
Of storming the airy fortress;
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!),
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, she is lifeless as ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle,
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last;
Or from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken and find it past.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—It is very easy to talk of our duties. Men may preach, and the world will listen; but profit comes by example. A parent inculcates gentleness in his children by sound precepts; but they see him treat his beast in a very rude manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command.

A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.

The cuts illustrating this article were kindly lent us by the firm of McBroom & Woodward, of this city, who do an immense business, and supply the important desideratum of testing all their seeds before sending them out.

We cannot over-estimate the importance of making home attractive, and nothing conduces more to this end, at a trifling expense, than flowers. They not only gratify the senses by their beauty and fragrance, but are productive of moral and sanitary benefits.

Our limited space will allow us to notice but a few of them; but we propose to call attention to a few more in our next number.



DOUBLE DAISY.

Every one knows the daisy, and there are few more modest, or prettier flowers. Seed should be sown very early, and the plants should be kept in a cool, partially shaded place. They flower abundantly in early spring, and may be made to flower late in the season, by watering them properly.



CALCEOLARIA.

This plant flowers preciously, producing mottled and spotted clusters of large slipper-like flowers, and presents a very pretty appearance. Suitable for the parlor, greenhouse, or garden. Seeds should be started in pots, but not under glass. *Half-hard by biennial.*



PORTULACA.

This is a brilliant, beautiful flower, with delicate colors, and is very effective in baskets, small beds, edgings, or rock work; producing throughout the summer their various colored flowers in the greatest profusion. They succeed best in a light, sandy soil, and may be sown early in open ground, or better still in a pot or hot-bed, and transplanted to about eight inches apart. The double portulaca is very showy. The flowers very much resembling little roses.



STOCKS.

The stock is one of our most important and well-known annuals. For brilliancy and diversity of color, for delightful fragrance, fine foliage and compact habit, and for profusion and duration of bloom, it is unsurpassed. Seed may be sown in hot-bed, frame, or the open ground in May. Plants should stand about 12 inches apart. For winter flowering sow seed in June, and for early Spring flowering in August and September, in deep rich soil.



SALPIGLOSSIS HYBRIDA.

The salpiglossis are beautiful annuals, with very picturesque and richly colored funnel-shaped blossoms; colors beautifully marked; purple, scarlet, crimson, clear yellow, and buff, with elegant shades of blue. Seed may be sown in hot-bed frame or pot, or will do well out doors in a light, rich soil. Plants should be set about six inches apart.

SELECTED.

FAITH.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft,
Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkness passes; storms shall not abide.
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide
The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and pain weighs heavily;
But God will hold His word above despair.
Look to the east, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

—*Celia Thaxter, in Scribner.*

MOTHERS.

Providence has so ordained it—in the words of Octave Feuillet—that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Another eminent writer says: "It is a universal rule, which so far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their brows."

From their mothers, we are told the Wesleys inherited, the one his placid temper, his calm perseverance, and his dauntless courage, and the other his fluent speech, and love of song. From his mother Sir Walter Scott imbibed his love of poetry and painting; and his writings prove that it was no common gift. Byron's fine gifts were crippled with an unfortunate temper—an inheritance from his mother. Old La Mere Bonaparte was never beaten in any project she undertook. Her energy was simply indomitable; and this last trait has been strikingly illustrated throughout the great Napoleon's life. It was from his mother that "Bobby Burns," as Scotchmen love to call him, imbibed his love for song; for she used to "give wings to the weary hours of her checkered life by chanting songs and ballads herself composed." Patrick Henry had many a lesson in conversational power, his mother training this gift in her promising lad. Dr. Johnson's mother always argued with him in order to do him good, although she knew that wilful, burly boy sometimes deliberately took the wrong side. Philip Doddridge's mother created his tastes for Scripture scenes and Scripture subjects by teaching him from the Dutch tiles around their old-fashioned hearth-place. Mary Shakespeare, though of humble parentage herself, and possessing but little of learning, yet with her shrewd sense and lively fancy contributed not a little to the development of the mind of her son, who grew up, gathered a share of knowledge at school, reaping a yet richer store from the sights and sounds daily around him, learning to think, to dream and to do.

Campbell acquired from his mother his earliest taste for song and ballad literature. And we may recall in this connection the early lives of Goethe, Hugo, Schiller, the Schlegels, Canning, Lord Brougham and Curran, who attributed to his mother's liberal endowments from the "treasure of his own mind" the gifts which resulted in his greatness. Dr. Watts, has, too, enlarged upon the methods adopted by his mother, who sought to stimulate his early taste for verse and song by incentive and rewards. Bishop Hall has uttered a befitting compliment in the following words, in the acknowledgment of his mother's influence upon his early life: "She was a woman of rare sanctity; never have lips read me such feeling lectures of piety: neither have I known any soul that more accurately practiced them."

Pierre Vidal, a French poet, thus pays to his mother a similar acknowledgment:

"If aught of goodness or of grace
Be mine, her's be the glory;
She led me on in wisdom's path,
And sat the light before me."

John Stuart Mill has said that he owed everything that was excellent in his writings to the influence of his wife; and Thomas Carlyle credited the same influence to a similar source.

A Good Hit.

Many of our readers will remember the exciting controversy which arose, in 1845, between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, concerning the boundary line between Oregon and the British territory. The States claimed up to 54° 40' north latitude, while England would draw the line at 42°. The cry of the hot-headed ones at Washington was "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" Wise counsels, however, at length, prevailed. The British Government, in 1846, proposed the parallel of 49°, which was finally accepted.

While the controversy was yet warm, the British Minister, Mr. Packenham, was one day walking up to the Capitol, and not far behind him was Mr. S——, a member of Congress from the West. S——, though a gentleman and a most genial companion, was one of the bellicose members. With him it was "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" and nothing else.

When near the Capitol a drunken man intercepted the minister, and accosted him:

"Say, old fellow, you are that British Packenham, ain't you?—Yes—I know you to be. Now look here, my old stump, just you bear in mind that you don't get one inch of territory below fifty-four forty. It's fight every time beyond that!"

"Mr. S—— came up, and nodded pleasantly to the minister.

"You will excuse that man," he said. "He is drunk."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Packenham, also pleasantly nodding. "No sober man would make such a declaration as that."

A Meek Parson.

"Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front' in all campaigns, in every clime, by incidents fairly stuffed with humor. The last contribution comes from Zululand.

Sir Evelyn Wood, it seems, did not get on very well with his chaplain, and on one occasion got into a little conversation with him, in which he did not come off first best.

"When are you going to leave us, Mr. ——?" asked the general.

"O, about the same time that you do yourself, I suppose?" meekly answered the parson.

"O, I don't know so much about that," said Sir Evelyn, "for I want your tent, and I can't spare your rations much longer."

"Ah! but I want my tent myself, general, though I don't want spare rations."

"Yes, but you know mine is the 'flying column,' and I can't be expected to fly with a lot of parsons hanging on to my coat-tails."

"Well, general, all I can say is that if you call seven miles and a half a day flying, I think I shall be able to keep up with you."

"That's all very well," said the general, a little nettled, "but I hear now that there's a Roman Catholic chaplain about to join us, and if he does, I declare I'll put him in your tent."

"If you do, I dare say I shall have sufficient strength to put him out again," meekly observed the parson, and so the interview ended.

A Brace of Mistakes.

A capital story is told in Parisian circles, somewhat to the discomfort of a celebrated physician of that city. He had attended the only child of rich parents, and had, with the aid of Providence, saved the infant's life. A day or two after her darling was pronounced out of danger, the grateful mother visited the man of science at his office.

"Doctor," said she, "there are certain services which mere money cannot remunerate. Scarcely knowing how to discharge my debt to you, I have thought that you might be willing to accept this pocket-book, which I have myself embroidered, as a trifling token of my gratitude."

"Madame," retorted the disciple of Esculapins, somewhat rudely, "the practice of medicine is not a matter of sentiment. Time is money, and we expect our time to be paid for in cash. Pretty presents may serve to perpetuate friendship, but they do not contribute to the cost of housekeeping."

"Well, then, doctor," replied the lady, much wounded by his tone and manner, "be so good as to name the sum at which you value your professional services."

"Certainly, madame. My charge, in your instance, is two thousand francs."

Without further remark, the lady opened the rejected pocket-book, which she still held in her hand, took two of the five thousand franc notes stowed inside, placed them on the great man's table, and quietly bid him good morning. The doctor has not yet entirely recovered his disturbed equanimity.

The story was soon in circulation, and of course it was not long before it was turned to account, in a new shape—this time far more ludicrously to the disadvantage of an eminent advocate, than to that of the first sufferer. A lady had just succeeded in gaining an important suit at law, and was indebted for her victory to the eloquent plea of her counsel. The medical anecdote had just become a general topic of conversation in the drawing-rooms and clubs of the capital, and when his fair client, in token of her "gratitude" offered him a cushion, embroidered by her rosy fingers, the gallant and cunning attorney accepted the gift with many protestations and compliments. The lovely donor had no sooner departed than the cushion was ripped open, and found to be stuffed—not with bank bills—but with horse hair of the best quality!

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Because you are poor, boys, it need not follow that you are unsuccessful in life. Poverty affords no ground for discouragement. Rich boys are often spoiled, and their energies sapped and undermined by luxurious habits, the too free use of money, and the lack of that discipline which comes from indigence. As an element of success, great stress must be laid upon incorruptible integrity, which of late years is unfortunately too rarely found. A business man once said to the writer, "I can find plenty of smart young men to work for me. What I want is an honest clerk, whom I can implicitly trust." Scarcely a day passes in which some defalcation is not brought to light. Widespread misery often results from the lax principles of some young man placed in a position of trust. Let our young friend resolve that he will live on bread and water rather than appropriate a penny that is not his own. A boy or man that establishes a reputation for strict honesty will not remain long out of employment, for such clerks are invaluable to their employers.

The Horse and His Rider.

In the history of Rome, says Cook, it is related that in 331, B. C., a great chasin opened in the middle of the forum, which it was found impossible to fill. The soothsayers said it would close when it contained what Rome possessed of most value, and then the state would be perpetual. A noble youth, named M. Curius, demanded if Rome had anything of more value than arms and valour. He mounted his horse, richly caparisoned, and amid the silence of the people, spurred him over the brink of the tremendous precipice. (*vide* Liv. 1. vii. 6). I have seen a striking picture of this somewhere. It represented the horse and rider after they had passed the brink and were descending to the unknown depths. There was a remarkable contrast between the fright of the brute and the unruffled self-possession of the man. The limbs of the horse were tightened to his body and the muscles of his neck drew his head to his chest, and a shuddering terror expressed itself in the flash of his starting eyes. The rider was serene and calm, with a solemn expression of majesty on his face, as of one who lived with high thoughts. If I were to spiritualize his picture, I should say that it was no mean representation of a ripe Christian departing this life. The horse is the body and the rider is the spirit. Flesh shrinking, spirit steady and calm and solemn. Flesh dreading the terrible shock, and spirit wrapt in the glory of action, descending that it may ascend.

Saying Hateful Things.

What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them! You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly,

out will come some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend, a sneer which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental feelings, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret opinions confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; and since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush, and an eye loose its brightness; only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted mortals! How after them one wakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very centre of your soul!

IS TEMPERATE DRINKING SAFE?

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now seem, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost ended. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All practice, all experience declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is *excess*. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands, You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row side by side in yonder churchyard; all, everyone of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you [pointing with a shred of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor], as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking men had involved my husband and sons. I begged—I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor house—to warn you all; to warn you deacon! to warn you false teacher of God's word!" And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to the utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the deacon and physician hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" The unanimous response was, "No!"

HANNAH MOORE says that there is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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It is a matter of some little surprise to us, that so large a proportion of those who did not notify us of their wish to discontinue taking the FAMILY CIRCLE, when their subscription expired, and to whom we sent it on, expecting remittance sometime through the year; now, when requested to pay up, make use of all kinds of excuses for not paying at all. Some say they paid our agent last winter, in a place where our agent has not been since the winter before last. Others say they never ordered it. How kind the agent must have been to pay for the paper for them out of her own pocket. I think they should appreciate it enough to pay for the second year without grumbling.

Some say they sent us notice, which we never received. Others did send us notice to stop, when they were six months in arrears, but sent us no pay; we did not think that fair, and sent back a card stating that we would stop when arrears were paid up. To such we have continued to send, and now expect them to pay for the year.

Some write us that if we will continue to send the paper at 25 cents a year, they will take it. To any persons about to write us to that effect, we say don't. It has always been understood, and so published, that the price is 50 cents, and it cannot be published at a less price. We sent it the first year at a loss to ourselves to introduce it. If it is worth taking at all, it is cheap at 50 cents! If you do not think it worth that do not take it. We cannot afford it for less.

We are sending out circulars to all our subscribers who are one year in arrears, (a large number, we are sorry to say) insisting upon their paying up. This course is not our choice; we are obliged to do it in order to keep up our business. In doing this, it cannot but be that some will receive circulars to whom they should not be sent; this we regret, but as they are generally intelligent persons, they will see that such occurrences, where there are so many to deal with are unavoidable, and will assist to set us right. Many will no doubt take offence and withhold their patronage in the future: we cannot help it. "Of two evils choose the least;" this we are doing, as one or the other it is impossible to avoid.

Some will wonder why their paper is stopped. To those who are six months in arrears we send on till their year is out and then stop, unless requested to continue sending, so that requests to stop when subscriptions expire are no longer necessary.

Now is the time to do something toward extending the circulation of the FAMILY CIRCLE. Let each subscriber please try to get one more to subscribe. It will help us wonderfully.

To induce our friends to help increase our circulation we will send a bound volume of last year's numbers, free of postage, to any one who will send us two new subscribers with the cash (\$1.00), directed to this office.

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Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c. And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Pure Air.

Among the natural remedial agents, there is none more potent in its influence than pure air. But, it may be asked, why call it a remedial agent at all, since in a normal condition of the system it is constantly in use, and is a necessity to the continuance of life. I answer, pure air is not continually in use, as a rule, nor is it always used in sufficient quantity, and the consequence in either case is deterioration in the quality of the blood. This to a greater or less degree weakens the physical forces, and renders the system open to attack from malaria, epidemics, or other occasions of disease. The chief causes of vitiated air, are, effluvia from drains, gases from decaying animal and vegetable matter, and over-crowded and ill-ventilated apartments.—Bedrooms too small, and the external air excluded in order to keep up the temperature, till the air becomes so vitiated with carbonic acid gas and effete matter thrown off from the system that it is utterly unfit for respiration. Headache, lassitude, and general debility are the inevitable result. When this state of things has been continued for some time perhaps the doctor is consulted and he advises a change of air—very good advice. but it is not always necessary to travel to a distant part of the country to find it. It can often be found within twenty feet from your own bed. Throw up the window and let the fresh air in, charged with its life-giving oxygen. If you are too cold cover up more warmly. Put on the lightest, fleeciest covering you can, and if too cold still, put newspapers between the blankets, and you will get up in the morning invigorated and free from headache, unless it arises from some other cause than vitiated air.

It is sometimes the case that persons of quiet and sedentary life contract the habit of breathing too superficially, and perhaps it would not be too expressive in some cases to say 'they are too lazy to breathe.' If they were too lazy to eat too, the mischief would not be so great; but while the system is supplied with a liberal quantity of material to make new blood, the blood as it passes over the lungs is not sufficiently vitalized with oxygen, on account of the lungs not being completely filled or emptied. In such cases exercise is recommended, and very properly. Running, skating, gymnastics, sawing wood, rowing, or any out-door exercise, which is not so extreme as to do violence to the muscles, is suitable, as it necessitates deep breathing in order to supply motive power to the muscles. It is not always practicable, however, to take the needed exercise, and in such cases it would contribute to health to take more air without the exercise. To accomplish this, step outside or on the veranda; stand erect, throw back the shoulders, and take in a few long breaths, filling and emptying the lungs as completely as possible, and repeat this operation several times through the day, and you will be surprised at the increase of vigor which you will experience. Sometimes severe pain is immediately relieved by this process.—[Ed.]

Dampen the Air.

We can hardly too often suggest the importance of providing ample moisture in all rooms heated by stoves, furnaces, steam pipes, or hot water pipes. There are sound scientific reasons for this, as well as in the results of practical experience. Every degree of heat added to the atmosphere in a room gives it a power of absorbing and secreting moisture. The air in a room 20 by 20 feet and 10 feet high, at 32°, holds or secretes about 1½ pints of water. The same air heated at 70°, secretes upwards of two quarts of water, and unless this is supplied, it is hungry for more water, absorbs it from every accessible source, from the furniture, from our bodies, and especially from the breathing organs—the mouth, throat, and lungs, leaving them dry and husky. Therefore, every time the air in the room is changed by the admission of fresh cold air, heated to 70°, two quarts of water should be evaporated into the room. Plants in a room are mainly destroyed or have a sickly growth, because the warm air becomes too dry and sucks out the very juices of the plants. The "house plants"—"olive" or otherwise—suffer similarly. In a warm room, a large towel frequently wet and wrung so as not to drip, and hung over a chairback near the stove, will make a marked difference in the comfortable feeling and healthfulness of the atmosphere.—*American Agriculturalist*.

Suggestions for the Sick-room.

In preparing a meal for any one whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be too great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than a large quantity of food presented at one time.

The patient never should be consulted beforehand, as to what he will eat or what he will drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise prepare something he is known to like and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest want should be anticipated and gratified before he has time to express it. Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptoms of worry or excitement, and to remove the cause. An invalid never should be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea, or gruel is best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants should never find an echo there.

In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him to bear the shock.

Above all, an invalid, or even a person apparently con-

valescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know how much her patient can bear; she should keep a careful watch on visitors, of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dismiss them.

She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict obedience to his orders, a faithful, diligent, painstaking following of his instructions will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method and regularity into domestic nursing.

ALCOHOL DECREASES TEMPERATURE.—Dr. B. W. Richardson of England, who undertook, a few years ago, at the request of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, an elaborate series of experiments on the action of alcohol, found to his surprise that the opinion previously held respecting this drug, that it had the power to maintain animal heat, was wholly without foundation, the exact contrary being true. Referring to this discovery of his, Dr. Richardson recently remarked as follows at a meeting of the British Medical Temperance Association: "I look back with horror to my former belief, a doctrine I was taught by able and learned teachers, that I ought to give alcohol in the collapse of cholera to bring back the animal temperature."

The researches of Dr. Richardson have since been confirmed by those of Edward Smith, and more recently by French experimenters.

CURE FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—About twenty years ago a daughter of mine—then about six years old—was given up to die by the family physician, who said the disease was incurable, and that it was never known to be cured. He therefore told us to give the child anything she wanted, and to make her as comfortable as possible while she lived. The child constantly called for beans, so my wife cooked some as quickly as possible, not stopping to parboil them, as is usually done, but boiled beans, pork, and potatoes together in the first water; and when cooked, she gave them to the child to eat. The child then went to sleep, and from that time began to improve. She is now the mother of two children. She is not troubled with the disease unless she takes a severe cold; and when that happens, she at once uses her old remedy, and it is always effectual. The doctor, after much thought about the matter, said that the only cause for such an effect was perhaps that the beans were cooked in the first water.—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post*.

A NEW MEDICAL THEORY.—A Minnesota man writes to the *Salem (Mass.) Gazette* as follows: "A discovery in the treatment of diphtheria has been made here. A young man, whose arm had been amputated, was attacked with diphtheria before healing took place; and instead of the matter incident to that disease being deposited in the throat, the greater portion appeared on the wounded arm, and the diphtheria was very light and easily managed. His doctor profited by this, and in his next case of diphtheria blistered his patients' chest, and on this blistered part the chief deposits appeared. This was also an easy case of the disease. The theory of the doctor is that diphtheria usually appeared in the throat because of the thinness of the lining of the throat. Hence, when the blister breaks the skin upon any other part of the body, the disease appears there."

CUTS AND BRUISES.—When you cut or bruise yourself, if the wound is not so large as to require sewing up, and an artery is not cut; pulverize a quantity of rosin sufficient to cover the wound thickly and wrap it up well in this. Small cuts treated in this way will dry and heal very quickly. If it should run any afterward as might be the case in large wounds repeat the operation. It is better than any salve.

—Mr. Edward Hine, in the *Liverpool Mercury*, asserts that the worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days by the use of cream of tartar—an ounce dissolved in a pint of water, to be drunk at intervals, when cold. He pronounces it "a certain, never-failing remedy."

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHEAP GINGER CAKE.—One teacup brown sugar, one of molasses, two light tablespoonfuls lard or clarified drippings, and two eggs, all beaten well together; then add a teacup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of ground allspice, a saltspoonful of mace, and one of cloves, three cups of flour, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Pour immediately into a hot, well-greased, large baking-pan, and bake in a quick oven.

SPONGE GINGERBREAD.—Mix one cup of molasses, half cup of melted butter and tablespoonful of ginger; make them quite warm, and add a teaspoonful soda, then add one cup of sour milk, two eggs beaten, and flour to make like pound cake.

CREAM PUDDING SAUCE.—Beat half pound of fine sugar and butter the size of an egg until light, and then add about half a cup of cream; stir in it a half cup of boiling water, and boil; flavor to taste just before sending to the table.

HOP YEAST.—Pare four middling sized potatoes, put them in one quart of water. Put two handfuls of hops in a cloth, and put in with the potatoes to boil; put four large spoons of flour, half a teacup of molasses, a tablespoon of ginger, and a little salt in a pan together, and stir well. Mash the potatoes soft stir them into the pan, and when cool, add half a teacup of yeast. When it is done rising, cork it up tight in bottles, and put it away in the cellar for use.

RICE PANCAKES.—One-half cup of cold boiled rice, mixed with one pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs, and flour (in which has been mixed a good teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt) to make a batter; bake on the griddle, and while hot, spread with jelly or jam; roll up, trim, and sprinkle over with sugar; must be eaten hot.

YEAST WAFFLES.—One quart of flour mixed with a pint of warm milk; add one-half cup of yeast, salt, two eggs, (well beaten), and piece of butter, size of an egg, melted; when light, bake.

HEN'S NEST.—Make blanc mange; pour in egg shells, and set to cool; when cold, break the egg shells, place in a glass dish, cut strips of lemon peel, let them boil in a syrup of sugar and water till they are tender, and sprinkle them over the egg shapes, and make a custard and pour over all.

PUDDING SAUCE.—Mix together the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, and two cups of milk; set on the fire and stir constantly until thick; flavor to taste.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—One ounce of gelatine dissolved in a pint of boiling milk; put into a pint of cream a cup and a half of sugar and vanilla to flavor, and whip to a froth; mix with the gelatine, adding the whites of the eggs beaten light; pour into a mold or dish lined with sponge-cake, and set on the ice until needed.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Beat one pound of sugar and quarter of a pound butter together until light, add four eggs also beaten light, and two rolled crackers, one cup of milk and the grated rind and juice of a lemon.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Stew until tender, in a very little water a dozen apples; flavor with grated rind of a lemon; rub them through a sieve, and to three cups of the strained apple add nearly two cups of sugar; leave it until cold; beat five eggs very light, and stir alternately into one quart of rich milk with the apples; pour into a pudding dish and bake. To be eaten cold.

COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, three eggs, flour enough to make a soft dough, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; roll thin; sift over with sugar and bake.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup sweet milk, one egg, one handful of sugar, one tablespoonful of half lard and half butter, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt; mix soft, roll out, and fry in hot lard. Very good.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

An old farmer said of his pastor, who was exceedingly mild in his preaching, "He's a good man, but he always rakes with the teeth up."

Lawyer (to witness)—"Did you say that an incompetent man could keep hotel just as well as any body?" *Witness*—"No. I said an inn-experienced man could."

Never use fast words. It may not always be agreeable. "How do you like my boots, love?" exclaimed a youthful bride. "O, they're immense," replied the partner of her joys; and she had the first matrimonial fainting away as the result.

What a difference it makes whether you put "Dr." before or after a man's name!

Joining in the amusements of others is, in our social state, the next thing to sympathy in their distresses, and even the slenderest bond that holds society together should rather be strengthened than snapped.

Genuine neighbourly love knows no distinction of persons. It is like the sun, which does not ask on what it shall shine or what it shall warm, but shines and warms by the very laws of its own being.

Genius without energy is an exquisitely-wrought engine without steam, an object of admiration without use, where the highest capability of speed is motionless, and unfitted, by the peculiarity of its structure, for all practical purposes.

THE CUPBOARD.—The night is pitch dark; and the compartment in the car is crowded. An honest peasant would like to take a little nap, but his huge three-cornered hat is in his way, and he does not see what to do with it. "Here, put it in the cupboard, my good man," says a commercial traveler, opening the window. The drowsy peasant complies, murmuring his thanks and expressing his ignorance of the ways of the rail, and falls into a sweet sleep, during which the commercial traveler gets into another compartment.

A young lady in Chicago, when asked by the officiating minister, "Will you love, honor, and obey this man as your husband, and be to him a true wife?" said, plainly, "Yes, if he does what he promised me financially."

A clergyman said a clever thing the other day to amuse his congregation, namely, that there was still many a one who, whilst engaged in singing apparently with all his heart the lines,

"Where the whole realm of nature mine

That were an offering far too small,"

was diligently engaged, with one hand in his pocket, in scraping the edge of a three-cent piece to make sure it was not a dime.

When, some time ago, an eminent Australian, was inspecting in that country a lunatic asylum, miserably defective in construction and appointment, he asked what was the special feature in the lunacy of a certain patient. "He thinks he is in hell, sir," was the reply. "If that's all his delusion," was the rejoinder, "I think he has a very substantial basis for it."

Lager beer is more than a tonic; it is Teutonic.

A re-pealing act—The second clap of thunder.

Pious old lady: "Just think Rose, only five missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals!" Kind hearted niece: "Goodness! the poor cannibals will starve to death at that rate."

"This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady: see how little it is: what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon—'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost," was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing "Pull for the shore."

"I would take a trip around the world," said Mr. Shoddy, "if it wasn't for the expense of returning home again."

A GOOD GIRL.—A little girl in the infant class of a Sunday-school thoroughly appreciated the difference between being good from choice and from necessity. At the close of the school, one day, the teacher remarked, "Beckie, dear, you have been a very good little girl to-day." "Yes, m'm; I couldn't help being good—I got a 'tiff neck," the youthful Beckie replied, with perfect seriousness.

"ISN'T IT LOVELY?"—Two young ladies stood at the show-window of a fancy article shop. A lace collar was under discussion. There it lay, with pretty pointed tips and a quill of stand-up edging. "I don't believe it's real," said one, with the knob of her parasol at her lips. The other poked her cheek with her's, and said lace was "so deceiving." "I'm bound I'll know," said the first, and she disappeared within the store. She came back soon, her eyes like exclamation points. "Millie," said she, "the price is \$45." "You don't say so!" replied Millie. "Isn't it lovely?" "Yes," was the answer; "but it would have been horrid if it had been imitation."

An inside car full of travelers was toiling up one of the long hills in the County Wicklow. The driver leaped from his seat in front, and walked by the side of the horse. The poor beast toiled slowly and wearily, but the six insides were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. The "insides" started, but thought the driver was only assuring himself the door was securely closed. Again the fellow repeated the same action; he opened the door and slammed it to again. The travelers turned around angrily and asked why he disturbed them in that manner. "Whist," whispered the fellow, "don't speak so loud—she'll overhear us!" "Who is she?" "The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his nose and mouth. "Sure, I'm desavin' the crayture! Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that rises her sperrits." The insiders took the hint.

HIS INHERITANCE.—It is related of a well-known merchant of a neighboring city that, after making his will and leaving a large property to trustees for his son, he called the young man in, and after reading the will to him, asked if there was any alteration or improvement he could suggest. "Well, father," said the young gentleman, lighting a cigarette, "I think, as things go now-a-days, it would be better for me if you left the property to the other fellow and made me the trustee." The old gentleman made up his mind then and there that the young man was quite competent to take charge of his own inheritance, and scratched the trustee clause out.

THE CHURCH-GOING DOG.—Mr. Swainson, in his work on the instincts of animals, says: "In my younger days I had a favorite dog which always accompanied me to church. My mother, seeing that he attracted too much of my attention, ordered the servant to shut him up every Sunday morning. This was done once, but never afterwards; for he concealed himself nearly every Sunday morning, and I was sure to find him under my feet at church, or else at the church door. That dogs clearly distinguish the return of Sunday cannot be doubted."

SOME QUEER THINGS.—Take, for example, the following genuine notice on an Irish church door: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk." Here is another kindred specimen: "Notice.—The church wardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly." In the April of 1806 the following bill was stuck up: "This house to be let forever, or longer if required." Such a house would quite match the gown mentioned by Miss Edgeworth, "which would last forever, and might be converted into a petticoat afterward." Another peculiar garment is described in one of Lady Morgan's earlier novels as being composed of "an apparent tissue of woven air."

MISCELLANEOUS,

Written for the Family Circle.

VISIONS OF FAIRY-LAND.

BY FRANK LAWSON.

Of in childhood I have listened
To full many a marvelous tale,
Of the solitary hermits
And their native, mystic vale:
And the new awakened visions
That within my bosom swell,
Human tongue can not drive from me,
Human words can never quell.

Childhood's visions crowd around me,
Images of years gone by;
Mingled stories almost faded,
That my reason can't descry.
Ah! 'twere vain for school-taught logic
To attempt to wield the wand,
That belongs to fancies' fairies
And the sprites of fairy-land.

Mythic stories of the Grecians,
Read in my maturer years,
Fail to cast that charm about me
That in childhood's dream appears.
Now the real ghosts and spirits,
Of my childish mind expand,
And I see again the creatures
That were born in fairy-land.

And the wild, romantic pleasure,
That within my bosom burns,
Stimulates the cords of feeling
And my heart to visions turns;
Human tongue cannot disperse them,
Human words cannot disband
Wild imaginations revels
In the spells of fairy-land.

THE HUSBAND'S LEGACY.

She was only eighteen when Gilbert Amydon married her—a bright-eyed little thing, with hair like gold, and a complexion like the pink-and-white of a conch-shell.

"Gil, you're a fool!" said his plain-spoken uncle, who had money to leave, and comported himself in a proportionately uncivil manner. "You're like all the rest of the world—infatuated by a pretty face."

"I contess, dear Gilbert, I am surprised at your choice," said his elderly maiden sister, "after having told you that Sylvia Simmertown was inclined to look favorably upon your attentions—Sylvia, who has three hundred a year of her own!"

"I'm really afraid, Gilbert," said his mother, "that Florence is rather young and inexperienced."

"She'll grow older, mother," said the bridegroom, cheerily; "and there's plenty of experience to be had in this world, if one only lives long enough."

And Gilbert Amydon and his pretty little wife were as happy as the day was long.

Florence cried a little when her husband was obliged to go to Russia on important business connected with the firm in which he was a partner. They had been married only a few months.

"I wish I were going with you, Gilbert," said she; and Gilbert Amydon laughed, and patted her rose-leaf cheek.

"Why, what should I do with a little zephyr of a creature like you?" said he. "How would you endure travelling all night, and running about all day? No, no, you must stay at home and keep house until I come back."

So Gilbert Amydon went away.

He had not been gone many weeks before a long and acrid letter from his maiden sister Drusilla infused a bitter element into the current of his reflections.

"Florence is very well," wrote Miss Drusilla, who, although by no means either fat or fair, was forty at least, and apparently very happy. She had friends to tea last night. Of course I was not invited, although most inopportunately

I called in, about the Dorcas Sewing Club, just as they were sitting down to tea. The Misses Myrtle were there, with their Cousin Major Darrock. Major Darrock is very handsome"—these words underscored with two vicious dashes of the pen—"and, judging from their conversation, Florence and he were old friends, before she met you. I dare say it is all right—indeed Florence told me that when she invited the three Myrtle girls she didn't know that Major Darrock had just arrived on a visit to them. But nevertheless I hardly believe it is well to reignite the ashes of an old flirtation on the altar of an absent husband's hearth-stone! However, as I said before, Florence is very young, and can hardly be expected to comprehend these things."

Gilbert Amydon felt a sharp sting of latent jealousy go through his heart as he read his sister's words, but presently he broke into a smile, and tore up Miss Drusilla's letter unceremoniously into cigar-lighters.

"They would shut her up in a nunnery if they had their way," said he to himself. "Poor, dear little girl, she must have some amusement!"

But uncle Crawley's next letter was more vaguely annoying still.

"I suppose you have heard from your wife about the fancy masquerade ball," said he. "The young folk are all wild about it. Your wife is to go as Rowena to Major Darrock's *Ivanhoe*. The costumes are to cost no end of money, I am told. When I was a young man people didn't squander their incomes in that sort of way. But I suppose if you are willing it's not my business to object."

Gilbert Amydon knit his brows and bit his lip, as he read the words that his uncle Crawley had penned with such malicious pleasure. This was quite a different affair from the tea party to which Drusilla Amydon had taken exception. And for the first time in his life Gilbert felt in his heart a strong, surging tide of anger towards the beautiful young wife whom he had promised at the altar to love and cherish.

"If she is really going to this ball," he said to himself. "I don't know what the consequences will be. She knows I hate *bals masques*, and she knows, too, that she has no business to go with that Major fellow when I am away. Drusilla was right—he is too young for a wife. I should have thought twice before I gave up into her hands such unbounded power to sting and torture me. At all events, I won't stay here to be made a fool of. I'll go back home and judge for myself whether she is losing all her common sense and discretion!"

He glanced at his watch.

"If I start at once," he thought, "I can be at Dedlington on the evening of the ball. And I'll do it!"

What a long, dreary ride that was—midnight joltings through endless stretches of wood and meadow-land and tunnels of echoing rock—days when sleep and waking seemed oddly jumbled together. And the one pervading idea that filled his brain was Florence, robed in pale blue silk, with her golden hair dressed as in an old picture he had once seen of the beautiful Saxon Princess Rowena. And all the time his heart was as heavy as lead within him.

Florence, whom he had so loved and trusted—Florence, who had grown into his heart as the clinging ivy makes its way into the crevices of the rock—Florence, whose pure innocence and singleness of nature he had worshipped—what would life be worth to him if she should prove untrue? Not that he feared any such misery—no, he knew Florence too well for that—but a plum with the bloom brushed off was no plum for him, he told himself, with a hot, fevered anger throbbing through his brain: of what value were the smiles whose sweetness was lavished liberally on all alike?

And, as he rode along, with folded arms and travelling cap drawn sullenly over his eyes, Gilbert Amydon felt like one who was already bereaved.

The house was dark as he ascended the steps and opened the door with his latch-key.

"Gone!" he said to himself, with a bitter smile. "Gone! Well, I knew it. What else could I have expected? She is no longer my sweet, home-loving Florence, but Rowena, the Saxon princess!"

With these thoughts in his mind, he strode up the passage, and opened the drawing room door.

To his surprise it was neither dark nor deserted. A cheerful fire burned in the grate—the shaded lamp threw its circle of light on the red-covered centre-table—and there, all

alone, sat Florence, her cheek resting on her hand, her soft eyes fixed intently on something in her lap—his photograph!

It was the prettiest little tableau in the world. Amydon stood for a second, scarcely willing to disturb it.

"Florence!"

"Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert!"

And with a low, sobbing cry of joy she sprang to his breast.

"So you haven't gone to the fancy ball, after all," said he, as he sat down beside her, passing his hand fondly over her golden hair.

"To the fancy ball? I never thought of going, Gilbert. I knew you did not like balls; and, besides, where would be the pleasure of going with you away?"

"They wrote to me that you were going as Rowena, the Saxon Princess," said Amydon half ashamed of the words he uttered.

"Oh, I know," said Florence, laughing. "Fanny Myrtle did want me to go. She was to be Rebecca the Jewess, you know, and Major Darrock, her cousin, was to be *Ivanhoe*; and she thought it would be a nice party. She even ordered a costume for me, but I told her all along I shouldn't go; so Clara Myrtle is wearing it to-night."

"While you are sitting here all alone, and studying my photograph?" he interrogated, fondly.

"—I'm afraid I was crying a little," confessed Florence, "for I was so lonely, and I wanted to see you so much."

"My own darling little wife!"

That was the last of Gilbert Amydon's brief madness of jealousy. Drusilla's spite and uncle Crawley's quiet malice had all fallen short of their mark.

And Florence reigns undisputed queen at last over her husband's heart.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—Somebody, writing of the habits of the people of olden times, says that washing-day, now a bug-bear in every household, does not seem to have been much of an institution in the days of our great-great-grandmothers. Indeed we are forced to the conclusion, mortifying as it is, that they were not very cleanly in personal habits. Linen and cotton materials that can be washed were not popular in England two centuries and a half ago. Velvets, taffeta, and rich silks were in the middle ages often worn by the wealthy without any underclothing. The possession of a linen shirt, even with the highest nobles, was a matter of note, and it was but few wardrobes that contained them. Under the Tudors, nightgowns were worn, though they had not been before, but they were formed mostly of silk or velvets, so that no washing was required.

A BRAVE LADY.—Charlotte Brontë's sister Emily, the authoress of "*Wuthering Heights*," possessed extraordinary courage. Timid as a fawn in society, and afraid to hear herself speak, yet in the face of danger self-possessed, knowing no fear. She was passionately fond of dogs, and always took them for company in her walks. One day when she was giving water to a dog he bit her hand severely, and showed evident symptoms of madness. The brave girl uttered no cry of pain, nor called for help. Walking calmly to the kitchen, she found an iron heated on the fire, and applied it to her hand. She held it there without flinching till the wound was thoroughly cauterized, and a broad scar remained which was visible to the day of her death. Neither of her sisters knew what had happened till many weeks afterwards, when thinking all danger had passed, she informed them.

AN ENVIABLE LOT.—If we may judge by trifles—which amount to considerable in the long run—old maids are very worthy people. Is a young woman remarkably neat in her person? "She will certainly be an old maid." Is she perfectly reserved toward the other sex? "She has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? "She is cut out for an old maid." If she is kindly, humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity, are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature—the old maid. It is no doubt a terrible thing to be an old maid, but so long as men drink rum, chew tobacco, smoke cigars, and act like fools, and even worse, it

is not the worst thing that can happen to a woman. Indeed, many married women would gladly exchange places with their single sisters.

A GOOD WHITEWASH.—Take a clean, water-tight cask or tub, and put in a half bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring on boiling water sufficient to cover it five inches deep, stirring it briskly till thoroughly slacked. When this is done, dissolve in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden and prevent cracking. A cream color may be made by adding to the above three pounds of yellow ochre. If to this wash glue be added, it will cause the wash to stick and not come off where touched. A half pound of glue will answer for a wash-tub full.

THE RUINED WATCH.

"I want you to buy me a horse-shoe magnet," said a friend one day, "one of the largest kind, so strong that when the 'keeper' or cross-bar is placed on it you cannot pull it off. I want to use it in giving object lessons, showing the power of attraction."

We found the magnet as directed, and learned that he used it very impressively in illustrating a variety of important truths; but the other day when he came to town, he pulled out his watch, a valuable one, on the back of which was an inscription reciting that it was presented to him by the Sunday-school of the church where he had labored. Said he, "I have spoiled my watch. Sometimes it goes slow, then it will start up and run fast enough to beat every watch in Boston. I took it to a watchmaker; had it cleaned twice. He examined it, said it was all right, and he could not see any reason why it should not go. But one night he heard me deliver a lecture and illustrate it with my three magnets, and after that he told me he knew what ailed the watch;—it had been magnetized, and was spoiled, and there was no possibility of making it go right. No art could correct it."

The steel contained in the watch had become magnetized, and as the different parts attracted each other, sometimes the wheels would go faster and sometimes slower, and so the watch was ruined. There was no dirt in it, there was no wheel broken, there was no piece lacking. It was all there and all in order, but that subtle magnetism had ruined the whole.

We have thought of that watch a number of times. We have seen boys and girls and men and women who were affected something as this watch was. The magnet probably had never touched the watch, or the watch the magnet; but the watch had come within the influence of the magnet, and thus had become magnetized.

Here is a boy, a good, honest, well-behaved child; but some day he runs in the streets, slips into the saloon, and listens to bad words and evil thoughts from evil companions. He goes back home. No one sees any difference in him. There is no brand on his brow, no scar on his hands, no stain on his garments, and still from that time he is a changed boy, and it may be, a ruined boy. Subtle influences are at work leading him away from God and truth and duty, and perhaps in years afterwards he may die an outcast in some distant land, because he has been ruined by an association which left no visible trace upon him.

Here is a girl, sunny, and bright and fair: the joy of her mother and the pride of her father's heart; but some day she finds her way among evil companions, perhaps in school she learns evil instead of good; she is made acquainted with things she ought not to know, and she is entangled in the snares of the destroyer. There is no visible trace of the mischief: her mother wonders at her waywardness, her father is surprised at her wilfulness;—little do they know that a fatal magnetism has ruined the joy and light of their home, that she is not and will not be the same as she was in the days gone by, and that she may live a wretched life, and die a wretched death, just in consequence of the fatal magnetism which has cast its witching spell around her.

There are men and women who are brought under similar influences. Yesterday they were honest and upright, to-day they have been flattered and praised and smiled upon until they have been beguiled into wrong-doing. They have been corrupted, they have been robbed of their innocence and

integrity; they have bound themselves to keep the secrets of ungodly men; they have learned tricks of human craft which honest men should never know but to denounce them. There is no mark to indicate the calamity that has befallen them; but conscience is benumbed, sensibility is deadened and blunted, and from that time, "having put away a good conscience," they may make shipwreck of faith, to the astonishment of all that have known them.—*American Messenger.*

Why the Father Surrendered.

Causerie, in the Boston *Transcript*, has the following good story: A distinguished Bostonian, whom his native city and State have delighted to honor, bethought him lately to buy a new vehicle. A bargain offered in the shape of a buggy, which a friend was ready to dispose of at a fair price. It was "second-hand," to be sure, but it was a good buggy, had been made "upon honor," had seen but little service, and bore upon its panels the initials of the original owners, "B. C." The trade was made, and the buyer plumed himself not a little on having got a good thing at a low price. But there was one member of his family who was not altogether pleased. The son, a dapper young man, wanted a little more "style," and would have preferred a new vehicle of fashionable build. He said so much about it that his father at length lost all patience, and told him seriously that he was tired of his talk and would hear no more of it.—"But, father," said the young man, "don't you think we had better have that 'B. C.' painted out?" "I tell you," said his father, "that I will not hear another word from you about it." "All right, sir," said the son, dutifully; "you know best, of course; but I thought that perhaps people might think that was when it was made." The father surrendered.

TRIALS—There are different ways of looking at the peculiar trials of those whom we love, in contrast with the trials to which we are subjected. When we see a person of rare goodness called to such suffering and endurance as causes our hearts to chill, we are sometimes inclined to ask, "Why does God so afflict that child of his, and preserve me from like torture? That person is better than I am, why should he not have as easy a time in life?" Another way is to say, "Whom God loveth he chasteneth. How God does love that child of his! I have no such trials. Is God forgetting me? Or am I so wicked that he is letting me have a good time in the world?" A better way yet, is to say of trials or of comforts, to ourselves or to others: "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight. Not my will, but thine, be done."

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY ON RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy: but if I would choose what would be most delightful, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hope; varnishes and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all life; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up to beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.

STEPPING TO THE FRONT.—He is but a poor Christian who has nothing to tell of the wonder-workings of God in his own experience. The blind man who was healed by Christ said of Jesus, "Whether he be a sinner or no I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." What this age pre-eminently needs is affirmation. We are sick and dying of negations. In spiritual matters, what chemists call "analysis by exclusions," is being pushed to an unwarrantable extent. Do we know anything? Is the grace of God in our souls an indisputable experience? Does faith fit us with wings on which we can launch without fear into eternity? There is a pressing demand for testimony in this matter. Christian disciple, do you know anything? Can you tell what you know? Step to the front and testify that the world may hear at least one voice that articulates itself in affirmations.—*Golden Rule.*

Think a Moment, Boys.

Boys do a great many thoughtless and foolish things "for fun," that mortify them very much in the remembrance. To have been caught in somebody's melon patch, or stealing a neighbor's choice fruit, or taking a gate off its hinges, or crawling under a showman's tent, or playing any kind of a trick to the injury of another, and that has to be accomplished in a sneaking way, won't seem very smart, if you ever grow to be a man of sense. You will hate it, and very much wonder that you ever thought it sharp.

Don't flatter yourself that the worst thing about a mean act is in being caught in it. You can't be low, or vicious, or tricky, without somebody knowing it, and it does not take long for a good many to find it out. It takes extraordinary talent and deception to have a good reputation concealing a bad character, and it is never worth trying for. The way to seem to be trustworthy is to be trustworthy. There was never yet a boy who was manly, honest, and worthy of confidence, that people did not find him out and give him his due.

You can't afford to trifle with your reputation. If you descend to indecent or immoral conduct, it will spoil your character and hurt your prospects, no matter what your friends may do for you, or how you may try to hide from all good people that you do these things. Just as long as you allow yourself to practice the habits that are condemned by pure, upright, straightforward people of integrity—whether you do it openly or slyly, you make no progress in the formation of a fine character, or in building a good reputation. So, when you are tempted to any low, tricky, dishonest, mean, or unworthy act, stop long enough to think what the effect is going to be upon your soul, your mind, your reputation, and if that is your strongest motive, don't do it.

BE HONORABLE.—Boys and young men sometimes start out into life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. That is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every shape of double-dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

HEAVEN IN THE HEART.—Have you ever stood and gazed into the water of some beautiful silvery lake on a calm summer evening, when the winds were soothed to slumber so that not a ripple floated on it? You scarcely needed to look up to know what the sky was like; you had all reflected in the water! the stars trembled there; the moon shone there; the fleecy clouds floated there. You had a sky beneath you as well as above. Those calm, silvery waters carried heaven in their bosom. That lake is an emblem of the true child of God. He reflects the image of the God that is above him. He carries heaven in his bosom. Jesus is mirrored there; the light of Jesus shines there; the love of Jesus glows there. —C. D. M.

SPREADING THEMSELVES.—The more a man sees of the world, and the more he mingles with others, the smaller space is he inclined to claim for himself among his fellows. He sees that in this pushing struggle of life, other people's rights must be considered; and he must not take more ground than just enough to stand on. This is very marked in all crowds and in all public places and conveyances. The man or woman who is best versed in society makes smallest demands, and occupies least space. The persons who take more room than belongs to them are those who have been least in company, least accustomed to adapt themselves to the needs of those about them. If you want to be thought well-bred, travelled, cosmopolitan, keep in your elbows in a crowd, and sit close in a street-car. If you want to be thought boorish and uncultivated, and to be recognized as one who was never much in good company, push both sides of you, as well as in front and rear, in a crowd, and spread yourself out in a car, or

in a public hall. It is by such indications as these that we see that the demands of Christian regard for the rights and feelings of others secure the best results of good-breeding. To be a well-rounded Christian man or woman includes the highest graces of true gentility.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE HEART.—Throb, throb, throb. Never sleeping, but often tired, loaded with care, chilled by despair, bleeding with wounds, often inflicted by those that do not understand it, or burdened with affliction, it must beat on for a life-time. Nothing finds a lodgement in its chambers that does not add to its labors. Every thought that the mind generates steps upon the heart before it wings its way into the outer world. The memory of dead loved ones are mountains of weight upon its sensitiveness; the anxieties of the soul stream to the heart and bank themselves upon it, as the early snow-drifts cover the tender plant; love, if it loves, fires it with feverish warmth and makes it the more sensitive; hate, if it hates, heats it to desperation and fills it with conflicts. Still it works on. When slumber closes the eyelids the heart is beating—beating beneath all its burdens; it works while we sleep; it works while we play; it aches when we laugh. Do not unnecessarily wound it; do not add to its bleeding wounds. Speak a kind word to cheer it; warm it when it is cold; encourage it when it despairs.

OBSTINACY AND IGNORANCE.—The obstinate man is generally an ignorant one and a slave to his own opinions. His belief is proof against any reason. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather snuff self-martyrdom than part with the least scrap of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into any lighter color. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. To try to reason with such a man is labor wasted.

The Prince of Wales.

A London correspondent writes: I was present, last night, at a cosy club gathering of actors and journalists, when by chance the conversation turned on the Royal Family. Speaking of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, one of my friends, a comedian of some eminence, said: "Some years since the Prince of Wales was crossing the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, smoking a cigar. He was accompanied by Mr. F. Chatterton, who at that time was manager of the Lane. A zealous fireman, praiseworthy oblivious of the rank of Mr. Chatterton's distinguished guest, stepped up to his manager, and in low but respectful tones called that gentleman's attention to the fact of the Prince's smoking."

"On retiring, his Royal Highness asked Mr. Chatterton the cause of his having been accosted, whereupon the manager repeated the fireman's words. In a moment the cigar was put out and the fireman summoned. After complimenting him on his zeal—and no one can say a graceful thing more gracefully than the prince—he inquired his name, and presented the fireman with a sovereign."

Some years after the Prince was on the stage of the Court Theatre in company with Mr. Hare, the manager. To every body's surprise, he, after looking earnestly at the fireman who was present, said, "Your name is Nichols, is it not? How long is it since you left Drury Lane?" The interview, as genial and pleasant as the former one, ended, as before, with the Prince again tipping the fireman with a sovereign."

For the Family Circle.

Happy Reflections.

There is one golden rule which evermore seems to come true; and that is, whatever people do they throw their own characteristics into their work. For instance, if a person builds a house which has marks of taste and beauty, it is the refinement and intelligence of the builder which you see portrayed in the edifice. The intelligence and taste of the

builder are represented in the house which he creeds. The more intelligent the person, the better will be the work which he performs. This rule can be applied to the painter, farmer, mechanic, and to all the professions and occupations. We might apply it also to one's personal appearance. As the body is the house which the soul lives in, so it is the soul or mind which gives beauty and expression to the face, and whole outward appearance. The marks of beauty, refinement, and intelligence which we perceive in the appearance and manners of a noble lady or gentleman, we consider only a beautiful expression of the builder, which is the soul or mind, the best and most royal part of our nature. As the body then is the house which the soul lives in, we believe in keeping the body clean, attractive, and healthy, and using all the bodily powers and attractions as helps and forces to promote mind-power, soul-power, and the glory of God. "The mind is the standard of the man."

HENRY RICHARDSON.

ANECDOTE OF A SOLDIER.—A soldier was lately brought under concern for his soul, and becoming visibly religious, met with no little railing both from his comrades and officers. He was the servant of one of the latter. At length his master asked him, "Richard, what good has your religion done you?" The soldier made this discreet answer: "Sir, before I was religious I used to get drunk; now I am sober. I used to neglect your business, now I perform it diligently." The officer was silenced, and seemed to be satisfied. "For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." 1 Peter ii. 15.—*Com.*

To play the part of tempter is the surest way for the human soul to do the devil's work and to win his reward. But let not the tempted one think that his only or his worst temptation comes from without. When a young man is urged by another to drink, or to gamble, or to steal, there is more than one petitioner for sin, and the stronger of the two is in his own breast. If he yields, it is because he yields to an influence a hundred-fold stronger than that of the most persuasive friend,—the influence of his own wrong wishes. He has overthrown the divine monitor, and trampled upon his personal sense of right. No man is *compelled* to sin by any influence from outside, however strong. Therefore, while the guilt of him who urges another to evil is not lessened one whit, let not the sinner think that he has yielded to outside pressure alone, and has not also listened to his own evil desire.

HURRY.—Hurry is dangerous; yet we continue to live at high pressure, and fairly rush through life. Even the staid and deliberate class are affected by the rapid movement around them, and must need hurry to keep their place. No inertia can check the torrent, and the stoutest resolve to move slowly is powerless to stem the flood. Even our amusements are hurried. Some persons are ever hurrying after their engagements; others are goaded onward by the pressure behind them; but, however the "hurry" is produced, it is full of peril to happiness of mind and health of body, and in the end, by exhaustion, if not prematurely by accident, it kills.

EDUCATION.—The great end of education is not information, but personal vigor and character. What makes the practical man, is not the well-formed man, but the alert, disciplined, self-commanded man. There have been early trained and accomplished men in days when a knowledge of geography hardly went beyond the islands and mainland of the Levant. There were powerful English writers long before Lindley Murray wrote his Latinized English grammar. What should be thoroughly understood is, that cramming is not education. It is a mistake to cover too much ground and seek to make youth conversant simply with the largest number of studies. Let them learn a few things, and learn them well. Let the personal influence of the teacher be relied upon rather than books and elaborate methods.

DEFICIENCIES.—All languages have their peculiarities. The Hindus are said to have no word for "friend." Italians have no equivalent for our word "humility." The Russian dictionary gives a word the definition of which is "not to have enough

buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" a second means to "kill over again;" a third "to earn by dancing." The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand shoe," showing that there were shoes before gloves. The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" anyone. The nearest approach he, in his politeness, makes to it, is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot," the same thing, probably, to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the direction, the energy of our "kick." The terms "up-stairs" and "down stairs" are also unknown in French.

New Pencil as a Substitute for Ink.

We do not refer here to the aniline pencils which have been in use for some time, but to a quite different pencil which gives a very black writing, capable of being reproduced by the copying machine, and which does not fade on exposure to light. The mass for these pencils is prepared as follows: 10 pounds of the best logwood are repeatedly boiled in 10 gallons of water, straining each time. The liquid is then evaporated down till it weighs 100 pounds, and is then allowed to boil in a pan of stoneware or enamel. To the boiling liquid nitrate of oxide of chrome is added in small quantities, until the bronze-colored precipitate formed at first is redissolved with a deep blue coloration. This also is then evaporated in the water bath down to a sirup with which is mixed well kneaded clay in the proportion of 1 part of clay to 3½ of extract. A little gum tragacanth is also added to obtain a proper consistence.

It is absolutely necessary to use the salt of chrome in the right proportion. An excess of this salt gives a disagreeable appearance to the writing, while if too little is used the black matter is not sufficiently soluble.

The other salts of chrome cannot be used in this preparation, as they would crystallize, and the writing would scale off as it dried.

The nitrate of chrome is prepared by precipitating a hot solution of alum with a suitable quantity of carbonate of soda. The precipitate is washed till the filtrate is free from sulphuric acid. The precipitate thus obtained is dissolved in pure nitric acid, so as to leave a little still undissolved. Hence the solution contains no free acid, which would give the ink a dirty red color. Oxalic acid and caustic alkalis do not attack the writing. Dilute nitric acid reddens, but does not obliterate the characters.—*Moniteur Scientifique.*

Woodpecker Stories.

In stripping off the bark, I observed it perforated with holes larger than those which a musket bullet would make, speared with most accurate precision, as if bored under the guidance of a rule and compass, and many of them filled most neatly with acorns. Earlier in the season I remarked the holes in most all the softer timber; but, imagining they were caused by wood insects, I did not stop to examine or enquire; but now finding them studded with acorns firmly fixed in, which I knew could not have been driven there by the wind, I sought for an explanation, which was practically given me by Captain S——'s pointing out a flock of woodpeckers busily and noisily employed in the provident task of securing their winter's provisions, for it appears that the sagacious bird is not all the time thriftlessly engaged in "tapping the hollow beach tree" for the mere idle purpose of empty sound, but spends its summer season in picking those holes, in which it lays its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect nor place it beyond their reach, and it is considered a sure omen that the snowy period is approaching when these birds commence stowing away their acorns, which otherwise might be covered by its fall. I frequently paused from my chopping to watch them in my neighborhood, with the acorns in their bills, half clawing, half flying round the tree, and admired the adroitness with which they tried at the different holes, until they found one of its exact calibre; when, inserting the pointed end, they tapped it home most artistically with their beaks, and flew down for another. But their natural instinct is even more remarkable in the choice of the nuts, which you will invariably find sound; whereas it is a matter of impossibility, in selecting them for roasting, to pick up a batch that will not

have half of them unfit for use, the most safe and polished-looking frequently containing a large grub generated within. Even the wily Indian, with all his craft and experience, is unable to arrive at anything like an unerring selection; while in a large bag full that we took from the bark of our log, there was not one containing the slightest germ of decay. They never encroach on their stores until all on the surface are covered, when they resort to those in the bark, and peck them of their contents without removing the shell from the holes.

The Stinging Tree.

Though the tropical scrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing that is really deadly in its effects; that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire; as if a certain proportion of one's body is burnt, death would be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fires as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from one to two inches high to ten and fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar, disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all round the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are large, some larger than a saucer. "Sometimes," says a traveller, "while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree until warned of its close proximity by its smell, and I have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was only myself once stung, and that was very lightly. Its effects are curious. It leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, &c. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung; and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs when stung will rush about, whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging trees a few inches high are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see, and seriously imperiling one's ankles. The scrub is usually found growing among palm trees.

Scientific Gymnastics.

Exercise, to be beneficial in the highest sense, should be for itself alone; it must not be work in any sense; it should pursue its own objects, and no other; it should be made a pleasure and not a labor; it should be utterly divorced from ulterior notions of economizing expended powers; and this should never be more firmly insisted on than in the case of those abnormal creatures who say they take no pleasure except in useful work.

The theory of scientific gymnastics is directed to bring about three qualities in the tissues. 1. Responsiveness; 2. Endurance; 3. Strength. The first of these is displayed in suppleness or agility. The muscle is well under the control of the will; it responds at once, with promptness and to the required extent. The quick blow of the prize fighter, the exactly graded and lightning-like motion of the swordsman, are examples. Not only is the nervous message transmitted from the central organ to the muscle with the utmost rapidity, but the contraction of the muscle is just so much and no more than the designed effect demands for its accomplishment. This is what we mean by *responsiveness*.

Endurance is the capacity of repetition of the same act, the reiterated discharge of the same amount of nerve force to produce equal muscular contractions for an indefinite period. It is the "staying power" which the tissues must acquire in order to do their best work. It also means the learning and adoption of the line of least muscular force to perform a given task. This is slowly acquired, but when once known, allows of the performance of apparently most onerous tasks with little effort.

Strength is the third, and beyond a certain moderate amount, least important end of athletic training, although it is often put first. The utmost strength that it is possible for any one to acquire is strictly limited by conditions of age, height, weight, and structure beyond the individual's control; nor is it at

all necessary to develop the strength of muscles to their utmost in order to reach their utmost physical perfection. Quite the reverse, indeed, is the case.

To develop these three qualities of tissue wholly different methods of physical culture are required. They do not go hand in hand. The country lout with big muscles that can throw an ox has, as a rule, little endurance and less responsiveness. All army surgeons know how soon these big strong fellows will break down. The circus clown, agile as a cat, is often physically weak, and with no more endurance than an ordinary mortal.

Moreover, all three of these qualities are to be imparted to all the muscles of the body, in proportion to their uses, so that a symmetrical development may be secured. The blacksmith, with his mighty right arm, but who is "blown" in a foot race of a hundred yards, and the ballet dancer, with her legs like Diana's and her arms like stems, are familiar examples of the absence of symmetry.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

A BOTANICAL USURPER.—A curious instance of the invasion of a country by a plant of foreign origin is seen in the history of the mango in Jamaica. In 1782 specimens of the cinnamon, jack-fruit and mango were sent to the Botanic Garden of the island. There the cinnamon was carefully fostered, but proved to be difficult of culture in the island; while the mango, which was neglected, became in eleven years as common as the orange, spreading over lowlands and mountains, from the sea-level to 5,000 feet elevation. On the abolition of slavery, immense tracts of land, especially coffee plantations, relapsed into a state of nature, and the mango being a favorite fruit with the blacks its stones were flung everywhere, giving rise to groves along the roadsides and around the settlements; and the fruit of these, again rolling down hill, gave rise to forests in the valleys. The effect of this spread of the mango has been to cover hundreds of thousands of acres, and to ameliorate the climate of what were dry and barren districts by producing moisture and shade, and by retaining the rainfalls that had previously evaporated; all this, besides affording food for several months of the year to both negroes and horses.

TO MAKE A SHILLING TURN UPON ITS EDGE ON THE POINT OF A NEEDLE.—Take a wine or porter bottle, and insert in the mouth with a needle in a perpendicular position. Then cut a nick in the face of another cork, in which fix a shilling; and into the same cork fix two common table forks, opposite to each other, with the handles inclining downwards; if the rim of the shilling be then placed upon the point of the needle, it may be turned round without any risk of falling off, as the centre of gravity is below the centre of suspension.

THE GAS CANDLE.—Provide a strong glass bottle, which will contain about eight ounces, or half a pint, into which put a few pieces of zinc, then mix half an ounce of sulphuric acid with four ounces of water, and pour it into the bottle upon the zinc; fit the mouth closely with a cork, through which put a metal tube which ends upwards in a fine opening; the mixture in the bottle will soon effervesce and hydrogen gas will rise through the tube. When it has escaped for about a minute, apply a lighted paper to the tube, and the gas will burn like a candle, but with a pale flame. Its brightness may be increased to brilliancy by sitting over it a small quantity of magnesia.

TO GIVE A PARTY A GHOSTLY APPEARANCE.—Take a half pint of spirits, and having warmed it, put a handful of salt with it into a basin; then set it on fire, and it will have the effect of making every person within its influence look hideous. This feat must be performed in a dark room.

THE CHANGEABLE ROSE.—Take a common full blown rose, and having thrown flower of sulphur into a chafing dish of hot coals, hold the rose over the fumes thereof, and it will change to nearly white. If the rose has been a long time plucked, the white will be perfectly so. Afterwards dip it in water a short time, lay it aside for a few hours, and its color will return as the effects of the sulphur are decomposed. A damp or humid atmosphere will bring about the same decomposition, but slower.

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WAITING.

Learn to wait, life's hardest lesson,
Conced, perchance, through blinding tears,
While the heart throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait, hope's slow fruition :
Faint not, though the way seems long ;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts, though suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower ;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the raging tempest's power.

Thus a soul untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state ;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side ;
Heroes must be more than driftwood,
Floating on a waveless tide.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE;

OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued).

CHAPTER VIII.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

How strangely we are influenced by dreams. Usually the latest and deepest impression made upon the mind and heart, produces undue excitement of a corresponding portion of the brain, which, in consequence, yields less readily and less completely to the influence of sleep ; so that when the dissociated faculties are in profound repose, the one specially under excitement, and those more immediately under its control, create for themselves an artificial life, and paint scenes, and surround themselves with associations more or less coherent and relative, in proportion as the number of faculties in activity approximate the normal balance which constitutes rationality,—and, in proportion as it does approach the real, is the strength of the impression left upon the mind in our waking hours ; and, it not unfrequently happens, that impressions, passions and sentiments are deepened and intensified by the influence of dreams. Sometimes these influences are so decided as to modify or mould the whole character and life.

When we left Miss Annabel, she had been reading, or trying to read, a novel ; and, whether her thoughts were upon

the book, or upon the workings of her own heart, the theme was love. And so, when, as we took our leave of her, she dreamed,—her dreams were but vague thoughts let loose, and sentiments on wings.

In imagination she found herself revelling in scenes of enchanting loveliness,—sunny skies above her, winding walks, amid trees of rare and luxurious foliage, flowers of exquisite form and color, and in infinite variety, flung their delicious perfumes on the air ; and the sweetest song birds, from all climes, woke the echoes with their cheerful melodies. Now the subdued sound of a distant waterfall blended its deep bass with the chorus of animated nature, and then it receded till it seemed to die away among the distant hills.

For a time she wandered in blissful revel in this dream-land paradise, and then the scene changed ;—she found herself at the entrance to a magnificent hall, with Herman at her side,—she leaned upon his arm, and looked into his eyes with all the confidence and joy of an accepted lover, while he returned her glances with a love-light in his eyes that told her he was all her own.

Untrammelled by the conventionalities of social codes, and unrestrained by the dictates of rational control, she drank, in innocent delight, the cup of overflowing joy.

The hall which they entered was flooded with light, and filled with a brilliant company of happy pleasure-seekers. Some of these were fantastically arrayed, but all were preternaturally beautiful. Most of these were strange to her, and yet their countenances seemed familiar. One she knew well ; it was one of her most devoted admirers, whose wealth, in her estimation, was his principal recommendation. He saw her, in apparently happy companionship with Herman, and his brow darkened. To her it was a moment of exaltation, and she did not seek to hide from him the occasion of her joy. At a piano, at the further end of the hall, a young lady was seated, and at the touch of her nimble fingers the apartment was flooded with strains of delightful music. As they approached the piece was finished, and the fair lady turned towards the company. As her rich brown eyes met Herman's, she rose with a smile of pleasant recognition, and Herman, disengaging himself, sprang forward to embrace her.

"How glad I am I've found you !" he exclaimed.

Miss Annabel's cup of bliss was poisoned. Jealousy, hatred, revenge, were the feelings that took possession of her soul, and these, like demons, seemed ready to carry her away. She shrieked ; and then she woke. A sigh of relief escaped her, as she exclaimed,

"Thank God ; it's but a dream ! A dream ! And yet who knows but it may be prophetic. I'll guard my heart, and guard my actions too. Well, if he loves another,—it may be ; but if I thought so, I'd win him if I died for it."

She paused ; but her thoughts were busy, though vague and troubled. And again she said to herself,

"After all, it is only a dream !"

The cool night air, stealing in through the open lattice, fanned her fevered brow, and in a brief time lulled her to repose again.

The time for Herman's return to college was fast ap

proaching, and he began to make preparations for it, by laying in such a stock of clothing, books, and other materials as he would require during the ensuing term, in which he hoped to complete his studies. To him the days sped by swiftly and pleasantly, for though he was by no means ascetic in his disposition, he could always find pleasing companionship in books, birds, brooks, trees, flowers and insects. So the time passed by happily, and without noteworthy incident, until two days' before he was to leave for college; but on that day, his uncle, on returning from the village, informed him that he had heard of the return of Mrs. Lee and her daughter to the cottage; and proposed, if it would be agreeable to him, to invite them over on the following day, and send the carriage for them.

"Nothing could be more agreeable to me," Herman replied; "and, if you please, I will myself convey the message."

"I would prefer to send the servant with it," Mr. Trevellyn said, "I think it better the invitation should appear to come entirely from me; besides, they will require rest after their journey, and it would not be right for us to disturb them to-day more than is really necessary. I should not think of asking them to come so soon if you were not going to leave us on the following day."

"Very well; I submit to your judgment, and I doubt not you are right!" Herman replied.

Accordingly the servant was despatched with the message, accompanied with a suitable apology, for disturbing them with an invitation, on the grounds already alluded to, and in due time he returned with the reply that they felt highly honored by the invitation, and though still somewhat fatigued by their recent journey, would hold themselves in readiness at the appointed time.

The morrow dawned bright and beautiful, and was just such a morning as inspires one with the feeling that it is to be a day for enjoyment. Nature seemed to have arrayed herself in her best attire, and the very air seemed burdened with latent music. Fortunately the occupants of the little white cottage also felt the inspiration, and prepared for their visit with great anticipations. At an early hour a servant was sent with the carriage, and found them in readiness; and though Mrs. Lee accepted Kitty's assistance to the carriage, she declared she did not need it, as she felt so much stronger after her recent journey.

When they arrived at Mr. Trevellyn's, Herman assisted them to alight, and they were received with such a cordiality that they at once felt perfectly at ease.

"I feared," Herman said, as they entered the parlor, "that I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you again before leaving for college."

"We had no idea," Mrs. Lee replied, "when you were last at the cottage, that we should have been called away so suddenly,—but I received a telegram from an old friend in Swansea, to the effect that my presence was necessary there, to prove a title to a property in which she was interested, and pledging me full compensation for my time and trouble, which pledge has been kept, though the pleasure of seeing so valued a friend, and contributing in any way to her welfare, would have been ample remuneration."

"I trust the trip has done you both good. Certainly you are both looking improved by it."

After a half hour's conversation on general topics, they took a walk through the garden,—Mr. Trevellyn taking a short turn with Mrs. Lee, which was all that her strength would permit, while Herman escorted Kitty, who was delighted with the brilliant flowers, the delightful perfumes, the gay plumaged birds, and the activity of the busy insects, as they sported away the gleeful moments, or pursued their little industries.

"What a beautiful place!" Kitty exclaimed; her countenance beaming with pleasure. "Surely there is no lovelier spot on earth than this. One could hardly fail to be good and happy, in daily communing with God and nature, in such a place."

"Ah! Miss Lee," Herman replied, "you are not much acquainted with the world. I doubt not you could be good anywhere; but there are very many who would pass their life amid such scenes as these, and never feel any admiration for, or gratitude to the great Artificer, by whom this busy life was inspired, and these beautiful scenes painted. On the contrary, the bountiful provisions of our Heavenly Father,

would only afford fresh occasions for wickedness and folly."

"It is sad to have to make such an admission," Kitty said. "I am unwilling to think that any human being could be so forgetful of the source from whence they derive their being and their blessings. For my part I cannot understand it."

"All have not had such mothers as yours; and many have become so intoxicated with worldly pleasures, that there is little room in their hearts for anything else."

"Then I do not envy them their pleasures; and I am thankful that I have had such a mother," Kitty replied. "And if I have not learned so much as many others, whose sources of knowledge have been more varied, I trust what I have learned will bring no disgrace to my teacher."

They now reached the centre of the grounds, and entered the rustic grotto, where they had been seated but a few moments when they heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and in a moment more Mr. Trevellyn appeared, accompanied by Miss Annabel Wilmot, who passed Kitty without noticing her, as she sat in a corner, with her back toward the entrance. Seeing who it was, Herman rose and bade her a hearty welcome, to which she as heartily responded, by saying, in an impulsive manner,

"We thought, as the time was about come for your departure for college, we would run out and surprise you with a little call."

"I am thankful for the honor you have done me," Herman replied; "and the more so as it was wholly unexpected. And now, permit me to introduce you to my friend, Miss Lee, who, with her mother, have been invited to spend the day with us. Miss Lee,—Miss Wilmot. Miss Anna—el bowed, in that imperial style, which was so easily assumed by her; and then said, "Perhaps I am intruding. If so, we will return at once. We only came for a short call."

"Not at all. I am glad you have come. Pray be seated. Or would you prefer to take a walk about the grounds. We have not been further back than here; and Miss Lee, who has never been here before, would no doubt enjoy a walk down by the "Little Niagara," if it would be agreeable to you."

"Perhaps Mr. Trevellyn would show me the portion we have not gone over," Kitty interposed; "and that will leave you free to entertain Miss Wilmot."

So saying, she arose; and then, for the first time, Miss Annabel had a fair view of her face.

What was it in that face that caused Miss Annabel's agitation. She first turned pale, and then her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes gleamed with a peculiar light, which did not pass unnoticed by Kitty as their eyes met, but which, from their relative positions, could not be observed by Herman.

"My dream!" Miss Annabel said to herself. "Those lustrous brown eyes! I saw them in my dream."

"I should be most happy," Mr. Trevellyn said, in reply to Kitty, "to escort my fair young friend, if she will accept the attentions of an old man like me. But we must not be too long, or my friend Mr. Wilmot would think he is neglected; though I am sure he will not suffer in the hands of the ladies, who, I know, are quite capable of entertaining him."

"There is no necessity," Herman said. "I am sure we should greatly enjoy each other's company. Let us walk down to the stream together."

But Kitty took Mr. Trevellyn's arm, and turning with a ringing laugh said, "good bye;" and they walked off, leaving Herman and Miss Annabel together.

For a few moments they were silent. Herman regretting that Miss Annabel's appearance, so unfortunately, should have, as he feared, thrown a disturbing element into the day's enjoyment, and Miss Annabel was thinking of the relationship of her dream to the young lady to whom she had been introduced; but, after a moment or two, she said,

"Who, may I ask, is this Miss Lee, to whom I have had the honor of an introduction? She appears to be a particular friend of yours, as she is here on invitation (and she emphasized the word), just before you leave for college. I never heard of her before."

"My acquaintance with her has been very brief," Herman replied. "Though residing but a short distance from here, she has always lived a very retired life, her mother being a widow, and somewhat of an invalid. Her father, previous to his death, was manager of my uncle's estate, and much esteemed by all knew who him. On that account, as well as

the amiable character of Mrs. Lee and her daughter, and their intellectual culture, my uncle has taken considerable interest in them; and, thinking to afford them pleasure, as well as to make it agreeable to himself and me, sent for them to spend the day with us."

"I have no doubt they are models of propriety and culture, and all sorts of estimable qualities. Does Miss Lee also possess the additional attraction of fondness for insects and bugs, and rambles over the mountains? If so, I suppose you have found in her a congenial spirit?" Miss Annabel replied, with some degree of sarcasm in her tone.

"Miss Lee has not been pointed to as a model, that I am aware of," said Herman; "though I will say this much for her, that, considering her circumstances and opportunities, in my judgment, she excels in correct taste and refinement of manners, many ladies of wealth and position, whose advantages have been, in most respects, vastly superior to hers. Though not rich, in a pecuniary sense, she possesses a well-cultured mind; and I am sure you will like her when you become better acquainted with her."

"I do think not I shall," Miss Annabel replied; "though I must bow to your judgment regarding her numerous merits; but, it seems to me a pity, that social lines were not a little more firmly drawn, so that people would learn to associate with those who are of their own standing in society."

"My dear Miss Wilmot, you forget, that if that rule were rigidly adhered to, I should have been deprived of the pleasure of your society, being myself dependent upon my uncle for my education; my father not being in a position to afford the necessary funds."

"That is a different case," Miss Annabel replied. "Your uncle has an object in view, and, no doubt, intends to make you his heir; and is educating you to fill that position in society to which your succession to the estate will entitle you. Your father and mine are old friends; and, I understood, from what my father has said, that that much was hinted to him."

"What my uncle may do with his estate is yet a matter of much uncertainty; but, in any case, I object to a person's social standing being measured by his possessions, or his worldly expectations being the gage by which to estimate his position in society. What I am socially, I am independent of worldly circumstances. Character, in my opinion, is the only correct rule by which to determine a person's social standing."

"The world does not form its estimate on that principle!"

"Then the world is wrong; and I maintain my opinion against the world."

"But, is there any advantage in opposing individual opinion against the world?"

"Yes; there is an advantage in maintaining truth, and keeping a clear conscience, though it has to be done single-handed."

"What! though the world condemn your opinions, and frown upon you for your persistence in maintaining them?"

"Yes; I can smile at their folly, and pity their weakness."

"Well, you are a singular man. I never saw another like you. Perhaps it would be well if society were adjusted on the basis of character; but it is scarcely practicable, for who is capable of estimating it. It often happens that the most unblemished reputation is found to have been only a cover for the most consummate villainy. And villains generally assume a garb of morality, and often of active piety, to enable them to practice rascality more effectually."

"True. But that fact is only a proof of the position I have taken, inasmuch as the assumption of a high moral character, in order to gain the confidence of the public, is a proof of the universal recognition of the high character of virtue and morality."

Miss Annabel did not hear Herman's reply, though she knew that what she had said was not in harmony with his sentiments. But her admiration for him was increased, and she felt that though he could not be won, like hosts of her city admirers, almost without an effort, yet he was a prize worth winning, and she resolved to make the effort; though, at the same time, she felt no little mortification that she had awakened so little admiration in him, as to leave her no room to practice coquetry. She now resolved to coincide more fully with him in opinion, and to study to make herself agreeable."

(To be continued).

Written for the Family Circle.

DICK'S MASQUERADE.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

CHAPTER III.

Three years had come and gone, bringing with them changes for better or for worse. Once more it was Christmas time. The Grants were still the inmates of the rough-cast house; but things looked brighter for them than they did when we last saw them. Gerald was head clerk in the establishment of Cunningham and Morely; Fred. also was doing well, and two or three of the other boys were in situations, so that Nellie had no difficulty in providing quite a sumptuous dinner on Christmas day.

It was the last day of the old year, and Nellie was sitting alone in the parlor, as she had done that day three years ago, when Dick Cameron told her he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife. But she was not sewing now; her hands were lying idle in her lap, and her thoughts were—where? She knew not—only with Dick Cameron, wherever he was. Since he went away she had never seen him—never heard from or of him. Had she prophesied rightly, and had he grown weary of waiting for her? she wondered. He had promised to come back; he had asked her to love him always, and she had promised him. Ah! yes, he would come. Her old faith and steadfast belief in the man she loved returned. She would not doubt him; even as she loved and trusted him, so did he love and trust her. Such was the girl's faith in the man she loved; and nothing on the broad earth could shake it, or cause her to doubt his fidelity.

So she sat there in the gathering dusk of the winter afternoon; the fire burnt low in the grate, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the loud purring of the cat, lying on the hearth rug. But even in that silence, she did not hear the door open, nor the sound of a step behind her; she saw not the tall figure of a man standing by her chair. Her face was partly hidden by her hand; her eyes were fixed steadfastly upon the red embers of the grate, dreaming, dreaming of her darling, and knew not that he was here,—close, close, beside her.

"Nellie; lone Nellie!"

It was Dick's voice that thrilled her to her very heart's core; and with a low cry of joy she sprang up and was clasped in his arms once more. At rest; at rest. Oh! blessed love!

It is evening now, and they are all gathered together in the family sitting room. There is Gerald, grave and kindly; Fred., with his fun-loving propensities as keen as ever; merry, reckless Jack; studious Heber; Maude and Mary, the twins, now tall young ladies of nineteen; and last, but by no means least, our old friend, Baby Syd—I beg her pardon—Miss Sydney Grant, a merry hoyden of eight, with tangled yellow curls and mischievous blue eyes; the spoilt darling of the house, and as the immortal Jemima most truly remarked,

"It was no wonder at all, if Miss Syd played them outlandish tricks, when she wasn't no ways kep' in."

When all the necessary explanations had been made by our hero and heroine, there followed congratulations, and a great deal of chaff from the boys, headed of course by Fred., while Nell was hugged and made much of by the girls, Syd especially, who adored Nellie, I honestly believe, as much as Dick himself; and, the only wonder is, that there was not war to the knife between Nell's lover and Nell's little sister. But Syd was a bit of a philosopher in her own small way, and perceiving that it was highly improbable that Dick would be a second time banished, resolved prudently to make the best of it. There was a great deal to be told on each side, and the evening was almost gone, ere the conversation began to flag. Then the younger ones, casting about for something to do, hit upon snap-dragon.

"Why, of course," said Dolly; "how funny we did not think of it before, and we always do have snap-dragon on New Year's eve." So having obtained unlimited license, they were soon shrieking and hopping about like a party of wild Indians performing a war-dance, as they snatched the raisins from the midst of the tiny blue flames.

"Gerald, Nellie, Fred., and all of you, come; it is now

fun," cried Syd poking her curly head in at the door, where the elder ones were still talking.

"Is it puss?" said Gerald, smiling.

"Yes, but if you are coming you must hurry, or it will all be gone." And so the others followed her into the dining-room; all but Dick and Nellie, who lingered in the deserted parlor, to have a little talk, all to themselves, before joining the others. Ah! reader, deem them not foolish, these young lovers, for have we not all, at some time in our lives, experienced the unutterable sweetness of being, for, it may have been, but a few short moments, alone with the one we hold dear above all others;—to stand, hand clasped in hand, and know that no other eye is upon us. Only two; but all the world to each other.

"Dick," Nellie said, leaning her head on his shoulder, "there is something I would like to ask you—something that has puzzled me a great deal. You remember the day I sold my bracelet?" she paused, blushing deeply.

"Well,"—hesitatingly,—"I have often wondered how you came to be there. You were rich, and had no need, like me, to—to; that is—I mean." Here she came to a stand-still; hopelessly at a loss for words to convey her meaning. He laughed, and looked quizzingly at her crimson face!

"I see what it is that puzzled you; but I did not go there to sell, only to buy. The fact is I had hunted in all the bookstores and libraries in the city for some rare old books, and failed to get them, and that morning as I passed the Jewish pawn-shop, I saw the very books I wanted, lying among all the other trash in his window; so I went in, and bought them. Then you came in, darling, like a ray of sunshine in a cellar; and, my own Nell, I loved you the moment I heard your low, sweet voice."

"Oh! you do not know what a terrible struggle I had with myself, before I could summon courage enough to go there; and the Jew, he was such a horrid-looking man," she shuddered, and drew closer to Dick.

"Nellie, would it please you to have your bracelet back again?"

She looked up quickly, and then let her glance wander sorrowfully away.

"Indeed it would; but I am afraid that can never be. It is not likely the Jew would have it in his possession still."

"Nellie, it was never in the Jew's possession for more than a half an hour. Can you guess who has had it all these years?"

"Dick!" She clasped her hands, and looked into his face, —with a half-doubting, half-wistful expression on her own.

"See here." He took a case from his pocket and opening it, disclosed the bracelet.

With a rapturous little cry of joy, Nellie bent forward to look at the beautiful toy, as it lay snugly in its case. He took it out, and clasped it on her round white arm.

"How good of you," she murmured.

"Then don't you think, I ought to be substantially rewarded?" He bent his handsome head low, that he might look into the shy, brown eyes.

She laughed, and standing on tip-toe, put both arms around his neck, and kissed him.

"And you have quite forgiven my masquerade, Nell?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," was her reply; and then they both laughed merrily.

In the dining-room the pleasures of snap-dragon had at last been exhausted; and Gerald, looking at his watch, announced that it was half-past eleven; and that, therefore, the old year had but one half hour to live. So they all trooped back to the parlor, where they found Nellie and Dick just coming to join them—so Dick declared.

"I think it was very mean of you both not to come; you must have known how late it was getting," cried Syd, indignantly.

"My dear Sydnie," interposed Fred, with affected gravity, "When you are placed in circumstances similar to those in which Nell now finds herself, you will doubtless discover that time is no object."

There was a general laugh at the lovers' expense, in which they joined as heartily as any one.

"I am very sorry, Sydnie, dear," said Nellie. "And so am I, too; indeed, I assure you," added Dick, humbly.

Swiftly the minutes chased each other away, and a deep silence fell upon the little group as the hour of midnight

drew near. Now it wanted but five minutes to the hour,—instinctively everyone drew near to the widows, and pulling back the curtains, gazed with solemn awe upon the silent scene without. Pure and soft lay the snow upon the ground; and from the heavens the moon looked down, as though breathing a benediction, upon the coming year.

Hark! 'tis midnight! and with a loud peal the bells ring out, to welcome in the New Year. And the old year has passed away.

"A happy New Year; a happy New Year," cry all, turning from the windows, and shaking hauds heartily all around.

"A happy New Year to you, my own darling," whispered Dick, as he took leave of his betrothed, and Nell answered not a word; for, indeed, what need was there to speak?

THE END.

SELECTED.

"Breast the Wave, Brother."

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Withstand assailing sin;
The Master Pilot waits to save
All men who strive to win.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Deep darkness gathers round;
Look to your Captain, and be brave,
For heavenly joys you're bound.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
A few more struggles o'er,
The heaving tide of time will lave
You safe on freedom's shore.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Celestial hosts are near;
Supernal help your soul may crave,
Then you will know no fear.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
Stretch strongly for the land;
Our Great Emmanuel's near to save,
And guards each of His band.

"Breast the wave," Brother, "Breast the wave,"
'Gainst waves and storms contend;
The plaudits of th' admiring brave,
Will greet you in the end.

ROBERT BURNET.

Consult your Wife.

You are a man of business, and have no time to show attention to your wife—few opportunities to converse with her; at least you make few. She submits to this unsocial state of things, because she must; but is she happy? Probably not. No woman likes to be considered a cipher. Your wife ought to be your adviser. She ought to be your most confident counsellor. There are many husbands who would as soon think of taking advice of their children as of their wives; but it is only the fool who is too wise to seek counsel. A woman, you say, knows very little about business; nevertheless, her intuition is often better than a man's judgment.

Your wife is your partner. You have earned the money, but she has saved, and sacrificed, and pinched, and worried, and worked, to help to accumulate it. She has done her fair share toward making your property what it is; she has a right to be consulted how it shall be used. A double right has she to have her judgment weighed and measured in all questions relating to the disposition of the family and the training and culture of the children.

Talk to your wife on all occasions. When you come home at night, tired with the cares of the day, to find her equally fatigued, bring to her the news of the day, the latest, freshest thought. In buying your paper, or subscribing for your monthly magazine, or renewing your religious weekly, get what suits her needs and meets her tastes, as well as your own. There is more in that patient, quiet, silent wife of yours than you think. Do not freeze her very individuality by your practical contempt of women.

TIDINESS IN HOME DRESS.

"Never, in all my life was I so mortified!" The speaker was a rather pretty-faced, blonde matron, of about thirty-five, who lived in a quiet country village, and according to the custom of her place, "Did her own work." The cause of her vexation arose from the fact that she had been seen, by a wealthy and stylish neighbor, sweeping her front porch, arrayed in a draggled and dirty old dress, with her hair drawn back in an unkempt, frowzy knot at the back of her neck, which was minus a collar.

The aunt, a neatly-dressed, placid-faced old lady, to whom the above remark was addressed, replied:

"Well, Fanny, it does not seem as if there was any need of you looking quite so untidy."

"I know there isn't, auntie; but I have so much to do, and I can't be bothered to dress, just for the home folks. What's the use of putting on, when no one is likely to come in."

"Ah, Fanny," replied the old lady, "I think the gist of the whole matter lies in these two words, '*putting on*.' As though a genuine lady need save all her sweetness and freshness for strangers, and could not afford to spare a bit of it for her own folks. I am sorry to hear you give expression to such a sentiment. I fear I shall soon hear you talking, like that disagreeable Mrs. Barber, about 'company manners,' as well as dress."

"The truth is," continued Fanny's aunt, "what strangers think is of very little consequence, compared with the estimate our own family and intimate friends place upon us. In our hearts we know and acknowledge this; but although we do not confess as much to ourselves, we trust to the forbearance and love of our friends to overlook our shortcomings. When we are hurried, or some necessity presses upon us, we relax our determination to be neat in our dress, and the consequence is, that, little by little, almost before we know it, the habit of being untidy in the morning becomes the rule, rather than the exception, with us."

To be sure, folks ought not to estimate us merely by our dress. But, after all, one's garments are the outward expression of one's tastes and feelings in a great measure. If a woman begins to be slack in her dress, her character begins to be 'down at the heels,' as well. Besides, no sweet, pure-minded woman can afford to look mean and shabby, in the eyes of her husband and children. It's a mother's duty to be beautiful in the eyes of her boys, so that in after years they can look to mother as a pattern by which to judge the other women of their acquaintance. Then, too, one must live with one's self all the time, both at home and abroad, and be on good terms with self-respect and comfort, by clean and tasteful dress and surroundings.

"With the present styles,—with pretty calico costing but five or ten cents a yard,—even the poorest woman has no excuse for not looking well while at her work. To my notion, calico is the only suitable dress for morning wear. A wrapper is an abomination while doing house-work. Yet it is a folly to make a house dress three stories high; with basque, overskirt, and skirt, covered with flounces and ruffles. A simple sack and a skirt, trimmed with a scout ruffle, or bias bands, is much more sensible and becoming. Such a dress is easy to wash and iron; and comes out every week looking as fresh and as bright as new. With a linen collar at the neck it is quite good enough for every day wear, no matter who sees it; and is far better than an old afternoon dress, with soiled draggled flounces, tangled fringes, and dirty ragged sleeves,—like the one which you have on, my dear,—and which has made you feel so bad."

This plain-spoken old lady's lecture to her niece, might be profitably repeated to hundreds of untidy women, who need no persuasion to look well upon the dress parade, but who "can't be bothered" to fix up while doing their own work.—*Rose Thorne.*

Earnest Men.

Enthusiasm is magnetic. Like the magic fiddle of the little Fritz in German legend, it fascinates and draws after it the crowd. The earnest man of action, even though a very bungler in his rhetoric, is sure to have plenty of friends. His deeds speak for him. Cromwell's speeches were generally unintelligible, but he was terribly in earnest both as

a fanatic and a soldier. It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of his prayers, or to misunderstand the logic of his victories. Mahomet was a man of vast capacity, a great orator, a furious sectarian leader, and a lion-hearted hero. Such a combination was irresistible, and he founded at once a new Empire and a new creed. Had the intellect of Luther been of a more passive type, his conquests over error had never been achieved. It was the warlike ardor with which he challenged and defied his antagonists, his enthusiasm as a controversialist, that enlisted sympathetic spirits under his banner, and made the Reformation a success. To come down to later times,—confidence in his own destiny was the inspiration of Napoleon, and it was because he believed in himself that his army believed in him. He thought himself irresistible, and so thought every man in his hosts from the marshals of the empire to the meanest followers of the camp. To this delusion, as much as to his genius, may be ascribed the glories of his dazzling career. Stonewall Jackson—a man of not very extraordinary talent—was an enthusiast whose zeal and fervor were worthy of a better cause and a better fate. No red-cross knight ever shouted the crusader's shibboleth "God wills it!" with more passionate devotion than he the war cry of Treason. The fiery zeal that possessed him he communicated to those he led, and they performed prodigies of valor. It has been ever thus, and ever will be. Without energy and earnestness nothing that the world will think it worth while to remember can be accomplished. They often save a bad cause from defeat, and almost invariably secure the ultimate triumph of a good one. In the field, the forum and the pulpit, in art, science, literature and love are alike indispensable to success. An intellect, however capacious, has no potency without them. It is like a shell without a fuse—a ball without a charge of powder behind it. Unfortunately in the contest between right and wrong all the vehemence is sometimes on the evil side, and hence right now and then gets the worst of it. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is a glorious precept.

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF UNHAPPY.—In the first place, if you want to make yourself miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and your things. Don't care about anything else. Have no feelings for anyone but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy, but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly towards them and speak lightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and, if anyone comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your rights are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness, in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you; and if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

Ten Eyes for Two.

When Vidal, one of the most distinguished sculptors of France, became suddenly blind, he refused to credit the assertion of his physician that the terrible affliction must be a permanent one. For a while he fought the disease and the doubt with the most heroic determination; and when at last he was obliged to accept the medical diagnosis as correct, he gave in like a brave man.

"You will find," said the doctor, "that your other senses will become more acute, especially the sense of feeling. If you persist in your art, with half the courage and resolution that you have shown in fighting me, you will become as famous without your eyes as you would have been with them."

So Vidal, gratified and soothed, went to work and kept at work. The education of the sense of feeling, even quickened as it was by the destitution of the optic nerve was a most difficult undertaking, and to a man of less patience and courage would have been impossible. When after considerable patience he found that he could "see a little with his fingers," his delight was unbounded.

"Perhaps," he said, "the good God is to give me ten eyes instead of two, and if this is so, what will I not do to deserve them?"

Time, that tries all things, and settles all things, proved that this hope was not unfounded, and it came to pass that Vidal could not only do better work than he ever did, but was a more competent critic of his neighbors' work, than when he could use his eyes.

"Keep still now," the artists say, "Vidal is about to feel of my statue!" and this means to them everything that is correct in art judgment.

Vidal's favorite subjects are animals, and since his blindness he has received more than one medal from the Salon for his wonderful power and skill in modelling.

Vidal's labors and experience should be a comfort to his blind brothers and sisters all over the world. Like him, they should say thankfully, "Perhaps the good God will give me ten eyes instead of two."

How the Farm Was Bought.

A young man was very anxious to secure a piece of property which was just then for sale on very advantageous terms. He went to confer with a friend of his, who was a banker, about the matter, and to inquire whether it would be prudent to borrow the requisite sum and pay it in regular installments. He thought he should be able to manage all but the first installment. He was advised to borrow from the bank a sum enough larger than he wished to raise to cover the first payment, lay it strictly aside and then go ahead. "But," said his friend, "you must spend literally nothing. You must make a box and drop in it all the money you receive." The young man and his wife went bravely to work to follow his advice. If it was necessary to dine off a head of boiled cabbage and salt, they did so and never grumbled. Every payment was promptly met. The egg money, and the butter money, and the corn and wheat money—all went into the payment-box and, at the specified time, the place was theirs. There was an invisible wealth about such hard-earned possessions, that common observers knew nothing of. On the day of the last payment, the young man presented himself before his friend with a smiling face, and with the money in his hand. There were no rags to be seen, but his clothing was well-covered with furs from head to foot. "You see I have followed your advice," he said, casting a glance over himself, "and my wife looks worse than I do. But I have earned the farm and now I know how to earn another."—*Cincinnati Times*.

To the Point.

A judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from a pile of papers in the lawyer's hands that a certain case was likely to be a long one, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars, your honor," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case." An English judge was more patient. He listened for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, and finally observed, when they were done: "Brothers, that act was repealed a year ago." One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room. Before he could speak, she bared her arms, saying: "Burn,—a poultice," said the doctor. Next day she came again, showed her arm and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice," was the response. A few days afterward she came again. Then she said: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician. "You are the most sensible woman I ever saw." Lord Berkeley, wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "Dear Dorset:—I have just been married and am the happiest dog alive. Berkeley." The answer came: "Dear Berkeley.—Every dog has his day. Dorset." The editor of the Chicago newspaper wanting the details of a terrible inundation in Connecticut, telegraphed to a correspondent in Hartford: "Send full particulars of the flood." The reply came quickly: "You will find them in Genesis."

The Charm of True Marriage.

Our advanced theories of divorce and free love-making, the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a

deadly blow at an element in which it was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true marriage, what the greatest advantage, what the most priceless happiness, take life through, which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the richer development which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine. No; but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter in it, each in the other, and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed stand-by. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immense amount of unhappiness, crime, injustice, blight and down-dragging,—one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with; only the blindest sentimentalist will deny that. On the other hand, however,—and that is not mere sentiment, but sober fact,—of all the evidence of God's goodness to be found in this lower world;—all the proofs that He cares for us, not only with the interest and love of a Father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life,—not to fight its battles, win its victories, and endure its sorrows alone, but giving them, as they go forth out of their childhood's home, a relation in which each two of them are bound together with the closest of all ties, live together with the closest of all ties, live together under the same roof, have their labors, their property, their interests, their parental affections all in common, and are moved to stand by each other, hand to hand and heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage miseries, more widely perhaps than any other happiness.

TRUE COURTESY.

The ordinary rules of politeness will not apply to everybody, but must be varied to suit occasion. For example, an amount of attention which would be almost painful to a retiring young woman may be very acceptable to others of a more exacting temper. Nothing but really kind feeling and a quick desire to please can ever dictate all the fine details of gentle manners. The genuinely courteous man will always be distinguished by many signs from the man who is coarse and rude in feeling, but who manages just to execute the externals of etiquette. Many people are probably apt to overlook the fact that genuine courtesy involves indwelling sentiment—a fine sense of the fitness of things. Without these a very kindly-disposed person will not doubt frequently err. A young man who accidentally brushes against a young woman in the dense crowd of a skating rink, and makes a profuse apology, is perhaps something more than polite.

On the other hand, kind feeling must be assisted by intellectual qualities. The lady of fine tact who quickly perceives the sort of treatment best suited to her individual visitors, knows with whom to place them for dinner, and how to modulate the key of her conversation in passing from one to another, may not be a whit kinder at heart than the hostess who takes great pains to entertain, but always manages, through a certain awkwardness, to fall short of her object. Yet kindness is essential in the case of the skilful as in that of the awkward lady. The very tact by which the former quickly reads individual minds, interpreting their requirements, involves a lively, sympathetic interest in others. The difference is, that the estimable feeling exists, not as a disturbing, emotional excitement, but as a calm, controlling motive, which enables her to merge her own identity in that of her guests.

Comparison may be odious, and yet the most casual observer has noticed that the number of people who cure hams is very large, while the number who can procure them is very small. This reminds us of a story, as Mr. Lincoln used to say. A boastful but not altogether successful physician, who laid most of the foundations of his fame under ground, was giving a dinner party. "Gentlemen," he said, pointing to a fine ham which graced one end of the table, "I cured that ham myself." A poor fellow, whose illness and bills had been prolonged by the doctor's skill, replied, with just the slightest tinge of asperity in his voice, "Well, doctor, I think I would rather be your ham than your patient."

A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.

The cuts illustrating this article were kindly lent us by the firm of McBroom & Woodward, of this city, who do an immense business, and supply the important desideratum of testing all their seeds before sending them out.



DOUBLE PETUNIA.—Hybrid.

This is a very showy and profusely flowering plant—very robust, and well adapted to either pot or open air culture. It presents a great variety of colors sometimes on the same plant, and is much admired. The flowers are remarkably large.



ASTER;—Truffaut's Peony-flowered perfection.

The Aster, is one of the most popular and effective of our garden favorites, producing a profusion of flowers, admired for perfection of form, and richness and variety of color. The above cut represents one of the very finest varieties. Should be planted in a deep, rich soil.



GLADIOLUS.

The Gladiolus is the most beautiful of the summer bulbs, with tall spikes of flowers, some two feet or more in height, often several spikes from the same bulb. They may be had of every desirable color. Plant from middle of April to first of June, 6 to 9 inches apart, and four inches deep. Take them up in the fall, remove tops, and, after drying a little, store in a cool place, till the following spring.



VERBENA. Hybrid.

The Verbena is a very popular bedding plant;—flowers the first season from seed, producing beautiful flowers, of almost every tint, and shade of color, and blooming freely until frost. Plant in rich mellow soil.



IPOMEA. Limbata elegantissima.

The Ipomea is one of the most beautiful climbing plants. The above represents one of the finest varieties. The flowers, are a bright blue color, with white margins.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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We are thankful to our friends who responded to our circulars, and paid what was due on last year's subscription; and, if we have seemed sometimes to neglect them, by not forwarding the paper in good time, we are sorry to say that the principal cause of it has been the neglect of others to meet our just claims upon them. Our individual subscribers cannot realize how much our business is helped, or hindered, by the payment, or non payment, of fifty cents.

Perhaps they will understand it better, when we say that we have had to pay in cost of material, labor and postage, about two-thirds of the amount we have asked them for, as we have sent the paper to them regularly for the year; yet so many have failed to remit, that, at the present time, there is due to us over one thousand dollars, in subscriptions alone, the greater portion of which, for one reason or other, the parties are unable or unwilling to pay.

Many have objected to pay, on the ground that they told our agent to discontinue the paper. Now we have no agents, in that general sense. Any parties, to whom they gave such instructions, were, in that matter, their agents, not ours. We pay our agents for the specific work of procuring subscriptions, and taking and forwarding names and money. Yet, where request was sent us, either directly or indirectly, to stop sending, we have invariably done so at once, unless the parties were more than four months in arrears; in which case, we have sent them a card, stating that we would discontinue on payment of arrearages. Our agents, who frequently were not on the ground till months after the subscription expired, could not be expected, and ought not to be asked, to stop the paper. However, the past cannot be recalled, and we have learned, by dear experience, that our method of doing business the past year cannot be continued. Our present patrons will therefore please renew promptly, as the paper will not be sent after expiry of subscription, unless requested.

Now is the time to do something toward extending the circulation of the FAMILY CIRCLE. Let each subscriber please try to get one more to subscribe. It will help us wonderfully.

To induce our friends to help increase our circulation we will send a bound volume of last year's numbers, free of postage, to any one who will send us two new subscribers with the cash (\$1.00), directed to this office.

To any one who will send us three new subscribers, or two new ones, and renew their own subscription, we will send as a premium the volume for last year bound, and the CANADIAN BAND OF HOPE, a beautifully illustrated children's paper, for the present year.

Some parties have written us without giving their address. Please be careful to give name and address with street number if possible, as we frequently have several subscribers of the same name in the same place.

It will always be our aim to give all our subscribers the fullest satisfaction possible, and we will gladly supply any missing numbers on notification that they failed to arrive.

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Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c., And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

✉ Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

HEALTH AT HOME.

At the recent Sanitary Congress at Croydon, England, the president, Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S., read a paper on "Health at Home." That there was no place like home was a saying peculiarly appropriate to the subject, for the river of national health must rise from the homes of the nation. He would lay down a few golden rules for securing health at home. First he would put sunlight. Whether your home be large or small, give it light. In a dark and gloomy house one could never see the dirt that polluted it: unwholesome things got stowed away and forgotten, the air became impure, and soon some shade of ill health was engendered in those persons living in the house. Not only was the mind saddened in a home that was not flushed with light, but sunlight was of itself directly useful to health. The practice of placing sick people in dark and closely-curtained rooms was alike pernicious to body and spirit; and, moreover, he had found by experiment that certain organic poisons, analogous to the poisons which propagate epidemic and contagious diseases, were rendered innocuous by exposure to light.

He would next refer to the allied topic of night and hours of sleep. If it were good to make all possible use of sunlight, it was good equally to make as little use as possible of artificial light. Artificial lights, so far, had been sources of waste, not only of material out of which they were made, but of the air on which they burned. In the air of the closed room the present commonly-used lamps, candles and gas-lights robbed the air of a part of its vital constituent, and supplied in return products really injurious to life. Gaslight was in this respect most hurtful, but the others were bad when long kept burning in one confined place. The fewer hours after dark that were spent in artificial light the better, and this suggested, of itself, that within reasonable limits the sooner we went to rest after dark the better. It was of the greatest importance in a healthy home to let every person have a separate bed, and the clothes should be light and warm. As the bedroom was the room in which one-third at least of the whole time was passed, that ought to be the room on which most trouble after health should be bestowed. The rule followed was the reverse of this. The bedroom should be so planned that never less than 400 cubic feet of space should be given to each occupant, however good the ventilation might be. The walls should be colored with distemper or with paint, that, like the silicate paint, could be washed three or four times a year. The windows should have nothing more than a blind and a half muslin curtain. The floors should have carpets only round the beds, without valances from the beds. The furniture should be as simple and as scanty as possible, the chairs free of all stuffings or covers that would hold dust. Of all things, again, the room should be kept clear of vestments not in use. From time to time a fire should be made in every bedroom, that a free current of atmospheric air might sweep through it from open doors and windows. Dry scrubbing was by far the best mode of cleansing the floor. An equal temperature of about 60° F. should be maintained, as far as possible, throughout the house, a free access of air, and, above all, dry.

His last rule he would take from the more strict of our

Jewish fellow-subjects, that of a complete household-cleansing once a year; the cleansing of every article, great and small; of every wall and floor, door and lintel; and destruction of all organic refuse, however minute.

Drinking at Meals.

The habit of washing down the food interferes with the habit of thorough chewing. It also deluges the stomach with an unnecessary amount of fluid, at least in the most cases, since those who drink at all while eating, usually indulge the habit immoderately. The animal system requires water in order to carry on its various functions. This must be supplied by drinks, or by eating juicy or semi-fluid food, and for those with good teeth no drink at all is necessary. The stomach cannot work upon the mass introduced into it at one meal, until it has disposed of its fluid contents to leave it in a sufficiently dense condition for kneading and churning and stirring about by the strong muscles of that organ. Too much fluid improperly dilutes the gastric juices with the food in order to help its thorough digestion. If the fluid mixed with the food as it is swallowed be very cold, it further retards digestion, lowering the temperature of the contents of the stomach below the working point, so that digestion cannot go forward until the body has sufficiently raised the temperature of the food in the stomach. With warm meals, a moderate amount of cold water (not ice water) may produce no noticeable result, but the hearty cold water drinks had better be taken when the stomach is empty. Poured into a full stomach it often produces great discomfort, and sometimes results in serious disease. Drinks with meals, especially for persons with defective teeth, had better be warm than very cold. Still, I think if you teach your growing family to eat their food deliberately, with no tumbler or other drinking vessel placed habitually beside their plates, so that they naturally learn to moisten their food well with Nature's own preparation for that purpose—the saliva, which pours from the glands of the mouth with every motion of chewing—the children will grow up healthier in all respects for the good habit of deliberate and thorough chewing, and of drinking at proper times.

The Healing Power of the Imagination.

The records of medical practice are full of illustrations of the influence of the imagination, for good or evil, over the functions of the body, and philosophy finds in them a key to the wonderful persistence of more popular superstitions. The firm belief that any disastrous physiological result, even death itself, will surely follow a given act or occurrence, is very apt to bring about the dreaded calamity; and every repetition of the seeming sequence of cause and effect tends to confirm and strengthen the mischievous belief. As a means of counteracting this tendency of perverted imagination, charms for averting evil often play a conspicuous part. The protection is as imaginary as the dreaded evil; but, assuming a belief in the fictitious danger—a belief strongly tending to make the danger real—the charm substitutes a more hopeful belief, and the danger ceases.

A curious illustration of this action of the mind is reported from San Francisco, in connection with a case of transfusion of blood. An aged negro, at the point of death, was saved by this operation, the blood—about eight ounces—being taken from his wife's arm. The man recovered, but the woman went into a curious decline, against which tonics and nourishing food were of no avail. At last the patient confided to the doctor the secret of her ailment, which kept her from resting day or night.

"I tell you, doctor," she said, whisperingly, "it's that blood of mine the old man is carrying about inside of him; and, doctor, when that old man comes back, I want you to give me my blood back." The doctor, seeing that the woman would not be appeased unless he complied with her request, promised to return the next day, first informing her of the dangers of the operation, and that it was resorted to only in the most urgent cases. She would hear of no explanations, but demanded that the operation be performed. It was accordingly done the next day, the doctor taking from the man about half an ounce of blood and transfusing it into the woman's veins. After the operation the woman brightened up perceptibly, saying, "I'll be all right now, doctor." And

that the operation did prove a success was fully demonstrated by the sick woman, who began work a few hours afterward, declaring that the doctor was a wonderful man, and that now she's got her own blood back again she is all right—*Scientific Assembly.*

Cure of Diphtheria.

When a member of the family is attacked by this fearful disease, the best medical aid should at once be called. The danger is too great to allow this advantage to pass unheeded. Indeed, even in apparently light cases, that appear to be progressing to a speedy and favorable termination, the patient often suddenly dies, and what are called the *sequelæ* of the disease—its later effects on the organs and tissues of the body—frequently result in death, or protracted disorder and suffering. It will therefore be seen that intelligent professional treatment is necessary to prevent, if possible, such serious results.

But in some cases, a physician may be so far away as to render his assistance practically impossible. For such, we say there are three principal remedies. The first is the saturated solution of chlorate of potash, given in teaspoonful doses every hour. The French physicians rely largely on this.

The second is chlorine-water, diluted with from two to four times as much water. A prominent physician, of Springfield, Mass., has for the last sixteen years found it almost uniformly effective. Prior to its use, he lost half his cases.

The third remedy is sulphur. Dr. Field, of England, has obtained remarkable cures with it. His prescription is, we believe, to mix a teaspoonful of the flour of sulphur in a wineglass of water, and give it as a gargle. If the patient is unable to gargle, blow some of the dry flour through a quill upon the diseased parts of the mouth and throat; or burn some of the sulphur on a live coal, and let the patient inhale its fumes; or, filling the room with the fumes, let him walk about and inhale them.

The patient should always be kept warm, the bowels open, and the system well nourished with easily digested food.

The sulphur remedy, if used in time, is generally successful; but, in case of inhaling the fumes of sulphur, caution should be exercised, as sulphur fumes are very irritating to the lungs. In addition to other remedies, it is well to blister the chest pretty thoroughly, as this often draws the poisonous matter from the throat, and lessens the liability to bronchial and other diseases, which so frequently follow diphtheria.

CONSUMPTION.—Physicians used to hold that a fatal issue must follow the development of tubercles on the lungs. So long as tubercular formations could be arrested, there was hope of a patient's recovery; but when these had planted themselves in the lungs, their growth was inevitable and fatal. But nature is wiser than physicians; and teaches those who study her ways valuable lessons. Careful dissection in recent years has brought to light many curious facts. Foremost among these is the certainty that consumption, in its tubercular form, is often cured. A series of post-mortem examinations, in an Edinburgh hospital, disclosed the fact that the lungs of one-third of the patients who died, after forty years of age, bore marks of tubercles, whose growth had been checked, and in many cases the disease wholly cured. Parts of the lungs had even been destroyed, and the cavities filled by contraction and adhesion of the walls. In some cases, fibrous tissue had completely enclosed the parts disintegrated by disease. If consumption is curable, as these facts seem to indicate, scientific physicians will never rest till they have ascertained the most effective methods of treatment.

THE CHILDREN OF RUM SELLERS.—Dr. Martin, of the *Salt-petriere*, Paris, has made a series of interesting observations on nervous affections among the offspring of alcoholic parents. His results may be summed up, as follows: In 83 families, in which one or more members showed nervous excitability, with a history of alcoholic origin, there were 410 children. Of these, 108—more than a quarter—had convulsions, and in the year 1874, 169 were dead; 241 were still alive, but 83, *i. e.*, more than one-third of the survivors, were epileptic.

ABSORPTION OF FOOD.

The digestion and assimilation of nutritious matter, are of very small value, to man or beast, unless it be absorbed, enters the blood, already formed, and mingles with its current. Many human beings eat heartily, digest well, and convert their digested food into an uniform mass of material fit to be absorbed, and still they gain but a small amount of blood and tissue. The trouble is, that they are not able to absorb it. Let us suppose that a quantity of well digested food has reached the duodenum or upper section of the food canal. It must first be prepared for the wonderful process of absorption. The preparation consists in mingling with it pancreatic juice and secretions from the liver and duodenum. These fluids reduce the digested mass of food, meat, bread, vegetables, fruits, etc., into a fluid of a milky and uniform consistency; forming particles so minute, that they pass easily through the membranous covering of veins. Before it can reach and nourish the several tissues, it must perform the process of absorption. Penetrating the walls of the intestines,—mingled with the vital fluid, and so increasing its amount, and so enriching it with fresh particles of nutriment, is called absorption. The value of good digestion appears, when we consider that only those particles of food, that can be reduced to very minute particles, can penetrate the absorbing surface of the intestinal mucous membrane. This membrane, or lining of the food canal, is broad and very long, and is covered with many folds. Each fold is folded upon itself, and so resembles the plaiting of a ruffle. In this way, the inner surface of the food is much enlarged. If the mucous membrane, of the small intestines, measure twenty-five feet in length, the doubling must make it hardly less than fifty. The intestines are soft and flexible, and so are easily contained within their limits. Now this large surface, is covered with numberless minute elevations, projecting from its inner lining. These elevated points are so closely packed, as to form a fine velvety covering to the mucous membrane. Each point possesses a network of minute tubes, called capillaries. These points, or elevations, are the principal organs of absorption. The digested materials, in the intestines, come in contact with them; and they absorb the minute, nutritious particles, that the intestinal mucous membrane may contain. Examine these absorbing surfaces, and you will find no openings, through which minute particles of food can pass;—and still they must pass through these continuous surfaces, that they may reach and mingle with the blood, already coursing through the veins.

In this way, we see the importance of perfect digestion; so that all nutritious particles may be sufficiently reduced in size, to ooze through the membranes, that separate the outer portions of the veins from the inner. The fluid from the stomach, and the sugar generated from the starch, in food, mingle with the absorptive mass; and all these mix with each other, previous to absorption. This compound fluid, thus prepared, is composed of particles—so minute, that they can pass through a membrane, in which no opening can be seen. The points, or elevations, in the mucous membrane, not only absorb, but have means of transmitting the nutriment they have imbibed into veins, that ultimately unite into one great trunk,—the portal vein. This portal vein divides, right and left, into two great branches, that penetrate the right side of the liver; and ramify, more and more, until their branches reach the minute follicles, or secreting bags, of which the liver is composed.

Another set of blood tubes now are used, to collect it into little veins, that unite more and more, until they converge into one common vein,—the hepatic vein, that ultimately discharges its contents into the great vein of blood, that leads it directly to the heart.

In this way, digested food is reduced to a mass of minutely diluted fluid,—is imbibed by the absorbing points or elevations of the mucous membrane of the food canal, and enters the veins to which they are attached. These veins uniting, form a grand current, conveying their contents to the liver, distributing them through the liver, in which small veins again collect the blood, and convey it to the heart. The nutritious particles of the food, changed by several intricate processes, thus reach the heart; that forces the blood into the lungs, and allows it to return to the other side of the heart, while another force drives it to every section of the head, limbs and body; leaving here and there means of growth and strength.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One grated cocoanut, one-half pound of white sifted sugar, one-fourth pound of butter, one-fourth pound of flour, three eggs, and one grated lemon. Grate the cocoanut over night and spread it upon plates to dry; work the sugar and butter to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, dust the cocoanut with the flour, and add it gradually, then the grated lemon, and last the whites of the eggs. Bake in small pans in a moderately quick oven. Ice them if you choose.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—A cup of white sugar, one of butter, half a cup of rich cream, and two eggs. Flavor to suit the taste.

SURPRISE CAKE.—A large cup of sugar, one of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, two cups and a half of flour, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one of soda, and one egg.

HOMINY CAKES.—A pint of small hominy, a pint of white indian meal, sifted, a little salt, three large tablespoons of fresh butter, three eggs, and a quart of milk. Having washed the hominy, let it stand all night, soaking in cold water. In the morning boil it soft, drain it, and while hot mix it with the indian meal, adding the salt and butter. Then mix it gradually with the milk, and set it away to cool. Then beat the eggs very light, and stir them gradually into the mixture, which should now have the consistence of a thick batter. Bake on a griddle the same as buckwheat cakes, trimming off their edges, and sending hot to the table. Or, if you prefer it, you can bake in muffin rings.

LOAF CAKE.—Two cups of light dough, a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, half a teaspoon of soda, a cup of raisins, and spices to suit your taste.

JACKSON SNAPS.—One cup butter, one egg, five cups flour, one cup sweet milk, two cups sugar, one teaspoonful soda; flavor with lemon or cinnamon. Roll very thin.

DELICIOUS ROLLS.—Half a cup of butter, mixed well into a pound of flour, half a tea-cup of yeast, a little salt, and enough milk to make a good dough. Let it set in a warm place, for about two hours, to rise. Then make up into rolls, and bake in a hot oven.

EGG CHEESE.—Beat six eggs well, then put them into a half pint of new milk, sugar, cinnamon and lemon peel to your taste. Set it over the fire, stir well, and squeeze a quarter of a lemon into it, turn it out into your molds.

CREAM PIE.—One pint of sweet cream, a tablespoon of flour, sugar to the taste, and flavor with nutmeg. Line a good-sized pie dish with paste, fill with the cream and bake in a slow oven. This needs no eggs.

COCOANUT PIE.—One quart of new milk, three eggs, one tablespoon of butter, two of sugar, and a pint of grated cocoanut, which should be fresh. Bake like custard pie.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Two large cups of sour milk, a cup of molasses, two cups of indian meal, one cup of flour; one of suet chopped fine, a teaspoon of saleratus, and salt to taste. Boil four hours.

BIRD'S NEST.—One cup of cream, one of sweet milk, a cup and a half of flour, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoon of soda, three eggs, and a little salt. Dress a pint of tart apples, stew and sweeten them. Butter well a two quart basin, put the apples in the centre, pour the batter over them, and bake for an hour.

STEAMED DUMPLINGS.—Two cups of sour milk, one of cream, a teaspoon of soda thoroughly dissolved. Turn into your flour, and mix the same as for biscuit; roll out, and wrap up whatever fruit you desire.

STARCH.—To prepare starch, mix one-half pint of starch with one half-pint of cold water, and add three quarts of boiling water, stirring until smooth.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Pop—Popper.

There is a good deal of pop in the following, from the Cleveland Voice:

He shakes the popper o'er the coals;
She eyes the kernels by his side;
As round about like prisoned souls
In sore unrest they tortured glide.
They both are blushing—"tisn't the fire,
Though now the kernels 'gin to hop;
He brings his chair a little higher—
And then a big corn utters "pop!"

Encouraged thus, his courage mounts;
She looketh down as half afraid;
And though his heart doth give a bounce,
He stammers forth, "Be mine, sweet maid;—
At my fireside forever bask."
He almost lets the popper drop.
"Dear John," she says, "please go and ask,—
And then a kernel hollers "pop!"

"Yes, I am a good dancer," said the barber as he sheared of the blonde locks of a customer. "See me clip the light fantastic tow."

A precocious Scotch lass, seven years old, when asked whether she would marry or remain single, said:—"Neither; I shall be a widow."

"Where will you put me when I come to see you at your castle in the air?" asked a gentleman of a witty girl. "In a brown study," she replied.

An amateur singer frightened two canary birds to death. That was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.

To make superb soup use the proper soup herbs.

Old ocean indulges in storms merely for wreck-creation.

MEASURING CLOTH.—A little Oil City girl observed her mother measuring cloth by holding it up to her nose with one hand, and reaching out to arm's-length with the other. She assumed a thoughtful aspect, and, after cogitating a moment, asked, "How can you measure cloth that way? Can you smell a yard?"

The following message, intended to break bad news gently, was sent to the widow of a man who had just been killed by a railroad accident: "DEAR MADAM,—Your husband has been unavoidably detained for the present. To-morrow an undertaker will call upon you with the full particulars."

A SOFT ANSWER.—"Come here, sir, till I tan your jacket for you," said Currier to a truant pupil. The boy softly answered, "A soft tan, sir." The muscles of the teacher's face and arm relaxed, and the punishment was commuted to the admonition to be careful about playing hockey again. Thus it is that a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.—Pat (who has come to London with a view to emigrate):—"Sure, I've come about that situation ye're advertisin'!" Newsender (who has put out a bulletin about the "Situation in Egypt"):—"What situation do you mean?" Pat (pointing to the poster):—"Its this wone in Egypt I'm after!" Newsender:—"Pooh! that's on the state of affairs ——" Pat:—"Divil a ha'porth I care whose estate it's on! bedad, I'll take it."—Punch.

A WITTY RESPONSE.—Richard Lalor Shiel was a Catholic, which did not prevent his being dragged into a religious controversy by an Anglican clergyman. The parson argued that the Church of England was more loyal to the powers that be than the Church of Rome. "You see," he observed, taking a prayer-book out of his pocket, "we pray three times for the Queen in the morning service, whereas you pray but once." "Well, but didn't you know," quoth Shiel, "that one prayer of ours is worth three of yours?"

On a homeward-bound Charleston car, a jolly-looking Irishman was saluted with the remark, "Tim, your home has blown away." "Dade, thin, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

Dog versus Bark.

Old Muggins took the cars for the Mountains by way of the Great Falls and Conway Railroad. Muggins is a gentleman, somewhat nervous, but always polite. In the seat behind him was a young lady who held in her lap, or allowed to sit beside her, a small, coarse-haired, bushy-headed dog. The dog yelped, and snarled, and barked almost continuously, which did not appear to give the lady any trouble at all. She seemed used to it. Muggins tried to read, but in vain. The canine din fretted him exceedingly. He looked for a seat in a distant part of the car, but could see none unoccupied. At length he ventured to remonstrate. He turned and complained to the lady of the annoyance.

"Bless me, sir," she exclaimed, with an air of surprise, "I wonder my dog can annoy you. He is the admiration of everybody. Look at him, sir,—he is a real Peruvian."

"It is n't the Peruvian dog that annoys me, ma'am," replied Muggins, with a severe nod,—"*it is the Peruvian bark.*"

Whether the dog detected vengeance in Muggins's eye, or not, we cannot say; but very shortly thereafter he curled up in the lap of his mistress and went to sleep. And Muggins read his paper.

INQUISITIVENESS.—The man who wants to know about things. We have all seen him—have all "been there," as they say in the beautiful West.

A dear son of New England having plied a new-comer, in the mining region of Nevada, with every conceivable question as to why he visited the gold region; his hopes, means, prospects, etc., finally asked him if he had a family.

"Yes, sir," was the reply: "I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

Then there was a brief silence, after which the bore commenced:

"Was you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow?"

"No, sir."

Another pause.

"Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six, children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Fact."

"How can that be?"

"Why," was the reply, "one of them was born after I left."

The Bear Walked Away.

An Irishman of Montana was working a placer mine, a few miles from Bear Gulch, and visited that place one day to get his tools sharpened. Just as he was about to start back, some one told him that if he would go home by the way of Sour Krout Gulch, he could not miss his way, and would save several miles of walking.

Pat started out, but after travelling several miles the sun was almost down, and he had seen nothing that looked familiar. At last he made up his mind that he was lost, and, to use his own words, feared he "would be robbed and murdered intirely all alone."

While he was in this state of mind he spied a cinnamon bear on the side of the mountain, and was almost ready to fall to the ground with fright. Recovering his self-possession a little, he said:

"I thought it wouldn't do to let the bear think I was afraid of him, and concluded I might intimidate him by making him think there were several of me. So walking a little faster, I called out as loud as ever I could, 'Mike! Oi say, Mike, hold on a bit till I catch up wid ye and the rest o' the b'ys. When the bear heard that he walked away and said not a word."

MINISTERIAL WIT.—Here is an amusing bit of ecclesiastical tit-for-tat. Two young men were chums and intimate friends in college. One became a Baptist minister, the other an Episcopalian. They did not meet again for years. When they did, it was in the pulpit of the Baptist, for whom the

Episcopalian preached, to the great satisfaction of the congregation. Sermon over, the two divines ducked their heads behind the breastwork of the preaching desk, and held the following colloquy: "Fine sermon. Tom; much obliged. Sorry I can't repay your kindness for preaching by asking you to stay to our communion. Can't though, you know, because you have never been baptised." "O don't concern yourself about that, Jim; I couldn't receive the communion at your hands, as you have never been ordained."

"Be mine!" the fervid lover said;—

"I will," replied Elaine;

"But first I'd know the capital
You have, to work the vein."

The maid, who thus met-al his hopes,
Will see him not again.

Another man—this time a Chicagoan—has announced that he has discovered a process by which illuminating gas can be made from water. The Chicago people are ready to believe in it, as they have an idea that water must have been made for something or other.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

ANECDOTE OF ROWLAND HILL.—Once, when I was returning from Ireland,—says Rowland Hill,—I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First, the captain swore at the mate, then the mate swore at the captain, then they both swore at the wind; when I called to them, with a strong voice, for fair play. "Stop! stop! if you please, gentleman; let us have fair play! It's my turn now." "At what is it your turn?" said the captain. "At swearing," I replied. Well they waited, and waited, until their patience was exhausted; and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my time, and swear at my own convenience. The captain replied, with a hearty laugh, "Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn." "Pardon me, captain," I answered, "I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so." My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.
Keep good company or none.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Be just before you are generous.
Live up to your engagements.
Have no very intimate friends.
Drink no intoxicating liquors.
Earn your money before you spend it.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
Good character is above all things else.
Never listen to loose or idle conversation.
Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.
You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group:
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong,
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away.
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy."

WHAT'S IN AN EDUCATION?—As there are those who entertain grave doubts concerning the benefits of education, we believe we have only to introduce the following interesting report of an interesting conversation upon an interesting subject, to convince them that the want of education, sometimes at least, places really good people in awkward positions:—"My dearest Fanny," he said, as they stood beneath a tree in a flood of moonlight, "I have longed—oh, so longed!—for this blessed opportunity; and even now, I hardly dare to speak the swelling thoughts that struggle up for utterance. Not in the blistering glare of the noonday sun would I whisper to thee of the sweet love that has tinged my whole being with a celestial brightness, but in this soft silvery sheen of the constant moon would I syllable forth the ecstatic song of Eros. Oh! canst thou realise how like the radiance of heaven thy beauty beams upon me? And shall not the blessed boon be always mine? Wilt thou not henceforth, for all coming time, give me the right to shield thee from the rough contact and chilling blasts of an unfeeling world? Oh! if thy smiles could be mine while life should last, they would shed—a—a—ah, my dearest, they would shed—" While he hesitated and stumbled for a word, Fanny eagerly whispered, "Never mind the word-shed, Albert, but go right on with your pretty talk."

Fashionable Barbarity.

The author of "Camps in the Caribbees," while in the Caribbean woods, "unexpectedly beheld a vision of loveliness seldom vouchsafed to the dwellers of the icy North. Close at hand, within two feet of me, sat a tiny humming bird on a downy nest. Fearlessly it glanced at me with its bright black eyes, and curiously it followed my every motion with its shapely little head. A buzzing of wings attracted my attention, and I beheld the mate of the one on the nest, who darted at me with unmistakeable fury, his glistening crest erected, and anger shooting from his eyes. Verily, had

his diminutive body been in proportion to his heart, I should have been destroyed. Satisfied that he could not drive me away by darting at my eyes, he rested a moment on a twig near the nest, where he was at once joined by his mate, who seemed to endeavor by caresses to soothe his ruffled temper, and to assure him that my intention toward them was not evil. Touched to the heart by this exhibition of trust and love, I would not have harmed these little innocents for a fortune. Exposed for a moment were two eggs, white as snow, and small as seed-pearls."

Now look about you in church, and ask what that charming lady with a humming-bird in her hat would have done had she been there. She would have caught the little brooding mother-bird and have choked it to death. She would have taken advantage of the chivalry and heroism of the little husband, to catch him as he charged down upon her, and have wrenched his soldierly neck. Then she would have robbed the nest, blown the specks of gold out of the pearly eggs, skinned the two little birds, and put the whole on her hat: No, she could not be such a savage as that! you may say. But she *has*—and worse! She has paid a savage Carib or Brazilian not only for doing so, but also for skinning the birds alive, for that is exactly what they do in order to preserve and enhance the brilliancy of the plumage. Don't be too hard upon her. She has not seen it in this light before. We will warrant that she will buy no more humming-birds for her hat.—*Interior.*

A PRETTY STORY ABOUT A DOVE.—Since Thursday of last week, a beautiful white dove, of the white variety, has followed Conductor Smith's freight train, on the Old Colony railway, daily from Walpole to a certain spot in Medfield, where it alights on a peculiar barn, re-appearing next day at the same place in Walpole. During a part of the way the dove flies just back of the cab, under the pillar of smoke, and within a few feet of the engineer, and a part of the way beside the engineer's window, and within two feet of his hand as he stretches it toward her. Occasionally she falls back to the rear of the train, as if surveying it, but only to resume her wonted place a moment later. The engineer had tried several times to run away from the bird by putting on extra steam, but to no purpose, as she seems to have the wings of the wind. When the train passes under a bridge the dove mounts gracefully above it, tumbling immediately into its place again on the other side. Mr. Warren Cutting, the engineer, seems to be the favorite of this strange visitant.—*Boston Advertiser.*

ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who start our railroads and steamboats, our machine shops and our manufactories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold glow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We would rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlwind than sneaking from a cloud.

INTELLECT IN BRUTES.

One evening soon after my arrival in Eastern Assam, and while the five elephants were, as usual, being fed opposite the Bungalow, I observed a young and lately-caught one step up to a bamboo-stake fence and quietly pull one of the stakes up. Placing it under foot, it broke a piece off with the trunk, and, lifting it to its mouth, threw it away. It repeated this twice or thrice, and then drew another stake and began again. Seeing that the bamboo was old and dry, I asked the reason of this, and was told to wait and see what it would do. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, and, holding it in the trunk firmly, and stepping the left foreleg well forward, passed the piece of bamboo, under the armpit, so to speak, and began to scratch with some force. My surprise reached its climax when I saw a large elephant leech fall on the ground, quite six inches long and as thick

as one's finger, and which, from its position, could not easily be detached without this scraper, or scratch, which was deliberately made by the elephant. I subsequently found that it was a common occurrence. Leech-scrappers are used by every elephant daily.

On another occasion, when travelling at a time of year when the large flies are so tormenting to an elephant, I noticed that the one I rode had no fan or wisp to beat them off. The mahout, at my order, slackened pace, and allowed her to go on the side of the road, where for some moments she moved along rummaging the smaller jungle on the bank; at last she came to a cluster of young shoots well branched, and, after feeling among them, and selecting one, raised her trunk and neatly stripped down the stem, taking of all the lower branches and leaving a fine bunch on top. She deliberately cleaned it down several times, and then, laying hold at the lower end, broke off a beautiful fan, or switch, about five feet long, handle included. With this she kept the flies at bay as she went along, flapping them off on each side now and then. Say what we may, these are both really bona fide implements, each intelligently made for a definite purpose.—*Nature.*

WHAT'S THE USE?—"What's the use?" is the common saying with the young, in regard to hard, distasteful studies. They mean to do something in life far different from anything that will require their dull, dry studies to be brought into play. But, leaving out of question the mental discipline got from them, which is, after all, the main object of study, these very things may be turned to excellent account in after years. "My teacher made me study surveying twenty-five years ago," said a gentleman who had lost his property; "and now I am glad I can get a good situation by such means, and a high salary." A certain French king used to regret, with great bitterness, the deficiency of his education when surrounded by men of learning and the highest culture. He reproached the memory of those who had been so indulgent of his idleness, and said, with bitter sarcasm, "Was there not birch enough in the forests of Fontainebleau?" Better a sharp, strict master, who insists upon thoroughness in all that children undertake, than a frivolous, superficial one, who permits them to slip over their lesson in an easy way, which they will regret with like bitterness in later years.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh spring water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, tear-drops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well,"

was embalmed in an inspiring song, that has become as familiar as a household word.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "CAD."—The word *cad*, as used by the haw-haw exclusives of the English universities to those who are non-members, is not the short for cadet, neither does it signify a man of letters, as some might imagine, from the fact that Cadmus was the first man of letters of his time; but it is derived from the word *cadger*, a mean, vulgar fellow, a beggar, one who importunes, a man who tries to worm something out of another, either money or information. Thus an omnibus conductor may be called a *cad* because of his asking or importuning passers-by to become passengers. In Scotland a *cad* or *cadie* is a runner or messenger, probably from the *caduceus* or emblem of power carried by Mercury, Jove's messenger. With the exception of these two last applications of the word, it is invariably meant as a term of reproach.

Lyra Incantata.

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me
Must strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavor,
A chord that sounds forever."

Three bards of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king,
Were bidden to a trial
To find the magic string
(If there were such a thing).
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing:
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.

The first—a minstrel hoary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won;
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation,
The harp ceased its vibration.

The second changed the measure,
And turned from fire and sword,
To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit, all roared,
And the high hall resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter—
Grew hushed as that, soon after.

The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire;
And, as he smote the wire,
The listeners, gathering round him,
Caught up a wreath and crowned him.
The crown—hath faded never;
The harp—resounds forever!

THEODORE TILTON.

BE SHORT.—Long visits, long stories, long essays, long exhortations, and long prayers, seldom profit those who have to do with them. Life is short. Time is short. Moments are precious. Learn to condense, abridge, and intensify. We can bear things that are dull if they are only short. We can endure many an ache and ill if it is over soon, while even pleasures grow insipid, and pain intolerable, if they be protracted beyond the limits of reason and convenience. Learn to be short. Lop off branches; stick to the main fact in your case. If you pray, ask for what you would receive, and get through; if you speak, tell your message and hold your peace. Boil down two words into one, and three into two. Always learn to be short.

TALK AT TABLE.—Let the chat at table be light and cheerful. Never argue, but tell pleasant stories, relate or read anecdotes, and look out for the good of all. Sometimes a single anecdote from a paper starts a conversation that lasts during the meal time. The family table ought to be bright and cheerful, a sort of domestic altar, where every one casts down his or her offering, great or small, of pleasantness and peace; where for at least a brief space in the day, all annoyances are laid aside, all stormy tempers hushed, all quarrels healed; every one being glad and content to sit down at the same bread and salt, making it, whether it were a rich repast or a dinner of herbs, equally a joyful, thoroughly pleasant meal.

Stories of Brute Intelligence.

A writer in *Nature* says:—"In my family we had a tabby cat, who, when turned out, would let herself in at another door by climbing up some list nailed round it, then pressing up the click latch, pushing the door, with herself hanging on it, away from the post, so as to prevent the latch falling back into its place, and then dropping down and walking back to the fire. I knew a Skye terrier who, being told to carry a fishing-rod, carefully experimented along its length, to find its centre of gravity. In carrying it he came to a narrow path through the wood. There dropping the rod he took it by the end, and dragging it under him lengthwise till the open road was gained, when he took the rod by the centre of gravity again and went on. This could not be a copy of human actions, but the result of original reasoning. Another writer gives the following, on the authority of the late Mr. Dawes, the astronomer:—"Being busy in his garden and having a large bunch of keys in his hand, he gave them to a retriever to hold for him till he was at liberty. Going into the house soon after he forgot to reclaim the keys. The remembrance of what he had done with them only returned to him when he required them in the evening. He then recalled that he had given them to the dog, and forgotten to take them again. Calling the animal, and looking impressively in his face, he said, "My keys! fetch me my keys!" The dog looked wistfully and puzzled for a moment and then bounded off to the garden, his master following. He went straight to the root of an apple tree, scratched up the keys and brought them. May we not fairly put into words the dog's train of reasoning thus:—"My master has given me these keys to hold; he has forgotten them; I cannot carry them all day; but I must put them in safety where I can find them again?" A terrier-like dog named Uglymug had a poodle for companion. Whenever Uglymug saw signs of a family meal, he inveigled the poodle into a labyrinthine shrubbery, under pretence of seeking for rats, and when the latter was fairly intent on its game, Uglymug would sneak back to enjoy by himself what he could get from the family table.

Ruined by a Spider.

Spiders crawling more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of our houses foretell the near approach of rain; but the following anecdote intimates that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand. Quartermaster Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his prison hours at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider; and eight years of his imprisonment had given him leisure to be well versed in its ways. In December of 1794, the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended was in Holland, and victory seemed certain if the frost, then of unprecedented severity, continued.

The Dutch envoy had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing, when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spider warned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that his weather monitor never deceived. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen and its generals, who duly estimated his character, and relied upon his assurance that within a few days the water would again be passable by troops. They delayed their retreat. Within twelve days the frost had returned—the French army triumphed. Disjonval was liberated; and a spider had brought down ruin on the Dutch nation.

A TOAD-EATING FLY.—Nature, among those occasional odd freaks wherein she seems to overturn her own laws, often reverses in the strangest manner the conditions of destroyer and prey. Toads, it is well known, live on insects, and for this reason are valuable aids to farmers in protecting their crops. Lately there has been discovered an insect that lives on toads, and which afflicts those reptiles in a way that suggests the concentrated revenge of the whole insect class. It deposits its eggs upon the eyes of the toads; and the larvae, in the form of minute white worms, devour, not only those organs, but the nose and jaws of the unfortunate batrachian. Curiously enough the toads do not seem to suffer, but continue their habits apparently undisturbed. The name *lucilia butonivora* has been given the fly.

The Man Who Apologized.

It was at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and the time was ten o'clock, in the forenoon. A citizen, who stands solid at 200 pounds, was walking along with bright eyes, and the birds singing in his heart; when all at once he found himself looking up at the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:—

"Did ye see the old duffer strike that icy spot, and claw for grass?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say:—

"You bet I did! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd git right up if he knew how big his feet looked?"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw the beautiful city of Detroit spread out before him. The next thing was a slim man with bone-coloured whiskers, who was leaning against a building, and laughing as if his heart would break.

"I can knock your jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons, and his vest split up the back; and slowly went, looking back, and wondering if he could be held for damages to the sidewalk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling his clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man, with bone-coloured whiskers. The solid man recognized him, and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:—

"Mister I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk, and I laughed at you, but,—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw; and—oh! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none o' your patience, and none o' your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour, the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-coloured whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:—

"Sir, I ask your forgiveness;—I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but,—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out, and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha! double up, I had to ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll tick you, if I ever get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon, as the citizen was about to take a car for home some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-coloured whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:—

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious, that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued.

"You see, we are all—ha! ha! liable to accident. I, myself, have often,—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot; and,—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—gone down to grass. Ah! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho!"

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his foot, drew his breath, and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and next thing he knew he was ploughing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up the man with the bone-coloured whiskers was hanging to a hitching-post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen would have killed him then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car, like a bear getting over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned, after he sat down, broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Masterly Stroke of Genius.

The other day, a muscular young fellow, having an odour of the stables about him, entered a Detroit photographer's establishment and explained that he would like to have about one photograph taken, but on learning the price he concluded

he shut up one eye, drew his mouth around one side, stuck up his nose and patiently waited for the operator, whose astonishment caused him to exclaim:—

"Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way to get a picture. Nobody will know you from Sitting Bull."

"You go ahead," was the reply.

"Do you want me to take such a phis as that?"

"I do."

The artist took it. It beat Sol Smith Russell all to pieces, and was highly satisfactory to the sitter, who paid for it and said:—

"You see, I had a sort of object in this. Come here from Allegany county six months ago—engaged to a gal out there—found a gal here I like better—got to sever old ties—see?"

"But what has that picture got to do with old ties?" asked the artist.

"Lots—heaps! I've writ to her that I was blode up here on a boat, and disfiggered for life. She's awful proud. When she gits this, and sees how that explosion wrecked me, she'll hunt another lover, quicker'n wink—see? How do you like the plot? Just gaze on this picture once, and then tell me that Mary Ann won't send back my love-letters; by first train?"

He posted the picture. The letter was brief, but explained all. It said:—"My Evver Dear Gurl—I inclose my picture that you may see how offul bad I was hurt, tho' I know you will luv me just the same."

"Ever see that game worked afore?" he asked of the artist, as he licked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did."

"Course you never did. It's mine. It struck me the other day while I was greasin' a waggon, and I think it's boss. Blode up—see? Disfiggered for life—see? Picture right here to prove it, and she'll write back that she has at last concluded to yield to her parents' wishes and marry a young man out there who owns eleven steers, a hundred sheep and an eighty-acre lot."

GETTING RID OF RATS.—A correspondent of *The English Mechanic* gives one or two valuable hints for ridding premises of rats. One very good plan, he says, is to nail a red herring on the wall of the warehouse or place infested, about eighteen inches from the floor; on this, a little to one side, beneath the fish, place a brick or piece of wood near the wall. At an equal distance, on the other side, set an ordinary steel snap-trap, not baited. The rats, in jumping off from the brick to get at the herring, after a few attempts, are sure to fall down in the trap. This is a good permanent plan, as it is somewhat above their comprehension. If rats have undermined the foundation walls—which they do sometimes to such an extent as to endanger the building—it is of no use to attempt to stop them out by tamping their burrows with broken glass bottles, for they work diligently to make fresh ones. A better way is to put a shovelful of dry sand over every hole. The rats soon come up through this, but in doing so let half the sand into the burrow, which, unlike earth, they cannot either force or carry up again; and, by repeating this at every fresh-opened place, their runs become quite filled up, and they make up your foundation again. By this means I have known a granary that was terribly infested with rats quite cleared of them. All their burrows being at last filled with sand, they were compelled to betake themselves elsewhere.

Useful for Reference.

In general, 20,000 pounds is a car load; so is also seventy barrels of salt, seventy of lime, ninety-nine of flour, sixty of whisky, two hundred sacks of flour, six cords of hard wood, seven of soft; eighteen to twenty head of cattle, fifty to sixty head of hogs, eighty to one hundred head of sheep, 6,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 33,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one-quarter less of green lumber, one-tenth less of joists, scantling and all other large lumber; 340 bushels of wheat, 460 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flaxseed, 360 of apples, 480 of Irish potatoes, 1,000 bushels of bran. The foregoing table may not be correct, for the reason that railroads do not agree in their rules and estimates; but it approximates so closely to the average that shippers will find it a great convenience a

COMPUTATION OF INTEREST.—To find the interest on any sum, multiply the principal by the number of days, and proceed as follows :—

For FIVE per cent., divide by 72.	
" SIX " " " 60.	
" EIGHT " " 45.	
" NINE " " 40.	
" TEN " " 36.	

If the principal is expressed in dollars and cents, point off four figures and the result will be the interest in dollars and cents.

SHARK'S TEETH.—I would draw attention to the operation of the teeth of the shark on the seizure of its prey. I recollect in Nicholson's "Zoology" a statement to the following effect: "The sharks have teeth arranged in several rows, of which only the outermost is employed, the other rows coming in to replace the outermost when worn out." In a recent visit to the Cocos Islands I had many opportunities of observing these animals in the use of their formidable weapons. In the act of seizure the whole jaw is protruded to a distance (varying according to the size of the fish) of several inches, the innermost teeth coming into position erect or semi-erect, but as far as I could observe nearly all the teeth came into play. When on fishing excursions in the lagoon, the sharks, which constantly carried off the bait, were often caught, and in order to extract the hook a large log, constantly carried in the boats for this purpose, was threateningly presented to his face, and, of course, instantly seized and held on to for as long as it took to perform the operation of extraction. If, when the fish is quite recently dead, pressure be made on the angle of the jaw, it is easy to observe the action of the rows of teeth.

RAISING SUNKEN SHIPS.—An Austrian engineer has made a successful trial of an invention which might be adopted with advantage on our coasts. In an empty balloon, a bottle containing sulphuric acid, surrounded by Bulluch's salt, is firmly fixed. This balloon is then fixed to the object to be raised from the depths of the sea. By turning a stop-cock the sulphuric acid is liberated, and, mingling with the salt, produces carbonic acid gas, which ascends into the balloon. The machine rises, and it is evident that by increasing the volume of gas, the balloon (or balloons) will raise very heavy objects. In the experiment lately made near Berlin—on the Plotzen Lake—a small vessel was thus brought to the surface. In a second experiment five heavy sacks were let down; a diver attached the balloon tackle to them, turned the tap, and the buoyancy of the gas was sufficient to bring the sacks to the surface together. So far the invention may be pronounced a success. It yet remains to be proved with weightier objects at greater depths before an absolutely favorable verdict can be recorded.

What there is in Wheat.

The wheat grain is a fruit consisting of a seed and its coverings. All the middle part of the grain is occupied by large, thin cells; full of powdery substance, which contains nearly all the starch of the wheat. Outside the central starchy mass is a single row of squarish cells filled with a yellowish material, very rich in nitrogenous, that is flesh-forming matter. Beyond this again are six coats or coverings, containing much mineral matter, both of potash and phosphates. The outermost coat is but of little value. The mill products of these coverings of the seed are peculiarly rich in nutriment, and fine flour is robbed of a large percentage of valuable and nutritious food. Middlings not only contain more fibrin and mineral matter than fine flour, but also more fat. The fibrous matter or outer coat, which is indigestible, forms one-sixth of the bran, but not one-hundredth of the fine flour. Wheat contains the greatest quantity of gluten and the smallest of starch; rye, a medium proportion of both, while in barley, oats and corn the largest proportion of starch and the smallest of gluten are to be found. In practice 100 pounds of flour will make from 133 to 137 pounds of bread, a good average being 136 pounds; hence a barrel containing 195 pounds should yield 266 one-pound loaves.

The Palm Tree.

The Scripture says: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." Let us see what this comparison means: "The palm grows not in the depths of the forest, or in a fertile loam, but in the desert. Its verdure often springs apparently from the scorching dust. 'It is a friendly lighthouse, guiding the traveller to the spot where water is to be found.' The tree is remarkable for its beauty—its erect, aspiring growth—its leafy canopy—its waving plumes, the emblem of praise of all ages. Its very foliage is the symbol of joy and exultation. It never fades, and the dust never settles upon it. It was, therefore, twisted into the booths of the feast of tabernacles.—was borne aloft by the multitude that accompanied the Messiah to Jerusalem, and it is represented as in the hands of the redeemed in heaven. For usefulness, the tree is unrivalled. Gibbon says that the natives of Syria speak of 360 uses to which the palm is applied. Its shade refreshes the traveller. Its fruit restores his strength. When his soul fails for thirst, it announces water. Its stones are ground for his camels. Its leaves are made into couches, its boughs into fences and walls, and its fibres into ropes or rigging. Its best fruit, moreover, is borne in old age; the finest dates being often gathered when the tree has reached a hundred years. It sends, too, from the same roof a large number of suckers, which, in time, form a forest by their growth. What an emblem of the righteous in the desert of a guilty world. It is not un instructive to add that this tree, once the symbol of Palestine, is now rarely seen in that country."—*Joseph Angus.*

THE DIPPER AND ITS MOTION.—In order to see the dipper in its different positions, and also in that portion of its course which in December it traverses during the daytime, it is not necessary to keep a long watch upon a group, or to study the heavens during those "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" wherein the professional astronomer does the best part of his work. If you come out in the evening (say at about eight) once or twice a week on clear nights, all through the winter half of the year, and a little later during the summer months, you will see the dipper and all the polar groups carried right round the pole. For though, speaking generally, it may be said that they complete a circuit once in every day, yet in reality they gain about four minutes' motion in the twenty-four hours, and thus get further on little by little night after night—gaining an hour's motion in about a fortnight, two hours' motion in a month, twelve hours' motion (or half the complete circuit) in half a year, until finally, at the end of the year, they have gained a complete circuit.

It is because of this steady turning motion or rotation around the pole of the heavens, that the stars of the dipper (say, for instance, the pointers) form as it were a clock in the sky, by which the astronomers at any rate, though also any one who is willing to give a little attention to the matter, can tell the hour within a few minutes on any night in the year.

A few observations made in this way on a few nights during the course of the year, will give a clearer idea of the steady motion of the star-dome (resulting in reality from the earth's steady rotation on her axis) than any amount of description either in books or by mouth.—*Prof. R. A. Proctor, in St. Nicholas for December.*

To destroy lice on poultry, put about a tablespoonful of sulphur into their nests as soon as the hens and turkeys are set.

WASHING BUTTER.—In the manufacture of butter the custom has become general after churning to wash the butter with cold brine of greater or less strength, and not only to wash it once, but twice, if the first washing does not remove every trace of buttermilk. Cold water, be it of the purest, and ice in the bargain, is not now used for butter washing; brine having been found far more preferable.

TO MAKE FIRE BURN UNDER WATER.—Take three ounces of powder; one ounce of saltpetre; three ounces of sulphur-vivium; beat, sift, and mix them well together, fill a paste-board or paper mould with the composition and it will burn under water till quite spent.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

J. EDWARD DESCLER, LONDON

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NO. 10.

"When Smiling Faces Beam Around Me."

When smiling faces beam around me,
When their mirth and joy I see,
The tyrant Thought has then unbound me—
Then my heart beats light and free.

Often it is slowly beating,
Pressed by anxious doubts and fears—
Oft in mournful tones repeating,
"Life's a jeweled bowl of tears."

But, beholding cheerful faces
Radiant in their youthful mirth,
I can feel there are green places
On this bleak and barren earth.

Though o'erclouded is the present,
Though the future darker lowers,
Who should shun companions pleasant?
Who would miss these golden hours?

Come, I pledge this jovial meeting,
Acting on me like a spell!
Would the moments, ever fleeting,
Ne'er could bring the sad "Farewell!"

Lost and Found.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

I had a treasure in my house,
And woke one day to find it gone;
I mourned for it from dawn till night,
From night till dawn.

I said, "Behold, I will arise
And sweep my house;"—and so I found
What I had lost, and told my joy
To all around.

I had a treasure in my heart,
And scarcely knew that it had fled,
'Till communion with my Lord
Grew cold and dead.

"Behold," I said, "I will arise
And sweep my heart of self and sin;
For so the peace that I have lost
May enter in."

O friends, rejoice with me! Each day
Helps my lost treasure to restore;
And sweet communion with my Lord
Finds me as of yore.

—Good Companion.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued).

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOUBLE VISIT.

"I understand from your uncle, that you leave for college to-morrow," Miss Annabel said. "I am sorry you are going so soon. I would so much like to have you at our party next week. It is a select party; and I am sure you would enjoy it."

"And would you not be afraid of the censure of your aristocratic and wealthy friends for introducing to them one so humble in life, and so much below their social scale, as I am?"

"I do not admit you are beneath them in any respect, and they would not dare to speak disrespectfully of you. If they did, I should at once cut their acquaintance."

"I would not like to place you in so unpleasant a position," Herman replied; "and, as I have no very great pleasure in fashionable parties, I would prefer, when I do visit you, to enjoy your society without the criticisms and conventionalities of such a company."

"I was studying your pleasure; not my own," Miss Annabel replied. "If it would be as agreeable to you, it would afford us more pleasure to receive you as a private guest. Promise me, then, you will call upon us, if it be only for an hour, on your return from college, as you will have to pass through the city."

"It is hard to say," Herman said, "what changes may take place before that time. You may not wish to see me then. But I will promise this,—if I receive an invitation a few days before the college closes, I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you on my return."

"I hope you may come back laden with scholastic honors. Shall we not now return to the house. Father said we must make our stay very brief."

"When you get away to college you will forget your new acquaintances, I suppose," Miss Annabel said as they walked up the path toward the house.

"I shall try to, for the time being, as far as I can," Herman replied. "It would be of little use to attempt to study with my thoughts too much away from my books, but I fear it will be a difficult matter to banish from my mind, even for a short period, the sunniest hours of my whole life. If I do forget them, it will be because I have locked them up as precious jewels in the inner recesses of my heart."

"Ah, I am afraid," said Miss Annabel, "that the way to those inner recesses is so labyrinthine that you will never find them again. If one could only thread that intricate passage when discovered they would probably make of precious things, or things deemed so."

"Do you judge by analogy?" Herman replied. "I suppose it is legitimate to do so."

"Yes; the way to my own heart is so difficult a passage that no one has yet found it. I scarcely know myself what it contains; perhaps ideals only."

This interesting conversation was brought to a close by their arrival at the house, where they found Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Trevellyn engaged in an animated discussion, each trying to prove, but hoping he could not, that the residence of the other was the more delightful. Their conversation was interrupted by the entry of Herman and Annabel, who, as they advanced, formed a picture not often surpassed in attractiveness.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Trevellyn," said Mr. Wilmot, rising as they entered. "We just ran down to bid you good-bye, before you depart for college. And you, my daughter," he said, "I trust you have enjoyed your walk in the garden; it has brought the roses to your cheeks, and no wonder—delightful weather!—fine bracing air!"

But it was scarcely the air or the exercise that brought the roses to her cheeks—it was excitement, a conflict of rising emotions, none settled, unless it might be the fear that the young lady to whom she had been so strangely and abruptly introduced that morning would come between her and the accomplishment of her purpose to win the affections of Herman Trevellyn.

Mr. Trevellyn and Kitty had arrived at the house before her, and their eyes met for the second time, as she entered the room with Herman. Kitty's face was beaming with pleasure. She had come there as an invited guest; she had been received with a cordiality that assured her she had not been invited from mere compliment, and she entered into the enjoyment of the occasion under the consciousness that it was her privilege and right to be happy. Miss Annabel was not happy. That beaming countenance as well as the lustrous brown eyes, again reminded her of her dream, and again for a moment her dark eyes gleamed with the strange light of jealousy and hatred, and then reason gained the ascendancy, and she assumed an air of pleasantness which she did not feel, as she said she "hoped Miss Lee had enjoyed her ramble through the garden."

"I enjoyed it very much indeed," Kitty replied; "who could do otherwise in such a place, on such a day, and in such good company? I think I can realize more fully now the loss of Adam and Eve when they were banished from Eden."

"It is not so bad for those who have not been accustomed to gardens," Miss Annabel said, "for they experience the greater pleasure when they have the privilege of seeing them. For my part, I was almost brought up in a garden, and therefore it is no novelty to me, and as I have been through the grounds here before, I didn't think it fair to divide my attention between my friends and inferior objects during the time of my short visit to-day."

"You are both very complimentary," Herman replied, "and I am sure we appreciate your kindness in contributing so much to our pleasure on the last day of my stay with my uncle. I am sure the pleasant memories of these happy hours will often beguile the monotony of my college life."

"Sorry to disturb you young folks," said Mr. Wilmot, "but time's up. Business is business; and I must get back to attend to it. You know there's the bread-and-butter side of life, as well as the confections."

The carriage was already in waiting, as the servant had received his instructions in advance, consequently Mr. Wilmot and his daughter were soon ready for their departure.

"I hope you will remember," said Miss Annabel, "what you said about the danger of your studies being interfered with, and do not let the ladies take away your heart while engaged in them, or they will take away your head also."

Herman escorted her to the carriage, and as he assisted her in, she said,

"Do not disappoint us of a visit on your return from college."

"And do not you forget the conditions," he replied.

Miss Annabel sat for some time in silence, but her thoughts were busy, and the changes that might have been observed in her countenance would have indicated to a keen observer that her thoughts were not conducive to tranquility of mind. She thought again of her dream, and the more she thought the more she was impressed with the resemblance between Kitty and the lady whose appearance in her

dream had so abruptly interrupted her visionary enjoyment.

"To see her smiling face," she said to herself, "one would think she was mistress of the establishment, and she only a girl, not more than fifteen years of age, I dare say. Why should I care for her? She is not and never will be mistress there. I'll take care of that. But why was she invited there? Perhaps just an old man's freak, to amuse himself by seeing her stare at the novel grandeur of her surroundings. Herman said he was sure I would like her; that would indicate that he does. I do not, I hate her. Well, to like and to love are two different things. Does he love her? Will he? That is the question. I trust not. He shall call to see me on his way back from college."

"You are very quiet, Bell," said Mr. Wilmot, "what is the matter? Did you and young Trevellyn not get on well together? Or are you grieving because he is going to be away so long? Trevellyn is a fine fellow—will make a good husband for some one;—and then the estate, you know. Such a property is not picked up every day, and it's sure to be his some day; his uncle thinks all the world of him."

"How did they come to have Mrs. Lee and her daughter invited there to-day? It seems strange that they should, on such a special occasion, invite persons so far below them in social standing, to be their guests the day before Herman leaves for college."

"Ah! I see you are jealous—jealous of that young girl. Well, that is rather amusing. The idea that you should trouble yourself about Trevellyn's little whim in entertaining the wife and daughter of his old servant."

"I am not jealous," why should I be? Mr. Trevellyn is no more to me than any other man, and if he were I would not trouble myself about that little mix. But it does seem strange to me that she should be there just at this time."

"Mr. Trevellyn is more to you than other men, and you need not deny it. Would you have asked me to take you as far to call on any of your city admirers, under similar circumstances? Not you."

When Mr. Wilmot and his daughter had taken their departure, Herman returned to the house, and though he had felt flattered by the visit of his city friends, it must be confessed he felt some degree of relief when they had gone.

"Your friend Miss Wilmot is very beautiful," Kitty remarked, as Herman took a seat near her; "but she does not like me."

"Why do you think so? I am sure she has had no occasion to dislike you," Herman replied.

"I do not know why; I suppose it was a case of love at first sight, only her's was the opposite passion;—but I could not fail to read it in her eyes."

"I think it is a pity that people should jump at conclusions in their likes and dislikes, instead of exercising their judgment. There is too much tyranny of fancy, and too little attention to fact in this age of superficiality and excitement. Miss Wilmot is considered the belle of the town; but, after all, beauty that does not go below the surface is only transitory, while that which has its foundation in the heart is abiding. You have often seen those plaster casts, some of which are beautifully moulded, and constitute charming figures, but have you seen the inside of them? There is nothing there—they are hollow; and so, there are some persons whose surface beauty is all there is of them."

But we need not stop to rehearse their conversation; suffice it to say, between moralizing, wit, repartee, and walks in the garden, the time passed swiftly and pleasantly, till, at the close of the day, Kitty felt that it had been one of the pleasantest days of her life; and the entertainers as well as the entertained felt that the day was worthy to be placed in the catalogue of the bright days of the year. And when the day closed, and the carriage conveyed the guests away, Mr. Trevellyn felt that his friendship for Mrs. Lee and her daughter had grown into admiration, and we may be sure that Herman was no less susceptible to favorable impressions.

"Herman," said Mr. Trevellyn, when they had gone, "I have been instituting a comparison between the two young ladies who have been our guests to-day, and, do you know, while I accord the palm to the city belle for beauty, for general attractiveness and good sense, Kitty Lee, though two years her junior, I consider much her superior, and I would not be surprised if, in two years more, she quite equals her in beauty also."

(To be continued.)

Written for the Family Circle.

CONVERSATION.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

It is really surprising in this age of culture, thought and wide-spread education, how comparatively few good talkers one meets with. By a good talker, I do not mean one who monopolizes the entire conversation, to the exclusion of everyone else; nor yet one who by means of long words and high-sounding phrases, creates for himself a conversational niche in society. Such a one may be a *great* talker, but not a *good* one, and I think we generally find that great talkers are great bores. Conversation is an art, and should be cultivated as an art. It implies the ready assimilation of ideas, and the art of expressing these ideas in fitting words.

In society it is one of the most—if not *the* most powerful influence; and yet no thought is given to its cultivation, no attention is bestowed upon it; it is permitted to grow up like a flower choked by weeds, feeble, unprofitable and unlovely, where it might have been vigorous, refreshing and beautiful. One can scarcely calculate the immense influence it has upon society,—it is a subtle force, which does its work quietly and unperceived, but none the less surely and steadily. How much sorrow and discord and bitter pain has been engendered by careless, heartless conversation; how many a life-long friendship has been severed by this means. Households where once all was harmony, love and peace, have ere now been set at variance through the idle talking of some selfish, frivolous person, who, perhaps, may never have intended to make mischief, and yet has done so by his unguarded speech. On the other hand what a source of pleasure it is, what grateful fruits may it not yield to those who make a proper use of the precious gift. It is like a spring of pure water welling up in the pathway of the heated and dusty wayfarer, who drinks therefrom, and goes on his way refreshed and invigorated, and with the memory of something pleasant in retrospection.

Avoid personalities, as much as possible, in conversation. Dr. Johnson, himself a good conversationalist, used to say that it was better to speak of things than of persons. It certainly shows a small mind, and a lack of culture as well as of charity to be continually harping on the affairs of others.

Then there is the empty, frivolous conversation, mostly indulged in by persons of idle, aimless habits, and accredited to women oftener than to men. Women—at least the majority of them—are haunted by the insane fear, that if their conversation takes a lofty tone, if they talk of books, of great men who have lived and died, of brave deeds done, of wonderful ideas and inventions, they will immediately be set down as regular blues by the opposite sex. This is a great mistake; men grow weary of idle chatter and society small talk. Ask any man if he does not prefer the woman who unconsciously fascinates him by her bright, intelligent conversation, to the one whose ideas do not soar above the narrow regions of fashion and local gossip.

There is much superficial talking going on in our midst; people talk because they think conversation is necessary. The tongue moves, but the heart is still, and consequently there is a lack of depth, of tenderness and respect in our social intercourse with each other. Many object to "talking by rule" and while we agree that a stiff, artificial style is to be condemned, it is still desirable that our conversation should be guided by a few well chosen rules and sound principles. As regards style or mode, our conversation should be easy and natural, the spontaneous outflow of the mind. And here it might be well to remark that people are naturally inclined to judge of a man's character by the sentiments he utters; hence, while the style should be free and unstudied, the utmost care and guardedness as to the matter is necessary.

Let the voice be well modulated, the tones clear, the manner indicative of repose. I know of nothing more annoying to a sensitive person than the excited gestures, and loud, untrained tones of a speaker;—very often half the sense of what is said is lost to the listener, upon whose mind the deepest impression made is that he has been listening to a great noise. This recalls to mind an incident which occurred while the writer was in Florida.

One day the announcement was made that a lecture

would be given in the school house of the village, which was distant from our plantation about twenty-five miles. At that time, civilization had made but few advances towards that part of the world, as evidenced by the fact that there was not even a church or a clergyman within three hundred miles. Accordingly a lecture was a great event to the simple "crackers." Some of the men from the plantation obtained permission to attend the lecture, one of them being accompanied by his young sister, a girl of about fifteen. Upon their return, my father said to her, "Well, Mina, how did you like the lecture? What did Mr. — say?" "Oh! he roared powerful, sir," was Mina's answer, and nothing more could be got from the young "cracker" concerning the lecture. We afterwards learned that the speaker had a very loud voice, and excited gestures.

In conversing, be careful never to admit the use of slang; it is a vulgar and pernicious habit, which has become prevalent to an alarming extent among the more educated classes, and is indulged in even by women. Can anything sound more incongruous from fresh girlish lips than the use of such expressions as those we continually hear uttered around us? It is bad enough for men and boys to make use of choice slang, but from women—educated women—who ought to be the very embodiment of refinement, it is simply abominable.

Do not assert your own knowledge and opinions in an authoritative manner; rather appear diffident. Say "I believe" such and such a thing is so, or "I may be mistaken, but such is my opinion." This was Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son. Of course, such precaution is not called for upon all occasions, but generally it is an excellent rule to observe.

In concluding, I would say, be more ready to listen than to talk, for it is hard to find a good conversationalist; it is harder still to find a good listener.

SELECTED.

How She was Saved :—A Father Foils an Adventurer.

At Baden-Baden, about twenty years ago, a Hungarian count, Christian W., and his daughter Helen, came to pass the season. The young countess, charming and beautiful, and heiress to a large fortune bequeathed her by her mother, was soon surrounded by a host of admirers. She speedily became captivated by one of the most worthless of her suitors, Carl M., because he had a handsome face and long black hair, was gifted with a fascinating manner, dressed with exquisite taste, danced marvellously, and possessed rare powers as a singer. Carl was a noted gambler and given to dissipation, and Count Christian became possessed of information that the young chevalier had quitted Naples in consequence of some scandalous adventure in which he had been implicated.

Helen was so completely infatuated with Carl that she gave no heed to the advice, the prayers, or the orders of even her father. She would not believe the reports of the disgraceful antecedents of her wily lover. The condition of affairs brought the old count, possessed of a remarkable degree of firmness, to the determination of originating some plan whereby he would effectually overcome the persistent efforts of Carl to secure his daughter, as well as convince Helen that to save her from such an unprincipled man was a deed of paternal tenderness and care.

The chevalier had continued adroitly in his work of ensnaring the young heiress, and finally in direct terms asked her to elope with him. He wrote a note proposing a clandestine meeting at an hour when her father was in the habit of going out to play whist with some gentlemen of his acquaintance, and in it made the suggestion that, if she favored the proposition, she wear in her belt a rose as a sign of consent.

Count Christian, having intercepted the letter, took occasion soon after to approach Helen, and asked her to go out with him, at the same time handing her a flower, remarking, "Put this in your belt as an ornament. She smilingly obeyed. In the course of their walk they met Carl, who bowed, and was overjoyed to notice that Helen had carried out his request.

The Count conducted his daughter to the residence of one of their acquaintances, and requested her to wait until he called for her. This done, he returned to the house he occupied on the outskirts of Baden. He had sent away his servants, and

was alone. At the appointed hour Carl arrived, and leaped over the garden wall. Finding the door securely closed, he entered the house through one of the windows. With pleasurable excitement he hastened towards Helen's apartment, but great was his astonishment to find her father armed with a brace of pistols. The count closed the door, and said to the miserable chevalier:

"Carl M., I could kill you; I have the right to do so. You have entered my house at night; you have broken into it. I could treat you like a felon—nothing could be more natural."

"But, sir," said Carl, trembling, and in an almost inaudible tone, "I am not a robber."

"Not a robber!" exclaimed Count Christian. "What are you, then? You have come to steal my daughter, to steal an heiress a fortune. I have your criminal letter. I shall show you no mercy. If you refuse to obey me, I will slay you!"

"What is your will, sir?"

"You must leave Baden this instant; you must put at least two hundred leagues between it and you, and never come into the presence of my daughter. For your travelling expenses I will give you twenty thousand francs."

Carl endeavored to speak.

"Silence!" said the count, in a voice of thunder. "You must obey. In that secretary is the money. Take it."

The chevalier ventured the remark:

"Permit me to decline your offer."

The false modesty of the young man was overcome by the imperious gesture of the old man.

"But," said Carl, "the secretary is locked."

"Break the lock, then," returned the count; and with his pistol in hand he repeated, "Break it, or I'll blow your brains out!"

Carl obeyed.

"It is well," said the old gentleman; "those bank-notes are yours. Have you a pocket-book, with anything identifying it as belonging to you?"

"Yes."

"Then let it fall in front of the secretary, which you have broken open."

"What, sir?"

"I must have proof which will convict you. I mean to have all the evidences of burglary. Robbery or death! Choose! Ah, I see your choice is made. Now go before me. I do not quit you until you are a league from Baden. I return late, and enter no complaint against you till tomorrow noon. Begone!"

Chevalier Carl could not resist the compulsory order, and Count Christian's plan was carried out to the very letter. The affair created great noise and excitement. Helen could no longer doubt as to Carl's character, and it was not long before his image was banished from her heart, and that was in due time surrendered to one of her cousins, a captain of an Austrian cavalry regiment.

Do it Well.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into bad working men.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar.

Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well." And because of his doing well even mean things, he rose to greater.

Take heart, all who toil! all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances, and those who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if it

be but to wax thread, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones, or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

Says the good Book: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*Scientific American*.

The Perfect Host.

He, the perfect host, should always recollect that he is in his own home, and that his guests are not in theirs; consequently those local arrangements which are familiar to him are familiar to them. His aim should be to make his house a home for his guests, with all the advantages of novelty. If he entertains many guests he should know enough about them to be sure that he has invited those who live amicably together, and will enjoy each others society. He should show no favoritism, if possible, and if he is a man who must indulge in favoritism, it should be to those of his guests who are more obscure than the others. He should be judiciously despot in regards all proposals for pleasure, for there will be many that are diverse, and much time will be wasted if he does not take upon himself the responsibility of decision. He should have much regard for the comings and goings of his guests, so as to provide every convenience for their adit and their exit. Now, I am going to insist on what I think to be a very great point. He should aim at causing that his guests should become friends, if they are not at present, so that they might, in future days, trace back the beginning of their friendship to their having met together at his house. He, the perfect host, must have the art to lead conversation without absorbing it himself, so that he may develop the best qualities of his guests. His expense in entertainment should not be devoted to what is luxurious, but to what is comfortable and ennobling. The first of all things is that he should be affectionate, indeed, a loving host, so that every one of his guests should feel that he is really welcome.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.—In one of our sleeping cars in America there was an old bachelor who was annoyed by the continual crying of a child, and the ineffectual attempts of the father to quiet it. Pulling down the curtain, and putting out his head, he said, "Where is the mother of that child? Why does n't she stop this nuisance?" The father said very quietly, "The mother is in the baggage-car in her coffin; I am travelling home with the baby. This is the second night I have been with the child, and the little creature is wearying for its mother. I am sorry if its plaintive cries disturb any one in this car." "Wait a minute," said the old bachelor. The old man got up and dressed himself, and compelled the father to lie down and sleep, while he took the babe himself. That old bachelor stilling the cry of the babe all night was a hero. And the man who, for the sake of others, gives up a lawful gratification in his own house or in a social circle, is as great a hero as though he stood upon the battle-field.

Left to Their Own Devices.

Nowhere on the globe are girls allowed so much liberty as they enjoy in America. So unbridled are they in their lives that at the first opportunity they commit acts at which European mothers would stand aghast. A handsome actor appears on the stage, and they write him tender letters, send him flowers, and seek to make appointments with him. They even form a society of admiration in his honor, not on account of the excellence of his art, but of the graces of his person. As for flirtation—it is their ordinary pastime, and in the absence of the *chaperone* love matches are entered upon with little previous acquaintance. This boldness—for it can be called nothing else—does not sit well upon a young woman. She is often under the impression that her fast ways, her slang, and her freedom with a man, is what he admires; and this is her mistake, for even the rake feels the charm of a modest woman, and when he selects his life partner, she is his choice. In a word, the man passes his time with the fast person for his amusement, but when it comes to the serious business of life, such as marriage, she is the last person he thinks of choosing.

THE LITTLE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where, in summer, the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in springtime, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
While her melody sweet, by the hour, she trills,
And if by the scene beguiled,
Perhaps—who knows—'tis an angel come
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain,
For though some years may come and may go,
'Twill never come back again.
Yet blessed are they who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some road to Heaven perchance runs through
That grave of a little child.

Military Discipline.

"I got famously taken in on that occasion," said the Duke of Wellington, once. "The troops had taken to plundering a good deal. It was necessary to stop it, and I issued an order announcing that the first man taken in the act should be hanged upon the spot. One day, just as we were sitting down to dinner, three men were brought to the door of the tent by the provost. The case against them was clear, and I had nothing for it but to desire that they should be taken away and hanged in some place where they might be seen by the whole column in its march next day. I had a good many guests with me on that occasion, and among the rest, I think, Lord Nugent. They seemed dreadfully shocked, and could not eat their dinner. I didn't like it myself, but, as I told them, I had no time to indulge my feelings; I must do my duty. Well, the dinner went off rather gravely; and next morning, sure enough, three men in uniform were seen hanging from the branches of a tree close to the high road. It was a terrible example, and produced the desired effect; there was no more plundering. But, some months afterwards, I learned that one of my staff took counsel with Dr. Hume, and, as three men had just died in the hospital, they hung them up and let the three culprits return to their regiments." "Weren't you very angry, Duke?" "Well, I suppose I was at first; but as I had no wish to take the poor fellows' lives, and only wanted the example, and as the example had the desired effect, my anger soon died out, and I confess to you that I am very glad now that the three lives were spared."

Want of Decision.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves numbers of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who if they had only been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that, in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it

did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers and his uncles and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no time to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which men choose to venture, if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—*Sidney Smith.*

Home Religion.

Home religion is a thing of the heart—which is the same as saying it is a thing of love. It may exist in connection with forms; and it may exist in its sweetest unfolding independent of forms; yet forms are not without utility. It may say grace at table; and it may not say grace at table. It may be gifted to sustain a family altar; and it may not have the gift requisite. But if the heart is right, there shall be grace and prayerfulness, albeit forms be lacking in the family. We have known a man ask a blessing on food which he himself condemned in the very next breath. To thank God for food, and scold your wife or the cook in the next breath because the steak is overdone, or the cakes are not browned to your suiting, or the tea too strong, is something more, friend, than impiety; it is indecency. Hence religion should be—loving. It should be very patient, too—especially on those days when it is hard to be patient. It should be cheerful, especially when it takes wit to invent occasions of mirthfulness. It should be brave, not to face the troubles that are without, but the troubles that are within. A kindly word, a pleasant speech, a cheerful or sympathetic look, a touch of the hand in the old tender fashion of courting days, a stroking of the cheek and the soft movement of the palm over the hair—"Foolish tricks?" You are a fool if you say that, friend. You didn't think they were foolish tricks then, and you were wiser then than you are now that you have dropped them. A little more courting in married life would keep married life what courtship is. The foolishness of love is wiser than the wisdom of hate; the more foolish you are in these directions, the happier will your homes be, and the sweeter will be your home religion. *Ex.*

A Queer Robbery.

A strange story is told of a man in New York who returning home rather late at night when it was snowing, felt for his watch to see the time, but it was gone. It flashed over him in an instant only three minutes before a man had passed him, who had rubbed against him. It was the work of a moment to give chase, and lifting his umbrella he demanded his watch or vengeance. The watch was handed over by the traveller, and the good citizen went home in a very complacent mood, congratulating himself on his good luck and courage. At the breakfast table the next morning his wife read the story of the robbery of a man, only a few streets away, of a valuable watch and chain. It was a most daring affair, the robber lifted an enormous club, and threatened all sorts of things.

"That is singular," said the husband, "for I was robbed of my watch near that place, and ran after the villain and recovered it."

"Are you sure, dear?" asked his wife. "You left your watch at home yesterday when you went out, and I saw a strange one on the bureau this morning. Can it be that you have committed a robbery?"

So it turned out.

Perfect confidence between parent and child is a seven-fold shield against temptation.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels.

Who are "Poor Folks"?

Polly was a bright and beautiful child, who, with a brother older than herself, carried home the laundry work to her mother's patrons. She was always neatly dressed, and had a happy smile and a cheerful voice.

One day Polly carried home some fine laces to a lady in a hotel. The servant told her the lady was ill, and could not be disturbed, but Polly had had strict orders not to trust her package with any one else; so she ventured to go up stairs.

She stood at the door for a moment, and then tapped very lightly, saying to herself, "If she is asleep that won't wake her, and if she's awake she will answer."

In a moment a low voice asked, "Is that you, Bridget?"

"No, ma'am," replied Polly, putting her lips very close to the key-hole and speaking in a loud whisper, "It's Paulina Brown that folks call 'Little Polly.'" I have a very particular message for you, and I won't disturb you a bit if you let me in."

The lady could not help saying "Come in," in answer to this modest request.

She was in trouble, and that had caused her a sick headache. She lay there all alone in a darkened room, with no one to care whether she got better or not.

Polly had just come from a bright, sunny room, with a gay rag carpet on the floor and bright flowers growing in the windows; and this room, with its heavy draperies, looked gloomy to her. She went up to the bed and gave her message in a low, soft voice, and then said, "O Mrs. Ball, I'm so sorry for you! You have n't any husband nor little girl to comfort you when you are sick! My mother has father, and Tommy, and me, and the baby. Sometimes when she has her tired headaches I can drive them off just with my own hands and a little bay water. I don't suppose you would let me sit upon your nice bed, and bathe your head, would you?"

"Yes, Polly; I am always glad to have such a tidy little girl near me. You will find bay water in that pink bottle on the bureau," said Mrs. Ball.

While the little, soft hands were passing over her troubled brow, the lady said, "Polly, I think your family are the happiest 'poor people' I ever met."

"O Mrs. Ball, we're not 'poor people,'" cried Polly, with a queer laugh. "There are three poor families in our house, but we are rich—almost. We were rich once and had half a house, though we're not so rich now, since father lost his arm—but as mother can do up laces so beautifully, we're pretty rich still! We do lots of things to help the poor folks, too!"

"What can you do for them?" asked the lady.

"Oh, we save Mrs. Crane's coal by letting her steep her tea in our kitchen—days that she can keep warm by sitting in the sun—and we take care of Mrs. Barnes' baby, whenever she gets a day's work, and mother always makes broth enough on Wednesdays for some one that's poor."

"Who do you call 'poor folks,' Polly?" asked the lady.

Polly had no definition ready; but after thinking for a moment she replied, "Poor folks are folks that do n't have everything they want."

"Then you have everything you want?" asked Mrs. Ball.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Polly innocently. "We all have Sunday clothes besides our common ones; and we have good things to eat—mother bakes all our bread and pies, herself—and we have a real kitchen to work and eat in—without a bed in it, like poor folks; and we buy a whole ton of coal at once, instead of lots of bushels!"

And so little Polly prattled on in a low, pleasant voice, till the lady really felt better, and said so. "I'll tell you what's another real good thing to drive the rest of it off—air and sunlight—mother never shuts up for a headache," said the little nurse.

Here Polly looked at the bronze clock, and said, "It's time now for the baby to wake up, and I shall have to go as soon as I let in a little of my sun and air; but I'll come in any time when you have the headache and cure you again."

"Thank you, my good little girl; you have almost cured me now," said Mrs. Ball. "In my closet you will find a large paper bag full of oranges; take them home and share them with the 'poor folks' in your house."

The rich little girl ran home in glee to divide the treasures with the less fortunate.

The poor lady lay alone to reflect on the lesson she had

just received. She had lost twenty thousand dollars, but she had thirty thousand left; and, instead of being thankful for that, she was bewailing her fate, as if she was next to a pauper! She would still have all the comforts, although a few less of the luxuries, of life; and, as she remembered now, no one but herself would suffer by the change, for she had never helped "the poor folks in the house," nor out of it, as Polly's mother was doing.

"Poor folks," she said to herself, "are folks who have n't everything they want. I haven't that twenty thousand, and I never can have it again. But I can learn to be happy on less, and to share even what I have with others."

A ray of "Polly's sun" peeped in, and a breath of her pure air was wafted toward her; and she rose, saying, "Because I have lost some of my fortune, I need not therefore throw away my health, the best of all my blessings."

In Polly's sense of the word, the poor are often found amid elegance and luxury, and the truly rich in humble dwellings.—*Sel.*

A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway, "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All I can get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time. But can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you?"

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses, in fact anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen, and hostlers, and as to anything I desire I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life—cannot buy back my youth—cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain—cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.—There is hardly a more wretched class of men than those who, after spending years in active business, go into retirement in the prime of life. They become drones, of very little use to themselves or to others. There is, now and then, among such men, a student, whose intellectual pursuits afford him a perpetual spring of enjoyment. But, as a general thing, long addiction to the close pursuit of business disqualifies one for anything else, and retired business men are consequently without any occupation worthy of the name; and seem, ridiculously enough, to be merely waiting for their time to come to die, which, we have no doubt, comes much sooner than it would if their minds were diverted by some useful pursuit. Life is short at best, if all of it is occupied; but to sit down in idleness in one's prime, is like destroying half our days. Rest and rust are almost synonymous terms. Industry is indispensable to happiness, at whatever stage of our existence, and to retire out of one's accustomed occupation is to retire into misery, as many a man has found, to his lasting sorrow.

A Railway Episode with a Moral.

As a family, composed of three persons, father, mother, and a little son, a bright little fellow, were taking a trip on one of the railroads that run through Williamsport, Pennsylvania, a little incident occurred which is worth relating. The day was a balmy one, and the window was raised to admit the fresh air. Little Fred, like all children, insisted on putting his head out of the open window to see what was going on outside of the train. The father, somewhat alarmed at the conduct of his son, tried various plans, without resorting to force, to keep him within bounds, but without success, until a bright idea came into his head. "Fred, Fred," said the father, "keep your head in, or the wind will take your hat," and in order to frighten his hopeful, he slyly slipped the hat off the little one's head and concealed it. As soon as this had been done the child began crying and could not be appeased. Finally the father told him to look in an opposite direction and he would whistle the hat back again, all of which was very neatly done, and the happy parents settled back in their seats and began to converse very pleasantly, thinking they had cured little Fred, but not so, for in a very short time he seemed to brighten up suddenly, and away he sent his little hat through the car window, shouting as it disappeared then, "Papa, whistle again." Moral—Never deceive your children.

Male and Female Flirts.

It is remarkable, but nevertheless true, that, as a rule, flirts, both male and female, do not marry quickly. The chances are that a girl who becomes engaged at eighteen, and goes on becoming engaged and disengaged, as is the custom for flirts to do, ultimately settles down into a confirmed old maid. If she does wed, as a general rule, she develops into a virulent wasp, makes her husband miserable and brings up her children badly. It is not very difficult to find reasons why flirts do not marry. Sensible men admire in a woman something besides a pretty face and engaging manners. They love intellect, common sense and heart qualifications, which the flirt does not possess. The true woman allows her affections full play, and is not ashamed of them. She will not lead a man to believe she cares for him when she does no such thing; she will not flirt with him just for the sake of flirting. She has a true conception of what is right, and possesses a great deal more common sense. She has derived her education from something more than three volume novels and the society of the empty-pated. She can be thoroughly merry, but she can be merry without being idiotic. She may attract less attention in a drawing-room than a flirt does—because she is less noisy and obtrusive—but, for all that, she will be married sooner, and make her husband a better and a truer wife. A true woman does not care for the spoony young man. She dislikes his foppishness, the vivid compliments he pays her, and his effeminacy. Thus, if he ultimately gets married, it is to the flirt, and the happy pair lead the jolliest cat-and-dog life imaginable.

First Family Prayer.

The late Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer." "Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here." The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, bounced into the room occupied by the faithful preacher, and said, "Sir, I wish you would go to bed, I cannot go till I have seen all the lights out; I am so afraid of fire." "So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer." "All very good, but it cannot be done in an inn." "Indeed! then pray get my horse. I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer." The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have prayer, but I don't know how." "Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were on their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how." "Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply. The land

lord said folding his hands, "God, teach us how to pray." "that is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully; "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." "Yes you do; God has taught you how to pray, now thank him for it." "Thank you, God Almighty, for letting us pray to you." "Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then prayed himself. Two years afterwards, Mr Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as the result of the first effect of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

THE PULPIT VOICE.—Many clergymen have a pulpit voice. When they are out of church they speak as other people do. They do not employ a deep chest-note when they enquire of the butcher respecting the price of roast beef, and they do not use a dismal monotone when they discuss domestic matters with their wives and children. But as soon as they get into church they unconsciously assume an artificial tone; and they are apt to do this when they have any devotional functions to perform. It has often been observed that, if a minister, who is chatting easy and naturally at table, should be asked to say grace, he will suddenly assume his pulpit voice, articulate with it during the ceremony, and then resume the conversation in his proper voice, with the dexterity of a ventriloquist. The pulpit voice is probably attributable, in a large degree, to a desire to give solemnity and impressiveness to the performance. It results from an effort to convey to the hearers the deep sense of awe which may fairly be supposed to suffuse the clerical mind. But the result to the listener is far more likely to be an almost irresistible tendency to go to sleep. The effective voice always is the natural voice.

THE "OLD TIMES."—We don't believe in them. "The best times are those we live in. The poor man has more of the comforts of life and more of its enjoyments than the rich man had fifty years ago. When a man grumbles over present affairs and talks of the good old days when men were pure and prosperous and happy, we wish he could turn back the pages of life's book and read the history of those times. Recently we were reading the life of Salon P. Chase. His uncle was an Episcopalian Bishop of the diocese of Ohio, and in 1825 young Chase visited him to finish his education. Wheat that year brought twenty-five cents a bushel, and corn fifteen cents, while it cost twenty-five cents to pay the postage of a letter if carried over one hundred and sixty miles. The income of Bishop Chase, as a Bishop, did not pay his official postage. That gives one an idea of what the good old times were in Ohio among the best class of people fifty years ago. How many of our readers would like to go back to them.

OLD C.—A good story is told (says the *Bristol Times*) of a reverend gentleman of Bristol in connection with the present distress, and some of the worthless characters who trade upon it. It appears that an old woman called upon him and told him such an affecting story of a daughter and grandchildren reduced to the utmost want that he gave her half a crown. Soon after leaving his house he passed the recipient of his charity talking to another woman, and overheard their conversation without being observed by them. "Well, have you been to old C—?" "Yes, and he gave me this," (showing the half-crown), upon which the other replied with glee, "Come along, then, and we'll have something to drink out of it." They accordingly proceeded to a neighboring public house, followed, still unobserved, by the charitable C—. They had two glasses of hot gin and water at the bar, gave the half-crown, and the change was put on the counter. The old woman was about to take it up, when Mr. C— put his hand over her shoulder and possessed himself of it before she could prevent him. "No," said he, as she turned round to see who it was that interposed, "the change belongs to old C—," and he took it and went his way.

A Yorkshire trainer lately revealed his method of meeting a conjugal storm. His plan, he said, was to keep silent and nod his acquiescence to everything—no matter what—said by his spouse. "Yes," remarked one of his friends, "but then she has it all her own way." "Just so," replied the Tyke, with satisfaction, "and nothing annoys her so much. There is nothing women hate like a walk-over."

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utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

BEDS AND BED CHAMBERS.

Considering the fact that at least one-third of our lives is spent in bed, it is very essential that our sleeping arrangements should be such as will be the most conducive to the health of the occupant. Bedrooms should be large and well ventilated. Very many persons sleep in "eight by ten rooms," or rooms whose cubic contents would not be over six or eight hundred cubic feet, while each individual requires every hour at least three thousand cubic feet of air,—more than four times the capacity of the room; and when we reflect that two persons habitually sleep, oftentimes with closed doors and windows, in rooms containing less than a thousand feet of air, which must last at least eight hours, except such scanty additional supply of fresh air as may insinuate itself through cracks and crevices by doors or windows, we can but assert with a recent number of an English sanitary journal, that "there is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal disease are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country."

During the night there is an average loss of a pound of matter, given off from the body, partly from the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbon dioxide and decayed animal matter or poisonous exhalations, which is in parts diffused through the air, and in parts absorbed by the bedclothes. It is said that "if a single ounce of wool and cotton be burned in a room it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half-hour during the night, the air will be constantly saturated with the smoke unless there be an open window or door for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalation from the lungs and bodies of two persons who have lost a pound of weight during the eight hours of sleeping; for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors of the body are absorbed into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body."

Nothing more is needed to show the importance of having bedrooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets, and mattresses in the morning, before packing them together in a neatly-made bed.

What is Contagion?

Although there is still considerable mystery about the nature and mode of the action of contagion, microscopy has revealed some things of great importance, which are well set forth in the following article from the *Nineteenth Century*:

"Contagion consists physically of minute solid particles. The process of contagion consists in the passage of these from the bodies of the sick into the surrounding atmosphere, and in the inhalation of one or more of them by those in the immediate neighborhood. If contagion were a gaseous or vapory emanation, it would be equally diffused through the sick room, and all who entered it would if susceptible, suffer alike and inevitably. But such is not the case; for many people are exposed for weeks and months without suffering. Of two persons situated in exactly the same circumstances, and exposed in exactly the same degree to a given contagion, one may suffer and the other escape. The explanation of this is that the little particles of contagion are irregularly scattered about in the atmosphere, so that the inhalation of one or more of them is purely a matter of chance, such chance bearing a direct relation to the number of particles which exist in a given cubic space. Suppose that a hundred germs are floating about in a room containing two thousand cubic feet of air. There is one germ for every 20 cubic feet. Natu-

rally the germs will be most numerous in the immediate neighborhood of their source, the person of the sufferer; but, excepting this one place, they may be pretty equally distributed through the room; or they may be very unequally distributed. A draught across the bed may carry them now to one side, now to the other. The mass of them may be near the ceiling, or near the floor. In a given twenty cubic feet there may be a dozen germs or there may be none at all. One who enters the room may inhale a germ before he has been in it ten minutes, or he may remain there for an hour without doing so. Double the number of germs and you double the danger. Diminish the size of the room by one half, and you do the same. Keep the windows shut, and you keep the germs in; open them, and they pass out with the changing air. Hence the importance of free ventilation; and hence one reason why fever should be treated, if possible, in large airy rooms. Not only is free ventilation good for the sufferer, but it diminishes the risk to the attendants."

How to Apply a Fomentation.

One of the best remedies known for bruises, sprains, boils, neuralgias, rheumatism, gout, colic, and a host of maladies we might name, is fomentation; but it must be applied thoroughly. The first thing requisite is a soft flannel of a sufficient size to well cover the part to which it is to be applied after being folded four thicknesses. Fold as to be applied, and then dip in very hot water, lifting it out by the corner and placing it in the middle of a towel. Roll up quickly lengthwise of the towel, and wring nearly as dry as possible by twisting the ends of the towel. In this way the fomentation can be wrung out much better than with the hands. Of course it will be too hot to apply to the bare flesh; but do not waste heat by letting it cool. Protect the skin by one or more thicknesses of flannel and apply at once, covering with another dry flannel. The fomentation will gradually warm through, and will retain its heat two or three times as long as when applied in the ordinary way.

When heat is required a long time, a bag of hot meal, salt, or sand, a hot brick or bottle, or, best of all, a rubber bag filled with water may be used, being covered with a moist flannel when moist heat is necessary.

When a fomentation is wanted quickly, it may be prepared in half a minute by wringing a flannel nearly dry out of cold water and wrapping it around the stove-pipe, or holding against the side of the stove. If the stove has been recently blacked, a thickness of newspaper should be placed between the wet flannel and the hot surface to keep the flannel clean.

Poultices usually act essentially the same as fomentations, being most useful where moisture and heat are needed for some hours, as in the case of boils and felons. The ordinary way of applying is troublesome and inconvenient. Here is a much neater way: make a little bag of proper size to cover the part to which the poultice is to be applied, of some kind of loose material, as slazy muslin. Put the poultice in this, not waiting for it to cool. To prevent burning, when first applied, place one or two thicknesses of flannel between the bag and the skin. Cover all with a dry cloth or piece of oil-silk.—*Good Health.*

The Medical Qualities of Lemons.

Since the regular arrival of vessels in the larger cities with tropical fruit, the supply of those luxuries has been immense of late, and, in fact, they are plenty all the year through, and prices are now within the reach of all. Lemons, especially, are valuable through the heated term, and formerly sold at from 6 to 15 cents apiece. Now the best quality of fruit can be purchased at 25 cents per dozen, and in the winter season, nearly all the time, at from 2 to 5 cents apiece.

In reference to the virtues of the lemon an eminent physician has this to say: "Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures the disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and to destroy

dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally, the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are best, and nature our best doctor, if we would only listen to it. Decidedly, rub your hands, head and arms with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids."

Advice in Brief to Dyspeptics.

Avoid pork, fat meat, grease, gravies, pastries, spices, confectioneries, tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, beer, malt liquors of all kinds.

Let your food be plain, simple, wholesome—chiefly fruits and vegetables. Let your bread be made of unbolted wheat-meal.

Take your meals regularly; if three, let the supper be very sparing.

Eat slowly, lightly, masticate thoroughly. Beware of hot food and drinks.

Avoid luncheons by all means.

Exercise freely in the open air; never sit moping, but turn your mind entirely from your disease and troubles.

Keep regular hours; rise early; exercise half an hour generally before breakfast.

Bathe frequently; keep the skin clean, the pores open.

Keep your feet dry; let the soles of your shoes be thick, that no dampness may penetrate them.

Keep your sitting and sleeping rooms well ventilated. Impure air is enough to kill a well person—it kills thousands.

Wear loose-fitting garments, especially about the region of the lungs.

Banish the pipe, quid, and snuff-box as the plague, forever and forever. Of all the dyspepsia breeders and promoters nothing exceeds the use of the "Indian weed."

Keep away from the apothecary; avoid all quack medicines and nostrums.

Finally, keep a conscience void of offence; pray God to forgive your past sins of gluttony and intemperance; for no one who lives temperately as he should live, will ever be troubled with the dyspepsia. The violation of law cries out for vengeance—and vengeance it has sooner or later.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.—A rather eccentric yet eminent physician was called to attend to a middle-aged rich lady who had imaginary ills. After many wise inquiries about her symptoms and manner of life he asked for a piece of paper, and wrote down the following prescription: "*Do something for somebody.*" In the gravest manner he handed it to the patient and left. The doctor heard nothing from the lady for a long time. On Christmas morning he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washerwoman. "It's not meself, doctor, it's me wrist that's ailing. Ye see, I was ather goin' out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there, like a big mercy, as it was, full of soft flannel from Mrs. Walker. She towld me that your medicine cured her, doctor. So, if ye plaze to put a little of that same on me wrist, I'll be none the worse for me nice present." "It is a powerful remedy," said the doctor, gravely. And more than once in after years he wrote the prescription, "*Do something for somebody.*"—*Sel*

FOOD FOR FAT PEOPLE.—There are three classes of food the oils, sweets, and starches, the special office of which is to support the animal heat and produce fat, having little or no influence in promoting strength of muscle or endurance. If the fat, therefore, would use less fat and more of lean meats, fish and fowl; less of fine flour and more of the whole products of the grains—except the hulls—less of the sweets, particularly in warm weather, and more of the fruit acids, in a mild form, as in the apple; sleep less, be less indolent, and labor more in the open air, the fat would disappear, to a certain extent at least, with no loss of real health.

In food we have almost a perfect control in the matter, far better than we can have in the use of drugs. If we have too much fat and too little muscle, we have simply to use less of the fat-forming elements and more of the muscle food, such as lean meats, fish and fowl, and the darker portions of the grains, etc., with peas and beans.—*Medical Journal.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

A GOOD PREPARATION OF VEAL.—The following is an excellent mode of preparing veal to be eaten cold, and for keeping it on hand for several days, ready for immediate use: Take say three and a half pounds—the thick part of the leg is preferable, with the tough tendinous parts removed—chop it fine without cooking; mix well with it four soda crackers rolled fine, three well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of pepper, half a nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of cream, or a small piece of butter; make it into a loaf, and bake in a dripping-pan without water, with quick heat at first, to close the outside and retain the juices, and continue the baking about one and a quarter to one and a half hours; serve cut in thin slices; an excellent lunch in traveling.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.—Dress your chickens; wash and let them stand in water half an hour to make them white; put into a baking-pan (first cutting them open at the back); sprinkle salt and pepper over them, and put a lump of butter here and there; then cover tightly with another pan the same size, and bake one hour; baste often with butter. A delicious dish. It is a Southern method.

FRIARS' CHICKEN.—Quarter two or three chickens, and put them into a saucepan with one pint and a half of water; add a few sprigs of parsley, some mace, pepper, and salt to taste; simmer very slowly until the meat will separate into flakes. Just before serving, beat up three or four eggs, and stir them, off the fire, into the broth. Serve in a deep dish.

BEAN SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—Put beans into plenty of water, in an enamelled pot, and let them simmer for five hours or till they fall to pieces, then add a little salt and pepper, and if desired a little butter (but it is good without it), then boil a few minutes till the seasoning is properly absorbed, and serve. Wholesome and palatable.

CABBAGE SALAD.—One quart of cabbage chopped fine; make a dressing with the yolks of two or three hard boiled eggs rubbed smooth, butter the size of an egg, melted; one tablespoonful of sugar, half tablespoonful of dry mustard, half tablespoonful of pepper, teaspoonful of salt, and half teacup of cider vinegar; heat together, and when cool mix thoroughly with the cabbage. Use the whites of the eggs for garnishing.

CHICKEN SALAD. Two large cold fowls, boiled with the yolks of nine hard-boiled eggs, half a pint of cream, half a pint of vinegar, a gill of mixed mustard, a small teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, a small teaspoonful of salt, two large heads of celery. Cut the chicken and celery into inch peices, cover and set away, mash the yolks of eggs perfectly smooth, mix with vinegar, mustard cayenne pepper and salt a long time together. Cover and set it away, and five minutes before it is eaten pour the dressing over the chicken and celery, and mix well together.—Excellent.

PRIZE PLUM-PUDDING.—One pound raisins, one pound currants, one pound suet chopped fine, three-quarters pound stale bread crumbs, one-quarter pound flour, one-quarter pound brown sugar, rind of one lemon chopped fine, one-half nutmeg grated, five eggs, one-half pound mixed candied peel, one-half pint brandy. Well mix all dry ingredients; beat the eggs and mix with the brandy; then pour over the other things and thoroughly mix; to be boiled in a basin or mold for six hours at the time of making, and six hours more when wanted for use. (This is said to have taken a prize in London, as being the best in five hundred receipts.) The effect of the brandy is purely mechanical; all the spirit being evaporated long before the pudding is done.

LEMON PUDDING.—One pint of white sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter, three lemons, four wine glasses of water, the yolks of four eggs; cook down thick and pour over sponge cake sliced in a pan; beat the whites of four eggs with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar to each white of egg, and put over the top of the pudding; let it remain in the stove just long enough to become a light brown.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE.—Beat a coffee cup of sugar and piece of butter size of an egg to a cream, and add two cups strawberries, mashed, and the beaten white of an egg. A nice sauce can be made of raspberries, cherries, and other fruits as above, or by simply taking the juice, Sweetening in and thickening with a little corn starch.

PUDDING.—An excellent apple pudding can be made from the remains of a rice pudding. Arrange well-sweetened and flavored apple sauce in alternate layers with cold rice pudding; add a little butter and sugar, sift sugar over the top, and put in the oven to heat through and brown on the top. Any sort of flavoring may be used for this pudding.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Take six or seven cooking apples, pare them, and remove the cores without breaking the apples. Place them in a pie-dish; next wash thoroughly four heaped tablespoonfuls of sago; mix with sufficient cold water to fill the dish containing the apples, and bake in a moderate oven. Cherries, prunes, &c., may be used instead of apples, or tapioca instead of sago; and, if well made, the pudding is palatable, wholesome, and inexpensive.

TO REMOVE WALL STAINS.—Oil marks on the wall paper, where careless persons have rested their heads, may be removed by making a paste of cold water and pipe-clay or fuller's earth and laying it on the stains without rubbing it in: leave it on all night, and in the morning it can be brushed off, and the spot, unless a very old one, will have disappeared. If old, renew the application.

TO SCOUR ZINC.—Housekeepers will find that zincs may be scoured with a great saving of time and labor by using glycerine mixed with a little sulphuric acid. A solution of strong vinegar and common salt is also good for the same purpose.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

HOW TO CURE A COUGH.

One Biddy Moore, a country dame,
As 'tis by many told,
Went to a doctor (Drench by name),
For she had caught a cold!

And sad indeed was Biddy's pain—
The truth must be confess'd—
Which she to ease found all in vain,
For it was at her chest.

The doctor heard her case—and then,
Determined to assist her,
Prescribed—oh, tenderest of men,
Upon her chest a blister!

Away went Biddy—and next day
She called on Drench again:
"Well, have you used the blister, pray?
And has it eased your pain?"

"Ay, zur," the dame with courtsey cries;
Indeed, I never mocks:
But—bless ye—I'd no chest the size,
So I put it on a box!

"But la! zur, it be little use,
It never rose a bit;
And you may see it if you choose,
For there it's sticking yet."

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so, but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

HADN'T SINNED VERY MUCH.—"My boy," said a clergyman, "don't you know that it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?"—"Well, I ain't sinned much yet," said the boy, without taking his eye from the cork, "Ain't had a bite."

SWEET PENALTY.—A young lady who was accused of breaking a young man's heart, has been bound over in the bonds of matrimony to keep the pieces.

"Is that dog of yours a cross breed?" asked a gentleman recently of a countryman. "No, sir," was the reply; his mother was a gentle, affectionate cretur."

Above all earthly gifts a good mother stands pre-eminent, she is worth her weight in gold—more than an army of acquaintances. Those who have played around the same mother's smiles, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken.

A man seeing his little daughter dipping her doll-baby's dress into a tin cup, inquired, "What are you doing, my child?" "I'm dipping dolly's dress in this beer to color it red." "Why, you can't color it red with beer." "Oh, yes, I can, papa, 'cause mamma says it's beer makes your nose so red."

Dr. Caird says it is not the fact that a "man has riches" which keeps him from the kingdom of heaven, but the fact that "riches have him."

A clergyman lately remarked to his congregation that, notwithstanding the hard times, and the general reduction of wages, the wages of sin had not been reduced one iota.

HER TEETH.—"Before I give you an answer said Atamantha to her lover, who had just proposed for her hand, "I have a secret to impart." "What is it, dearest?" he asked, pressing his arm around her yielding waist. She blushed and stammered, "My teeth are false." "No matter," he cried, heroically; "I'll marry you in spite of your teeth!"

"Is this the Adams House?" asked a stranger of a Bostonian. "Yes," was the reply, "it's Adam's house until you get to the roof; then it's eaves."

In his youth, Schiller learned to play upon the harp. A neighbor who disliked it once said to him, "Herr Schiller, you play like David, only not so finely." "And you," quickly replied Schiller, "speak like Solomon, only not so wisely."

A SANDWICH.—"Why am I made a sandwich?" said young Snobson, plaintively, as a lady sat down on either side of him in the horse car. "Because we are better bred than you are," said one of the damsels, sweetly; and Snobson mustered courage to squeeze out to the platform.

Douglas Jerrold and the late Henry Compton went one morning to view the pictures in the "Gallery of Illustration." On entering the ante-room, we are told, in the memoir of the comedian, they found themselves opposite to a number of very long looking glasses. Pausing before one of these, Compton remarked to Jerrold, "You've come here to admire works of art. Very well—first feast your eyes on that work of nature!" pointing to his own figure reflected in the glass. "Look at it—there's a picture for you!" "Yes," said Jerrold, regarding it intently, "very fine, very fine indeed!" Then turning to his friend—"Wants hanging, though."

TAKING OATH UPON IT.—The London Sporting Times tells this good story: A clergyman who lately left Liverpool in one of the huge ocean steamers began to feel rather uncomfortable soon after leaving the mouth of the river, and having had an introduction to the captain, sought him out to learn if there was any danger. The captain did not answer immediately, but led his passenger to the fore-castle, and told him to listen to what was going on. The clergyman was shocked to hear a party of sailors swearing vigorously, and expressed his horror to his conductor. The captain merely remarked, "Do you think these men would swear in such a manner if there was any real danger?" Whereupon the parson seemed satisfied, and retired. A day or two afterward, when they encountered rather a severe storm, the clergyman, remembering what he had been shown before, managed to make his way with great difficulty to the fore-castle, and was overheard by the captain, as he came away, exclaiming to himself: "Thank God, they're swearing yet!"

A Humorous Scotch Anecdote.

Up in the east-end of Carlisle parish lived a well-to-do farmer; he was famed far and near for the breed of his pigs, and he promised a neighbor farmer a present of one for a breed. Through the course of time he had a splendid litter. According to promise he despatched his servant man, Rab, off with one to his friend. It being a warm, sultry day, in the month of July, when Rab got the length of Killcagie, he thought his thrappel would crack with drought, so in he went to the "Wee Bush" for a pint of yill, and a blow of the pipe, to ease his shanks a wee. It being the Monday after Killcagie fair, some of the miners were taking a dram. One of them had a retriever pup along with him, so they thought they would play a trick on Rab. They took out the pig and put the pup in the pock unobserved to Rab. In a little Rab shouldered the pock, and took the road with his charge. When Rab landed at the farm house he boldly rapped at the front door to spier if the master was in. The master seeing Rab coming past the window answered the door himself. "Come awa' Rab, I'm glad tae see ye; what's this you have got in the pock, Rab?" "This is the pig my master aye promised ye—a real pure Berkshire breed." "Let me see't," quo the farmer. "I'll dae that," quo Rab. So Rab opened the mouth of the pock, and out pops the retriever pup. Whenever the farmer saw the pup he flew into a great passion, saying,—“Rab, I think your maister wants tae make a fool of both you and me,” “It looks unco like it,” quo Rab. “Jus’ take it hame wi’ ye again, and tell him I’ve plenty of that breed at hame.” “I’ll dae that, ye may depend on’t.” Rab had no other alternative but to retrace his steps homeward, wondering what in all the world this could mean. When Rab got back the length of the “Wee Bush,” he was as dry as ever, so in he went for another pint, but he never mentioned what had taken place. The miners soon exchanged Rab’s living freight, took out the pup and put back the pig. In a little Rab took the road for home. When he arrived he met his master in the close. “What is this you have brought in exchange for the pig?” “Weel,” quo Rab, “I can hardly tell you; when I left hame I had a pig in a pock, when I got to the far end it was a pup in a pock, what it is noo guid only knows, but we will soon see.” Rab opened the mouth of the pock and out pops the pig. Rab stood in wonder and amazement, exclaiming,—“There’s something no canny about this day’s work.” The master wanted Rab to go back wi’ the pig. “Na, Na,” quo Rab, “catch me at the same job again; I’ve carried the deevil a’ day on my back in a pock, ye’ll no find Rab shoulder his majesty in a hurry again if he keeps his senses.”

We have this anecdote, fresh from England, of the late eccentric Dr Monsey:

The Duke of Leeds, the doctor, and Grace's chaplain being one morning, after breakfast, in the duke's library, Mr. Walkden, of Pall Mall, his Grace's shoemaker, was shown in with a new pair of shoes for the duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St. James's Church, where the duke was a constant attendant.

"What have you there, Walkden?" said the duke.

"A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied.

The chaplain, taking up one of them, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain.

"Half a guinea, sir," said the shoemaker.

"Half a guinea for a pair of shoes!" exclaimed the chaplain. "Why, I could go to Cranbourn Abbey and buy a better pair of shoes for five and sixpence." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room.

Walkden threw the other after it, saying that, as they were fellows, they ought to go together, and at the same time replied to the chaplain, "Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopence than his Grace gives you a guinea for."

The duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "That is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half-a-dozen pairs of shoes directly."

A college student in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses, inserted: "To charity, \$30." His father wrote back: "I fear charity covers a multitude of sins."

Sold Again.

The court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent of a contemporary recalls an amusing instance of this sort which happened a few years ago in an Albany court room.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called in to testify. She got on very well, and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a severe cross-examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked bad.

An expedient suggested itself by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple red, and this fact suggested a new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked :

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn pale when they faint, don't they?"

A great sensation in the court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered, "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting, where a party did not turn pale?"

"Yes, sir."

"When."

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was intense—everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness' eye, and a quiver on her lip, as if from suppressed humor.

"'Twas a negro, sir."

Peel after peel of laughter shook the court-room, in which the venerable old judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case, not to say his temper.

Mixed Relationship.

A telegram was received in Colorado a few days since, directing the proper authorities to arrest a young man who it was alleged, had run away with his aunt.

"I have an order for your arrest, remarked the officer, addressing the supposed criminal.

"For what?"

"You have been running away with your aunt."

"My aunt! Why she's my wife!"

"But wasn't she your aunt before she became your wife! You see we don't tolerate these kind of goings on here, in Colorado."

"I suppose you were never in Utah?" remarked the young man, after he had completed his survey of the detective."

"No."

"Well, as you don't understand the relations of an aunt of that territory, I ought to explain them to you, and then, perhaps, you may see your duty plainer. My father married my mother."

"I suppose so," said the officer.

"Then he married her sister," continued the stranger, without heeding interruption, "then he married the sister of his brother-in-law; then the daughter of his uncle, who was a cousin to his first two wives; then he married her daughter, and a son of this wife married my sister, who was also a widow of one of the other wives' sons. I suppose you are following me?" interjected the narrator.

"Marry your aunt or your grandmother, either or both of them."

"And you won't arrest me?"

"No! You might be you own father."

"Where's your partner this morning, Mr. Hyson?" the neighbour asked the grocer. "Don't know for certain," cautiously replied the old man; "he died last night."

MISCELLANEOUS.**THE GRUMBLER.****HIS YOUTH.**

His coat was too thick and his cap was too thin,
He couldn't be quiet and he hated a din;
He hated to write, and he hated to read,
He was certainly very much injured indeed;
He must study and work over books he detested,
His parents were strict, and he never was rested;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS MATURITY.

His farm was too small and his taxes too big,
He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig;
His wife was too silly, his children too rude;
And just because he was uncommonly good.
He never had money enough or to spare,
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be;
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

HIS OLD AGE.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears.
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years;
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
His home and his fortune, his life's little day.
But alas! 'tis too late—it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray,
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be,
There is no one more wretchedly wretched than he.
—St. Nicholas.

DORA GOODALE, ten years old.

The Loss of a Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unwearily for the precious ones around her, bitter is the tear which falls on her clay. You stand beside her coffin, and you think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon the beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your own hands have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all beauty. But she is dead. The hands that have ministered so untiring are folded beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around them might be kept green and beautiful, are drooping. There is no white arm over your shoulder, no smiling face to look up into the eye of love, no trembling lips to murmur affection's gentle accents. Oh, it is too sad! There is too strange a hush in every room; no light footsteps passing around; no smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes—it was such music when she could hear it. Now it seems to recall the hours through which you watched the shadow of death gathering on her sweet face. And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel, oh, how often—that the grave cannot keep her—that she will live again.

Only Christians.

John Wesley once was troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night transported him in uncertain wanderings to the gates of hell. "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked thoughtful Wesley.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Any Presbyterians?"

"Yes," was again the answer.

"Any Congregationalists?"

"Yes."

"Any Methodists," by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley.

"Yes," was answered, to his great indignation.

In the mystic way of dreams,—a sudden transition, and he stood at the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired :

"Are there any Roman Catholics here ?"

"No," was replied.

"Any Presbyterians ?"

"No."

"Any Congregationalists ?"

"No."

"Any Methodists ?"

"No."

"Well, then, he asked, lost in wonder, "who are there inside ?"

"Christians !" was the jubilant answer.

How the Apostles Died.

Peter was crucified in Rome, and, at his own request, with his head downwards. Andrew was crucified by being bound to a cross with cords, on which he hung two days, exhorting the people till he expired. St. James the great was beheaded by order of Herod, at Jerusalem. St. James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle, then stoned, and finally killed with a fuller's club. St. Philip was bound and hanged against a pillar. St. Bartholomew was flayed to death by command of a barbarous king. St. Matthew was killed with a halberd. St. Thomas, while at prayer, was shot with a shower of lances, and afterwards run through the body with a lance. St. Simon was crucified. Thaddeus, or Judas, was cruelly put to death. St. Matthias, the manner of his death is somewhat doubtful,—one says stoned, then beheaded, another says he was crucified. Judas Iscariot hung himself. St. John died a natural death. St. Paul was beheaded by order of Nero.—*Ex.*

Number Seven in the Bible.

In seven days a dove was sent.

Every seven days the land rested.

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

On the seventh day God ended his work.

Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom.

The golden candlestick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.

Jacob was pursued a seven-days' journey by Laban.

Every seventh year the law was read to the people.

On the seventh day Noah's ark touched the ground.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days in their tents.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams as an atonement.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven years of blasted corn.

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh day they marched around seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

In Revelations we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.

FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The following rules from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general way marks in the journey of life : Never show levity when people are engaged in worship. Never ridicule sacred things, or what others esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you. Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. Always take the part of an absent person, who may be censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never think the worse of another on his differing from you in political and religious subjects. Never dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with an enthusiast. Say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near you. Act with cheerfulness without levity. Never court the favor of the richly fluttering vanities or their riches.

A Scotch preacher once said, "You never saw a woman sewing without a needle! She would come but poor speed if she only sewed with the thread; so I think, when we're dealing wi' sinners, we munn aye put in the needle o' the law first; for the fact is, they're sleepin' sound, and they need to be wakened up wi' something sharp. But when we've got the needle o' the law fairly in, we may draw as long a thread as we like o' Gospel consolation after't."

TALK WITH THE BOYS.—No words of counsel and cheer pay better than those spoken to boys whom you meet occasionally on the street or at your home, or at your place of business. Boys like to be recognized by those older than themselves. And boys are a great deal more impressible than they commonly have credit for being. If you see a boy doing some foolish thing or some wrong thing—puffing a cigar that is a little shorter than he is, reading a dime novel or a flash paper, making sport of some poor unfortunate, or quarrelling with companions—don't pass him by with a sneer, wondering that boys will be so silly or so vicious, but stop and say a wise and kindly word to him. Tell him how he can do better and how he is. He never had such a word as that from you, possibly from no one else. A word of that sort just now may change his course of life. Or if you see a boy doing a manly or gentlemanly act, interfering to protect a weaker one, rising to give a seat to some one older than himself, or showing himself attentive to his mother, say a word of hearty commendation to him. Let him see that his well doing is noticed and approved. There are sure returns for such a work as this.

Circulation of the Blood.

Among the most interesting sights to be viewed with the microscope is the circulation of the blood in a living frog's foot. The membrane is stretched by means of clips upon the stage of the instrument, and when the proper lenses are applied the movement of the blood may be observed rushing along with force like a mill stream.

Hitherto, says the *Nineteenth Century*, except in the case of Perkinje's experiment, in which an observer can see the circulation in his own retinal blood-vessels, the evidence of circulation in the human subject has been entirely circumstantial, derived from the facts of structure of the circulatory organs, and from the manner in which the blood flows from several arteries and veins. But by means of a simple arrangement, invented by Dr. C. Huter, of Greifswald, it is now possible to witness the actual flow of blood in the blood-vessels of another person, and that with sufficient accuracy to detect any abnormality in the circulation, and so to obtain invaluable assistance in the diagnosis of disease.

In Dr. Huter's arrangement the patient's head is fixed in a frame, something like that used by photographers, on which is a contrivance for supporting a microscope and lamp. The lower lip is drawn out, and fixed, by means of clips, on the stage of the microscope, with its inner surface upward; a strong light is thrown on this surface by a condenser, and the microscope, provided with a low-power objective, is brought to bear upon the delicate network of vessels, which can be seen in the position indicated even with the naked eye.

The appearance presented is, at first, as if the vessels were filled with red injection. But by focusing a small superficial vessel the observer is soon able to distinguish the movement of the blood stream, rendered evident by the speck-like red corpuscles, the flow of which, in the corkscrew like capillaries, is said by Huter to be especially beautiful. The colorless corpuscles are distinguishable as minute white specks, occurring now and again in the course of the red stream,

Tobacco Poison.

(*Nicotiana Tabacum*.)

Chemists, botanists, and physicians unite in pronouncing tobacco to be one of the most deadly poisons known. No other poison, with the exception of prussic acid, will produce death so quickly, only three or four minutes being required for a fatal dose to produce its full effect. It belongs to a class of plants known as the *solanacee*, which includes the most poisonous of all the species of plants, among which are *henbane* and *belladonna*. There are more than forty different varieties of the plant, all of which possess the same

general properties, though varying in the degree of poisonous character.

NICOTINE.—The active principle of tobacco, that is, that to which its narcotic and poisonous properties are due, is *nicotine*, a heavy, oily substance which may be separated from the dried leaf of the plant by distillation or infusion. The proportion of nicotine varies from two to eight per cent, Kentucky and Virginia tobacco usually containing six or seven per cent. A pound of tobacco contains, on an average, 380 grains of this deadly poison, of which one-tenth of a grain will kill a dog in three minutes. A case is on record in which a man was killed in thirty seconds by this poison.

A POUND OF TOBACCO WILL KILL 300 MEN.—The poison contained in a single pound of tobacco is sufficient to kill 300 men if taken in such a way as to secure its full effect. A single cigar contains poison to extinguish two human lives if taken at once.

The essential oil has been used for homicidal purposes. Nearly thirty years ago it was employed by the Count Boearme to murder his brother-in-law for the purpose of securing his property.

The Hottentots use the oil of tobacco to kill snakes, a single minute drop causing death as quickly as a lightning stroke. It is much used by gardeners and keepers of green houses to destroy grubs and noxious insects.

A number of instances are recorded in which instant death has been produced by applying a little of the oil from the stem or bowl of an old pipe to a sore upon the head or face of a small child.

POISONING THROUGH THE SKIN.—The poison of tobacco is so potent and violent in its action that even the external application of the moist leaves to the skin is sufficient to produce most serious symptoms. If a cigar be unrolled and the leaves composing it be applied over the stomach, great nausea will be produced in a very short time. This method has been used to induce vomiting. Cowardly soldiers have been known to place tobacco leaves under their arms just before a battle, for the purpose of producing sickness.

Some years ago a man was detected in attempting to smuggle a quantity by placing the leaves next to his skin. The nearly fatal symptoms which followed led to the discovery of the smuggler.—*Good Health.*

Sulphuric Acid Vinegar.

As adulteration is the order of the day, it is not surprising that an article which can be sophisticated so easily as can vinegar, should be the subject of harmful adulteration. There is no doubt that large quantities of vinegar are sold which contain scarcely a trace of real acetic acid, sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol being commonly used as a substitute. This acid is also very largely used for the purpose of giving additional strength to weak cider vinegar. This adulterated vinegar is exceedingly harmful to the teeth and gums as well as the stomachs of the consumers (genuine vinegar is bad enough), and it is very important that everybody who insists on using this condiment should know how to distinguish the pure article from that which has been sophisticated. The following is a simple and reliable plan:

Purchase at the drug-store a dram of chloride of barium, or muriate of baryta, as it is commonly called. Dissolve in as small a quantity of water as will completely dissolve it. If the solution is not perfectly clear, allow it to settle. Put a tablespoonful of the vinegar in a wine-glass, and add one or two teaspoonfuls of the clear solution. If there is any sulphuric acid present, a white powder will soon make its appearance at the bottom and on the sides of the glass.

Considerable quantities of vinegar are made from artificial sugar, or glucose, made from refuse starch, sawdust, cotton rags, etc. Vinegar thus made contains considerable quantities of sulphuric acid, and hence it may be detected by the same test given for that which has been directly adulterated with the acid.

Cause and Cure of Snoring.

A writer in the *Scientific Monthly* tells how the habit of snoring is acquired, and—better still—how it may be cured:—

"And, first the cause:—The air reaches the lungs through two channels, the nose and the mouth. The two currents meet in the throat below the soft of the palate, the end of

which hangs loose and swings backward and forward, producing the snoring. If the air reaches the lungs, as it should, through the nose, no noise will be made. If it reaches the same through the mouth, the palate will make more noise, since it is not the natural channel; but when it rushes through both these channels, then it is that the sound sleeper banishes rest from the pillows of his companions by his hideous noise. The remedy for snoring is to keep the mouth closed; and for this purpose Dr. Wyeth, the writer of the article referred to, has invented an article so cheap that any one can make it, and no snorer should be without it. It consists of a single cap, fitting the head snugly, and a piece of soft material fitting the chin. These are connected by elastic webbing, which is connected with the head-cap near the ears. This contrivance prevents the jaw from dropping down, and thereby rendering snoring impossible. The great trouble will be to get people to adopt this invention, since the most upright and honest of men and women will rarely, if ever, confess that they snore, and will be very indignant if accused of it. As a further inducement to the introduction of this contrivance of Dr. Wyeth, it may be added that breathing through the mouth is very detrimental to the health, and that many diseases of the throat and lungs are contracted or aggravated thereby."

THE NICITIES OF FRENCH LAW.—A Paris journal says: A gentleman is stopped on the street at midnight by a thief. Drawing a pistol from his pocket he forces the highwayman to walk quietly before him to the police station. Arriving there he tells the chief officer what has occurred.

"Very well," replies the policeman, "but have you permission to carry arms?"

"No, sir."

"In that case I must put you under arrest."

"But without the arm which I happened to have I would probably have been assassinated."

"That is possible, but the police ordinance exists and it is necessary that it be obeyed."

"Is it allowable to carry arms which are not deadly?"

"Certainly."

"Then look at my pistol. It has no hammer. To oblige a friend I was going to take it to a gun shop to have it repaired."

"Oh, if I had only known," cried the thief.

Calling His First Case.

A jolly fellow somewhere in Texas, having been appointed justice of the peace, was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony, and thus relates how he managed it:

"Having been appointed to the desirable position of justice of the peace, I was accosted, on the 5th of July, by a sleek-looking young man, who in silvery tones requested me to proceed to a neighboring hotel, as he wished to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony.

"Here was a 'squelcher.' I had never done anything of the kind—had no books or forms; yet I was determined to do things up strong, and in a legal manner, so proceeded to the hotel, bearing in my arms one copy of the Revised Statutes, one ditto Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, one copy large-sized Bible, a small copy of the creeds and articles of Faith of the Congregational Church, one copy of Pope's Essay on Man, and a sectional map of the part where the victim lived.

"Having placed a table in the middle of the room, and seated myself behind it, I, in trumpet tones, called the case. With that the young man and woman, with great alacrity, stepped up to me.

"Having sworn them on the dictionary to answer well and truly all the questions I was about to ask, I proceeded. I told the young man that, being an entire stranger, I should have to ask him to give bail for the costs. Having heard this so frequently in court, I thought it indispensable. He answered if I meant the fees for performing the ceremony, he would deposit it there and then.

"As I did not exactly know what I did mean, I magnanimously waved that portion of the ceremony. I then told him it would be necessary to give bail to keep the peace. This he said he was willing to do when he arrived home, and then I waved that point also.

"Having established to my satisfaction that they wanted

to get married, and that they were old enough to enter into that blessed state, I proceeded to tie the knot. I asked him if he was willing to take this woman to be his wife. He said he was. I told him that I did not require a hasty answer—that he might reflect a few minutes if he wished. I told him that she looked like a fine girl, and I had no doubt she was, but if the sequel proved that she had been taken in, I did not want to be held responsible. I said he must love, honor and obey her just as long as she lived. He must not be 'snappy' around the house, nor spit tobacco-juice on the floor, all of which he promised faithfully to heed. 'Now,' said I, 'Georgiana' (her name was Georgiana), 'you hear what Humphrey says, and so you accept the invitation to become his wife. Will you be lenient towards his faults, and cherish his virtues—will you never be guilty of throwing furniture at his head for slight offences, and get three meals a day without grumbling?' She said she would. I asked them if they believed in the commandments, and they said they did. Having read the creed and articles of faith, as aforesaid, I exclaimed, 'Humphrey, take her; she is yours; I cannot withhold my consent. Georgiana, when clasped in the protecting arms of your Humphrey, you can defy the scoffs and jeers of the world.' I then read a little from the 'Essay on Man,' including that passage, 'Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long.' As a finale to the scene I delivered the following exordium: 'Go in peace, and sin no more.' The generous Humphrey having placed a fifty-cent check in my unwilling palm, I bid the happy pair a final adieu."

FANCY NAMES.—Remarked Bro. Gardner, of the Limekiln Club: I, fur one, hev bin pained to obsarve a growin' desire on de part o' cull'd folkses to knock deir chill'en down wid silver-plated front names. Up in my block every cabin hez a Hortense, or a Maud, or a Genevieve, who will grow up to go bar 'fut in summer, an' bend ober de washtub in winter. I believe dat half what ails de niggers now-a-days am deir fancy names. I tell ye, dey am powerful burden for a chile to carry. No young gal wid a big foot an a mouf like a sassar am gwine to look any purtier for bein' called Cleopatra Viva Clarabell. No, sah, Ize a believer in de good old-fashun names, sich as Polly, Dinah, Chloe, Sam, Tom, an' Jim. Dar's sunthin' squar' an' honest in 'em, an' dey weigh sixteen ounces to de pound. Dis kentry am tryin' to git rid of 'em, an' banks are bustin', men stealin', towns burnin' up, and tornadies sweepin' o'er de land. I tell ye, an honest, straight-forward name is half to'rds keepin' a chile honest, an' if I kept a grocery store, I'd trust Moses all day long an' keep boaf eyes on Adolphus!

A JUDGE SENTENCES HIMSELF.—California has recently lost one of the purest and most promising of her young lawyers by the death of Eugene Fawcett, Judge of Santa Barbara County. The Santa Barbara Press tells this anecdote: 'Shortly after certain lawyers concerned in the Sprague trial had been fined for contempt of court, Judge Fawcett, in a moment of irritation caused by an outside interruption while he was about to give a decision on a point which had been raised, let fall an expression which he felt, on rapid reflection, would be disrespectful to the dignity of the court if uttered by another. At once turning to the clerk, he said, "Eugene Fawcett is fined thirty dollars for contempt of court (naming the character of the offence); the clerk will enter it upon the minutes." He then proceeded with the business before him, and, upon leaving the bench for the day, handed his check to the clerk for the amount of the fine.'

Story of a Parrot.

It was named Jane. Whether the sex warranted the feminine appellation I do not know, but by its ability to handle language I should think it was all right. It came from Mexico, with the family, and could only talk Spanish at first, but soon learned the English language. She was larger than ordinary—a bright green with a red tail, and very vain was she of that ornament. Her command of language was wonderful.

When her cage was hung by the window she would collect a crowd of boys by crying "Fire! fire!" and then change to "Charcoal!"—precisely like the vendor—then suddenly say, in a conversational tone, "Now, boys, run to school: do!"

When the door-bell rang, Jane would hop to the baluster and call out to the visitor, "Johnny isn't home! Call again." Or familiarly remark, "O! is it you?"

She would learn street songs, and try patiently by the hour to get the tune and words. I sat in a room one day and heard her try to sing, "Up in a balloon, boys, up!"—then she got stuck, when she exclaimed, pettishly, "Pshaw!" Then she tried it again, and again, till she got the two verses right, upon which she barked and crowed, and went through a whole vocabulary, in her triumph and delight.

When the daughter was old enough to go to school, Jane would say to her after breakfast, "Come, Eva, get ready! Nine o'clock, now!"

She would go to the side of her mistress's bed in the morning, and say, "Get up; it's late. I'm very hungry!"

She was very fond of babies, so her mistress made her a rag-doll. It was very droll to hear her baby-talk, imitating her mistress's tone and language very accurately. She would let no stranger touch the doll, but was delighted if the family noticed it. She insisted upon learning her lessons with Eva, when the latter was old enough to study them at home. She would repeat the suffixes and prefixes after her glibly, and annoyed her so much that she would have to be shut in another room, when she would still spell, shrilly.

There was a small party assembled at the house one evening. Jane was very shy, and refused to say a word, but after a momentary silence in the room broke forth with, "O! how funny!" ending with such a jolly, rollicking laugh that all joined heartily in.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LOVE'S MISTAKE.

A capital story is told of a young fellow who one Sunday strolled into a country church and during the service was electrified and gratified by the sparkle of a pair of brilliant black eyes, which were turned upon his face. After the service he saw the possessor of the witching orbs leave the church, and emboldened by her glance he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied some emotion of recognizing him; He then quickened his pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let him come up to her. But we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own peculiar way.

"Noble young creature," thought I, "her artless warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom."

I reached within a stone's throw of her; She suddenly halted and turned her face toward me. My heart swelled to bursting. I soon reached the spot where she was standing. She began to speak and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedler?"

"No my dear, that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very stercly, "I thought when I saw you in the meeting house that you looked like a pedler that had passed off a pewter dollar on me about three weeks ago, so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother Jim has got it at home, and he says if he catches the fellow he'll ring his ueck for him; and I ain't sure but you are the good-for-nothing rascal after all

THE PIGEONS OF VENICE.—Everybody has heard of the pigeons which flock daily to the famous Square of St. Mark's, in Venice, to be fed, and many Americans have no doubt seen them resting upon the shoulders and arms of the women who dispense their daily bread to them. Many are the stories told of their origin; how their ancestors served the republic by bringing back news from its fleets, and so on; but none of them are very well established, except that the birds have always been regarded as town property, and have been fed out of a fund set apart for that purpose, which is now said to have been a donation from the Countess Policastro. Until lately it would have been thought little less than sacrilege to touch a feather of them, but recently a Venetian boy was discovered carrying off a pigeon, evidently with a view to pie. The case was carried into court, where it was decided that the pigeons had never been legally conveyed to the town; consequently they were nobody's property, but, so to speak, wild fowl, and that the boy was only following his natural instincts in catching them, and must be acquitted.

A BASTE.—An Irish clergyman's daughter, aged twelve, said to her father, the other day, that a certain consequential person was "a baste." Sharp parental reproof being promptly administered, missy retorted that papa had used that very expression himself in last Sunday's service. "Certainly not," said the reverend papa, with much emphasis. "O, but you did," persisted missy. "I heard you say that 'he that exalteth himself shall be a baste.'"

Wooden Money.

From the reign of Henry I. down to the period of the establishment of the Bank of England, a portion of the money of England was fabricated out of wood. This instrument was called an exchange tally, and by virtue of it the holder was entitled to receive from the crown the value inscribed thereon. It really consisted of one-half of a four-sided rod or staff, on which, when in its entire state, the sum it purported to represent was carved in transverse notches, varying in width for thousands, hundreds, scores, pounds, shillings and pence. The signs were for the unlearned; for the advantage of those who could read, the sum was written in ink on two opposite sides of the staff, and, finally, with a knife and mallet the staff itself was split in two longitudinally. One half, called the tally or check, was given to the person for whose service it was intended; the other half, called the counter tally, was laid up in safe keeping until its corresponding tally should be brought in by the person who had last given value for it. Its intrinsic value was, of course, only that of the wood of which it was composed, but by representation it denoted large sums. It was a current token of real money, and served actually to distribute it from man to man by this exchange.

From this primitive tally was derived the exchequer bill, first introduced in 1696 by Mr. Montague, the chancellor of the exchequer. The word "bill," too, was no doubt obtained from the Norman-French word *billie*, which means a staff. Bank post bills and bills of exchange in our own day came from the same wooden base, and soldiers are said at this hour to be "billeted," because formerly they tendered wooden "billies" or tallies to the victuallers upon whom they were quartered. In olden times officers of the army, who were taken into the king's own pay, were put on the staff, that is, they were paid with exchequer tallies, or wooden money.

A Glass Mountain.

Mr. P. W. Norris, the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, on a recent visit to the capital, gave a lecture on some of the natural curiosities of the region over which he presides and is engaged in exploring. Among these may be mentioned, as the most novel, a mountain of obsidian or volcanic glass, and a road made from this material.

Near the foot of Beaver Lake the explorers discovered this mountain of glass, which there rises in basalt-like columns and countless huge masses many hundreds of feet high, from a hissing hot spring forming the margin of the lake, thus forming a barrier where it was very desirable a wagon road should be; as the glass barricade sloped for some 300 feet high, at an angle of 45 degrees to the lake, and its glistening surface was therefore impassable, there being neither Indian nor game track over it. To make the road, huge bonfires were made against the glass, to thoroughly heat and expand it, and then by dashing cold water from the lake against the heated glass, suddenly cool the latter, causing large fragments to break from the mass, which were afterwards broken up by sledges and picks, but not without severe lacerations of the hands and faces of the party, into small fragments, with which a wagon road, one quarter of a mile long, was constructed, about midway along the slope, thus making, it is believed, the only road of native glass upon the continent.

On reaching the Grand Canon of the Gibbon River, the explorers found the eastern palisade, for about two miles in length, to consist of vertical pillars, hundreds of feet high, of glistening black, yellow, mottled or banded obsidian or volcanic glass. This obsidian has been, and is still, used by the Indians for making arrow heads and other weapons and tools, and the mountain has formed a vast quarry for the making of such instruments or weapons, of a quality and quantity unequalled anywhere.

TO TEST KEROSENE.—The *Country Gentleman* is authority for the following: "The proper method of testing kerosene oil is with a coal-oil pyrometer, an apparatus somewhat expensive, and requiring skill to use. Safe oil should not evolve a combustible vapor below 100° F., nor take fire below 110° F. A test of some approximate value may be roughly made as follows: Place a little of the oil in a saucer, and if on applying a lighted match the oil can be made to take fire, even on a hot summer day, it should be considered unsafe. It is unnecessary to say that great care must be taken in applying the test, and all vessels containing the oil removed to a safe distance. A book or pamphlet should also be at hand to place over the saucer to extinguish the flame, in case the oil ignites."

A SINGULAR CASE.—A woman in Scotland lived thirty years after she was hung for the murder of her child, born while her husband was serving a term in prison. The *British Medical Journal* tells about it. After she became unconscious, the sheriff, thinking she was dead, gave the body to her friends, who took it home in a wagon. They stopped at a wayside tavern to drink, and suddenly the lid of the coffin moved. They took it off, and she sat up. Every body ran away, thinking it a ghost, but one man, who insisted on bleeding her. The next day she was well enough to walk. The Scotch law exculpates the convict after the judgment of the Court is executed, and they couldn't legally hang her again. It also absolved her from her marriage, and her husband had to marry her again when he got out of prison.

LIGHTING GAS WITH THE TIP OF THE FINGER.—This is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in his shoes or slippers walk briskly over a woolen carpet, *scuffing* his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair with its legs in four tumblers, to insulate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff, by another person, and he will light his gas by simply touching his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything, or be touched by anybody, during the trial of the experiment. The stock of electricity acquired by the process we have described, is discharged by contact with another object. The writer has lighted it in this way, and seen it done by children not half-a-dozen years old. We are all peripatetic lucifer-matches, if we did but know it.—*Ex.*

Wounds and bruises in horses and cattle should be washed and dressed with some emollient application. The Veterinary Cosmoline, a preparation of crude petroleum, has proved an excellent dressing for damaged skin, sprains, or bruises on horses, cattle and sheep, as well as for softening hard or contracted hoofs. It has been found to serve a useful purpose for mankind as well as for animals.

Ground bone or bone-meal, is an ingredient whose value as a mixture in poultry feed, has no equal for its cost. The different modes in which this article is put up now-a-days, for ordinary sales, each have their points of commendation. And when the article is unadulterated, it is intrinsically more valuable for chickens or fowls than any substance offered in our markets for its uses. Ground bone is sold at a price that renders it a cheap commodity, and fowls are very fond of it. Bone-meal is finer ground, and may be mixed with corn or wheat meal, steamed or scalded, to great advantage for young chickens. For laying hens it is an admirable stimulant, and those who have not used it will very quickly discover the difference in the production of eggs by giving it a trial. It is surprising with what avidity fowls will devour this substance.

WATER IN THE TROPIC.—In tropical countries, where the sun dries up streams, there are many plants which supply water to travelers. One that is called the *Lecroshua* is very curious. It is small, and has a stalk no thicker than a crow's quill, but on digging it up, the root is found to grow larger about a foot below the ground, till it is the size of a child's head. This root, when the rind is taken off, is found to be a mass of cellular tissue filled with water, which is almost always deliciously cool and refreshing. Another plant has under one stem a circle of large roots, sometimes the size of a man's head, all filled with water. The natives and travelers who know about it dig them up.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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NO. 11.

An Incident.

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar
Through Moscow's busy street one winter's day.
The crowd uncover as his face they see,—
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe;
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter winds,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent before his load,
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man.
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said;
"Only a soldier, Sir!" the short reply,
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar:
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on. I follow. Such an one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap:
The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow.
Following the coffin, as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently:
Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

AGNES MACDONELL.

NOTE.—This incident is narrated by a lady who was living in Moscow when it took place.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR, THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continue!).

CHAPTER X.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

It may have seemed strange to our readers that Mrs. Trevellyn's name has been scarcely mentioned in our narrative. She was of a very retiring disposition, a feeble consti-

tution and a weak voice, so that she rarely took part in conversation, when there were others to do the talking. She certainly was not blessed with the volubility reputed to be characteristic of her sex; and, though by no means lacking in intelligence, she was always more ready to listen to others than to offer opinions of her own. Her health, for some time past, had been gradually failing; so that she felt more than ordinarily disinclined to conversation. The little round of duties, which she felt devolved upon her, was faithfully attended to; and, in her quiet way, she ministered more to the comfort of those around her than she generally got credit for. And now, when the visitors had departed, she lent a helping hand in packing her nephew's trunk, putting in sundry articles which no one but she would have thought of, and yet which, during the winter months, would materially add to his comfort. So before the evening had passed by the work was completed, with half a dozen articles left out, that could not by any means be persuaded to go in, and permit the trunk to lock. I don't know how it is, but trunks always are so small; who ever had one yet that would hold all the necessities, not to say the nick-nacks, they wanted to cram into it? This one was no exception to the rule; so, after giving it, as Herman said, "a pressing invitation to take the goods," a large valise was called into requisition to complete the storage.

The evening of the following day found Herman at his quarters in the college, surrounded by a group of his former schoolmates, who mutually congratulated each other on their safe return, and narrated, with more or less detail, and with some slight deviations from fact, by way of embellishment, the scenes and adventures in which they had figured during the holidays.

Some related exciting experiences with rod and gun, some had experienced hair-breadth escapes, by field and flood, and others had mingled in the festivities and gaities of pleasure parties, or had enjoyed reunions with the dear friends of former days, within the walls of home.

Herman confined himself to the general statement that he had enjoyed himself immensely on his uncle's estate, and that he had made the acquaintance of the best girl—and the handsomest girl—in the county.

"I suppose," said his chum, a rollicking young man of his own age, "the description given by a friend of mine of his enamourata would probably answer your handsome girl, as I believe you are partial to blondes:

"Her eyes were of cerulean blue,
Her lips like rose leaves bathed in dew,
Her teeth, like pearls of lustre rare,
Dimpled her cheeks,—golden her hair,
Her face, of all admired faces,
The most replete with charms and graces."

"There you are out," said Herman: "my handsome girl, as you call her, is not a blonde: her eyes are not cerulean blue, nor is her hair golden,—that color is more likely to adorn her purse than her head,—otherwise the description is not so much astray, unless perhaps you go in a little too heavy on the graces. I do not know but that they are a

little more fully monopolized by the other one."

"Ah, then, I'll wager she is your favorite," the other replied; "you always had a weakness for good girls, as you call them. For my part, I like a wide-awake, sprightly, mischievous mad-cap,—one that has some dash about her; and that kind, you know, are not generally overstocked with piety. Not that I commend them for that. Piety is all well enough in its place; but I don't see why smart girls cannot be as devoted to religious interests as to any other object engaging their affections. And I tell you, when they do get in love—which they sometimes do on short notice—there is no half-and-half about it; they throw their whole soul into the business."

"It appears to me," said Herman, "that you must have had considerable experience in such matters, and I hope that some day you will unburden yourself for my edification, and accept such sympathy and advice as the case demands, and as you know it is the office of friendship always to impart."

"I don't believe," his chum replied, "in asking help, even of our friends, to keep a secret, or of retailing our love affairs, as some do, to every listener; as though they felt too proud to contain themselves, because they had found some one mellow enough to accept their attentions. But when some difficulty arises between two parties, who have a genuine regard for each other, it is well enough to ask for the kind offices or advice of a friend in whom we can confide, and, when I meet with such difficulties, I will lay the case before you, and avail myself of the assistance of your mature judgment, and, if you should be placed in similar circumstances, my humble services are at your disposal."

But we will now leave our friend Herman to the pursuit of his studies, to which, with commendable diligence and success he applied himself, and return to the mansion of the Wilmots.

When Miss Annabel arrived at home, she retired to the privacy of her own room, and thought over again the events of the day, and whether she had observed anything that afforded just grounds or fear that the fair, half-developed young lady she had met at Mr. Trevellyn's would prove a troublesome rival, or whether it was the growth of groundless imaginings, born of jealousy, one thing is certain, the longer she dwelt upon the fancy, the more it assumed to her the appearance of a fact, until it was no longer a question as to the position of affairs, but of what was to be done to further her own designs and thwart those of her rival. This she did not find to be a question easy of solution. In fact she could not discover any positive grounds for the assumption of rivalry, upon which she sought to devise a scheme of action. But I have observed that jealousy is not very logical, and that conclusions are frequently based on assumed premises which actually had no foundation in fact. Be that as it may, to Miss Annabel there appeared to be an obstacle in the way to the accomplishment of her purposes, and the question to be decided was by what means she would endeavour to remove it.

She was not long in coming to the conclusion that she knew too little about the young lady in question to finally decide what course to take, but it seemed to her that one of three things must be accomplished,—her rival must become engaged to another, she must become disgraced so that Herman would despise her, or she must be removed to some place where she would no longer meet with him.

But how was she, a woman moving in the circle of society in which she moved, to bring about any of these results?

The question occupied her mind until dinner was announced, after partaking sparingly of which she returned to her room and pondered the question over again. At length she came to the conclusion that unless there were some new developments it would be almost if not quite impossible, to carry out any scheme she might devise unaided, and at last she thought, "Why not secure the assistance of my coachman?" This, though she felt that it would be somewhat humiliating, she resolved to do, as she knew him to be very much attached to her, and felt that he was the only one in whom she had confidence enough to entrust with her plans, and ask for assistance; and the readiness with which he had always responded to her wishes, however whimsical, led her to believe he would not hesitate to undertake whatever she might require. Accordingly she descended to the garden where the coachman was amusing himself

by throwing up a shower of spray into the sunlight, causing the formation of miniature rainbows. As she approached him he removed his hat, and stood obsequiously awaiting her commands.

"Ronald," said she, "I want to speak with you, come down to the middle arbor." So saying, she turned and walked down the pathway, followed by her coachman, who wondered what new whim had taken possession of his mistress.

Arrived at the arbor, she took a seat, and directed Ronald to be seated opposite her.

"Now," said she, "Ronald, I have a proposition to make to you. Did you notice the young lady at Mr. Trevellyn's yesterday, of the name of Miss Lee?"

"I did ma'am," he replied, and a fine lookin' lass she is, too,—the finest I've seen outside the city,—and that is saying good deal I tell you."

"I am glad you think her fine looking."

"Why so?"

"I want you to marry her."

"Want me to marry her," Ronald replied, with an incredulous smile, and a look of astonishment.

"Yes; I am in earnest. She will make you a good wife. She is, as you say, fine looking; and I will give you a hundred pounds to start housekeeping with."

"I am thankful for your kind offer," Ronald replied; "but if it suited me ever so well, it could not be done. She would not look at a poor fellow like me."

"And why not. I am sure you are quite attractive enough in personal appearance,—you are her equal in worldly circumstances, and I do not know why you should not succeed: especially with the prospect of a hundred pounds to set up housekeeping with."

"I suppose it is none of my business," said Ronald; "but I do not see why you should take so much interest in me, all at once; nor why you should want me to marry Miss Lee. Perhaps, if you want to see me married,—which I would not object to with the right kind of a woman, and a hundred pounds to start with,—I might find some one I would like, that would be easier to get than the one you have selected for me."

"Ronald, may I trust you with an important secret," said Miss Annabel. "I cannot explain my motives in making the proposition I have done without doing so."

"Have you ever found me neglectful of my duty," Ronald replied. "I would spend the last drop of my blood for you, if it would make you happy. You may depend upon me under any circumstances."

"Then I will tell you why I want you to marry Miss Lee, in preference to any one else. Because, in the first place, I know of no other person that would make you as good a wife: and, in the second place, because I want her out of my way. You know Herman Trevellyn; he is to inherit his uncle's estate. Miss Lee is, I believe, the only obstacle in the way of my becoming some day mistress in the Trevellyn mansion. If, therefore, you marry her, or become engaged to her, when I get to be mistress of the Trevellyn estate I will give you another hundred pounds and a house rent free, if it suits you to live in it."

"Now I see a sufficient motive for your kindness to me, and will gladly undertake the task, if I can see the least chance of success, and the more so because I think I should like the girl herself. But then, she is rather young to marry yet, I should think. Besides she may be already in love with Mr. Trevellyn; and, in that case, I should stand but a poor chance."

"It may be, but I do not think so," Miss Annabel replied. "At any rate, it is not a difficult matter to transfer one's affections at the outset, and I do not think Mr. Trevellyn has given her much encouragement yet. As to her being too young, it is not necessary that you should marry at once, only that you should become engaged;—sometimes young people are engaged several years before the marriage actually takes place."

"But if she proves too high-toned, and will not come to terms, what then?"

"You must be high-toned too. Put on a little style. Of course you will not always be a coachman. You must have a prospect of a legacy from a rich uncle or aunt, to whom you are greatly attached."

"And if that fails?"

"I trust there will be no failure; but if you should fail we must devise some less happy method of disposing of her."

"And how am I to get acquainted with her?"

"The easiest thing in the world. I will send you down with a present of some rare plants and bulbs, which you must set out for her, and while you are doing it you must improve your time. Now that is enough for the present. To-morrow morning you will drive out to the little cottage in the country, and in the meantime fix up your best, and, mind you, you must be highly moral as well as sentimental."

"I shall do the best I can," he replied; "and he started for his own quarters, while Miss Annabel returned to the house, and taking a novel from the library, she retired to her own room."

On the following morning the gardener was called, and Miss Annabel directed him to make up a parcel of roots and bulbs, which were delivered to the coachman, with a note containing the compliments of Miss Wilmot to Miss Lee, and hoping she would accept the small gift as a token of friendship, and allow Mr. Parnell to set them out for her, as he knew how it should be done. In due time he arrived at the cottage, and was kindly received with suitable thanks for the very appropriate token of friendship which he brought. Kitty accepted his offer to set out the plants for her, and showed him the places where she desired to have them set. He, on his part, seemed to be somewhat awkward, and to take considerable time in accomplishing the work, during which he seemed more inclined to talk than to use the implements.

"You have not a very large flower plot, Miss Lee," he said; "but what you have is very tastefully arranged. Are you very fond of flowers?"

"I am," Kitty replied, "and in early springtime I go out to the sunny side of the hills, along the mountain, to find the first violet that peeps above the ground."

"I believe," said Mr. Parnell, "that persons of gentle natures are always fond of flowers. My mother was passionately fond of them, and she had plenty of ground to grow them on. I hope to have also some day, when I get my rights, and in the meantime I shall have to console myself by admiring those belonging to others. You, of course, have no gardener, and as I often have an afternoon on my hands, it will be a pleasure to me to drive out this way, and see how your plants thrive, and give them a little attention when necessary."

"It is quite unnecessary for you to take that trouble," Kitty replied, "as I am accustomed to work, and would be rather pleased with a little out-door exercise."

"I have no doubt of your ability to manage them as soon as they get properly started; but, I am sure, as it is Miss Wilmot's wish that they should make rapid growth, and bloom as early as possible, you will not object to my calling, when I drive this way, to see how they are doing, and suggest anything that may be necessary to help them forward."

"O, I have no objection to your doing that if it is Miss Wilmot's wish, but do not put yourself to any trouble, or go out of your way to do it."

"It will be no trouble at all," Mr. Parnell replied. "I often drive out into the country,—it is so quiet and peaceful, and the air so pure. I am sure it must be easier to be good and happy, away from the push and bustle and excitement of city life. I tell you there is a great deal of wickedness in the city, and it is a relief sometimes to get away into the country, where the moral atmosphere seems to be purer."

"I suppose," said Kitty, "there are in cities temptations and trials peculiar to city life;—but, I think, if people's hearts are bad, their life will be bad, whether in city or country, and if their hearts are right they can be good anywhere."

"You are right, Miss Lee," Mr. Parnell replied; "and I am glad to meet with one whose views on such subjects are so like my own. It is a privilege we do not often enjoy in the city. But now I must go. I will call the first time I drive out this way, and see if the plants are likely to grow."

"Good-bye."

So far, Parnell had acted his part well. He had, for the sake of effect, expressed moral sentiments, uttered by him probably for the first time in his life; and yet, perhaps, it would be doing him an injustice to say they were not his own. He was one of that class often met with now, without any positive moral character; one who was ready to adopt

by degrees any moral position that circumstances might require; only in this case he took a stand in advance of conviction, leaving the question of conscience to be settled afterward.

As to the impression made upon Kitty, it must be confessed that she was rather favorably impressed with her visitor, but when he had gone, and she had time for a little reflection, she began to ask herself the question, what could have been Miss Wilmot's motive in sending her the plants. She had already made up her mind that Miss Wilmot did not like her, and could not understand if that were true, why she had sent her this token of friendship, and as it had always been her custom, she communicated her thoughts to her mother, with her reasons for believing that Miss Wilmot disliked her.

Mrs. Lee revolved the matter for some time in her mind, and then she said,

"My daughter, you must have been mistaken in regard to Miss Wilmot's sentiments toward you, or else she has designs in pretending to be friendly, which are not yet apparent. I think it is but the dictates of common prudence to be a little guarded, until future events decide the genuineness or spuriousness of her professed friendship."

(To be continued.)

Written for the Family Circle.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

1. The sword is feared and mighty, when drawn with iron will
But, though the sword is mighty, the pen is mightier still.
Time was, in darkened ages, when only might made right,
When earth was filled with carnage, with chaos and afright.

2. When man warred with his brother, and precious human life
Was ta'en 'mid bloody pillage, and fiendish rage was rife;
Then woe to the defenceless beneath the tyrant's brand—
Then Mercy's face was hidden, and knowledge fled the land.

3. Then rights of men were trampled, nor laws of God obeyed,
Then sway of evil passions the march of Science stay'd,
Then peaceful arts unheeded amid unlettered men,
And then the sword was potent while powerless the pen.

4. Now time war's deadly weapons on peaceful walls hath hung,
And love of art and learning all men hath gone among,—
Not bloodshed and not rapine fills all the Christian land,
And men of wit and culture their country's pillars stand.

5. The student presses onward to reach the shining goal
Of that sage goddess Knowledge, who rapt the eager soul;
Now midnight lamps are lighted to glean the sage's lore,
And minds of men benighted by ignorance no more.

6. What would we know of hero, of martyr, or of sage,
Of life of saint or prophet that lit some bygone age?
Or what of men of power, whose march has shaken earth,
Or what of golden precepts and thoughts of golden worth?

7. Had not the pen of genius transcribed from age to age,
And left their bright examples to glow on history's page;
Had not the gifted poet poured forth their praise in song,
And sent their sounding peans the echoing years along.

8. The rise and fall of nations, their glowing numbers tell;
Of the wealth of mighty Egypt; of the captive Israel;
Of the Babylonish splendor; of orient gems and gold;
Of the conquering Alexander, and men of kindred mould.

9. Of Rome, imperial city, and of her haughty lords;
Of the Afric city Carthage, of the travelers' German hordes;
Of the pomp of kings and princes; of Charlemagne of France;
Of deeds of dauntless valor in days of old romance.

10. The grand imperial writers, less human than divine;
Whose names, in sacred scriptures, like guiding beacons shine;
Have left to man the story of his Redeemer's birth,
Whose name goes forth to tranquil and Christianize the earth.

11. The sword has conquered kingdoms; the world yields to the pen;
And the minds of humble poets bequeathed rich thoughts to men;

Then use the pen, and rightly, ye seekers after fame;
And write but what will brightly adorn a poet's name.

12. But in the cause of Freedom, and in defence of right;
Let not the steel grow rusty, but keep it keen and bright;
And when the foe man threatens—then lay aside the pen—
Then draw the sword and use it—it must be conqueror then.

IDA SHAFFER, PL. BURWELL.

A SOCIAL GLASS.

"There is no harm in taking a glass occasionally with one's friends," said William Willet, when advised to be careful lest he should get too fond of drink; "and it is only on such occasions that I take it at all—just to be sociable. It don't do to appear to be mean, you know."

William was the only and beloved son of well-to-do, respectable and honored parents;—young, handsome, educated and generous.

At the time of which we speak, he had begun to feel that he ought to be trusted to look after his own affairs, and manifested a considerable degree of self-reliance.

At that time it was customary for young men to treat each other, when they chanced to meet in places where liquor was sold; and it was looked upon as rather manly to step up to the counter—lay down a quarter or more, as the case required, and treat all hands.

William had treated and been treated several times when the caution above alluded to was given; and when, afterwards, he received similar warnings, he said, "No fear of me; it is only weak-minded people that become drunkards. At any rate, I don't like liquor, and only drink occasionally—just to be sociable."

Two years later, and his countenance had become florid, his meetings with his friends at the dram-shop became frequent, and, to the deep sorrow of his parents, he often came home with an unsteady step, and his reason beclouded. On being remonstrated with, he said he had only taken a little,—not enough, he would think, to be noticed. But he would be a little more careful; in fact, he intended to give up drinking altogether.

Alas! poor William; he knew not the strength of his appetite, nor the weakness of his resolution. Only a few years more passed by, and William had squandered a fortune; broken the heart of a beautiful young wife; beggared his little family; and bartered his soul for drink.

In a miserable log shanty, through the chinks of which the wintry winds whistled, and the snows drifted, William passed the last days of his short and unhappy life, and he passed away leaving all he had to bestow,—a drunkard's blessing on his ruined household, and taking with him the achievements of a misspent probation,—the drunkard's curse upon his soul.

Young man—don't drink!

Imperishable Fame.

Kind words and generous deeds are the best materials out of which to build monuments. Marble may withstand the fretting influences of thermal changes, and of storm and tempest, till the doubtful records of remembered virtues become hieroglyphics, almost undecipherable by succeeding ages; and yet the time will come when the records will be obliterated, and the dust, that once outlined the chiseling, become the sport of winds. But kind words never die, and noble deeds are written in that which only is imperishable. Baalbec's huge pillars and foundation stones, even the pyramids, may perish with the lapse of time; but, though the troubled hearts whom kind words healed, moulder beneath the thoughtless tread of after ages; and though the souls whom noble deeds had benefited are long forgotten, as though they not been, souls are imperishable, and on those souls the records are engraved. And when the earth, and all things transitory shall have passed away, the record of those words and deeds, written on souls redeemed, in brilliant lines like burnished gold will show, recorded there for all the universe to read, as also in the book of God's remembrance.

SELECTED.

Home Lost and Regained.

How a home was lost and regained is the topic of a true narrative told in the *San Francisco Bulletin*. The story has its warning and its encouragement—two lessons which all of us need:

Fifteen years ago there was a certain family of plain farmer folk working on rented land in one of the central counties north of San Francisco Bay.

Having been fortunate in obtaining one or two very good crops in seasons when the most of the State was a failure, they had, perhaps, twelve or fifteen thousand dollars in cash, teams and implements.

At this juncture, the head of the family, being of the restless Western type, concluded that it was advisable to make money faster.

So happening to travel across the lower San Joaquin in early spring of a wet season, he was charmed, and forthwith rented, for a term of years, a large tract of land in that valley, paying cash rent.

There was a good crop the first year, but three successive failures followed. Then a half crop came, and more failures.

Hoping against hope, they stayed, unable to leave, unwilling to acknowledge a mistake, until every dollar was gone.

This was in 1871, the process of losing all they had having taken seven years. There were five children, the oldest a girl capable of teaching school, three boys old enough to earn men's wages, and a little girl.

The oldest daughter obtained a school in an adjoining county, and made regular remittances home. The boys sought work, but everything in the neighborhood was at a stand-still.

The father, upon whom successive misfortunes had told heavily, went to the nearest town and sold his rifle, saddle and some long-treasured valuables.

Then, harnessing up their only team, they left the barren place, called by courtesy a farm.

Night after night, as they sat about the roaring camp-fires, they asked each other, "What shall we do?"

At last the mother spoke, with a mother's keen home-love and longing, as one night they camped in the dry bed of a stream, near a shaggy peak, above a valley of fertile farms. "We are wandering without a motive," she said. "Let us all work and win a home and begin to-morrow." So she unfolded her plan.

The next morning they went into a large valley town, where they had acquaintances.

Within a week the father and the three boys were at work in the harvest field; the mother became housekeeper in a wealthy family, where she kept the youngest child with her; the oldest daughter was still teaching at increased salary.

A family farm-company was organized, it being understood that every possible dollar went toward the one purpose of buying a home which all should own.

This was the mother's plan, and its effect was marvellous. It made men of the boys; it made the father forget his former losses; it brightened the whole outlook.

Every cent saved was deposited where it drew interest.

Before long, some leading gentlemen of the town became interested in the home-buying plan, of which they had heard, and did what they could to procure steady work for the family.

This, however, was seldom needed, for their steadiness and anxiety to earn their wages were remarkable, and they were soon in constant demand.

At the end of the first year, the home-purchasing company made a creditable showing. The daughter, teaching at \$80 per month, had sent \$400. The three sons and their father had averaged \$30 per month each, beside their board, and they had spent nothing they could help, so that \$1,200 represented their pile; while the mother added \$150.

These three items aggregated, together with the interest, \$1,808. The beginning was made.

Four years of steady, uncomplaining toil followed. In 1876 their accumulations, compounded semi-annually at seven per centum, amounted to \$9,330.72.

It would have been more but for some sickness in the family. They then chose a quarter section of good fertile land lying north of San Francisco Bay, in one of the Coast Range valleys.

The price was \$60 an acre, or \$9,600 in all. They paid \$8,000 down, bought teams, moved on the place, paid the balance in one year from crops and outside work, and are making it one of the prettiest farms in that whole region.

This is a truthful account of how a farm was lost and another gained in its place by a plucky American family, whose idea of a "home-buying company" ought to be remembered.

A STRANGE DREAM-STORY.

There is an inexplicable story—which, I believe, has never been published—among the traditions of the fat, fertile hill-country of Western Pennsylvania, the most unlikely quarter in the world to serve as a breeding-place of mystery. It was settled almost wholly by well-to-do farmers from the north of Ireland, economical, hard-working folk—God-fearing, too, after the exact manner described by John Knox, and having little patience with any other manner. Not a likely people, assuredly, to give credence to any fanciful superstitions, and still less to originate them. This story, indeed, has a bold, matter-of-fact character in every detail which quite sets it apart from relations of the supernatural. I have never heard it explained, and it is the authenticated mystery in my knowledge.

Here it is in brief: Among the Scotch-Irish settlers in Washington County in 1812 was a family named Plymire, who occupied a comfortable farm and house. Rachel, the daughter, was engaged to a young farmer of the neighborhood. On a Saturday evening in July, having finished her week's work, she dressed herself tidily and started to visit her married sister, who lived on a farm about five miles distant, intending to return on Monday morning. She tied up her Sunday gown and hat in a checkered handkerchief, and carried her shoes and stockings in the other hand, meaning to walk in her bare feet and to put them on when she came in sight of her destination, after the puny Scotch fashion. She left home about seven o'clock, in order to have the cool evening for her walk. The road to the farm was lonely and unfrequented.

The girl did not return home on Monday, but no alarm was felt, as the family thought her sister would probably wish to detain her for a few days; and it was not until the latter part of the week that it was found she had never been at her sister's. The country was scoured, but in vain; the alarm spread, and excited a degree of terror in the peaceable, domestic community which would seem inexplicable to city people, to whom the newspaper has brought a budget of crime every morning since their childhood. To children raised in those lonely hamlets and hill-farms murder was a far-off, unreal horror; usually all they knew of it was from the doings of Cain and Jael, set off with hideous wood-cuts in the family Bible.

The girl had left home on Saturday at seven o'clock. That night, long before ten o'clock (farmers go to bed with the chickens), a woman living in Green County, about forty miles from the Plymire farm, awoke her husband in great terror, declaring that she had just seen a murder done, and went on to describe a place she had never seen before—a hill-country with a wagon-road running through it, and a girl with a bundle tied in a checkered handkerchief, her shoes and white stockings in the other hand, walking briskly down the grassy side of the road. She was met by a young man—the woman judged from their manner the meeting was by appointment—they sat down on a log and talked for some time.

The man at last rose, stepped behind her, and drawing out a hatchet, struck her twice on the head. She fell backward on the wet, rotten leaves dead. Presently the man was joined by another, also young, who asked, "Is it done?" He nodded, and together they lifted the body and carried it away out of sight. After awhile they came back, found the bundle of Sunday finery and the shoes and stockings, all of which was stained with blood. There was a ruined old mill near the road: they went into it, lifted a loose board in the flooring, put the bundle, shoes, etc., with the hatchet, underneath and replaced the board. Then they separated and went through the woods in different directions.

The farmer's wife told her dream to her husband that night; the next day (Sunday), going to a little country church, she remained during the intermission between the morning and afternoon services. The neighbors, who had come from a circuit of twenty miles to church, gathered, according to their homely habit, in the churchyard to eat their lunch and exchange the news. Our dreamer told her story again and again, for she was impressed by it as if it had been reality.

After the afternoon services the congregation separated, going to their widely-scattered homes. There were thus

many witnesses ready to certify to the fact that the woman had told the dream the morning after the murder was committed at a distance of forty miles, when it was absolutely impossible that the news should have reached her. There were no telegraphs, we must remember, and no railways, in those days—not even mail-carriers in those secluded districts.

When the story of the girl's disappearance was told over the country at the end of the next week, the people to whom the dream had been repeated recalled it.

Now-a-days the matter would only serve as good material for the reporters, but the men of those days still believed that God took an oversight even of their dreams. Might not this be a hint from him? The Rev. Charles Wheeler, a Baptist clergyman of Washington, well known in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia a generation ago, and Ephraim Blaine, Esq., a magistrate, father of the present Senator from Maine, and as popular man in his narrower circle, drove over to see the woman who had told the dream. Without stating their purpose, they took her and her husband, on pretence of business, to the Plymire farm. It was the first time in her life that she had left her own county, and she was greatly amused and interested. They drove over the whole of the road down which Rachel Plymire had gone.

"Have you ever seen this neighborhood?" one of them asked.

"Never," was the reply.

That ended the matter, and they turned back, taking a little-used cross-road to save time. Presently the woman started up in great agitation, crying, "This is the place I dreamed of!"

They assured her that Rachel Plymire had not been upon that road at all.

"I know nothing about her," she said, "but the girl I saw in my dream came along here; there is the path, through which the man came, and beyond that turning you will find the log on which he killed her."

They did find the log, and on the ground the stains of blood. The woman, walking swiftly, led them to the old mill and to the board under which lay the stained clothes and the hatchet. The girl's body was found afterward, buried by a creek near at hand. Rachel's lover had already been arrested on suspicion. It was hinted that he had grown tired of the girl, and for many reasons found her hard to shake off. The woman recognized him in a crowd of other men, and startled her companions still more by pointing out another young fellow from the West as his companion in her dream. The young man was tried in the town of Washington for murder. The dreamer was brought into court, and an effort was actually made to put her on the witness-stand; but even then men could not be hung off the evidence of a dream. Without it, there was not enough proof for conviction, and the jury, unwillingly enough, we may be sure, allowed the prisoner to escape. It was held as positive proof of his guilt that he immediately married the sister of the other accused man, and removed to Ohio, then the wilderness of the West.—*R. H. D., in Lippincott's Magazine.*

Happiness of the Newly Married.

It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society in which the husband and wife set out together, and make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul, graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means and to their future and common interest. Nothing delights one more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young people, who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge and industry, have joined heart and hand, and engage to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner; whilst perhaps the little darling sits prattling on the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle, and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and best of fathers, when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance and bright prospects are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune

before he marries—that a wife must have no sympathy or share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists—and the young married people must set out with with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune, and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part; and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentlemen once remarked, not a “help-mate, but a help-eat.”

An Episode in John Bunyan's Life.

A curious episode in John Bunyan's life has been unearthed by a London magazine. It is a valuable contribution to our too scanty knowledge of the Glorious Dreamer. Mrs. Agnes Beaumont, a Bedfordshire contemporary of Bunyan, relates in her journal how she rode from her native village of Edworth to a church meeting at Gamlingay on Mr. Bunyan's horse. “I had not ridden far,” she says, “before my heart began to be lifted up with pride at the thoughts of riding behind the servant of the Lord, and was pleased if any looked after us as we rode along. Indeed, I thought myself very happy that day; first, that it pleased God to make way for my going; and then, that I should have the honour to ride behind Mr. Bunyan, who would sometimes be speaking to me about the things of God. My pride soon had a fall, for, in entering Gamlingay, we were met by one Mr. Lane, a clergyman, who lived at Bedford, and knew us both, and spoke to us as we rode along, and soon after raised a vile scandal upon us, though, blessed be God, it was false.” When she returned home, her father, who was an irreligious man, turned her out of the house, and would not let her in for several days. He called her “hussey,” and even threatened to throw her into the pond. Some evil-minded men of the village, especially one Mr. Farry, a great enemy of the Dissenters, had set her father against Bunyan; but eventually the old man saw his mistake and relented. The quaint narrative throws a flood of light on the social and religious life of the time to which it relates, and furnishes a striking testimony at once to the great influence exercised by the author of the “Pilgrim's Progress” in the regions where he laboured as a preacher, and to the malice of his enemies.

Can't Afford to Marry.

Girls, do you hear this! Many good men are crying, “Can't afford to marry!” Why? “Expense of supporting a wife.” Why support a wife? Might not wives be made self-supporting, or partly so? Isn't there something wrong in this system which makes matrimony dependent on a man's ability to pay all his wife's expenses? Is it not filling the land with old maids? Has it not done so for the last half century? Who marry most? What race? The people who care nothing for keeping up style. The foreign-born, whose women turn to and tend the shop. The cultivated American is not the marrying man. He likes the goods on exhibition, but they're too costly for his every-day wear. Hence, often they remain on the counter until shop-worn. This is a crying evil. Our best men are not marrying. Because so many of our girls are saying: “You must take me for better, for worse, to feed me, to clothe me, to house me, to warm me, to keep me clad in fashion, to give me a house proportionate to my style, to keep me in pin money; and I will condescend to live with you, and take your money, and do nothing to earn more, and to lament—if things go wrong—that I didn't marry better, and you must regard it as a great favor on my part.” The man wants you pretty badly, but it's too heavy a contract. Things must be arranged so that you can carry more of your end of the log.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

In these lives of ours, tender little acts do more to bind hearts together, than great deeds or heroic words, since the first are like the dear daily bread that some cannot live without, the latter occasional feasts—beautiful and memorable, but not possible to all.

Human Consolations.

One of the questions which occur to the reflecting mind is, what consolations are to be administered to those who are wounded and bleeding in the battle of life? The question is a difficult one, but it will admit of an answer not altogether unsatisfactory. Just as in a real battle there are thousands who go down to death and agony, so in life there are numbers who fall by the wayside, meeting with few enjoyments and compensations, and bearing with them memories that are full of pain. It is a very easy task to apply consolation to the intelligent and the healthy. So long as a man retains a sound mind, in a sound body, so long may he expect to find some consolation among the miseries that may befall him. The loss of friends, the loss of wealth, the loss even of a certain portion of social esteem, admit of certain compensations. The losing of a loved friend or relative often serves to introduce a spiritual element into one's life. It chastens and refines the soul, and out of the sadness thus created, one's nature grows, expands, becomes better. The loss of money frequently teaches a man what he never fully appreciated before,—the hollowness and heartlessness of the world and the unsatisfactoriness of riches merely as a means of happiness. But when a man's health and strength are swept away from him—when a blow has been struck by himself at his moral nature, and he finds, in the recoil, how far he has fallen below his esteem, then consolation becomes a more difficult thing.

George Elliott, in more than one of his novels, dwells upon the manner in which a great sin or a great crime may be made to become the instrument of bettering the nature of the one who has committed it. The sharp stings of nature become goads to good. The self-hate which he feels, spurs him on to reach that sphere where he shall begin to have to respect himself and taste something like happiness.

The sick and helpless are not entirely without their consolations, and the position is in some respects, or at least might become, one of the noblest. Humanity is advancing—is constantly, though slowly, growing better. It does so through vast experience of pain. It is forced to battle with ignorance, want, crime, pestilence, contagion, famine and miscellaneous diseases. In this Titanic struggle, men go under, but their lives are not worthless, not lost. They have fought and borne the brunt. They have evoked sympathy, and love, and kindness, in those better off than themselves, and they have set the example of patient endurance, an example which never can be wholly lost. Their consolation must be to know that they have done their part well; they have contributed to the advancement of humanity, and that their influence shall live long after they shall have been gathered into the eternities.—*Con.*

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows:—Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness: some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now, it is not supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way, but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows:—(Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good housewives have on hand), place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with the spice of pleasantries, and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed up with prudence and moderation.

—In the office of one of the hotels recently a gentleman snapped his finger to a boot black, and as he put his foot on the box he said: “You look like a good smart boy.” “See here, mister!” replied the boy as he rose up, a brush in either hand. “I've had that game played on me a dozen times and now I want to know whether this is a cash shine or whether you're going to pat me on the head when I get through and tell me that I'll be Lieut.-Governor of Ontario some day?”

'Right and Wrong Training.

There are two kinds of love: that which indulges and never restrains: and that which is willing, even when anxious to indulge, to restrain, if it be necessary. The former injures and often ruins; the latter is beneficent. From this improper love have originated in our time some errors whose existence would defy belief if their consequences were not general. Men who have succeeded are heard to say, "My children shall not work, as I had to work;" forgetting that in that work, though enforced and irksome, the foundation of their own prosperity was laid. In a similar spirit, doting parents, try to give to their children everything that they were deprived of; thus bringing them up in "softness and effeminacy," making them hot-house plants. Instead of teaching them the manly toleration of pain and courageous surmounting of obstacles, they administer opiates; allow them to take "gas" when the first teeth are extracted; permit them to keep up late: to attend parties, and to drive to and from school in a family carriage, if they have one, or in public conveyance. Not long since the writer attended the "commencement" of a well-known military school. As the boys and young men were performing their evolutions, attacking and defending a redoubt, etc., certain doting mothers sat in the reception-room, surveying the scene. One said to the others, "The boys seem to enjoy it; but I can't help feeling that the poor fellows are being worked too hard." And the rest chimed in with this absurd remark, as though the boys were training for jelly fish instead of men.

When parents live in luxury and accustom their children to, especially on transient profits, not accruing from (to use Franklin's homely expression) a "pile contrived to last for life," and make the impression on those children that "father has enough to take care of me," they do them great harm and jeopard their success in life. Formerly rich men often lived very closely, and at death precipitated fortunes on their sons, that they did not know how to use. But this seldom occurs now, and the danger is at the other extreme. Many crimes committed by young men can be traced to those errors in their training; and when they marry young women reared under similar influences the evil is intensified. From this point of view it is easy to understand the breaking away of sons and daughters from the ascendancy of their parents. Many never were subdued; but from birth ruled the whole house. Many have broken away gradually and secretly. The work was done before the confiding parents suspected it had begun. And yet parents should be as jealous of the love and confidence of their children as lovers. Where the work of training boys is left wholly to the mother, when the boys begin to go astray she is too easily persuaded and too easily deceived, being ignorant of the world, and incapable of understanding the impulses and temptations of boys. Widows often train boys much better than the same women did or could while their husbands were alive and left it to them. If the writer does not wholly mistake the tendencies and perils of the time, there is a demand on parents and teachers to impress on youth clear ideas of the consequences of vice: to make them feel by their way of speaking about vice that it is more to be feared than scarlet fever or small-pox; and that the death of children is less to be dreaded than that they should become vicious. They should also be taught that a good reputation is of priceless value; and the highest estimate should be attached to a sense of personal dignity, manhood being more valuable than accomplishments. The necessity of self-support should be urged, and the sons even of the rich taught that they have no permanent reliance but on their own qualities and qualifications.—*Rev. J. M. Buckley, in Independent.*

Pay as You Go.

This advice is always good, but it is specially timely, now that the prospect ahead for work or business looks encouraging, and everybody feels cheerful. How many times have you said to yourself during the past few years, "If I could only get my bills squared up, I never would be caught in this way again," and you have fussed and worried over debts, contracted when the times were flush, and the prospect of paying them seemed fair. Now is a good time to turn over a new leaf, because it is just the time when the temptation to do the same thing again is strong upon you. If your wages

are increased or you are selling more goods and are getting a better profit, you begin to think "now I can buy that new carpet or chamber set that my wife wants, and can pay for it in a short time." You had better wait till you have paid up all the old debts first. Don't get trusted. Pay for your provisions and groceries as you go along, and husband what you have over. The relief from the old debts will be like the recovery from a bad boil—you feel better when it is well—and the comfort of feeling that the little pile that you accumulate is subject to nobody's lien, is a positive pleasure. Flush times almost invariably lead to speculation, and speculation includes not only the investment in stocks or land for a rise, but the discounting of the future for anything that you want. The man who buys what he is unable to pay for at the time of the purchase, is mortgaging his life and his labor, and incurring a burden which most likely he will regret. "Pay as you go," is a good maxim,—for yourself honest, and for your neighbor just. Its observance will lighten the burden of life, sweeten toil, encourage industry, reward honesty, promote good neighborhood and induce prosperity.

HOBBIES.

A banker, well known in the financial world, died lately in one of the Atlantic cities, at the age of eighty, leaving a property valued at millions. After his death, a collection of toys was sold for over \$100,000, which he had been accumulating for twenty years.

Scarcely any valuable scientific or mechanical toy had been made in Europe of which he had not a specimen; but his assortment included also, the most trivial of children's playthings.

Another, a citizen of Philadelphia, one of the foremost jurists of his day, had a fancy for collecting fairy tales. His shelves contained thousands of these volumes in every language. Manias for china, odd brasses and rare editions are so common among scholarly men, that the incongruity of the pursuit does not strike us.

The peculiarity of a hobby indeed is, that it is usually at odds with the general character of the person who exhibits it. It is a bit of childhood left by careless Nature among the sterner stuff of which manhood is made.

Jim Fisk, the most hardened and dishonest of swindlers, had a passionate love for canaries, and was surrounded by them at home.

Our genial poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes, delights in graveyards, boasts that he knows everyone within forty miles of Boston, "and when the spring opens," he says, smiling, "I go out to see how my dead men do." The doctor also, is fond of working with tools. The portable stereoscopic glass is his invention.

One of the most eminent surgeons in the country delights in writing poems, and very bad poems they are. There can be no doubt that an innocent hobby (and hobbies generally are innocent) is a safety-valve, for the escape of nervous excitement in men who use their brains to an exceptional degree.

For this reason they generally do much toward softening and humanizing the character.

Whatever it is to be a boy's trade or profession, encourage in him a taste for music, art, fishing, gunning; some hobby, in short. Before you fill the boiler and build the fire, provide the safety-valve.

The habit of close thought must be formed in youth. If independence of mind is not then acquired, its subsequent attainment becomes impossible. The habit of relying on others and constantly looking for foreign aid, utterly disqualifies the mind for thorough investigation. This habit is equally unfortunate in the other circumstances and relations of life. "Heaven helps those that help themselves," is an aphorism which may be thus understood. God will raise up assistance for us to supplement our best efforts. Let the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer, the artisan, and the laborer, make the most of their brawn. Never ask for help that you can do without. Don't go through the world expecting everybody to become your benefactor. With hands to do, mind to think, and will to execute, thank the Creator for the measure of health and strength you enjoy, and, humanly speaking, glory in your self-reliance.

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utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Diphtheria and Filth.

Probably there is no disease which in localities where a malignant epidemic of diphtheria has prevailed is more dreaded than this. Even small-pox would almost be a welcome visitor in a household where diphtheria had been manifested in its worst forms; at any rate, it would be preferred. Notwithstanding this general dread of the disease, there seems to be a strange apathy on the part of the people in relation to the discovery of the real cause of the malady and the application of the proper means for its prevention. The facts presented in the history of numerous outbreaks of the disease seem to show quite conclusively that it may and often does originate spontaneously from filth, although when once established it is undoubtedly propagated by contagion.

We have seen no better illustration of the real origin of the disease as well as of the popular disposition to disregard the evidence on the subject than that afforded by a case which was described to us a few days ago by Dr. Griffin, president of the Wisconsin State Board of Health. The case was this: A German owned a farm which he rented, situated a few miles from the village in which he resided. The cellar of the house and its surroundings were in an exceedingly insanitary condition, the natural result of which was an outbreak of diphtheria in the family of the tenant. After several deaths, the family left the house and another tenant occupied it. In a short time the disease appeared again, with a like result, several deaths and the desertion of the house. As there had been no diphtheria in the neighborhood, and no communication with other places where the disease existed, it appeared to be very evident that the disease originated in the house and its unclean surroundings. The physicians of the neighborhood accordingly very properly condemned the house, and warned people against occupying it unless the evils existing should be corrected. The owner of the property was much exasperated at this, and contended very strongly that the doctors had a grudge against him and had conspired to injure him. He jeered at the idea that any insanitary conditions about the house had anything whatever to do with the sickness and deaths in the families of his tenants; and, at last, to prove the falsity of the claims of the physicians, he moved his own family into the house. Within a week or two several of his children were sick with the same dread malady, and in a very short time he buried nearly all of his numerous family of children. He was now convinced, but too late to save his children who had been sacrificed to his foolhardy ignorance.

All persons who will continue to neglect to observe the necessary precautions to avoid the disease, and to prevent its spontaneous origination from filth, become equally culpable with the Dutchman for loss of life which may follow their carelessness or temerity.—*Good Health.*

Diphtheritic Sore Throat.

As diphtheria is one of the most terrible maladies, a person is often startled on being told by his physician that he has diphtheritic sore throat. The diseases, however, are not the same. Neither is the latter a lower type of the former.

In diphtheria, while the disease localizes itself in the tonsils,—and may extend down through the air passages,—there is a general poisoning of the system, which shows itself in a peculiarly depressing fever. In the diphtheritic sore throat, the disease is confined to the tonsils and adjacent parts, with only a slight general disturbance.

In diphtheria, the exudation which covers the tonsils—and may cover other parts—is of a leather-like consistency (whence the name from the Greek word, *Diphtheria*,—leather), and adheres to the substance of the flesh; in diphtheritic sore throat, the exudation is simply a curd-like matter which is poured out from the glands of the inflamed

tonsils. At the first glance, however, it resembles the real leathery exudation of diphtheria.

In removing the diphtheritic membrane, the skin is abraded and bleeds: but the removal of the curdy matter from the tonsils is like removing putty from the hand.

Diphtheria is always infectious; ordinary diphtheritic sore throat is not. The symptoms of the latter are enlarged tonsils, very red, with spots of cheesy secretion at the mouths of their many glands: cutting pain in swallowing, and some fever for a few days. In most cases, only one tonsil is affected: still, even this may be so enlarged as to materially encroach upon the fauces. The disease is what is now termed "a filth disease," and is due to contamination in the water or air. The most frequent source is sewer-gas, from imperfect house-drainage.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Remedy for Scarlet Fever.

Dr. E. Woodruff, for nineteen years a practising physician at Grand Rapids, Michigan, furnishes the *Springfield (Ill.) Journal* the following:

"Wash the child from head to foot with strong sal soda water, warm, then wipe dry. Then immediately bathe freely with oil from beef marrow, or oil from butter, applied freely. Then give freely catnip tea, or some good sweating article, pennyroyal, etc. Repeat every half hour, or as often as they get worrisome or wakeful, and in one or two days they will be entirely cured. I have been called to cases where they have been fully broke out, and in this way entirely cured them in twenty-four hours. I have had thirty cases on hand at a time, and never lost a case in my life. But now I am old and about to give up my business, and seeing from the papers that your town is infected with the epidemic, I wish to do all the good I can. It is so simple. You do not need to call a doctor. A good nurse can attend to them. If by opening the pores of the skin and sweating you can let off the poison, which is an animalcula, or animal in the blood, the cure is complete. The same is equally good in fevers of all kinds, hard colds and coughs.

"I take the ground that all diseases are caused by a stoppage of the pores of the skin, retaining the poison, or living animals, in the blood, and all you have to do at first is to open the doors of the system and let them out, or drive them out. All people know a warm bath is good. But you apply the oil to the skin, and it keeps the pores open for a long time and gives the enemy a chance to get out. I hope all will try it, and they will soon be convinced."

[We do not vouch for the above remedy, but have no doubt it would be good, whether the theory regarding its nature be correct or not; but we doubt very much the correctness of the position that all diseases are caused by a stoppage of the pores of the skin. In fevers, indeed, we incline to the opinion that the stoppage of the pores of the skin is a consequence of the disease rather than the cause of it.—Ed.]

Put Your Shoulders Back.

Much of the proverbial slenderness and physical frailty of our girls, as compared with those of other countries, has been charged to intellectual habits and overwork in study. It is unquestionably true that they need more out door life, and more education in bodily development.

Many American girls, through inattention to the way of carrying themselves, unconsciously contract the habit of bringing the shoulders forward and stooping. The position not only detracts greatly from their appearance, but is also very pernicious in point of health.

The celebrated Aaron Burr, in a letter to his daughter, Theodosia, afterwards the wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina, wrote as follows on this subject.

"Your habit of stooping and bringing your shoulders forward upon your breast not only disfigures you, but is alarming on account of the injury done to your health. The continuance of this vile habit will certainly produce consumption, then farewell pleasure; farewell life!

"This is no exaggeration; no fiction to excite your apprehensions. You will certainly stint your growth and disfigure your person."

There is reason to believe that Miss Burr gave heed to this admonition of her good father: for she afterwards became renowned for her beauty as well as for superior mental endowments and accomplishments.

APOPLEXY.

In apoplexy, a blood vessel of the brain gives way, and the blood accumulates near its base, and pressing on the cranial nerves on which the action of the vital organs depends, cuts off the flow of nervous force to the latter.

A slighter effusion may cause only paralysis, from which the patient may recover, the wound healing, and the blood being gradually taken up and carried off by the absorbents.

Sometimes the serous portion of the blood escapes through the pores of the vessels sufficiently to occasion a similar result.

Free-livers are especially liable to apoplexy. They keep the vessels too full and the current too strong. More blood always goes to the brain than elsewhere; its vessels are particularly weak, and as age approaches they grow brittle, through a tendency to become more or less ossified. Besides, the vessels of the brain are subjected to a special strain in consequence of the contraction of its vessels during sleep and the sudden inrush of blood on waking.

There is no doubt that some persons inherit a tendency to apoplexy, though it is quite likely that they have also inherited a tendency to luxurious living. Let them abjure their habit in this respect, and probably the sudden stroke which prostrated a father in death may never overtake them.

The use of wine or spirit with one's dinner increases the tendency to an apoplectic attack, as it greatly quickens the action of the heart; augments the power with which that central forcing-pump throws the blood into the engorged cerebral arteries.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Use of Milk.

Dr. Crosby, of the Bellevue Hospital, pronounces milk an article of diet which all persons may use, under nearly all conditions. There are those who say they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, etc., but he declares that this is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains in a form easy of assimilation all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly, and not poured into the stomach already overfilled, as though it had in itself no substance or richness. Now milk, he does not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in nearly every condition.

Perhaps it will require the addition of a spoonful or two of lime water. The addition of a little will often prevent the after-feeling of fullness, and "wind in the stomach," which some complain of. If marked acidity of the stomach is present, then perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat; and it may be necessary to give in small quantities and repeat it often; but ice cold milk can be put into the irritable stomach, if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effects. It is used in cases of fever, which formerly it was thought to "feed," and when scalded it has a desirable effect in summer complaints.

But it is as an article of diet for people in health, and who wish to remain in that happy condition, that milk should be most appreciated. For the midday lunch of those whose hearty meal comes at night, or for the supper of those who dine at noon, nothing is so good. The great variety and excellent quality of prepared cereals give a wide choice of food to use with milk. Bread (with berries in their season, or baked sweet apples), boiled rice, cracked wheat, oatmeal, hulled corn or hominy, taken, with a generous bowl of pure cold milk, makes the best possible light meal in warm weather for children, and for all adults who have not some positive idiosyncrasy that prevents them from digesting it. The men of firmest health and longest life are the men of regular and simple habits, and milk is a standard article in such a diet.

CURE FOR FELON.—Take a pint of common soft soap, stir in it air-slaked lime till it is of the consistency of glaziers' putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes.—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser*.

We happen to know that the above is a certain remedy, and recommend it to any who may be troubled with this disagreeable ailment.—*Public Ledger*.

A STRANGE CASE OF BLOOD-POISONING.—Recently, Miss Hannah Irving, while sewing on some coloured calico, one of her thumbs commenced feeling sore. She thought very little of the circumstance until a day or so afterward, when her hand commenced swelling, and presenting a dangerous aspect. A physician was called, who, after examination, pronounced it a case of blood-poisoning. His theory was that the poison was imparted to the system by the needle passing through the dye-stuffs in the calico, and, by frequent pricking, into the thumb, minute particles of the cloth adhering to the needle. At this writing, the arm is fearfully affected and swollen, and the physician in attendance fears that amputation may be necessary. Miss Irving is a very estimable young lady, and her host of friends hope for a speedy recovery. —*Susquehanna Gazette.*

IMPORTANCE OF AIRING BEDS.—An exchange says,—"The desire of an energetic housekeeper to have her work completed at an early hour in the morning causes her to leave one of the most important items of neatness undone. The most effectual purifying of bed-clothes cannot take place if no time is allowed for the free circulation of pure air to remove all human impurities which have collected during the hours of slumber. At least two or three hours should be allowed for the complete removal of atoms of insensible perspiration which are absorbed by the bed. Every day this airing should be done, and occasionally, bedding constantly used should be carried into the open air, and, when practicable, left exposed to the sun and wind for half a day."

No man should do more work of muscle or of brain in the day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point exercise is good, beyond is waste of life, exhaustion and decay. When hunger calls for food, and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order, and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves or excite an appetite, we are wasting life. There are wroug and mischief in all waste of life. A mau should live so as to keep himself at his best, and with a true economy. To eat more food than is needed is worse policy than tossing money into the sea. It is a waste of labor and a waste of life.

SHOCKED INTO TALKING.—Mrs. Geo. Martin of Huntsville, Ga., had been so paralyzed that for a year she did not speak, The restoration was as follows:—

While brushing a table the other day, she struck a loaded revolver lying thereon in such a way as to discharge the weapon. the ball taking effect above the left knee of her paralyzed leg. An ugly wound was produced; but strange to say, the woman at once began to talk; and since the accident has been able to do so.

COUGH MEDICINE.—Take three tablespoonfuls of whole flax seed: put in an earthen vessel or pitcher, pour on a quart of boiling water: let it stand by the fire for an hour, then add the juice of four large lemons, half teacup pure honey, one large stick of licorice broken in bits, one stick of rock candy pounded fine. stir often; and when licorice and candy dissolve, stir. If too thick and jelly-like add more boiling water; some people like it to jelly. Take a good drink of this whenever you feel inclined to cough; it is best drank cold, as it will not induce perspiration.

LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.—There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body which does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

COMMON BUNS.—Rub 4 ounces of butter into 2 pounds of flour, a little salt, 4 ounces of sugar, a dessert-spoonful of caraway-seeds, and a spoonful of ginger; put some warm milk or cream to 4 tablespoonfuls of yeast; mix all together into a paste, but not too stiff; cover it over and set it before the fire an hour to rise; then make into buns, put them on a tin, set them before the fire for a quarter of an hour, cover over with flannel, then brush them with very fine warm milk, and bake them of a nice brown in a moderate oven.

TO MAKE INDIAN BISCUITS.—Take one quart of cold Indian mush, or hasty pudding; put it into a pan containing about the same quantity of either coarse or fine wheat flour; add milk or sweet cream sufficient to make the mush thin, say $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; then mix the flour, and make up into biscuits as soft as you can well handle them, and bake in a quick oven 20 minutes.

STRASBOURG CAKE.—To one pound flour, add 10 ounces pulverized sugar, 10 ounces butter, 2 eggs, half a nutmeg, (grated,) and an equal quantity of ground cinnamon, or mace and cinnamon, mixed. Bake.

BOSTON COCOANUT PIE.—Take one cocoanut and grate; add the milk and two eggs, till the mixture is as thick as custard pie. One nut makes two pies.

CHOCOLATE FOR THE TABLE.—Break up into several pieces two ounces of cocoa paste; put it into a saucepan with a gill of water; place it upon a moderate fire, and stir continually until it is melted into a smooth paste; then add one pint of milk, or cream, and three ounces of fine white sugar; continue to boil for five or six minutes, stirring continually. Now flavor it with a dessert-spoonful of best vanilla extract, or a little powdered cinnamon. Serve very hot.

TO MAKE CREAM BEER.—Take 2 ounces tartaric acid, 2 lbs. white sugar, 3 pints water, and the juice of a lemon. Boil all together five minutes; when nearly cold, add the whites of 3 eggs, well beaten, with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce essence of winter-green. Bottle. Take 2 teaspoonfuls of this syrup for a tumbler of water, and add to it $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of baking soda. Drink it fresh.

HOW TO MAKE SILVER-TOP, A TEMPERANCE DRINK.—Take one quart water, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds white sugar, 1 teaspoonful lemon-oil. 1 tablespoonful flour, with the white of five eggs, well beat up; mix all the above well together. Then divide the syrup, and add 4 ounces carbonate of soda into one part, and put it into a bottle, and then add three ounces tartaric acid to the other part of the syrup, and bottle it also. Take 2 pint tumblers, and put in each tumbler 1 tablespoonful of the syrup. (that is, from each bottle of the syrup,) and fill them half full with fresh cold water: pour it together into one tumbler. Superb.

HOW TO MAKE GINGER BEER POWDERS.—Take 1 ounce and 54 grains (apothecaries') bicarbonate of soda, reduce it to powder, and divide into 16 papers; to each paper add 5 grains ground ginger, and a drachm of white sugar. Then take 1 ounce tartaric acid, which powder divide into 16 parcels, and do it up into separate papers. Two of those papers will make a pint of beer. Dissolve the soda in 2 gills of water in one glass, and the acid in 2 gills in another glass; pour them together, and swallow quickly.

Some Things Learned by Experience.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juice. If the meat is wanted for itself alone plunge it into boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or a barrel of oil off any carpet of woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water on such grease spots, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it

is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meal in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oil cloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes to the gravy of roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.—*Ex.*

YEAST THAT WILL KEEP A MONTH.—Boil a handful of hops strain off the water, grate a dozen raw potatoes into this water, set it on to boil, mix a teacup of flour with cold water. the same as for gravy thickening, then stir it into the potato water; add to this enough boiling water to make six quarts in all. Set it away in a stone jar, and when cool put into it a teacup of good yeast and a teacup of brown sugar. This yeast will foam up as white as whipped cream. One pint will do for a large batch of bread.

A REMEDY FOR BLACK TEETH.—Take equal parts of cream of tartar and salt; pulverize it, and mix it well. Then wash your teeth in the morning, and rub them with the powder.

MILDEW ON GOOSEBERRY BUSHES.—A weak solution of saleratus, pretty strongly tintured with alum, sprinkled over gooseberry bushes is said to be a sure preventure of mildew.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Ants that frequent houses or garden, may be destroyed by taking flour of brimstone, half a pound and potash four ounces; set them in an iron or earthen pan over the fire till dissolved and united; afterwards beat them to a powder, and infuse a little of this powder in water: and wherever you sprinkle it the ants will die or fly the place.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

At Rehearsal.

There as we stand, and when I say "My love,"

I'll to your side a trifle closer, so;

Good! Now I put my arm around your waist.

Your cue to whisper "Earnest, dear," you know.

That's right, I think. Ah, what is that you say?

The stage directions only say "a kiss?"

Let's see the book. Upon my word, you're right!

And I took two, which clearly was amiss.

I'm glad you called attention to the slip,

Wait till I don the book a moment, then:

For fear my treacherous memory play me false,

Suppose we just run through the scene again.

An exchange says that a man in financial difficulties has been compared to an ostrich in wet weather—he can't find the dust to cover his bill.

When does a man smoke a cigar too long? When he smokes it too short.

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm-clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Oh," answered he, "sure, I've nothing to do but pull the string and wake myself."

An old lady, who was about to breathe her last, received a call from an acquaintance ignorant of the mortal illness. The answer sent down from the chamber of the departing sufferer was mortally unique: "Madame——sends her compliments to Madame——, but begs to be excused, as she is engaged in dying!"

When a man falls down, his temper generally gets up before he does.

Very kind gentleman—"Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day in the year?" Lady—"Very true; but your presence makes me forget it."

About the guiltiest-looking people in this world are men accused of a crime of which they are innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass off for veterans.

A dog has been exhibited with great success in Indiana, whose skin is perfectly smooth, the hair growing on the inside—at least the exhibitor says so, and any one who doubts the statement is welcome to pay \$2000 for the privilege of killing the animal to find out.

"Don't you love her still?" asked the judge of a man who wanted a divorce. "Certainly I do," said he; "I love her better still than any other way; but the trouble is she will never be still." The judge, who is a married man himself, takes the case under advisement.

Advice to the young: Eat oysters only in the months that have an "r" in their names, and drink whiskey only in the months that have a "k" in their names.—*Albany Journal.*

At a leap-year party given by some fashionable young ladies in Washington, a few nights ago, several of the gentlemen wore vests cut low in the neck, had lace ruffles around their throats, and carried fans and bouquets. They must have looked too sweet for any thing but pounding over the head with a club.

Said the celebrated Dr. Guthrie: "I have four reasons for being an abstainer from ardent spirits; my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."

GOOD ADVICE.—"My boy," said a father to his young son "treat every one with politeness; even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

BARNUM'S WIT.—As P. T. Barnum was selecting a turkey in one of our markets, yesterday, the owner drew his special attention to a large fat gobbler. Suspecting it was an antediluvian, Mr. Barnum said, with a smile, "What do you sell that old gentleman for?" With an air of triumph the owner replied, "I sell him for a profit." "A prophet! O, I supposed he was a patriarch," was the quiet response. The study of sacred history terminated.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

The doctor is requested by a soldier to give him a week's leave of absence from band practice on the score of a broken mouth. He had been fighting. "Herc, Brown, why have you not been at practice since yesterday?" said the band-master, "Got a week's leave; there"—presenting the doctor's certificate. "A week's leave? Come, we will see the doctor about this. You gave this man a week's leave?" "Certainly; don't you see his mouth; the man can't play." "What's to hinder him? Do you know what he plays?" "No." "Why, the big drum."

Trouble must have great possibilities of blessing in it; or it would not be so common in God's world. Surely we need not dread it so, when it brings in one hand peaceable fruit of righteousness and in the other the joys of consolation for so many sorrowing souls.

A lone musician fiddled "Home, Sweet Home" so sweetly at a street corner, that a stranger three blocks away was affected to tears. When he was asked "why he wept, and if the dear old tune stirred tender memories in his heart," he mournfully replied:—"You bet. If you was sole proprietor of a red-haired woman with a diagonal eye, who can make nine bull's eyes with a stove-lid out of a possible ten, and whose best argument is a mop-rag, perhaps the dear old tune would stir you in the same way. Young man, you lack experience."

A man who had never seen the inside of a law-court until he was recently introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scotch courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said, "Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man made a short pause, but, not comprehending what was said to him, forthwith continued his narrative. The judge was then more explicit, and said to him, speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches." The witness at once turned round, and, making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner, "Good morning, gentlemen!"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—The other evening, at a little dinner party in New York, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman, "for one reason, because you have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well, you know," replied the Englishman. "Well, oh, gentry are those who never do any work themselves, and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah, exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America, but we don't call them gentry, we call them tramps." A laugh went around the table and the young Englishman turned his conversation into another channel.

A friend of mine went a few days back to have a tooth stopped. The dentist advised him that he had better have the tooth taken out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he took laughing-gas. "But what is the effect of the gas?" asked my friend. "It simply makes you totally insensible," remarked the dentist; "you don't know anything that takes place." My friend submitted, but just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his money. "Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking he was going to be paid his fee. "Not at all," remarked the patient. "I was simply going to see how much I had before the gas took effect."

VERY DOUBTFUL SUNSTROKE.—Wm. Kerrigan, a laborer, while sawing wood on a summer day, fell from the effects of the heat, and was insensible for half an hour. Mr. Kerrigan explained as follows:

"It is true, I was left insensible, but whether it was the sunstroke or what it was remains to be investigated. I was sawin' wood for Mrs. McDennin. Mrs. McDennin several times came and looked at me as I was a sawin' the wood in her back yard, sayin' to me,

"William, it is awful hot the day."

"Yer right there," ses I, "its powerful hot, Mrs. McDennin."

"Then ses Mrs. McDennin—she standin' in the kitchen in the rear of the house at the time—ses she: 'I finds nothin' like cowl'd tay for the late,' ses she, and she tuck a taypot off the shelf, and tuck a schwig."

"Well, she several times came out, and sayin', 'William, the late is severe,' tuck a schwig from the taypot."

"Prisently, findin' the late oppressive, I went in on my own invitation, and tuck a schwig from the taypot. Thin I took another, and thin I tuck another, and when I was finally lifted up from beside me sawbuck, I towld thim—that was all I knew about the sunstroke."

FAITH.—A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet stream wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While trying to communicate to them the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing the incident as an illustration, she exclaimed:

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is faith," said the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired:

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school room.

A gentleman who had patented a new religion deemed it necessary to quicken and confirm the faith of his proselytes by whooping them up a few miracles, and accordingly announced that he would fly over a deep and wide ravine. A vast number assembled on the appointed day, and he thus addressed them: "Dearly beloved brethern, in order that I should perform the miracle which will now be presented for your intelligent appreciation, it is absolutely necessary that I should be supported by your faith as well as by my own. This is an occasion where I cannot rely on my faith alone. Do you, therefore, believe that by miraculous agencies I can fly over this yawning abyss?" "We do." "Then, dearly beloved brethern, there is no need of my flying across and wasting a miracle."

Always Reliable When Taken the Other Way.

An English paper tells a pleasant anecdote of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker, about 100 years since. In travelling on horseback into the country, he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town where he intended to sleep.

"If you take my advice, sir," said the hostler, as he was about to mount the horse, "you will stay where you are for the night, as you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the almanac maker; "there's a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you."

He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough, was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the hostler with a broad grin.

"Well, sir, you see I was right after all."

"Yes; my lad, you have been so, and here's a crown for you; but I give it to you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."

"To be sure, sir," replied the man; "why the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that when he promises us a fine day we always know it to be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac: 'indoor and settled weather—no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

The Bishop and his Chimney-sweep.

An old Scotch gardener tells this story:—He was at work on the estate of a Northumberland bishop when the prelate arrived from a long tarry from London, and on the day of the master's arrival home a chimney sweeper had been at work cleaning the chimneys of the large mansion and its connections, and had just completed his work as the gentleman met him in the drive-way. "Mercy on us!" cried the bishop, as he came face to face with the man, for the fellow had just come from the last chimney, and was a literal mass of soot from head to foot, "Who art thou?" "I, your Grace, am your most humble devoted servant and helper—the cleaner and amender of your chimneys." "Oh, Oh! you have been sweeping the chimneys?" "I have, your grace; and you may now build your fires with solid assurance of peace and comfort." "I am glad of that. And now, I suppose, you would like me to pay you?" "From yourself, my lord, either the pay, or an order on your treasurer." "I'll pay you; how much will it be?" "Indeed, sir, it was a pretty job—take 'em, big and little, sir, there's six and twenty chimneys, and I should surely have a shilling apiece; and we'll call it four-and-twenty shillings." "Four-and-twenty shillings!" cried the bishop. "And how long have you been at it?" "Yesterday and to-day, your grace." "Well, I declare! You manage to earn a great deal of money in a very short time." "Ah, your grace!" retorted the sweep, with a comical shrug, at the same time giving a sweeping indication of his finger towards the prelate's glossy habiliments of matchless broadcloth, "we that wear the black cloth must needs get good pay for our work." The bishop laughed heartily at the humor of the retort, and paid the four-and-twenty shillings willingly.

The question now attracting much attention in some circles, "Is life worth living?" was well answered by the physician who asserted that "it all depends upon the liver."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curfew must not Ring To-night.

The following beautiful lines are in the repertoire of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, and at the request of many readers are published. They have been going the rounds of the press recently, first credited to one and then to another paper, but original with none. The author's name is unknown, but the poem is worthy of preservation :

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day ;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair ;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, 'Curfew must not ring to-night.'

'Sexton,' Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its tower so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,
'I've a lover in that prison, doomed, this very night, to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset,'—and her face grew strangely white,
And she spoke in husky whispers—'Curfew must not ring to-night.'

'Bessie,' calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart :
'Long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower ;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour ;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not miss it ; girl, the Curfew rings to-night !'

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow ;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
'At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die.'
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—'Curfew must not ring to-night !'

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before,
Not a moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro ;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, 'Curfew shall not ring to night !'

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her seems the pathway down to hell.
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paler her brow,
Shall she let it ring ? No, never ! Her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—Curfew shall not ring to-night !'

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below ;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro ;

And the half deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell)
And he thought the twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell ;
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—'Curfew shall not ring to-night !'

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for a hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted ; and what this night had been done,
Should be told long ages after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell : Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now ;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light ;
'Go, your lover lives,' cried Cromwell ; 'Curfew shall not ring to-night.'

A CASE OF IMAGINATION :

The Story of a Joke.

It is a well-established fact that the mind has a direct and important action upon the body, and to a much greater extent than persons in general suppose. During the prevalence of an epidemic, for instance, such as the cholera, thousands become afflicted through their own fauces, who would otherwise escape the fell destroyer. We remember, when this scourge was last upon us, of hearing several individuals spoken of as likely to perish with the disease, for the simple reason that they were constantly in dread and fear of it ; and we noted the fact that these same persons rarely lived out the season ; while, on the other hand, those who seemed to care little about it, and in some cases scoffed and defied it, were seldom touched by the invisible foe.

No one can tell what the mind is, or how it acts upon the body ; but we have constant evidence of its presence and power through one of its attributes, the will ; and we are sometimes astonished at its increased force, when stimulated by passion or fear.

In a conversation with a distinguished physician of our acquaintance upon this subject, he related a case of the striking effect of imagination, or mind, upon body, which came under his own observation while a student at a hospital. A lecture by one of the faculty, touching upon imagination and its strange effects, became a subject of discussion in his class ; and the question shortly arose, whether it was not rather the body that affected the mind than the mind the body.

"I contend," said one, "that the body first becomes affected by some morbid influence, and the mind, of course, takes its tone therefrom."

"I maintain," said another, "that the mind may be first affected, and so impair the body, as in cases of mental excitement, such as grief, joy, fear, horror, shame, chagrin, and disappointment."

The students took sides on the question, and the matter was ably argued pro and con, each party about equally maintaining its assumed position. In all questions of a nature permitting a strong argument on either side, it is fair to presume that both parties have truth for a foundation, and neither has the whole truth : and so it was in this case—the fact being that the mind does affect the body, and the body the mind.

But something more than argument was wanted in this

case; medical students like to try experiments, and witness practical demonstrations; and it was finally agreed that a perfectly healthy subject should be selected and put under the effects of imagination. A young, robust, rosy-cheeked farmer, who occasionally came into the town to dispose of his fruit, and who had found some of his best customers among the students, was fixed upon as an individual in every way satisfactory for the trial. The plan was for some of the students, at different times and at different places, without any appearance of collusion, to be struck with his altered looks—to perceive some secret malady beginning to affect him—and finally to predict his death at a given time. With this understanding they went deliberately to work the next time he appeared among them. Some three or four of them sauntered out to his cart, from which he was selling apples, and each, as he came up, took a long and unusual stare at him, as if suddenly discovering something very peculiar; and then all seemed to consult together in a very serious manner, occasionally glancing at him with looks of pity verging on alarm.

"How are you to-day, Mr. Bassett?" at length inquired one of the party, in a grave, quiet tone, with a look of commiseration; while the others crowded up, stared hard in his face, and seemed anxious for his answer.

"I'm right well. I thank you!" replied Bassett, with a pleasant smile; "how do you find yourself? I've got some good eating apples here, gentlemen—the same kind you liked so well before."

"How old are you, my friend?" pursued the one who had first addressed him, still looking him steadily and seriously in the eye.

"Going on twenty-four."

"Just the age, too," remarked the other to his companion, in a low tone, which Bassett overheard, as it was intended he should. "Are you married?" he inquired, turning to the young farmer.

"No; not yet, exactly," laughed Bassett.

"Intend to be, I suppose?"

"Well, perhaps, some time or other, if I live."

"Very well put in—if you live!" returned the questioner, with solemn emphasis.

For the first time, the young farmer looked at the speaker in some surprise.

"Why, what do you mean by that—if I live?" he inquired.

"Is it best to tell him?" said the student, in a low tone, addressing his companions.

"It may be as well," replied another: "It can alter nothing, you know, Wheatley, and he may have some preparations to make."

Ah! here comes Dr. Giles—a very shrewd observer; let us see if he notices anything first," observed Wheatley, glancing at another student, who was leisurely approaching.

"Well, boys, how are the apples to-day?" said the new comer, in a light tone, as he drew near.

He glanced at the apple-dealer as he spoke, gave a start, stopped suddenly, and then looked inquiringly at the others, who maintained an ominous silence.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed: "it is so! And so young!"

"What is so?" rather seriously inquired Bassett, on whom the manner of the whole group had begun to make a marked impression.

"I was about to tell him," said Wheatley to Giles, in a confidential tone; "but seeing you approach, I thought I would wait and see if your observation confirmed it."

"A clear case—I saw it at a glance!" replied Giles. "What a pity! And he is in such apparent health!"

Then the five students drew back and mysteriously conferred together.

"Does he suspect nothing?" the farmer overheard Giles inquire.

"Nothing whatever, and even announced himself as feeling in his usual good health," answered Wheatley.

Giles lifted his hands, with a look of commiseration, and muttered, as if to himself, "Poor fellow—poor fellow! it will be a hard blow to him and his family!"

Nothing of all this was lost on Bassett, who began to grow very restless and uneasy.

"What's the matter?" he again inquired, looking from one to another. "Do you see anything queer about me?"

"Tell him yourself, doctor," said Wheatley.

"Some one should," returned Giles; "but I wish the task had not devolved on me. One must do his duty, however."

He then went up to the young farmer, and solemnly asked him if he felt well—perfectly well, and if he had any particular fear of death.

"What do you say all this to me for?" returned the other, turning somewhat pale, and looking frightened.

"Because we see the seeds of death in you," said Giles, "and know you cannot live over a week from to-day—from this hour, in fact."

"Gracious heavens! what is it? What's the matter with me?" cried the other, in real alarm, turning still more pale, and beginning to tremble in every limb.

"You have that secret but fatal malady known in the olden time as the plague—a disease again revived, and now going about the country, baffling all attempts of the most scientific physicians to master it. It is always preceded by peculiar spots on the skin, such as we see on yours, and kills on the seventh day, if not sooner. You will further be assured of it by a certain pain about the region of the heart—such as, if I am not mistaken, you feel now. How is it? Am I not right?"

"I believe I do feel kind of queer here," replied the frightened farmer, putting his hands to his breast, and shuddering.

"Of course you do. Come, gentlemen, take pity on him and purchase his apples, so that he can go home and arrange all his affairs before he has his first attack of delirium."

"Can't you do any thing for me? Ain't there any hope?" whined the now terrified fellow, with big drops of perspiration, wrung out by mental agony, standing all over his face and brow.

"We can't do any thing for you now," said Giles; "but Dr. Copple of our hospital, fancies he has discovered a cure. We shall know to-morrow—for he is, in the meantime, to try the remedy on a patient not far from here; and should he succeed, we will come to you on the day after to-morrow with his secret. Meanwhile, go home, and if you feel weak, go to bed; and if cold, see that you are well covered. Do not apply to any other physician, or take any medicine of any kind till I see you. I will come at the time set, and let you know your fate for a certainty. Try to keep up your spirits, and hope for the best!"

The students bought the poor fellow's apples at their own price, and he offered Giles all he was worth if he would come and cure him. He drove off in great alarm, feeling very weak, and complaining that the pain in his heart was increasing.

On the road beyond the village he met some more students, who looked at him in surprise and alarm, inquiring how he felt, and assured him he was very ill, and threatened with the plague—if, in fact, he had not got it already.

He finally reached home more dead than alive; informing his parents of what had occurred, he took to bed, and gradually grew worse. In spite of his protestations, they sent for a doctor; but it so happened that the latter was away on a consultation in a neighboring town, and did not return in time to see him the next day. The day following, young Giles, with several others, went to visit him and report upon the case. They found him with a high fever, covered with quilts, complaining of cold and intense anguish about the heart, and verging on delirium.

"Well, doctor?" he gasped, looking wildly at the now alarmed student.

"You are saved," whispered Giles. "Dr. Copple's remedy has already restored six dying patients. Here: take these pills—one every fifteen minutes: and in an hour your pain will leave you, and before night you will be well."

The man brightened at once, and took four bread pills at intervals of ten minutes. In an hour, sure enough, he was better, and before night he had left his bed, and was pronounced out of danger. The students returned to town, satisfied with their experiment, and the next week Bassett was again at the hospital, selling them more apples. Then they told him the joke, and though inclined to be angry at first, he finally joined in the laugh against himself.

So much for the force of imagination.

It is one of the physiological mysteries why a boy's hands will blister so much sooner on a hoe-handle than they will on a base-ball bat.

An old gentleman from the East, of a clerical aspect, took the stage from Denver south in ante-railroad days. The journey was not altogether a safe one, and he was not reassured by the sight of a number of rifles deposited in the coach, and nervously asked for what they were.

"Perhaps you'll find out before you git to the Divide," was the cheering reply.

Among the passengers was a particularly (it seemed to him) fierce-looking man, girded with a belt full of revolvers and cartridges, and clearly a road agent or assassin. Some miles out, this person, taking out a large flask, asked, "Stranger, do you irrigate?"

"If you mean drink, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our irrigating?"

"No, sir." And they drank accordingly.

After a brief distance had been traversed, the supposed brigand again asked, "Stranger, do you fumigate?"

"If you mean smoke, sir, I do not."

"Do you object, stranger, to our fumigating?"

"No, sir." And they proceeded to smoke.

At the dining-place, when our friend came to tender his money, the proprietor said, "Your bill's paid."

"Who paid it?"

"That man"—pointing to the supposed highwayman, who, on being asked if he had not made a mistake, replied, "Not at all. You see, when we saw that you didn't irrigate and didn't fumigate, we knew that you was a parson. And your bills are all right as long as you travel with this crowd. We've got a respect for the Church—you bet!" It was no highwayman, but a respectable resident of Denver.

"I believe in a Providence," said Victor Hugo to a company gathered around him in his red salon in the Rue de Clichy, "because I am a providence myself." Some one asked for an explanation of this curious riddle. The venerable poet replied: "We caught a mouse yesterday evening. Its death-sentence was already pronounced, when my little granddaughter, Jeanne, with eyes glistening with tears, begged for the life of the gray prisoner. Her mother hesitated whether to listen to the dear little advocate or not, and in her doubt said, 'Grandfather shall decide.' So they came to me. For a moment I held the power of life and death over the diminutive creature, and I thought the Heavenly Providence may find itself in my situation, when the fate of a being of higher order is to be determined. Naturally I set the mouse free, for when a man undertakes the role of Providence on a small scale he should at least imitate its generosity."

Professor Vince was once arguing at Cambridge against duelling, and some one said, "Well, but, professor, what could you do, if any one called you a liar?" "Sir," said the fine old fellow, in his peculiar brogue, "I should tell him to prov it; and if he did prov it, I should be ashamed of myself; and if he didn't, he ought to be ashamed of himself."

The wisdom of Dumas: Give money, but never lend it. Giving it only makes a man ungrateful; lending it makes him an enemy. If men would spend in doing good for others a quarter of the money they spend in doing harm to themselves, misery would vanish from the earth. Man was created to utilize every thing—even sorrow. The only thing I am astonished at is that people are astonished at any thing.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—A wealthy English parvenu, who began life with a lap-stone on his knee, invited Kulak the great pianist, to dinner, and immediately after the meal insisted on his playing for the company. Kulak complied, and invited the sub to a dinner at his residence on the following Sunday. After the meal Kulak astonished the guests by playing a pair of old shoes before his rich parvenu friend. "What are these for?" queried the latter. Kulak replied: "Last Sunday you did me the honor to invite me to dinner, and insisted upon my paying with music. I have returned the compliment, and require my shoes to be mended. Every man to his trade."

A MONKEY PULLS A TOOTH.—We invite the attention of Mr. Darwin to the following very singular anecdote regarding the monkey "Dot," belonging to James Wardlaw, of this town: as so peculiar an illustration of the ingenuity of the

monkey has rarely, if ever, been recorded. The monkey was brought to Galt from Deccan, India, in the fall of 1878, by Mr. Wardlaw, who had been residing in Hyderabad for several years. It fairly eclipsed itself on Sunday before last. The little creature had been suffering from toothache for several days, and evidently suffered severely. On Sunday the pain was more than ordinarily severe, and the monkey, like its human type, resolved at last to undergo a dental operation. But the dentist, strange to say, was itself. "Dot" found a string, fastened it around the aching tooth, seized the end of the string with its fore feet, drew up one of its hind legs between its fore feet, and gave a sudden shove which jerked the tooth out and sent it flying half-way across the room. This having been accomplished, the monkey was at ease, and resumed its natural cheerfulness and amiability. —*Galt (Ont.) Reformer.*

IT CURED HER.—A young lady, well known in fashionable circles of Edinburgh, was accustomed to use her eye-glass in the street in a way that often bordered on impertinence. One day she received a stinging rebuke, which made her drop the impudent habit. While walking in the street with several other fashionable ladies, she met a country clergyman, a man of eminence and keen wit, but ungainly in appearance and rough in attire. Putting her glass to the eye, she watched him very intently. The clergyman was quite equal to the emergency. Walking directly to her, he said: "My dear Marie, how do you do? How are your worthy father and venerable mother—and when did you come to town?" Overwhelmed with surprise, she said, with some alarm, "You are mistaken, sir?" "What! is it possible," he replied, "that you do not know me?" "Indeed, I do not, sir?" "Neither do I you," said the minister. "Good-morning, madam." Making a ceremonious bow, he walked away, while her companions laughed at the bold girl for the rebuff she had received. Her eye-glass was never again used to quiz strangers.

The Brain and Intelligence.—The Relation Between the Size of the Former and the Degree of the Latter.

At the recent Anthropological Congress in Paris, Dr. Lebon gave the results of his experimental researches on the variations of volume of the cranium in relation to intelligence. According to observations made on numerous series of crania it is proved that intelligence is in proportion to the volume of the cranium, the best endowed races, and among races the most intelligent individuals having the most cranium. By comparing these series of crania it is also found that the superior race present a much greater number of voluminous crania than the others. The same phenomena are presented in proportion to the degree of civilization; the Parisian crania of the twelfth century present, for example, a less volume than the crania of modern Parisians; at the same time, the difference among individuals becomes more considerable. Dr. Lebon does not believe that height exercises any considerable influence on the volume of the cranium and the weight of the brain. Nevertheless, with equal height, the woman has a brain less heavy than the man. The author, from the study of seventeen male and seventeen female brains found between them a difference of 172 grammes to the advantage of the former. It is worthy of remark that among the superior races the cranium of the women is generally much less than among the inferior races. This is due, Dr. Lebon says, to the insignificant part taken by woman in the work of modern society. The comparative study of the curves of the circumference of the cranium, of that of the head, of the volume and weight of the brain, shows the relations existing between these various values, and renders possible the construction of tables which one of them being known, permit the immediate determination of the others of the series. It is seen, for example, that a head, the circumference of which is fifty-seven centimetres, corresponds to a cranium the circumference of which is fifty-two centimetres, and the volume 1,550 cubic centimetres. The probable weight of the brain contained in the cranium would be 1,350 grammes. There is a constant inequality of development between the two halves of the brain, which is sometimes more developed on the right sometimes on the left without

race or state of intelligence appearing to have any manifest influence on the direction of this inequality of development. The circumference of the cranium on which depends the volume of the brain, has a close connection with the degree of intelligence. With the measurements of the circumference of the head, taken from more than 1,200 living subjects, Dr. Lebon has constructed a series of curves which show that from the point of view of their development, the heads of modern Parisians, and of the inhabitants of the country, are classed in the following order: 1, servants and learned men; 2, the Paris bourgeoisie; 3, the old nobility; 4, Parisian domestic servants; 5, peasants. Dr. Broca, in remarking on Dr. Lebon's paper, said that if among the less civilized races the difference between the volume of the crania of men and women is relatively small, while it is great among civilized races; this does not prove the intellectual inferiority of woman, but is explained by the necessity for savage women taking part in the struggles for existence under the same conditions as the men.—*London Times*.

DURATION OF LIFE.

The average duration of life, in civilized society, is about thirty-three and a-third years. This is called a generation—making three in a century. But there are certain localities, and certain communities of people, where this average is considerably extended. The mountaineer lives longer than the lowlander; the farmer than the artisan; the traveller than the sedentary; the temperate than the indulgent; the just than the dishonest. "The wicked shall not live out half his days," is the announcement of Divinity. The philosophy of this is found in the fact that the moral character has a strong power over the physical—a power much more controlling than is generally supposed. The true man conducts himself in the light of Bible precepts—is temperate in all things—is "slow to anger"—and on his grave is written: "He went about doing good." In these three things are the great elements of human health: the restraint of the appetites; the control of the passions, and that highest of physical exercise, "going about doing good." It is said of the eminent Quaker philanthropist, Joseph J. Gurney, that the labor and pains he took to go and see personally the objects of his contemplated charities, so that none of them should be unworthily bestowed, was of itself almost the labor of one man; and he attended to his immense banking business besides. In fact, he did too much, and died at the age of sixty years.

The average age of human life, in all countries, at this age of the world, is about twenty-eight years. One quarter of all who die do not reach the age of seven years: one half die before reaching the age of seventeen; and yet the average of life in France, in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1860 was nearly fifty-six years. Surely this is a strong inducement for all to practice for themselves, and to inculcate upon their children from day to day, that simplicity of habit, that quietness of demeanor, that restraint of temper: that control of appetites and propensities, and that orderly, systematic mode of life which Friend's discipline inculcates.

Reasoning from the analogy of animal creation, mankind should live nearly one hundred years—that law seeming to be that life should be five times the length of the period of growth. At least, the general observation is that the longer they grow the longer they live—other things being equal. Naturalists say that a dog grows for two years, and lives eight: an ox grows for four years and lives sixteen: a horse grows for five years, and lives twenty-five; a camel grows for eight years and lives forty: man grows for twenty years and should live one hundred. But the sad fact is that only one man in every thousand reaches one hundred years. Still it is encouraging to know that the science of life, as revealed by the investigations of the physiologist and the teachings of educated men, is steadily extending the period of human existence. The distinguished historian, Macaulay, states in 1685 one person in twenty died each year: in 1850, out of forty, only one died. Dupin says that from 1776 to 1840, the duration of life in France increased fifty-two days annually; for in 1731 the mortality was one in twenty-nine; in 1843, one in forty. The rich men in France live forty-two years. Those who are well-to-do in the world live about eleven years longer than those who have to work from day to

day for a living. Remunerative labor, and the diffusion of the knowledge of the laws of temperance and thrift, are the great means of adding to human health and life.

RESCUED BY COWS.—The following story is curious inasmuch as it shows cows siding against a cow and with a man:

A man living near Glen Mills, Pa., was attacked by one of his cows the other day, knocked down and gored. He caught the beast by the nose and roared for help, but none came, the cow in the meantime stamping upon him and manifesting a determination to kill him.

Soon the other cows in the field saw what was going on, and rushed to the spot, when to the surprise of the man, instead of assisting their companion, they violently assailed her, knocking her down and finally driving her away. The cow died on the following day with every symptom of brain-disease.

Advice given by the Parisian to young men who go into society: "Never wound an ugly woman: and above all, if an ugly woman comes and says to you, with a side glance, 'I know that I am not pretty,' do not fall into the trap and reply, 'True, madam: but you have moral qualities and domestic virtues which I place above the perishable advantages of beauty.' I was eighteen years of age when I made this answer, worthy of Telemachus, to the wife of a banker whose protection I was seeking. The next day the lady said to her husband, 'I hope that the young scamp you presented to me yesterday is not going to be a frequent visitor here.'"

Liquid Grafting Wax.

Mr. L'Homme-Lefort invented, not many years ago, a grafting composition, which, when generally known, will no doubt supersede all others now in use, either for grafting purposes or for covering the wounds of trees. It is very cheap, very easily prepared, and keeps corked up in a bottle with a tolerable wide mouth, at least six months unaltered. It is laid on in as thin a coat as possible, by means of a flat piece of wood. Within a few days it will be as hard as a stone. In addition to all the advantages indicated above, it is not the least affected by the severe cold of our winters; it never softens or cracks when exposed to atmospheric action or changes. There is no better preparation for covering the wounds of trees. As long as the inventor kept it a secret it sold at a very high price, and even now it is generally unknown. The receipt is as follows: Melt 1 lb. of common resin over a gentle fire. Add to it 1 oz. of beet tallow, and stir it well. Take it from the fire, let it cool down a little, and then mix with it a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine, and after that about 7 oz. of very strong alcohol (95 per cent.) to be had at any druggist's store. The alcohol cools it down so rapidly that it will be necessary to put it once more on the fire, stirring it constantly. Still the utmost care must be exercised to prevent the alcohol from getting inflamed. To avoid it, the best way is to remove the vessel from the fire, when the lumps that may have been formed commence melting again. This must be continued till the whole is a homogeneous mass similar to honey.

A HINT TO HORSEMEN.—The man who has been exposed to heat and fatigue, and is suffering from thirst, dares not indulge freely in the use of cold water. He calls for tea or coffee—the hotter the better, and is soon refreshed. But the poor horse, reeking at every pore, cannot call for drink. The careful owner frequently withholds the cooling draught, till the animal has had time to cool. A liveryman, who has had a long and successful experience, finds it wise to treat his horses as he would himself be treated,—not with a cup of tea, but with copious draughts of warm water. This allays thirst, with no possible danger, since it is not the water that harms the horse, but the violent change, caused by the sudden lowering of temperature by swallowing cold water.

A door standing open, which would readily yield on its hinges to a gentle push, is not moved by a cannon ball passing through it. The ball, in passing through, overcomes the whole force of cohesion among the atoms of wood, but its force acts for so short a time, owing to its rapid passage, that it is not sufficient to affect the inertia of the door to an extent to produce motion.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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The Blessed Task.

I said, "Sweet Master, hear me pray:
For love of Thee the boon I ask;
Give me to do for Thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task."
And listening long, with hope elate,
I only heard Him whisper, "Wait."

The days went by, but nothing brought
Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
And found the waiting hard to bear;
But when I said, "In vain I pray!"
I heard him answer gently "Nay."

So praying still and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won—
And oh the depth of my content!
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.

—Harriet McEwen Kimball, in *Youth's Companion*.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR, THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XI.

UNSUCCESSFUL WOOING.

Once a week Mr. Parnell took a drive into the country, and as frequently he called at the little white cottage to see how the plants were progressing, and give them what little attention he thought they required to further their development,—but when Kitty was present they were sure to receive a little more than ordinary attention; and while attending to the plants, he lost no time in also cultivating Kitty's good graces, gathering from casual responses to enquiries, the bent of her own mind, and then suiting his conversation as far as possible to her tastes. In this way he gradually rose to a higher place in her estimation, and the visits, which were at first made ostensibly for the purpose of looking after the plants, had gradually assumed the form of friendly calls, when the plants no longer required attention. Indeed, without perhaps any other reason for it than that they were made with considerable regularity, his visits began to be regularly looked for.

To the mind of Mr. Parnell, as well as to Miss Annabel—to whom he confided everything—his undertaking was progressing favorably; and yet, though he felt that he was being received with increasing marks of friendship and confidence, the Summer melted into Autumn and the Autumn into Winter before Mr. Parnell could summon courage to talk of love. Had he not been inspired by that tender passion he would no doubt have discovered some method of pressing his suit at an earlier date, but he had actually conceived a strong affection for Kitty, and the doubt as to how a declaration of his passion would be received led him from time to time to defer it, and as his affection increased, the more anxious he became for a favorable response, and the more difficult it became to undertake the task, for love had made him timid.

In the meantime, Miss Annabel became impatient of delay, and urged him to bring matters to a crisis, as the Winter was fast passing, and in the Spring Mr. Trevellyn would return, and there was no telling how his interests might be prejudiced by letters passing between Mr. Trevellyn and Kitty, especially as the college term neared its close.

Having been thus warned, Parnell resolved in the future to make the best use of his opportunities, and accordingly on his next visit to the cottage he sought occasion to make a declaration of his love, but such was his dread of failure that he found it no easy task.

Herman, in the meantime, was diligently pursuing his studies, quite unaware of the important position he occupied in the estimation of the beautiful heiress.

It must not be supposed that he never thought of her, or of the inmates of the little white cottage;—on the contrary, they were almost daily in his thoughts, but he had the good sense to know that, in order to be a successful student, he must not allow his mind to be diverted by the absorbing influence of sentiment. He therefore resolved to avoid everything that would divert his attention from his books, and wisely abstained from correspondence, except that, in writing to his uncle about his college life, he expressed a wish to be remembered kindly to Kitty and her mother.

As, however, the term neared its close, and he felt confident of passing a satisfactory examination, he began to think more of the prospect of meeting with those in whose companionship he had experienced so much pleasure in the past, and wondered whether he should receive a note of invitation to call at the mansion of the Wilmots, on his return to his uncle's.

While these thoughts were occupying Herman's mind Mr. Parnell was sitting in the cozy parlor of the little cottage wishing that the Springtime were really come,—believing that that period when the birds were singing, and the flowers springing up around them, and all nature wore a cheerful aspect, would be more favorable to his cause; but as Herman's name had not once been mentioned in his hearing, he did not realise that there was any immediate danger to be apprehended from that source; yet, when he thought of Miss Wilmo's warning, he felt that if an opportunity did not occur to declare his sentiments he must make one, so he resolved to ask Kitty to take a ride with him. This, after

some hesitation, he ventured to do, and she, after consulting her mother, accepted the invitation.

The weather, though somewhat cool, was clear and bracing, and yet there was that balminess about it which betokened the near approach of Spring.

As they rode along, Kitty talked of the beauties of nature especially in Springtime, and of how surpassingly grand the earth would have been if sin had never entered it.

"And, after all," said Mr. Parnell, "what does it all amount to, without pleasing companionship. It is like a desert. It is only when we converse with persons of kindred sentiments that we can properly appreciate the beauties of nature, and it is not everyone that can admire the beautiful as you do. In the city, with all its gaudy show and rich adornment, I feel lonesome and quite indifferent to the grandeur I am surrounded with, and it is only when I am in your presence that I can feel how grand and beautiful the earth is;—it seems to be so different when I am with you. I feel as if I was a better man, and as if everything was changed for the better. If I could be under the influence of your presence through life, I am sure I would always be good and happy. May I not hope by and by to have you as my constant companion, to illuminate my pathway through life by your love? Will you some day be my wife?"

"Why, Mr. Parnell, I am surprised at you talking to me in that way, and at such a time. It is quite too early to talk of such matters. I am too young to seriously think of marriage, and, besides, I would not even accept the attentions of any man without consulting my best friend, my mother."

"I would not ask you to pledge me anything at all without consulting your mother; but it would seem to me very foolish to consult her without first ascertaining your feelings on the subject. Say I may hope if your mother approves; and then we will talk it over with her. Do not deny me this much, or I shall find no peace until I find it in the grave."

"Mr. Parnell, I regard your proposition as altogether presumptuous and selfish. I do not consider that our acquaintance has been of a character to warrant you in making such a proposition, or me in listening to it. Then you talk about your wants, and wishes, and happiness. It seems to me that, if a gentleman were really in love with a young lady, he would consult her happiness, rather than his own. Please do not refer to this matter again; and please turn about, I want to go home."

"Do not judge me too hastily, or too harshly, Miss Lee. It is true I have not come to you offering you all the pleasures that wealth can purchase or the heart desire, nor have I said much about love. Words are but a poor medium by which to express my feelings towards you. I prefer to let my actions manifest my devotion; and if I cannot promise you all the affluence that some can boast of, I can at least promise that you shall be above want; and on the death of a relative, which cannot be far in the future, I shall be in a position to give you all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life."

"Mr. Parnell, I look upon the matrimonial relation as of too important and too sacred a character to be lightly considered;—it is quite time enough to make promises when I have learned to love, and for the present I wish to hear no more upon the subject. You will please drive back at once if you wish even to retain my friendship."

It was with no little mortification at his ill-success, that Mr. Parnell turned his horses, and drove back to the cottage. And very little was said by either on the way. They were both occupied with their own thoughts.

Parnell was revolving the question, as to whether it were possible to engage her affections, and what, under the circumstances, was the best course to pursue. On the whole, he concluded that delays were dangerous,—that an open, straightforward method was most likely to be successful, and resolved himself to broach the matter to Mrs. Lee, and endeavor to secure her influence in his favor; convinced that the most direct way to Kitty's heart was through her mother.

When they arrived at the cottage, Mr. Parnell assisted her to alight, and entered the house with her. As they entered, Mrs. Lee saw at a glance, by the sober face of Kitty, that something unusual had happened, and as she waited for an explanation, which she knew would soon come, Parnell took a seat near her, and opened the subject.

"Mrs. Lee," he said, "I have a confession to make;—from the first time I saw your daughter, I felt a deep interest in

her; that interest has increased with every fresh interview, until it has grown into a strong attachment. This I intimated to her when we were out riding, and asked her if I might hope sometime to win her love and make her my wife. She wisely, no doubt, refused to listen to me at all without first consulting you. This I intended to have done at once, if she had given me any encouragement. And now, lest you should think I was desirous of influencing her against your will, I have made this plain statement, and, I hope, after a little consideration, my wishes will be so far favorably considered as to allow me the opportunity to prove the sincerity of my attachment, and, ultimately, if successful to claim her for my wife."

"I am glad," Mrs. Lee replied, "that my daughter has so much confidence in her mother; and while, personally, I know of nothing to your detriment, still I think it quite too early in life for my daughter to entertain any serious notions on such a subject. When she becomes of a proper age, she shall choose for herself, as her mother before her did. In the meantime, should you, with this understanding, choose to make calls upon us, you will be received simply as a friend, as before."

Parnell, seeing the hopelessness of his immediate prospects, concealed his vexation, and endeavored to win over Mrs. Lee, by appearing to coincide with her views.

"I quite agree with you," he said, "that it is not advisable to make engagements too early in life; but I thought it would be only honorable on my part to frankly state the object of my frequent calls, and while I should have been glad to have been received as more than an ordinary friend, I am content to be received as a friend simply, until you and your daughter have had time to consider the matter, and I, to prove my worthiness, to have a place next to your own, in your daughter's affections."

This pretty speech was not without its effect; and Mrs. Lee bade him good-bye, at parting, in a much more cordial manner than she had intended.

"After all," she said—addressing Kitty, after he had gone—"I rather like the man;—he seems so honest and honorable. But, at the same time, you are under no obligations to receive his attentions: and, indeed, I may be selfish, but I dread the day which will give me only a second place in your heart."

"O! mother," Kitty exclaimed, springing to her side, and throwing her arms around her neck, "that will never be. I never will love any one so dearly as I love you; and I never will love Mr. Parnell at all. I do not want to love any one but you."

"Kitty," said Mrs. Lee, "be calm. You know I cannot always be with you; and I am not so unreasonable as to suppose, or desire, that you should never meet with some one to whom your heart will go out with a stronger, if not a more tender, attachment than you now feel for me. I only hope and pray that, when the time does come, he, upon whom you bestow them, may be worthy of the full measure of your deepest and holiest affections,—one whom I shall not have to love merely for your sake."

Parnell returned to the city, mortified at his want of success; and when he related the result of his visit to Miss Annabel, she was angry, and accused him of being a miserable bungler.

"If I were a man," she said, "as you are, I would be ashamed to return with the story of such a humiliating defeat."

"Miss Wilmot, you are unreasonable," Parnell replied; "you forget that other women have wills like your own. You do not consider that more than one has tried unsuccessfully to win your affections, and now you expect a young lady, of taste and cultivation, to be reckless enough to throw herself away upon an unknown adventurer, on a very brief acquaintance, begun without the formality of an introduction."

"Ronald," Miss Annabel replied, "it must be done. I have too much at stake, and so have you, to be defeated by trifles. You may have done all you could have done, under the circumstances, but, if she will not yield to persuasion, she must be made to yield to force. I have written to Mr. Trevellyn, and he will be here in two weeks. From here he will go to his uncle's, and before he has been there two days, he will call at the cottage;—he must not find her there. Now you can go; but come to me in the morning. In the meantime I will consider what must be done."

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

To a Young Girl.

Keep pure thy heart's affection, till thou meet
 With one whose spirit is from dross refined—
 Above the giddy crowd: and he shall greet
 With strength thy weakness, till at last thy mind,
 As a young ivy clinging to a rock,
 Shall fit itself to his, and beautify
 A fabric that can stand the tempest's shock,
 With leaves which shall not in the Winter die.
 And he shall be to thee a resting place,
 A friend in joy, a refuge in distress:
 So keep for him thy love in all its grace,
 And Heaven shall bless thee with true happiness.
 But should it never be thy lot to taste
 Such gladness—if thy Maker hath design'd
 Thee for some other end, yet do not waste
 Thy love, but give it largely to mankind.
 On poverty, on loneliness, or shame
 Pour forth thy tenderness with all its power,
 And many blessings, shower'd upon thy name,
 Shall cheer thee in the last, most trying hour;
 Because, when thou hast labour'd all thy life,
 Meeting with no reward that men can see,
 God's hand shall guide thee through the last short strife
 And great in Heaven thy recompense shall be.

THE SURPRISE OF UNBELIEF.—Why are Christians so surprised when God answers prayer? Why is it regarded as an unusual thing? One instance of evident answer is repeated and re-repeated as a wonder almost too great to be believed. Unbelief is at the root. Is it such a strange thing that God should fulfil his promises? Would it not be more strange if he failed to do so? We marvel when God answers our prayers, and Jesus marvels at our unbelief which shuts the door against his answers. According to our faith it is done to us, and it is the very reason so little is done. Faith is so weak, that answers to prayers are necessarily few. Stronger faith would bring richer blessings. When we believe enough to expect God to do all He promises, answers to prayers will become as common as daily favors from the kindest parents. Our loving father will give liberally when we believe undoubtedly. His hand is always stretched out to give, but ours seldom held out to receive. Those who wait on the Lord renew their strength, while those who ask and haste away receive nothing. It is a singular experience to regard God's promises as "yea and amen," because our evil hearts of unbelief suspect they are not quite true. He that believeth shall not be ashamed. O Lord, increase our faith.

POLITENESS AT HOME.—A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to everyone else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, or the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting-room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor—and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—*Ec.*

A gentleman visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and do all evil. Oh, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

An Example in Arithmetic.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, and his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see. Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, heard his father say,

"Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes and said,

"How many did you drink, father?"

"I drank but one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said Johnny, reflectively.

"Johnny!" cried his parent sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued with a studious air:

"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one tenth part drunk, and—"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lip to hide the smile that would come, "I guess it is bed-time for you. We will have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep; turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he had lost himself in slumber he had thought, "One thing is sure, if Dean hadn't taken the one glass he would not have been drunk; and if father had taken nine more he would have been drunk; so it is safest way not to take any, and I never will."

HUMILITY OF A KING.—Of Victor Emanuel this story is told in a new biography of that king. He went one day to hear service in the Cathedral of Pisa with all his court and following of citizens which numbered some thousands; he found the great entrance closed against him. Some one proposed forcing the door and there were angry murmurings among the Liberals about him. But the king seeing a side door open, said smilingly, "Let us pass in here my friends; it is the narrow way that leads to Paradise." Very soon after the same thing happened at Bologna. The king on visiting the Duomo, was received by one or two inferior clergy at a side entrance. Great indignation was expressed by the citizens, so much so that the bishop was somewhat alarmed, and came to apologize to the king, excusing his absence on the plea of illness. The king replied: "You are quite right not to inconvenience yourself, my lord. I do not go to church to visit priests, but to worship God."

BAULKY HORSES.—A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of baulky horses: 1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side, then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey. 2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst baulky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind doesn't cure him, the second one will be sure to do it. 3. To cure a baulky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose, and shut off the wind till he wants to go, and then let him go. 4. The brains of horses seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve; if you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the fore leg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will go dancing off, and, after going a short distance, you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

A dishonest merchant who had retired from business said, "There's nothing like settling down. I settled down and am comfortable off, whereas had I settled up I shouldn't have had a cent." But some of his creditors hearing of his remark, took proceedings which soon unsettled him.

CARELESS WORDS AND HARMFUL PITY.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

Do any of us realize how some slight word, said merely to fill up a gap in the conversation may do infinite mischief? Now I happen to have learned a lesson in this matter which may be useful to others, so I will tell my story, and let those whom the cap fits put it on.

There was not a happier, more contented little woman than Mrs. Strong.

"Why, John," she would say, "how fortunate it is that father lets us have this place. As to the trouble of getting up early, so that you can take that train, I find it makes the day so nice and long for my sewing and reading. Just think what it would be to have to pay house-rent these hard times. Then it is so good to live in the country while our children are young."

"Chills!" John would sometimes put in just so test the little woman.

"Now, John, chills are bad, I'll admit, but there is no other illness about, and I really think we're getting acclimated."

Then the husband would laugh, and stretching out his tired feet to the wire would draw his wife to his side, and in his heart thank God for her contented spirit.

For two years this went on; times were so hard that little Mrs. Strong lived strictly to herself, only once in a great while meeting some of her old friends when she spent a day at her mother's in the city. Sometimes she wished that she could invite them out to her country home, but always put it off, knowing, wise little woman, that "many a mickle makes a muckle," and that she must not spend anything on extras until John's salary was raised. At last, at the very time they least expected it, the increase came, and one night John said,

"Now, little girl, you must have a friend or so out to spend the day with you, at least. I know it is lonesome out here. Write and ask some one at once."

"Lou Fairlee and Mary Barker?"

All right. I'll see Jack Fairlee to-morrow and arrange it, so you'd best get ready."

The next evening word came that the ladies would come out in the morning train and stay until evening—an all night visit could not come off just then. How the little woman flew about the house, putting finishing touches here and there. Willie and Robbie helped, and Dick hindered—as usual. The boys were principally interested in the unwonted display of cake which graced the sideboard.

"Now I do hope they won't disappoint; in ten minutes they'll be here," said the mother, sinking into a rocking chair with a delightful sense of order and cleanliness about her; were not the boys as clean as if just ready for bed?"

"If they don't come we can eat all the cake, can't we?" said Robbie, while Dick listened breathlessly for the answer.

"No; if they come you'll have your share, but if they don't we'll keep it until to-morrow. There's the whistle! Run, boys, to the station."

"I'll just make sure the boys haven't upset my room," thought the mother, who had not had nine years' experience with boys for nothing. As she opened the bedroom door what a scene of confusion met her eyes. The children had dressed in mamma's room, as they had found their own pretty cold, and their everyday clothes lay in heaps on the floor; the toilet arrangements were all in disorder, while Dick's dolly, as dirty and forlorn as "Toddie's," lay in state on the spotless bedquilt. The room was not half in order when Willie's voice was heard.

"Come right up. Mother said you were to take off your things up stairs."

Giving a fling to Dick's dolly, Mrs. Strong went forward to welcome her friends, and the usual talk followed; exclamations about the length of the trip, how they left all in the city, etc.

"But aren't you very lonesome?" asked Lou, thinking of the long quiet days with no concerts or lectures.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Mary Barker, "I don't see how you stand it, who used to be so fond of society. Do you really like this place for a home?"

Now to tell the truth the wife had never asked herself any such questions. "I don't find it very lonesome," she said; but even as she spoke her heart sunk a little and she began

to see the bleak bare country with its winter mantle of snow, through her friend's spectacles.

"If you had a horse it would be different," said Mary Barker, absently shaking out her lace.

"Oh, yes; a horse is almost a necessity in the country," assented Lou.

The little woman listened to it all, and began to feel as if she had been very blind indeed to her disadvantages. A diversion luckily occurred, by the announcement of lunch. (Willie nearly forgot and said dinner.) Mrs. Strong brightened as her friends enjoyed the home-made butter and drank the rich country milk.

"You see we have our advantages," she said, with pardonable pride, and Mary agreed, "though for her part if she couldn't have every luxury she preferred the city."

The afternoon slipped quickly by; there were new magazines to talk about and the latest embroidery to explain, and when at six o'clock, her friends had gone and Mrs. Strong met her husband, she assured him she had had a delightful day. Yet the husband noticed a difference in his wife at once. At first he thought it was only because the dear little woman had been too hard at work beautifying and cleaning up, but as day after day the shadow did not leave her face, though it lifted at times, he wondered "what had come over Nellie?" Her bright ways had changed. Every time she went to the parlor it seemed so very empty, and she heard again the question,

"How do you like this place to live in? I don't see how you stand it."

The boys felt different. Mother didn't go to skate, and though she came and looked at their snow men, she didn't stay and snowball them, but went in at once to sit at the fire and think—of what! She began to forget what might have been and to think that what was was very hard indeed.

"I don't see how I've stood it," she said to herself, "there's really nothing to do here!" To be sure there was that quilt she had been making for the home for the friendless, and she was half through that last volume of essays, but—"she didn't feel like it," and so sat, and thought and wished, until at last one day she startled her husband by bursting into tears.

John thought the sky was falling when his wife, who had been so brave and cheerful through such real trials, broke down in that way "because she was lonesome." In spite of all remonstrances, he insisted that the boys should be left to the servant, and she was to spend a week in the city.

"I'll tell you who'll do you a world of good—Aunt Huldah!"

Nellie thought, with a pang of remorse, how she had neglected the dear old Quaker lady, but John was sure she would be welcome, and insisted on her going into town the next morning with him.

"Glad to see thee, child? To be sure I am. But thee is pale, and thee does not look so bright as of old. Thee must stay a week with me, and tell me all thy troubles."

"I haven't any," Nellie insisted, but Aunt Huldah knew better. She took good care that Nellie had plenty of sight-seeing, and in a day or two saw with pleasure that the color was coming back to her cheeks.

The last day was rainy, and Aunt Huldah said they would spend it quietly together. They chatted of many things, and then after a pause Nellie said,

"Aunt Huldah, how would you like to live in the country?"

The old lady's eyes sparkled (what memories she had stored up of the happy country home), but she said, "I don't think how much I would like it for I must not leave this home, child. It's best not to think of the impossible."

"But the country's so lonesome."

Aunt Huldah's face brightened—so that was the trouble? "Are not the boys with thee? And hasn't thee books and thy husband?"

"Yes, but—Lou Fairlee—"

"Ah, child, I see. Folks wonder how thee is content, and they wonder so that at last they break up the content. Now, Nellie, when I was a young wife my own dear mother gave me this rule: Never let anything make thee pity thyself; spend thy pity on the truly unfortunate, and if thee is down-hearted go to work or play. Are there no poor thee can work for in thy quiet home, child, and are there no romps thee can enjoy with the lads?"

"O Auntie," said Nellie, "I see it, now, Lon and Mary seemed so sure I was lonesome and pitied me so that I pitied myself."

"Don't make the same mistake with thy pooter neighbors; when thee goes to see them, never pity their lot—remember sympathy is quite different from pity."

That evening Nellie joined her husband, and together they reached their country home. John was so glad to get her back, and what a fuss the boys made! Never was woman more proud and happy.

No more lonesome days for Nellie Strong. If she feels any symptoms of the old dissatisfaction she has learned how to shake them off. But are there not many young wives who have been led to discontent by the thoughtless words of their friends? Are we not all forgetful of the time when we must all give an account of those very words?—*Christian Weekly*.

Rest in the Eventide.

All day long the farmer may stand between his plough handles, turning the yielding soil; may endure the burden and heat of the day; may be burned by the scorching rays of the sun, or be drenched by sudden showers, but by-and-bye the sun furls his banner of light, the birds cease their singing and fly home to their nests; the eventide has come, and tired man and weary beast find rest. All day long the smith may ply his hammer while huge drops of perspiration roll down his smoke-begrimed brow. He belongs to the class that must toil for their daily bread, and work with him has become second nature. He likes the music of his bellows and the clink of his hammer, and as the huge sparks fly off from the red-hot iron, he can almost imagine he is Jove forging thunderbolts and revelling in the forked lightnings as they wreath and twine around him. But as the sun goes down in the west, he lays by his leather apron and washes the soot and smoke from his face, and goes home to enjoy the society of his family. For him there has come rest at the eventide.

All day the patient mother may toil for her little ones, sympathizing with them in their childish sorrows, calming their fears and soothing their pains, until she is worn out soul and body; but as night approaches sleep touches their eyelids with its magic wand—and for weary mother and tired child there has come the rest at eventide. And for us all there will come rest at eventide, it matters not what our occupation may be, nor where our footsteps roam. Life, with its pitiful joys and bitter experiences, its feverish dreams and empty ambitions, its hopes and fears, its loves and hates, will be ended after a while. As we grow older our trust diminishes, as one by one our friends fail us, and our expectations are cut off; the apples of Hesperides turn to Dead Sea fruit within our grasp, and the idols we all at times so wildly worship, lie scattered at our feet. Oh, the follies and vanities of life: the lessons we have to learn and unlearn; no wonder we grow weary, many of us, long before the end of the journey is reached. But all we can do is to possess our souls in patience, and press forward for the mark of the prize.

For the faithful worker rest will come ere long, though he may have to pass through the valley of shadows and the gloom of the grave first; but to the upright death should possess no terror. It is only a compassionate friend that opens a door through which he may pass to grander work and sweeter rest than he ever dreams of here. Then let us not falter in our onward march, or look back, having put our hands to the plough, but press on and strive to earn a sweet rest when comes the eventide.

The Wise Choice.

An ancient philosopher classified all things about him into those things which concerned him and those which did not concern him. To the first he gave his thought, his time, his heart, his hand. He admitted them into his life. From the latter he conscientiously withheld himself. He could afford to spend no time upon them. A little thought will show any one that a wisely-ordered life must always maintain and resolutely observe a similar classification. It is not enough to divide all things into right and wrong and admit all the right. There are many things, not sinful in themselves, that we cannot afford to take up into our life. The

fittest only ought to be selected, and the fittest for one are not so for another.

This thought may be made more practical by applying it more closely and definitely. No one can read more than a very small proportion of the books in the world. How shall we decide what to read. Some, in their busy life, cannot master more than two or three books in a year. Should they not select out of the millions the two or three very choicest and best, those which will help them the most and leave the fairest touches on their lives? Out of the vast multitudes of men and women about us we can have but a few close friends whom we can take into the innermost circles of our hearts' companions. Should we not discriminate wisely, and select for those few friends the very rarest, choicest, noblest spirits we can find? We can do but a very few out of the multitude of possible things. We may work in sand or in marble: if in sand, the first wave will sweep away every trace; if in marble, it will endure for ages. Or, we may work on human life, and it will stand for eternity. Should there not be decisive selection as to the material on which we shall work and the things to which we shall put our hand?

Many people are perplexed as to what amusements are right and what are wrong? Continually we hear young persons ask whether they can do this or that and not vitiate their standing and character as Christians. Is there not a higher test? May I wisely do anything and everything which is not absolutely sinful? Should there not be discrimination even among innocent pleasures? Is not the influence of some amusements more refining and improving than that of others? Or, have I time to spare at all for amusements? A young man recently complained that he could get no time for reading, as he had to work all day, and there were social engagements every evening. Can he afford to spend all his evenings at clubs and parties? If he is wise is he not bound to elect for himself that occupation of his spare hours which shall best help to fit him for manhood's work?

In passing through a magnificent bazar a gentleman remarked, "I am amazed to see how few of these things I need." It is so in this great, busy world. Of the million things about us there are but a few that really concern us, that are really essential to our life's happiness and success. Many of them are positively deleterious in their influence, and will work harm if admitted. It is but the smallest number that we can afford, in our brief stay here, to take up or to spend time upon.

Hence our whole life, to be wisely ordered, ought to be one of deliberate, conscious, well-considered discrimination, and careful, thoughtful selection. The few things it is possible for us to take up should be chosen conscientiously from the mass, and should be those which will most enrich our own lives and leave the most beneficent and far-reaching influences on others, and which will appear to have been the truest, fittest, and best when looked back upon from the eternal shores.—*The Rev. J. R. Miller, in Christian Weekly*.

CURED OF SWEARING.—John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready, and was told it was not.

"Well, why in the——isn't it?" said he.

"Because," she coolly replied, "the wood was so——wet that the fire wouldn't burn."

"Why, Mary, what's the matter with you? Are you crazy or have you been drinking?"

"Neither," she said, and quietly proceeded to put on the dinner.

The beet didn't melt like butter between the teeth—it rather resisted all attempts at mastication, like so much india rubber; and finally John blurted out:

"What makes this——beef so infernal tough?"

Mary looked up archly and replied:

"Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher's and, without knowing the difference, picked out a piece of some——old stag that hadn't been fed for a month."

John jumped up, looked at his wife in dismay, and wanted to know what such language from her meant.

"It means just this, John; you are the head of the family, and just as long as you think it manly to swear in my presence I intend to do the same! If you don't like to hear it you know how to prevent it."

The cure was radical, and to this day Mary has never been compelled to administer a dose of Dr. ——'s prescription.

An Ingenious Device.

The will of a deceased person, remarks a contemporary, is not unfrequently a veritable "*boit a surprises*," the opening of which results in considerable dissension and heart-burnings among his heirs. A Normandy peasant who died recently had but little to leave behind him in the shape of this world's goods, his property consisting solely of a horse and dog. With so little to divide, it might have been thought he would have bequeathed to his weeping widow his belongings intact; but the reading of the will proved that not only was his live stock to be shared amongst all his relatives, but that his widow came off the worst. Her defunct spouse, in short, left his orders that she should sell both horse and dog, the proceeds of the sale of the former to be divided among his other relatives, her part being what the dog would fetch. Now the horse was a tolerably good one, the dog a valueless cur, so the lady naturally felt herself somewhat aggrieved. Setting her woman's wit to work, however, she quickly discovered a means of nominally fulfilling her late husband's behests without pecuniary loss to herself. At the door of the stable tenanted by the two animals she placed a placard, intimating that within purchasers would find an excellent horse for five francs, and a dog for 500 francs. As may easily be imagined, offers for the former abounded, while bidders for the latter were totally wanting. But the wily widow knew what she was about. Those who wished to buy the horse were told they must take the dog also; and when at length a purchaser was found, the widow handed over five francs to be divided among the dead man's family, keeping for herself the five hundred, as the "sum which the dog had fetched." The chagrined relatives, who obtained about sixpence a piece, are, says the journal which relates the affair, determined to commence law proceedings against the unprincipled widow, in which case probably both the five and the 500 francs will be swallowed up.

A Scotch Courtship.

A shy young man of Scotland for fourteen years had wooed the lassie of his heart. One night Jamie, for that was the young man's name, called to see Jennie, and there was a terrible look about his eyes—just as there is sometimes when they've made up their minds to pop the question. And Jamie came in and sat down beside the fire just as he had done every Tuesday and Friday night for fourteen years, and he talked of the weather, and cattle, and crops, and the stock market. I was going to say—but no, they didn't talk about that. And finally Jamie said:

"I have known you for a long time."

"Yes, Jamie," said she.

"And—I've always thought I'd like to know you."

"Y-e-s—Jamie."

"And so I bought—a lot—Jennie."

"Y-e-s—J-a-m-i-e."

"So—that—when—"

"Yes—Jamie—yes."

"We're dead we can lay our bones together."

The fool had gone and bought a lot in a graveyard, but Jennie was not discouraged. She knew her man well—after fourteen years she ought to—and so she gently said:

"Jamie."

"Yes, Jennie."

"Don't you think we had better lay our bones together while we are yet alive?"

LITERATURE FOR GIRLS.

If there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any questions of choice of books; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

Or even of the fountain of wit; for with respect to the sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a

novel that we should dread, but its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature; and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

I speak, therefore, of good novels only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, those books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function; they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it.

The sense, to a healthy mind, of being strengthened or enervated by reading, is just as definite and unmistakable as the sense, to a healthy body, of being in fresh or foul air; and no more arrogance is involved in forbidding the reading of an unwholesome book than in a physician's ordering the windows to be opened in a sick-room. There is no question whatever concerning these matters, with any one who honestly desires to be informed about them,—the real arrogance is only in expressing judgments, either of books or anything else respecting which we have taken no trouble to be informed. Life being very short; and the quiet hours of it few, we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books; and valuable books should, in a civilized country, be within the reach of every one, printed in excellent form, for a just price; but not in any vile, vulgar, or by reason of smallness of type, physically injurious form, for a vile price. For we none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed, on the best paper, and strongly bound. I would urge upon every young woman to obtain, as soon as she can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life; making her little library, of all the furniture in her room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche.—*Ruskin*.

Queen Victoria and Her Soldiers.

A London correspondent writes:—One of the prettiest and most touching incidents of royal and military life which has lately been recorded came under my notice this week.

Netley Hospital is not far from the Queen's island home of Osborne. Lately there have come there a number of wounded invalid soldiers from the Cape. The Queen paid a visit to the Hospital, going through all the wards and saying some kindly words to the men. The Princess Beatrice was with her, and a few courtly attendants. A friend, who was of the visiting company, tells me that there were tears more than once in the Queen's eyes as she spoke to the more seriously maimed of the troops. She asked many questions, and listened with patient sympathy to the answers the rough, honest fellows gave her. While Her Majesty was inspecting the wards, an interesting gathering was assembling outside for one of those ceremonies which so effectually bind the throne to the hearts of the people. Those Hospital patients who were well enough to be paraded turned out in their serge dresses, forming on three sides of a square, with the Army Service Corps and the Army Hospital Corps, and awaited the Queen, standing at attention. When the royal party came out of the hospital, after the usual salute, the commandant, in a loud voice, called out the name of Private Hilch, of the First Battalion of the 24th Regiment, whereupon the hero of Burke's Drift, whose desperate and gallant fight in the attack on the little hospital there, is an episode which will be remembered in the history of that splendid defence of Chelmsford's unsupported post—advanced from the ranks of his fellows. He looked the picture of a brave, strong man: one arm, desperately wounded, rested in a sling; but the young fellow stepped out with an easy elastic tread. Her Majesty stooped toward him and pinned upon the breast of his serge coat the Victoria Cross. As he stood there, evidently much moved—the Queen also agitated—you might have heard a pin drop among the lookers on, the stillness however, being succeeded by a loud and hearty cheer.

More Advice to a Young Man.

No, my son, the world does not owe you a living. The world does not need you—yet you need the world. If you can convince the world that you are necessary to its well-being, its happiness, its pleasure, its moral existence, then the world will begin to claim you, and make room for you in the body pews with the softest cushions and the easiest footstools. But don't fall into the common error of supposing that the world owes you a living. It doesn't owe you anything of the kind. The world isn't responsible for your being. It didn't send for you, it never asked you to come here and in no sense is it obliged to support you now that you are here. Your living is here—a good, comfortable, honest living. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, an abundance of good, healthful, hard work, ripples of laughter and sprinkles of tears, hours of happiness and moments of heartache, days of labor and nights of rest, duties to be performed and rewards to be won; it is all here, son—disappointments, struggles, success and honors, but the world doesn't owe you one of them; not one. You can't collect your living as you would a debt, by simply presenting your bill, or giving the lawyer the account to sue. You have to work for it son, and work like a Trojan too. When you hear a man say the world owes him a living, and he is going to have it, make up your mind that he is just making himself a good excuse for stealing a living. The world doesn't owe any man anything, son. It will give you anything you earn, and you just look out over the world and know that all the plunder you can gather in by honest work is yours, and no more. If you can't get any, why none of it is yours, and if you can reach out and carry away ten times as much as your neighbour, why that is all yours, and he has no right to wait and whine over his bad luck and want you to divide. And, my son, in all human probability, you will not want to divide. I hope you may, but it is very likely that you won't.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been among the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region inviting all who had lost their children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings, a boy and a girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with motherly-love and earnestness, peered into their faces one after another; but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold face. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft, clear notes, began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and girl left the group and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.—*Ave Maria.*

WHY BENNETT PAWNEED HIS WATCH.—In our correspondence recently with an old gentleman residing in New York city, he related the following anecdote of the babyhood of the New York Herald. "You see," he writes, "in early times my brother kept a paper store on Broadway, near John street, and among his patrons was James Gordon Bennett, the father of the present owner of the Herald. 'Jim,' as we called him then, had just started his sheet—it was a contemptible looking thing. I tell you, not as large as the *Evening News* of New York—in a cellar on Ann street, and when he came for paper, being his own porter, very often he had no money whatever; but he carried an old-fashioned bull's eye silver watch, and, when broken, would always put that up as security for his ream of paper. One day, however, on taking out his watch to leave it with my brother, the latter observed: 'Well, really, Jim, I think it's hardly worth while for you to leave the watch any more; your credit is all right.' This was the last time 'Jim' pawned his watch, and he continuously became a larger and better cash customer during the time my brother was in business."—*National Tribune.*

Out-Door Sports for Boys.

We encountered a learned lawyer the other day, who was just starting with his eleven-year old son on a two months' trip to the Salmon River. "I don't want my boy," he said, "to go to a fashionable sea-side resort, to dawdle about all day, and waste his evenings at 'shops' and dress-parties, and thus come to think these things the great object in a young man's life. I want him to learn all kinds of manly, out-door sports; and so I am taking him with me to teach him how to camp out, and fish, and rough it like a mar."

There is sound sense in this view of boyish sports. It is far removed from the system of bodily training which culminates in the boat-race, the various objections to which, physical and moral, we need not now point out. It is good for boys to be out in the open air, where the sweet influence of nature, however unconscious of them they may be at the time, will be sure to impress themselves indelibly upon their minds and hearts. And the kind of physical exercise they get in fishing, tramping through the woods, horseback riding, swimming, archery, and the hundred other simple methods of healthful out-door sport, not only hardens the muscles and broadens the chest, but quickens the mind as no amount of exercise under the direction of a "professor of gymnastics" can possibly do. Indeed, the free action of the mind in sports of this kind is one of the most important elements in the development of bodily vigor—a debt which the body generously repays in giving a healthier activity to the mind.

Parents, who afford their growing boys opportunities to enjoy these invigorating pastimes, and who, as far as possible, take part with them in the sport, do wisely. They are twice blessed in doing it—they not only confer happiness, but receive it; and receive it not only at the moment, but in after years, as they see their boys growing into strong, active young men, with wholesome tastes and elastic spirits. Not many fathers are able, to be sure, to spend six or eight weeks in the woods with their boys; but there are many sports that require only a moderate expenditure of time and money, for the enjoyment of which parents may at least furnish the proper facilities. Every boy ought to learn to swim. Every boy should know how to manage a horse. Either of these may be of the utmost importance to him at some time in his life. But beside these useful arts, how many pleasant things there are for boys to do, which they are not always able to do without parental help and encouragement!

If we could reach the ear of every father of a boy in the land, we would say, "Don't fail to give your boy a chance to become a manly young man, by providing him with such advantages as you can afford for developing his muscles and toning up his spirit, until he takes pleasure in pastimes that will make him strong in body and manly in temper. And begin to do it this summer, if your boy is out of leading-strings."—*Examiner.*

THE QUEEN AND THE HERD LADDIE.—One day, some years ago, when her Majesty was standing on the public road, near Balmoral, sketching the castle from a particular point, a flock of sheep approached. Her Majesty, being intent on her work, took little notice of the flock, and merely moved to the side of the road. A boy in charge of the sheep shouted at the top of a stentorian voice:—

"Stan' oot o' the road, 'oman, and let the sheep gae by!"

Her Majesty, not moving out of the way quite so fast as the shepherd wished, he again shouted:

"Fat are ye stanin' there for? Gang oot o' that, and let the sheep pass!"

One of her Majesty's attendants, who had been at a distance, on hearing his royal mistress thus rudely assailed, went up to the shepherd and thus addressed him:

"Do you know whom it is you have been speaking so rudely to, boy?"

"Na—I neather ken nor care; but be she fa' she likes, she sudna be i' the sheep's road."

"That's the Queen," said the official.

The boy looked astonished, and after recovering his senses, said, with great simplicity:

"The Queen! Od, fat way disna she pit on claes that foulk can ken her?"

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Rest as a Medicine.

Every intelligent medical man of the present day recognizes the very great value of rest in the treatment of disease. It is not my intention, however, in this paper to enter minutely into the physiology of that great natural restorer, but, as in former articles I have endeavored to impress upon my readers the benefits to be derived from judicious exercise, so in this I mean to teach, if I can, in a plain way, the advantages derivable from rest—and if they only manage to carry away with them a few hints they shall not have opened the magazine in vain. Rest and activity might be aptly compared to two sentinels who have between them the duty to perform of guarding a camp or fortress. They must take it in turns—when the one goes off the other goes on. Were activity to remain too long on duty the heart would flutter and fail, and brain would reel, and the sentinel drop dead of fatigue. On the other hand, rest might remain long enough on guard to drop asleep. You see that even rest may be overdone; it conduces to sloth, and *ennui*, and atony of the brain. To my mind there is no more miserable man than he who has nothing to do. Were I deprived of my pen, and deprived of the power of doing otherwise the little good I do, if there were no more work for me in this world, then methinks I should indeed be an unhappy man. On the other hand, put me in prison, and though you feed me sparingly, give me foolscap, ink, and quills, and a daily run in the courtyard, and I think I should manage to rub along.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

The Pulse.

Many erroneous impressions prevail about the pulse as indicative of health or disease, a common notion being that its beatings are much more regular and uniform than they really are. Frequency varies with age. In the new born infant the beatings are from 130 to 140 per minute; in the second year, from 100 to 115; from the seventh to the fourteenth year, from 80 to 90; from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, from 75 to 80; from the twenty-first to the sixtieth year, 70 to 75. After that period the pulse is generally thought to decline, but medical authorities differ materially on this point, having expressed the most contradictory opinions. Young persons are often found whose pulses are below 60, and there are many instances of pulses habitually reaching 100, or not exceeding 40, without any apparent disease. Sex, especially in adults, influences the pulse, which in woman is from 10 to 14 beats to the minute more rapid than in men of the same age. Muscular exertion, even position, materially affects the pulse. Its average frequency in healthy men of 27 is, when standing, 81; when sitting, 71; when lying, 66, per minute; in women of the same age, in the same positions, 91, 84, and 79. In sleep the pulse is in general considerably slower than during wakefulness. In certain diseases, such as acute dropsy of the brain, for example—there may be from 150 to 200, beats; in other kinds of diseases, such as apoplexy and some organic affections of the heart, there may be no more than 20 to 30 to the minute. Thus, one of the commonest diagnostic signs is liable to deceive the most experienced practitioners. It is important, therefore, in diagnosing to know what is the normal state of the pulse.

RECIPT TO AVOID SUDDEN DEATH.—A correspondent of the *Belfast News Letter*, says:—"Permit me, 'pro bono publico,' to state that very few of the public deaths from disease of the heart really occur which are said to arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin, experiments have been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease

of the heart. Nine out of the sixty-six had died of apoplexy, while there was fifty-five cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are—cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden, depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

The alcohol consumed by the American people alone in one year, if separated from the liquors, distributed universally then drank off at once, would kill every human being on the face of the earth. Does the reader drink it at all?

Life and the Liver.

What is the remedy for the drawn face, torpid liver and dead stomach of the man at the desk, at the counter and pulpit? A little pity would be good for him, perhaps; also a little blue pill at first, but less and less pill and more play—play pure and simple. We want less of Wall street, more of seaside and mountain. Let the man of many cares, and a slave to them, strike off his cares and return to nature. It is a chance between losing time in the grave and losing time in play, which is fitly termed recreation. Many a man thinks he has no love for fishing, but he has. It is latent in all men. The whiz of a reel and the bend of rod will make it. It will wake the dead. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." We have used them vilely, but they survive even in the time of gray hair and the evil days when we say we have no pleasure in them. A day's play is a day's journey towards youth; it takes the black out of the blood. It jogs the liver. With boys' weariness comes also the boys' sleep. Men need to touch earth, to breathe air, and air that has not been breathed. Man is an animal, whatever else and more he is, and must observe the conditions of animal life.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

Artificial Respiration.

The *Medical Press and Circular*, 1880, informs us that in a recent communication to the French Academy, Professor Fort raises again the question of premature interments. One fact he mentions is, that he was enabled to restore to life a child three year's old, by practicing artificial respiration on it four hours, commencing three hours and a half after apparent death. Another case was communicated to him by Dr. Fournol, of Billancourt, who, in July, 1878, reanimated a nearly drowned person after four hours of artificial respiration. This person had been in the water ten minutes, and the doctor arrived one hour after asphyxia. Professor Fort insists also on the utility of artificial respiration in cases of poisoning, in order to eliminate the poisons from the lungs and glands. The length of time it is desirable to practice artificial respiration in any case of apparent death from asphyxia, Professor Fort has not yet determined, but his general conclusion is that it should be maintained perseveringly for several hours.

SENSELESS WAY OF RAISING CHILDREN.—A venerable lady now living in New York, who has had ten children, all born and reared in cities, and raised nine of them, all living at the present moment, having reached the adult age, never allowed any of them as children to eat anything between meals except dry bread, though she was wealthy and could just as easily have pampered every whim. Her constant reply was, when any of them demurred, "My dear, you are not hungry if you cannot eat bread." Now, it is very certain that her children did not inherit remarkably robust constitutions; and under the ordinary pampering of mothers, it is fair to suppose that many of them would have died or become puny men and women. When a child knows by experience that he can have nothing but bread between meals, he will not ask for it

unless he really needs it, and then he will not take enough to destroy his keener appetite for the good things at the table, while if he is allowed fruits and pastry, as so many children are, he will seldom come to his meals with a fine relish for food, and taking it without that relish it fails to be rapidly assimilated, if indeed it does not enfeeble or derange the digestive function.

Fifty or Sixty?

The use of tobacco, as now going on amongst us, shortens life on the average by at least ten years, and it cuts off men at the very age when they ought to be of greatest value. Sharp-sighted employers will not, as a rule, now employ a workman who is over fifty years of age. This arises simply from the fact that one way or another, men fail at fifty, as they would not fail even at sixty, were it not for the physical injury which they inflict on their bodily vigor at its very sources. At fifty, a man whose physical system has got fair play is at his very best as a productive workman. It is not so with the man who has largely used tobacco. About fifty, the average man, under the constant use of this drug, begins to show signs of nerve failure, which no clear eye can help perceiving. He shows such signs at the very least ten years too soon. The sixteen millions of money spent on narcotizing the nerves of the productive masses of our country is thus money spent in lessening their lives, and their productiveness. It is not only less, inasmuch as their is no production to balance it, but loss of a far more serious character, inasmuch as it actually cuts off vast numbers who would otherwise be healthful contributors to the wealth of the community. A man is something like a tree—there is a long period of preparation with him before he can be counted on to produce anything to compensate for that which he consumes. When he does at length become productive, it is only in a slight degree. If he has time enough, however, after he has got the preparatory stages past, and become really fruit-bearing, he makes up, and more than makes up, for all that was spent on his preparation. If you cut off ten years of this fruit-bearing time, the loss is great indeed. It is like cutting down a fruit tree ten years before it need show symptoms of decay. This is the actual result of the use of tobacco amongst us as now used.—*Prof. Kirk*.

FOR BURNS.—For burns or scalds apply immediately a soft linen rag or lint saturated with strong spirits of camphor, and keep it wet for an hour. You will be surprised at the relief it affords.

Irish moss has been suggested as a substitute for flax-seed meal in poultices. It is said to make a superior poultice, as it keeps moist about eighteen hours, and neither ferments easily nor soils the bed clothes or linen of the patient.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints to the Housewife

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on,

Veal outlets dip in egg and bread crumb,
Fry till you see a brownish red come,

In dressing salad mind this law;
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Your mutton chops with paper cover,
And make them amber-brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteaks—to fry it.
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Buy stall-fed pigeons; when you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton minus capors

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowl with tasteless stuffing.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

Nice oyster-sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious;
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton
Might make Ascetics play the glutton.

EIGHT POINTS IN BREAD MAKING.—We sum up briefly eight essential points in bread-making, as gathered from recent contributions to the *Farm Journal* on the subject, and formed from the inner editorial consciousness, viz:

1. Good wheat flour. Some varieties of wheat, such as are deficient in gluten, will not make good flour.
2. A good miller to grind the wheat. The bread maker should be sure to find a good miller.
3. The wheat should not be ground when very dry. Choose a "wet spell" for grinding.
4. The flour should be sifted before using, to separate the particles.
5. Good yeast. This is made from new hops. Stale hops will not with certainty, make lively yeast.
6. Thorough kneading. After it has had enough, knead it a while longer.
7. Do not let the dough rise too much. Nine out of every ten bread-makers in this country let their bread "rise" until its sweetness has been destroyed.
8. The oven can be too hot as well as too cool. The "happy medium" must be determined upon and selected.

BOILED WHEAT.—It is not as well understood as it should be, among housekeepers, that plain boiled wheat, eaten with milk or molasses, is a most healthy and nutritive food. Take a quart of wheat, crack it in a mill, put in a pot with warm water, and let it stand on the stove several hours, then boil, and stir occasionally till it becomes thick, when you can stir in a handful of salt. If any is left cold, it is very nice sliced down, instead of having it cracked, you must soak it several hours in tepid water, before boiling it.

REMARKS ON SOUPS.—When you make any kind of soup, especially any having herbs, or roots in, always lay the meat in the bottom of your pan or pot, with a lump of butter; cut the herbs and roots small, lay them over the meat, cover close, and set on a very slow fire, as that will draw all the virtue out of the roots and herbs, make a good gravy, and give the soup a very different flavor from putting water in at first. When your gravy is almost dried up, put in about the quantity of water you need, and which must be more or less according to the size of the meat, the strength you desire for the soup, &c. When it boils, skin off the fat as it rises.

BEAN SOUP.—Put the beans in lukewarm water over night, and when you do so put into the water a little baking, or carbonate of soda. In the morning have ready your beef or pork, and vegetables, put into your pot, and do as directed above, then add your water, beans, etc., and boil several hours, the longer the better.

CHICKEN PIE.—Let your chickens be small, season them with mace, pepper, and salt, and put a lump of butter in every one of them. Lay them in a dish with the breasts up, and put a very thin slice of bacon on them, then put in a pint of strong gravy, and make a good puff paste; lid it and bake in a moderate oven.

POT PIE.—Make the following crust:—a quart of flour, half a pint of milk, butter the size of an egg, two teaspoons of cream tartar, which should be put dry into the flour: and one teaspoon of soda put into the milk. Mix well together, and drop into your chicken, or veal, or beef stew, when it is boiling.

SNOW BALLS.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, whites of five eggs, flour to make a batter, and bake in small tins, or gem-pans.

LEMON TEA CAKE.—Rub a half pound of butter in a pound of flour, add half a pound of fine, sifted white sugar: grate in the rind of two lemons, and squeeze in the juice of one; add two eggs. Mix all well together, roll out the paste, and after cutting into the desired shapes, bake in a slow oven.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and slice thin the apples, then rub butter into the flour, about the same as for an ordinary pie crust, mix a teaspoon of soda in some butter-milk, with which you moisten your dough as soft as for biscuit, roll it out, butter it lightly, double it over, and roll it again. Wrap up a handful of the apples, which makes a good sized dumpling.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Two cups of flour, one of sugar, two tablespoons of melted butter, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one of soda, and one egg. Flavor with lemon.

GREEN CURRANT PIE.—Line an inch pie-dish with a good pie-crust; sprinkle over the bottom two heaping tablespoonfuls sugar and two of flour (or one of corn starch) mixed; then pour in one pint green currants, washed clean, and two tablespoonfuls currant jelly; sprinkle with four heaping tablespoonfuls sugar, and add two tablespoonfuls cold water: cover and bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

COCOA-NUT PIE.—One and one-half cups sugar, one and one-half cups milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful butter, the rind of one lemon, one cocoa-nut finely grated: the crust should be the same as for custard pie.

SWEET APPLE PIE.—Six good, medium sized sweet apples, pare, core, and quarter them, stew them soft, then beat them fine with one egg, and add a teacup of new milk, with spice to your taste. Line your plate with ordinary crust, and bake as usual.

Household Hints.

Mrs. Oakley, of New York, has written a little book entitled, "From Attic to Cellar," in which she says, among other things:

A woman chooses for her profession the head of a household. Let her not enter on it lightly. Properly viewed, it is the most elevated of all professions. She has in her hands the welfare and direction of a few or many people, but it is a work which cannot be neglected. It is her duty to see that her home is clean, airy, cheerful, happy, and its various economies attended to. A mistress should go through the house every morning, praise where praise is due, and quietly find fault with any carelessness or omission, thinking nothing beneath her notice, but with a gentle authority which admits of no question.

Do not live with a fine house over your head and subsist in the basement. Few people, out of your family, know or care how you live in it. Warmth and light are better than fine furniture, and good beds better than fine bedsteads.

Live in your drawing-rooms, have books, work, music, fire, all to make it the pleasantest place for the members of the family; a place for rest, comfort, conversation, with nothing too fine to sit upon.

Curtains are not for ornament, but use; drop them, shut out the cold, and have open fire. It is the best of luxuries, an ornament, and a cheerful companion. Early rising is desirable. I do not mean getting people up before daylight. It is useless to begin the family uncomfortable. The mother should set an example of being neatly and appropriately dressed. She will see no one during the day before whom she should desire to appear so well, or to be so attractive.

Treat your servants with confidence and consideration, and not suspect them of doing wrong. They must have time to do their washing and keep their clothes in order, or they cannot be clean and tidy. Without wholesome intervals of amusement, uninterrupted work becomes intolerable. There are and must be differences in the modes of employment, but there is a common womanhood.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Virtue never grows old.

He that gets out of debt grows rich.

Light burdens long borne grow heavy.

Where the will is ready the feet are light.

Broken friendship may be soldered, but never made sound.

Constantly choose rather to want less than to have more.

The children of God have much in hand and much more hope.

To have our hearts weaned from the world is the way really to enjoy it.

A man may well bear his cross patiently, whilst on the road to wear his crown.

How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?

They who are too poor to trade in the world, may buy abundantly in God's market.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.

It is better to be doing the most insignificant thing in the world than to reckon half an hour insignificant.

The home of the Caesars.—The Custom House.

"What blessings children are," as the parish clerk said when he took the fees for christening them.

A Baltimore engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. ——— respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter.

A party of Irishmen went to a clothing store to buy a suit of clothing in which to bury a dead comrade. All varieties of garments were examined and discussed by the mourning friends, but none could be decided on until one of the party held up a light thin suit, saying, "By gorra, let's take this, b'ys, its thin and cool, and poor Pat will find it mighty comfortable."

It is related that a Yankee who had just lost his wife was found by a neighbor emptying a bowl of soup as large as a handbasin. "Why, my goodness, Elanthus!" said the gossip, "is that all you care for your wife?" "Wall," said the Yankee, "I've been crying all the mornin', and after I finish my soup I'll cry another spell. That's fair anyhow."

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.—The best lawyers tell the best stories, and with none the less zest when at their own expense. Not long ago Counsellor C. was before a Surrogate in a case where the question involved was the mental condition of the testatrix. The witness under examination, herself an aged lady, had testified to finding Mrs. Seaman falling childish, and that when she told something she looked as though she didn't understand. Counsellor C., cross-examining, tried to get her to describe this look, but she didn't succeed very well in doing it. At last, getting a little impatient, he asked: "Well, how did she look? Did she look at you as I am looking at you now, for instance?" The witness, very demurely, replied, "Well, yes; kind of vacant like!"

The Philadelphia Times reports that the Rev. A. A. Willits is a good shot, and tells this story about him:—A Quaker who met him as he returned from the field, with his game bag well filled, said to him in an admonitory tone, "Friend Willits, it seems to me that a bird has a right to live until its time has come to die." The doctor replied, "Friend, you and I agree perfectly, for I find that generally when I get my gun trained on a bird his time to die has come."

At the Pont des Arts, in Paris, is a blind man who carries a board around his neck with this singular sign:—"Blind by Birth and by Accident." "See here, my good man," said a passer-by, "your sign is positively distracting. Can you tell us how you happen to be blind by birth and by accident at the same time?" "Easy enough," said the old man. "You see I'm blind by birth my self, and I've bought out a blind man who did business at the other end of the bridge. He was blind by accident. So ye see, 'n order to keep his trade —." [Exit enquirer over the bridge.]

A BOY PHILOSOPHER.—A few days ago Justice of the Peace John Webster took his little son down to Toledo on an excursion. The lad interviewed the man at the wheel and gathered much information relative to the business of steam-boating. Presently his father joined him on the hurricane deck and asked him how he was enjoying himself. "First-rate," was the enthusiastic reply, "I'm goin' to be a steam-boat man, papa." "All right," responded the "Judge," "but you'll have to study navigation, astronomy, and divers other sciences, in order to become a good one." The lad said nothing at the time, but appeared to be revolving the difficulties of the case in his mind. Perhaps half an hour later he remarked, with much gravity, "Papa, I guess I won't be a steamboat man. I'd rather be a Justice of the Peace; you don't have to know anything for that."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A PRACTICAL ECONOMIST.—An aged man in a coarse suit, with a decidedly hungry look, walked into a bakery at Lewiston, Me. The baker smilingly stepped forward. "Can I take a lunch here?" asked the man. "Yes sir," said the baker, and placing a stool in front of a table told the man to be seated, and asked him what he would have. "Oh, I brought my lunch with me," innocently replied the man. He pulled two crackers from one vest pocket, fished out a large chunk of cheese and a piece of cake carefully wrapped in brown paper from another pocket, and asked if he could be accommodated with a glass of water. The baker replied that they were out of water, and tried his best to sell him a glass of milk, which he refused. He was observed to wrap up half a cracker and return it to his pocket, smack his lips, get into a hayrack and drive off.

Seeing a Man Home.

I picked Simmons up pretty near drunk, and took him home. When I got to his house, as I thought, I shook him and said:

"Here you are."

"Right," said he, and gave a big bang at the door. Up went a window.

"Who's there?" screamed a woman.

"I have brought the old man home," said I.

"All right," she cried, and came to the door.

She immediately seized hold of Simmons, and gave him

such a shaking that his teeth seemed to rattle in his head.

"Who are you shaking of?" says he.

"Good gracious!" cried the woman; "that is not my husband's voice."

I struck a match, and she found she had been shaking the wrong man.

"There," said the woman ferociously, "I've been sitting up here and expecting my husband home drunk, and now I've wasted my strength on a stranger."

"Don't he live here?" said I.

"No," said the woman, "he don't."

"What made you knock?" said I to Simmons.

"Knock," said he, "you told me to."

"I thought you lived here," said I.

"Glad I don't," said he.

I suppose he was thinking of the shaking he'd had.

At last I found where he did live, and got him home. Mrs. Simmons was sitting up for him. As soon as ever we knocked, out she came.

"Oh!" says she, "you're the wretch that makes my poor husband drunk are you?" and she gave me a slap across the face.

I've never seen a drunken man home since.

How They do in 'Frisco.

One of the most promising young burglars in San Francisco was walking out of court the other day, just after having secured an acquittal regarding his latest job by a prompt and business like "divvy" with the powers that are at the usual rates, when a well-to-do but anxious-looking stranger touched his arm and beckoned him into a door-way.

"You are 'Teddy the Ferret,' ain't you?" asked the gentleman,—(the man who was tried to-day for safe-cracking?)

"Well, wot of it?" replied the house-breaker.

"Why, just this,—you'll excuse me for speaking so low, —but the fact is, I've come all the way from the San Joaquin to look up a party in your line of business."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes—I—well, I've a little proposition to make to you."

"Exactly," said the Ferret, calmly; "you're a bank cashier down in the foot-hills."

"How did you know that?" stammered the gentleman, much amazed.

"And your cash and accounts are to be gone over by the directors on the 1st, and, as you can't realize on your stocks, you want me to gag you some time next week, shoot your hat full of holes, find the combination in your breast pocket-book, and go through the safe in the regular way."

"Great heavens, man! how did you find that out?"

"Why, I guessed it. It's the regular thing, you know. Got three orders ahead of yours now. Lemme see. Can't do anything for you next week, but might give you Wednesday or Thursday of the week after. How'll that suit you?"

The cashier said he thought he could make that do, and in less than five minutes they had struck a bargain for the whole affair.

A FARMER SOLD HIMSELF.—A Correctionville farmer sold a load of corn at the town the other day. When it was weighed, he slyly stepped on the scales, and then drove off to unload; but when the wagon was weighed, he took care not to be in it, and congratulated himself that he had played on the buyer in good shape. The grain dealer called him in, and, after figuring up the load, paid him in full. As he buttoned up his coat to go out, the buyer kindly asked him to smoke with him, and talked over the crops and the price of hogs, and the likelihood of the Maple Valley Railroad building up that way, till the farmer fairly squirmed in his chair with uneasiness about his chores at home. At last he could stand it no longer, and said he must go. The dealer quietly said that was not to be thought of; that he had bought the farmer at full weight, and paid him his own price, and that he would insist on doing as he pleased with his own property. The raiser of corn, saw that he had indeed sold himself, in one sense at least. He acknowledged the "corn," as it were, and compromised the affair. Now when he markets grain he don't stand on the scales.—*Sioux City Journal.*

HE KNEW THE MACHINE.—One day just before harvest, an Ohio farmer went to Cincinnati to buy a reaper. A delighted agent collared the grauger and dragged him to his warehouse. As they walked down the well-stocked room, the farmer, in a meditative mood, quoted the line, "There is a reaper whose name is Death," but before he could start the second line, the agent broke in:—"Ah, yes, I know it, sir. I know it like a book. We handled that reaper one season, sir, and I'd take \$5,000 out of my pocket this minute if it would undo the damage that reaper did our business in that one year. You don't want it, sir. You don't want to look at it. The machinery is complicated; it gets out of order easily; you have to send clear to Akron for a new piece of gearing; it doesn't cut clean, and it nearly kills the horses. Jams their shoulders all to pieces, sir. I know that reaper, sir. It's an old, old style, sir, and you don't want it. Now here, sir, I can show you a reaper that"— But the astonished farmer just interrupted him to say that he knew the reaper he mentioned was an old style, but he was certain that it did its work well, though, all the same, it wasn't the kind he wanted, and he had no idea of buying it to work on his farm. He bought another reaper, bloodthirsty as a Cossack, and red as an autumn sunset, and the agent told how nicely he sold a reaper to an old fellow who came in there just dead set for some old machine that he had never heard of before.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We Have Drunk from the Same Canteen.

The following lines were written by the late Gen. Halpine, better known as "Private Miles O'Riley"

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lover's knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk.
But whatever the tippie had been,
We shared it together in ban or bliss,
And I warn to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in the sparkling wine,
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"We have shared our blankets and tent together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean,
Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!"

An Old Scotchman's Prayer.

An aged Scotchman, many years ago, was on his way to a meeting of the people of God, held in a tent, or some such temporary structure. The old pilgrim was poor and partly deaf, but he trusted in the Lord whom he served and rejoiced in His providence. On his way to the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother, a younger man, bound on the same errand, and they travelled on together. When they had nearly reached the place of meeting it was proposed that they should turn aside behind the hedge, and have a little prayer before they entered. They did so, and the old man, who had learned in everything to let his requests be made known unto God, presented his case in language like the following:

"Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf, and I want a seat on the first bench if Ye can let me have it, so that I can hear Thy Word. And Ye see that my toes are sticking through my shoes, and I don't think it is much to your credit to have your children's toes sticking through their shoes, and therefore I want Ye to get me a pair of new ones. And Ye ken I have nae siller, and I want to stay here during the meeting, and therefore I want you to get me a place to stay."

When the old man had finished his quaint petition, and they had started on, his younger brother gently suggested to him that he thought his prayer was rather free in its forms of expression, and hardly as reverential as seemed proper to him in approaching the Supreme Being. But the old man did not accept the imputation of irreverence.

"He's my father," said he, "and I'm well acquainted with Him, and He's well acquainted with me, and I take great liberties with Him." So they went on to the meeting together. The old man stood for a while in the rear of the congregation, making an ear trumpet with his hand to catch the words, until some one near the pulpit noticed him, and beckoning him forward, gave him a good seat upon the front bench. During the prayer the old man knelt down, and

after he rose, a lady who had noticed his shoes, said to him, "Are these the best shoes you have?"

"Yes," said he, "but I expect my father will get me a new pair very soon."

"Come with me to the meeting," said the lady, "and I will give you a new pair."

The service closed, and he went with her to her house.

"Shall you stay during the meeting?" said the good woman as they walked along.

"I would, but I'm a stranger in the place, and have no siller."

"Well," said she, "you will be perfectly welcome to make your home in our house during the meeting."

The old man thanked the Lord that He had given him all the three things he had asked for; and while the younger brother's reverence for the Lord was right and proper, it is possible that he might have learned that there is a reverence that reaches higher than the forms and conventionalities of human taste, and which leads the believer to come boldly to the throne of grace to find all needed help in every trying hour.

Life of a Worker.

The daily routine of the celebrated Capt. Ericsson, now seventy-five years of age, is thus described in *Scribner* by Col. Church:

His whole thought is absorbed with his scientific and mechanical studies, and he never leaves the roomy old house in Beach street, New York, which is at once his dormitory and his work-shop, except it be for exercise or on some imperative errand of business. Social recreation he has none; his only visitors are those who have business with him. His time is divided according to rigid rules, which make the most of the twenty-four hours. Among the machinery which he has studied to some purpose is that through which his mental operations are conducted, and he has, as we have said, shown himself able to devote himself to sedentary work for twelve hours a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, for certainly thirty years together, with scarcely the loss of a day. This is explained by the fact that, since he was forty years of age, Captain Ericsson has followed the most exacting rules of temperance in eating as well as in drinking.

One day with him is like another, so far as its routine is concerned, and this is the routine: he is called at twenty minutes before seven, summer and winter, and rises punctually at seven. On rising, he rubs his skin thoroughly with dry towels, previous to a vigorous scouring with cold water, crushed ice being added to the water in summer. Gymnastic exercises follow before dressing. At nine o'clock a frugal breakfast is taken, consisting of eggs, tea and coarse brown bread. At half-past four he dines, the dinner never varying from chops or steak, a few vegetables, and brown bread and tea again. With the exception of tea, his only beverage is ice-water, and this is partaken of without stint. Tobacco is never touched in any form, and no dissipation whatever, in the way of eating and drinking, is allowed under any circumstances to vary this anchorite routine.

The hours from dinner-time until ten at night are usually devoted to work, and from ten until twelve Captain Ericsson seeks exercise in the open air. During working-hours his time is divided irregularly between the drawing-table and the writing-desk. The day's labors conclude with a record of its events in a diary, which has one page devoted to each day, never more and never less. This diary is written chiefly in Swedish, and has now reached its fifty-seventh volume, amounting altogether to over 14,000 pages, indicating a period of about thirty-nine years. Not a day has been omitted in this period, excepting about twenty days during the latter part of 1856, when Captain Ericsson met with an accident which deprived him of a finger on his right hand, crushed by machinery. It may be added that his bedroom windows are never wholly closed, even during the severest weather, he having mathematically demonstrated for himself that direct communication should exist between the inner and the outer air, "to the extent of a sectional area of fifty square inches." The hall windows of his house are open, too, winter and summer, and none but open grate-fires are allowed. Insomnia never troubled him, for he falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow. His appetite and digestion are always good, and he has not lost a meal in ten years.

Undressing Little Ned.

(*M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*)

An inquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, a burly, broad-shouldered man of fifty, and in the house three or four children gathered round the lamp to look at a picture-book.

"Yes, they used to call me 'Whiskey Bill' down town," he replied, as he moved along and made room; "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I have not set eyes on the old crowd for months, and I don't want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face."

"I hope so. I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half-drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a mau. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but it didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died, half-drunk at the grave, and I meant to go on a regular spree that night. It was low down, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

"And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?"

"No. I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day, and after coming home from the burial I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober, I never struck one of 'em a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest isn't quite four years yet. I got the older ones in bed all right, and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I had never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying mother didn't do that way, and mother done this way, and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had his clothes off and his night-gown on, I was ashamed and put him down, and when the oldest saw tears in my eyes and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck, I dropped the name of 'Whiskey Bill' right then and forever.

"And little Ned?"

"Mebbe I'd have weakened but for him," replied the man, as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me to say the Lord's Prayer for him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and then I took him in my arms and kissed him, and called heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I've been trying hard to lead a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whiskey Bill' again."

The four children, little Ned in his night-gown, came out for a good-night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arm a moment, and said:—

"Good-night, pa—good-night, everybody in the world—good-night, ma, up in heaven—and don't put out the light till we get to sleep!"

THE COURTESIES OF LIFE.—Wm. Wirt's letter to his daughter on the "small, sweet, courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so if you gave the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking sitting, or standing."

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

Composed while sitting upon the bank of the Big Thompson, in the Canyon, near Estes Park :

I sat on the banks of a beautiful stream,
As it hurriedly rippled along—
The voice of the bright crystal waters would seem
To me, the low cadence of song.

Though oft the wild tempest had swept o'er its bed,
Bowing low the tall pines as it passed
Still it sang, and it danced, and in glee on it sped
While the ferns softly wailed in the blast.

I asked of a wavelet that danced at my feet,
"Oh tell me whose voice you obey:
Or, why in such haste on your errand so fleet;
And why thus rejoice on your way?"

"Do you not sometimes weary and long for repose?
Does your voice never falter in song?"
The voice of the waters in answer arose,
As sweetly they murmured along,—

"Ah! mortal, the voice of our God we obey;
We pause not to question His will,
Nor doubt of the good we may do on our way,
But hasten our mission to fill."

"We never grow weary, we spend not our days
In the cool shady bowers by the way,
Our voices ne'er falter in singing God's praise,
While His mandates we gladly obey."

I lingered and listened, the voice murmured on
From the depths of the waters below—
"Go ask of the mountain, the valley, the plain,
What gifts we to mortals bestow."

"Then haste thee, oh mortal; go toil through the day,
Nor pause in the cool dewy eve's
Go toil for the Master until He shall say,
Come home, bringing bright golden sheaves."

The Snow Breaker. How a Horse's Marvellous Instinct is Made Useful in the Sierras.

The loose snow drifts deeply between Truckee and Sierra-ville. The mail is carried tri-weekly, hence the road has to be travelled one way each day. During the heavy winter weather the sleigh which carries the mail is drawn by three horses driven tandem. By this means a single broad path is beaten in the middle of the road. When the storms are raging it is necessary to carry the mail on horseback. Its average weight is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds each trip. The mail bags are strapped on two horses, which are led by the driver, Sol Rosseau, who rides a third horse. A fourth horse with only a halter on is turned loose to break the road. This horse is kept for this sole purpose, and is called the "snow breaker." For six winters this animal has travelled the Sierra Valley road. Turned loose at either Truckee or Sierraville, he will at once set out upon his dreary journey. The winds obliterate all traces of the narrow path, but with marvellous instinct the horse follows its every turn and winding. Sometimes the huge drifts bewilder him for a minute, and missing the hard-beaten path he sinks out of sight in the loose snow. Out of sight is used quite literally, for it frequently occurs that his body is completely covered, and his head alone is above the surface. If he knows on which side the trail lies, he will plunge and struggle to regain his foothold. If, as sometimes occurs, he is confused as to the proper direction, he possesses the wonderful instinct of keeping perfectly quiet until the driver dismounts from his horse and comes forward to point out the road. By means of a long stick the driver finds the trail, and beating a path for a few feet in front of the discomfited snow-breaker, speaks an encouraging word to the poor animal. Every nerve and muscle is immediately strained to regain the lost path, and the horse again resumes his task as guide. This snowbreaker seems to possess almost human

intelligence. Neither darkness nor storms ever daunt him or cause him to be misled more than a few feet. When in doubt he will take little short steps scarcely six inches in length, and each foot feels for the hard beaten ledge which forms the path.

Weed Early.

Constant repetition of children's pert sayings, notice of their beauty, the placing them in everlasting positions to show off, spoils them as irremediably as thunder spoils milk. As much as we may deplore the sight of a tame child, disciplined out of all sparkle, is the forward little chit who attends late parties, talks wisely of fashions, and is rude to her elders, a pleasanter sight? The ways of half the children we meet are more irritant to good feeling than mustard to raw flesh.

I visited lately a young mother of four bouncing boys. The endless roaring, the constant contention, the frightful confusion in their home would have tortured a Bedlamite. Meal-time was passed in a rain of bread balls and the interchange of howls. Bed-time was a roar of thunder. Early morning was a cannonade of scufflings. At last I ventured to mildly insinuate reform.

"Not for the world," said the parents. "Our children are impulsive and healthily. They shall never be governed. We take them regularly to church, and see that they say their prayers; they will turn out all right."

Perhaps they will, but should not the love we bear our children teach us the folly of allowing them to be nuisances and roysterers, because God in his love may bring them with maturer years to see the folly of their ways? I own a garden, so does my neighbor. In the spring we go forth to weed our beds. He stands with biting shears and watchful eyes, and whenever a dainty green peeps sunward he snips it off. "I will run no danger of weeds," says he; "better no roses than one nettle." In my turn I allow all to come up together, weeds and blossoms, fearful I may destroy a precious flower if I attempt to rid the ground of choking tares. In blossoming time he stands disconsolate before his barren earth heaps, while I mourn knee-deep in tangled disorder. Ah, we have both erred; the result is but the fault of wisdom gone astray.

It takes a Heaven-taught eye to discern the lilly from the nettle when both are nascent in the kindly soil. Plant well, weed lovingly and with yearning prayer, and be not discouraged if your grounds seem prolific of bramble. There is more hope of land o'errun with tropical vegetation than that which lies on stony hillside; and the child, faulty, troublesome, full of madcap ways, will make a nobler man, perhaps, if you weed early, than your quite humdrum little chap that gives no trouble.—*M. E. Holden, in Christian Union.*

QUICK COURTSHIP.—A thrifty German farmer in Kansas wanted a second wife. The ladies of Kansas were unsatisfactory, so he sent, says the Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial, "to a friend in Pittsburg and asked him in a brief, business-like letter, to hunt him up a wife in the smoky city. His friend happened to be acquainted with a comely German maiden who was anxious to be married, and pressed the suit of the applicant in that quarter. He sent a photograph of the lady to the Kansas man, who wrote back that he was entirely satisfied with her appearance, and to send her on by the next train. He enclosed fare for her. The lady boarded the first train, and arrived in Kansas several weeks ago. She was met by the expectant farmer, and in a few hours they were joined in wedlock. The sequel of the story is that a day or two since the Pittsburg friend, who was a driver for a gentleman in this city, received a letter from the Kansas man, stating that he was so pleased with his wife that he desired to reward his friend for securing the prize for him. Enclosed was a deed for a fine tract of land in Kansas, and the driver has gone out there to settle down."

It is well to look at all sides of a subject before you indulge in an opinion. Curran once said to Father Leary. "I wish, reverend father, that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, because then you could let me in." The shrewd and witty priest saw the sarcasm, and turned its sharp edge upon the sceptic by replying, "By my honor and conscience, sir, it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

A True Story.

When Mr. John Wise was lost in his balloon called "The Pathfinder," the newspapers printed many accounts of trips made in the air, some by brave men and some by foolish ones. A lady who lives in the town of Centralia, in the State of Illinois, said nothing until all the rest were through talking. Then, one day she told the editor of the *St. Louis Republican* to look into the number of the *Republican* that was printed on the 21st day of September, 1858. The editor looked and found an account of how two little children took a trip in a balloon all by themselves. On that day an aeronaut named Brooks filled his air ship with gas on the farm of a Mr. Harvey, who lived near Centralia. He expected to sail up in the afternoon. About noontime Mr. Harvey put his two children into the basket of the balloon just to please them, not thinking for a moment of any danger. The balloon was tied to a tree by ropes. All at once a gust of wind broke the ropes, and the balloon shot up into the sky with nobody but the two children in the basket. Mr. Harvey was wild with grief, and shouted aloud—"They're lost! they're lost!" All the neighbours ran to the spot, only to see the balloon drifting off to the north, and more than a mile high.

One of the children was a girl, Nettie eight years old, and the other was her little brother, Willie, four years old. Both cried when they found themselves leaving the ground and going on a very, very strange journey indeed. Nettie looked over the edge of the basket and saw her father wringing his hands away below. Soon the people looked to her smaller than babies and the houses like toy houses. She and Willie were going up, up all the time. "I expect we are going to heaven, Willie," said Nettie. Willie thought it was very cold in heaven then, for the higher they went the colder it grew. Nettie wrapped Willie in her apron and held his head in her lap until he cried himself fast asleep. Then Nettie folded her hands and waited. She said, "I think we must be near the gate now." She meant the gate of heaven that she heard about in Sunday school. But Nettie fell asleep, too. When she awoke she found that some strange man was lifting her from the basket. The strange man was a farmer, in Northern Illinois, who had seen a balloon drifting low down across the field. The rope was dragging, and so he caught it and landed the children safely. The balloon had floated all night. Nettie and Willie's father soon learned that they had been found, and took them home two days afterwards. Nettie is now a woman—the very same one who told the *Republican* to look back in its files for the story.

A SHORT STUDY FOR BOYS.—The life of Charles O'Connor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When eight years old he was an office boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, beside attending in the office, delivered the journal to subscribers in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. He used a skiff to cross rivers and frequently would be all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old, he entered a lawyer's office as an errand boy. He borrowed law books, took them home and read them by light of a candle far into the night. Several lawyers noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Connor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success comes slowly to a young lawyer, and it was not until his thirtieth that the clients recognized the legal learning and skill of young O'Connor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest case, never slighting any trust and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

HOW THREE DENTS WERE PAID.—A singular coincidence, showing how much can be done by the payment of even a small debt, happened yesterday. A gentleman was at the wharf intending to purchase some coal, when two gentlemen came up and engaged with him in conversation. The first

gentleman said to the second, "I believe I owe you a dollar." "Yes," replied the second, "I believe you do." The second man then spoke to the third: "I believe I also owe you a dollar," which fact the third man acknowledged, and he also said that he owed the first man a dollar, which he desired to pay. In this transaction the three men each paid their indebtedness to each other, and they did so without passing any money between them.—*Ex.*

A Literary Elephant.

Everybody knows that the elephant is the most intelligent and sagacious of four-legged beasts; but until the following came to our knowledge we were not aware that he had developed a keen taste for literature or a greedy appetite for works of fiction. Only the other day, however, as the editor of the *Moskaur Zeitung* stood fixed in admiring contemplation of the colossal pachyderm that is the chief attraction at Winkler's menagerie, he was somewhat startled by the swift insertion of a prehensile proboscis into the great-coat pocket, which gaped invitingly, and by the removal thence of a manuscript novel forwarded to him for approval by a regular contributor to the feuilleton department of his journal. Ere he could utter an ejaculation of protest, the elephant had conveyed the whole story to its ponderous jaws, and after masticating it for a few seconds with obvious relish, swallowed it at a gulp. Down to the date of our information respecting the results of this extraordinary feat, no evil result has accrued to the elephant from its romantic meal. Russian fiction may be "strong meat for babes," but an elephantine digestion appears to be quite equal to dealing with it, at least in the form of manuscript. What the consequences might have been to the lordly quadruped had he devoured a printed revolutionary manifesto, or even a proof of the *Moskaur Zeitung's* leading articles, we do not venture to surmise.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—The most astonishing thing a contemporary ever heard of in the way of a timepiece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace. In front of the clock's disc was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts of twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately palace. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck one after another each his blow, and then fell to pieces.

ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES.—Mr. Watherston, an eminent London jeweller, gave an interesting lecture lately on gems and precious stones. He said that with the exception of the diamond in the glass-cutter's hand, they are intrinsically worthless, their high estimation in olden times having been due to their use as magical charms against evil, while in later times they have been prized as concentrated expressions of wealth and splendour. He said that the Braganza, belonging to the crown of Portugal, and still in the rough, is the largest diamond. It weighs 1,680, and the Koh-i-noor, before being cut, weighed 787 carats. There are cruel allegations against the Braganza, to the effect that it is only a white topaz. In this case a diamond belonging to the Rajah of Matan comes to the top. A Governor of Batavia offered \$2,500,000 for it, but the Rajah refused the offer, saying that his diamond was a talisman upon whose possession depended not only his own happiness and success, but that of his whole family. Of rubies scarcely more than two can be deemed historical. The first and most famous is that in Victoria's cross. It is believed, on tolerably good authority, to have been worn in front of the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt.

A STORY OF A THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL.—"Many years ago, one night when Conductor McKinney of the Southern Railroad was taking up fares, a man without a ticket offered him a large bill, and he, as conductors are apt to do, took it along, saying he would soon return with change. The purpose of these delays is to make a quiet study of the bill in the baggage car and see if it is all right. When he reached the baggage car with the bill, Mr. McKinney found what he had taken to be \$100 was a bill for \$1,000. He returned to the passenger, and found he had shifted his seat. Telling him there was a mistake, that the bill was for \$1,000, he was amazed to find the fellow repudiate the whole arrangement. He knew nothing of it; and insisted that he had a ticket, and that it had been taken up. Finally Mr. McKinney went off with the bill, which the next day he turned into the company, with his explanation. It was deposited and drew interest for several years, was never claimed, and was finally given to the conductor by the company. The only explanation was that some bank robbers were on the train; that one of them carelessly took out the wrong bill and that they decided it was safer to lose the \$1,000 than to risk being arrested. Probably they thought he knew of the burglary.

AGE OF THE EARTH.—Among the astonishing discoveries of modern science, is that of the immense periods of time which have passed in the gradual formation of the earth. So vast were the cycles of time preceding even the appearance of man on the surface of the globe, that our own period seems as yesterday when compared with the epochs that have been before it. Had we no other evidence than the deposits of rocks heaped upon each other in regular strata by slow accumulation of materials, they alone would have convinced us of the extending and slow maturing of God's works on earth; but when we add to these the successive populations of which this earth has been the theatre, and whose remains are hidden in the rocks into which the mud, or sand, or soil, of whatever kind, on which they lived, has hardened in the course of time—or the enormous chains of mountains whose upheaval divided those periods of quiet accumulations by great convulsions—or the changes of a different nature in the configuration of our globe, as the shrinking of lands beneath the ocean, or the gradual rising of the continents and islands above—or slow growths of the coral reefs, these wonderful sea walls, raised by the little ocean architects, whose own bodies furnish both the building stones and the cement that binds them together, and who have worked so busily during the long centuries, that there are extensive countries, mountain chains, islands, and long lines of coast consisting solely of their remains—or the countless forests that have grown up, flourished and decayed, to feed the store houses of coal that feed the fires of the human race—if we consider all these records of the past, the intellect fails to grasp a chronology of which our experience furnishes the data, and time that lies behind us seems as much an eternity as our conception of the future that lies before us.

A New Process for the Treatment of Sulphureted Ores.

A new method of treating gold-bearing sulphurets, by which such ores can be reduced, it is said, at a cost not exceeding \$4 a ton, has lately been developed and tested in Philadelphia. The *Record* describes the process as follows: The ore is first passed through a powerful rock-breaker, in which it is broken into small pieces. From here it goes into a pulverizing machine, where it is reduced to grains so fine that they will pass through a sieve running 3,600 holes to the square inch. Thence it is put into the ore roaster. This is the chief feature of the process. It is composed of fire-clay retorts of cylindrical shape, built one above the other in four tiers, the entire structure being fifteen feet high, eight wide, and twelve deep. The heat in the retorts varies, the lower one being the warmest and the upper the coolest. The powdered ore is passed into the rear of the top retort, and is moved slowly along by means of a comb worked by machinery until the front is reached; thence it falls into the retort below, then moves back, and the operation is repeated until the last and bottom retort is reached, when it passes out, the whole operation consuming about four hours. By this process the sulphur is burnt out of the ores, the base metals are

oxidized, and the gold is left in a free metallic state.

After this the ore, having been cooled, goes into an automatic amalgamator. Here it is treated with hot fumes of mercury, which instantly attach themselves to the precious metals and amalgamate every particle of the free gold in the ore. By the other processes numberless small pieces of gold, which have not gravity enough to attach to the plates, float away and are lost. With the use of hot mercury, however, these small particles are rolled into globules and are consequently saved. Again, when ordinarily treated, small portions of gold become coated with copper and iron, and are thus lost. In this process, however, such a coating is stripped off by the action of the hot mercury, a condition of amalgamation which is never accomplished when cold mercury is employed.

After passing from the amalgamation the ore is thoroughly cooled and then thrown into settling pans filled with water, which are kept agitated for the purpose of settling the quicksilver containing the gold. This is next placed in a retort, where the mercury is separated from the precious metals.

Photographic Novelties.

PHOTOGRAPHY APPLIED TO THE BIOSCOPE.

The London *Photographic News* reports the following most recent novelties in photographic discovery. M. Eugene Simmonar has invented a kind of bioscope, in which a portrait is shown with the eyes sometimes open, sometimes shut. The illusion of the same person alternately awake and asleep is very perfect. To obtain this effect, the inventor takes a double photograph of a sitter in exactly the same position, only in the first the eyes are open, in the second closed. From these two negatives prints are taken, one on the right side the other on the reversed side of the same sheet of paper, in such a way that the two images, when viewed by transmitted light, accurately coincide; this can easily be done by the carbon process. By means of a small instrument arranged for the purpose, the light and reversed instrument of the paper are alternately illuminated, and the face is seen with the eyes successively open and shut. Thus the illusion of a person rapidly winking can be perfectly produced.

PHOTOGRAPHIC TOY.

M. Lipman has applied an analogous principle to the production of trinkets, in which are set two photographic miniatures, something similar to those which M. Dagron used to make many years ago. For example, one of the miniatures represents a lady holding her opera glass to her eyes, the other a portrait of the same lady without the glass. By means of a small button acting on a reciprocating motion, one image may be rapidly substituted for the other, and a very good illusion is obtained of the figure raising and lowering the opera glass. Effects of this kind are susceptible of any amount of variation. A large number of highly interesting applications of a similar description would appear to be open gelatine-bromide plates, especially as their superior over wet collodion plates, as regards sensitiveness, increases enormously the facility for obtaining the desired result.

Church Towers.

The towers of Cologne Cathedral are now the highest in the world, the height they have attained being 5 feet higher than the tower of St. Nicholas Church in Hamburg, which has hitherto been the highest edifice. Ultimately they will be 51 feet 10 inches higher. The *Cologne Gazette* gives the following as the heights of the chief high buildings in the world: Towers of Cologne Cathedral, 524 feet 11 inches from the pavement of the cloisters, or 515 feet 1 inch from the floor of the church; tower of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; Pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge-tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Volive Church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rath-haus, at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; towers of Notre Dame, at Paris, 232 feet 11 inches.

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NO. 1.

Written for the Family Circle.

KIND WORDS.

- 1st. It is not fear that life may end,
Not kind rebuke of faithful friend,
That anguish through my feelings send,
But unkind words.
- 2nd. Earth's fragrant flowers may fade at noon,
Each worldly prop and hope be gone,
But none of these I feel so soon,
As unkind words.
- 3rd. Though toil and pain may be my lot,
By sickness prostrate on my cot,
Whate'er betide, I fear it not,
Like unkind words.
- 4th. Not marshalled foe with gleaming spear,
Or hostile host advancing near,
Its none of these I greatly fear,
But unkind words.
- 5th. Yes, I can brook earth's wintry blast,
Its snow and frosts they soon are past,
There is a sting that longer lasts,
By unkind words.
- 6th. 'Tis not the march of earthquake's tread,
Or thunder bellowing o'er my head,
Its none of these I so much dread,
As unkind words.
- 7th. My cheek was hot with fever flushed,
Dread sorrow's tide upon me rushed,
My soul was grieved, my heart was crushed,
By unkind words.

Aurora, Ills.

MISS ELLEN CHESLEY.

Written for the Family Circle.

KITTY LEE; OR, THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XII.

THE ABDUCTION.

"What is to be done next?"

This was the absorbing question that Miss Annabel asked herself again and again as she revolved in her mind the possibilities and purposes of the immediate future. She had instructed her maid that she was not to be disturbed on any account, and in the privacy of her chamber she sought long and vainly for a solution of the question, "What is to be

done next?" The clock had struck nine, and yet no answer had come to the question that during the evening had been racking her mind. At last her thoughts ran back over the events of the day, and then she recollected that her father had spoken of an old building in a comparatively deserted part of the city, which required repairing to render it habitable. By a combination of circumstances, which we need not enumerate, this section of the city,—which had once been more consequential,—had gradually fallen into disrepute, and a few old buildings remained to bear testimony to the retrogression;—this was one of them.

It was surrounded with a high wall and garden containing the relics of what had been, in the days of its prime, a beautiful plot of shrubbery and flowers, but was now a tangled mass of bare trees and undergrowth. The loveliness of the place was increased by the superstition which often fills untenanted habitations with unearthly visitants.

While she thought of this building, a peculiar gleam, like that which Kitty had noticed on a previous occasion, shone in her eyes, as, with compressed lips, she said to herself, "I have it now!" She shall occupy that building, free of rent, till she comes to her senses, if she will not accept my kind offices to provide her with a good husband and a respectable living. I would like to know what right she has to expect anything better than a coachman, and one that can act the part of a gentleman much better than many who have nothing but gold to recommend them. Well, if she comes to a foolish decision that is not my fault, but the decision may involve necessary consequences, for which I will not hold myself accountable.

The next morning, as instructed, Parnell waited upon his mistress to receive her commands, but not without some degree of misgiving as to the services to be required of him, or the action to be taken.

"Well, Ronald," Miss Annabel said, as he entered, "have you dreamed out what is to be done to secure the prize.

"My dreams have not been very pleasant," he replied, "and have given me no clue to the solution of the question. I have simply come to you to receive your commands."

"That is the right way to express it, Ronald,—my commands; for it is quite evident you never can succeed without following my instructions. I do not believe you can succeed in the short time at your disposal, unless you get the young lady away from the influence of her mother. You must, therefore, plan an elopement."

"An elopement? But she will not consent to it."

"Then you must do it without her consent."

"That would be abduction, not elopement."

"Well, it amounts to the same thing;—only elopement is a nicer name to give it."

"I do not see how that can be done, even if it were desirable to do it," Parnell replied, after a few moments' silence.

"It is desirable, nay it is necessary," Miss Annabel replied; "unless you can, in the meantime, win her over without so stern a class of persuasion."

"It is hopeless to attempt it," said Parnell, "in so short a time; I could only hope to succeed by an effort of several

months. Her mother would frustrate every effort, even if she could be persuaded."

"That will not do. Herman Trevellyn must not see her till she has been married—pledged to another, or otherwise disposed of—so that she will not come between me and him," Miss Annabel replied, with emphasis. "I have a safe retreat for her in the untenanted house in Burlingham Row, and when once she enters there, if you don't bring her to terms, it is your own fault."

"I would rather not secure a wife in that way," Parnell replied; "I do not think she would be worth much when secured, nor do I think it would be easy to keep her when captured."

"It will be easy enough to keep her while you hold the keys, and, indeed, it does not so much matter, after she has become your wife, if she does escape some day; let her go. You can easily get another, quite as attractive and more agreeable, with two hundred pounds in your pocket, which amount I will pay you when she has been two weeks your wife; but it must not be known that I had anything to do with it. Mind I warn you at your peril."

"I confess," said Parnell, "I do not like the job, but two hundred pounds are not to be earned so quickly without sacrifice, and if Ronald Parnell undertakes a thing he finishes it before he stops; but how is it to be done?"

"That I must leave with you. You must take some one with you that you can depend upon to drive. Entice Miss Lee to take a ride in the evening. Drive into town and proceed at once to the house I told you of, and once within the gates. You can have it all your way. Now you understand. Let there be no failure; if there is, you will lose the two hundred pounds, and, besides, I will at once dismiss you from my service."

"Curse the woman," Parnell muttered to himself, as he went out from the presence of his mistress. "If Miss Annabel was half as good as Kitty there would be no need of her going to so much trouble to get Kitty out of the way:—she would have no rival. Well, I love Kitty, and I cannot make her my wife by fair means Trevellyn shall not have her; that is settled. She shall be mine by fair means or foul, and two hundred pounds in the bargain."

The following week Parnell called at the cottage as usual, and was received with even more than usual cordiality; yet he felt that that cordiality was neither designed nor calculated to inspire him with confidence that his suit was received with any increased favor, but rather as a slight offering on account of his disappointment. He did not therefore directly press his suit further, but simply studied to make himself agreeable, and in this, though acting under considerable depression of spirits, he succeeded better than he could have expected; and so, when he took his leave it was with a higher place in the esteem of Kitty and her mother than he had previously held; but he had accomplished nothing more except that he had learned in course of conversation that Kitty was in the habit of going every Saturday evening to the post office on the arrival of the mails from the south. He therefore came to the conclusion that evening, which was the evening on which Miss Annabel informed him Mr. Trevellyn was to return, was the time for him to undertake the feat, which Miss Annabel had chosen to designate as an elopement. Accordingly, on the evening of the following Saturday, after having, under Miss Annabel's directions, fitted up apartments in the untenanted house, and completed his plans and preparations, he drove out to the little village, accompanied by a confidential friend to await Kitty's coming to the post office, on the arrival of the evening mail.

The whistle of the incoming train was the signal for Kitty to go to the post office, and, as she heard the familiar sound, she took down her hat, and, as was her custom, gave her mother a kiss, and started for the post office.

When she arrived there, she met Mr. Parnell, who appeared greatly pleased to meet her, and said, as he was going to the house, he would be glad to have her ride home in the coach. This invitation she, of course, accepted, and, on coming from the post office, where she received a letter, she entered the coach, which Parnell entered after her, closing the door; and his companion mounted the box, and drove off in the direction of the city.

"I hope your mother is quite well, Miss Lee, and that she will not be offended at your taking a ride with me," Parnell said.

"I do not know why she should be offended," Kitty replied; "but why do you have the coach top closed, and some one else to drive? I am sure it would be pleasanter open."

"The dews are beginning to fall; and I was afraid you might take cold," Parnell replied.

"It is time we were at the cottage," Kitty said; "why do we not stop? and why do the horses go at such a furious pace?"

She now felt a grave suspicion that all was not right, and that suspicion was fast growing into alarm, as the horses dashed ahead without slackening their speed.

"Mr. Parnell," she at length exclaimed, "what does all this mean? We have already gone more than a mile past the cottage;" and she made an ineffectual attempt to open the door.

"No, we have not passed the cottage," Parnell replied. "You see, I thought,—as you seldom had a chance to take a ride,—I would drive a little way around; and take you home by another way."

"Mr. Parnell, you are an unmitigated scoundrel!" Kitty exclaimed, scornfully. "What right had you to take me away from home; or even to detain me, and occasion my mother the anxiety she must already feel on my account. I want you to take me home, at once."

"Really, my dear," Parnell replied, "it is not convenient to do so; besides, your mother said, if I chose to call on you there it must be as a friend merely; and, as my affection for you is impatient of much constraint, I propose to take you to a place where the conventionalities of society are not so exacting."

"Oh! Mr. Parnell, you do not intend to take me home, then. Please let me out here. If I do not get home to-night it will kill my mother!"

"I could not think of setting you down and leaving you unprotected on a lonely road, at so late an hour; it would not be safe for you."

"If you do not let me out, I shall scream for help," Kitty exclaimed, as a dread foreboding of impending evil took possession of her.

"You would not be likely to be heard if you did," Parnell replied; "but, if you attempt it, I shall have to adopt harsh measures to keep you quiet."

"O! Mr. Parnell, do let me out," she cried piteously; "my poor mother will die!"

"I will let you out shortly," Parnell replied; "as we are almost in the city, and will soon be at our destination."

"I must not, will not go with you!" she exclaimed, as she grasped the handle of the door, and made a frantic effort to open it. The door began to yield, and she would have precipitated herself into the street; but Parnell caught her in his arms and forcibly drew her back. Kitty struggled violently, and shrieked for help; while Parnell endeavored to thrust a handkerchief in her mouth to gag her. For a while she resisted, with the unwonted strength of desperation, screaming wildly all the time for help; but overcome by superior strength, she soon lay, limp and passive, in his arms. The exertion and alarm had been too great for her;—she had fainted.

Mrs. Lee waited for the return of her daughter till the shadows of the coming night deepened into darkness; and then she became thoroughly alarmed. Kitty had never before stayed out after night-fall, and never had she been more than an hour away when she had gone on a Saturday evening for the mail. As the lengthening hours went by, and still Kitty did not return, her alarm increased until she felt certain that something dreadful must have happened. What to do she did not know! What could she do? The state of her health would not permit her to leave the house, and her suspense and alarm took away the little strength she had. She could do nothing but suffer and wait. Yes; she could do more. She had learned in all times of trouble to ask help from him to whom the darkness is as the light; "whose love is as great as his power, and neither knows measure nor end." And so, in the little chamber, where she had often drunk deeply from the soothing cup of sweet communion with her God, she told him all her troubles; remembering that he had assured her of his more than parental solicitude, and taught her to cast "all her care upon him." Here her troubled soul found rest. Pleading, with the persuasive eloquence of a loving and beloved child, a quiet peace, like

the overshadowing of some celestial visitant, right from the atmosphere of Heaven, diffusing its spirit, came upon her, soothing the tumult in her soul, as oil upon the troubled waters; and she rose from her knees in the confidence of that "faith" which "is the substance of things hoped for," that all would be ordered, in infinite wisdom and goodness, for the best. The strange quiet that came upon her, had a soothing effect upon the body as well as the mind;—for a little while she sat in the great arm chair expectantly waiting, and then she slept.

Herman arrived at the mansion of the Wilmots by the early afternoon train, where he was received with the utmost cordiality by Miss Annabel; her father being at his office, and her mother making calls. Nothing that taste and skill could do to render herself attractive, in the eyes of Herman, had been neglected. She knew that gaudy trappings had no special attractions for him, and, therefore, while she selected the best white tulle for the material for her dress,—which was very tastefully made, and showed her symmetrical figure admirably,—it was not as admirably trimmed as she would have had it, if she were endeavoring to please her city admirers. The trimming was of the same color as the dress, except that a pink satin ribbon, artistically interwoven with lace, adorned her neck, and bows of the same material, in a single row, gathered the lower folds of her dress into festoons. Her shoulders which were partially exposed were like polished alabaster; one diamond sparkled in the golden clasp that fastened a black band confining her raven curls, in which a single camellia flower strikingly contrasted with their dark luxuriance. She had never looked more beautiful.

So Herman thought, as she received him with an easy grace, and expressed her fear lest his engagements would have compelled him to pass by.

"My engagement to call on you, though only a conditional one, was made too long ago to admit of any interference," Herman replied.

"And do you always hold your engagements so sacred? I do not think gentlemen are generally so scrupulous!"

"I cannot answer for others," Herman replied; "but I hold it a matter of honor to keep mine, and especially with the ladies."

"Then she, to whom your affections are pledged, must be an exceptionally happy mortal, if she believes you to be as unchangeable as you believe yourself to be," said Miss Annabel.

"I have not said that my affections were engaged; the man who keeps his engagements, makes them cautiously. When I make an engagement of the kind you refer to, it will be after I have become satisfied that the lady is worthy of my affections, and in every way suited,—not merely for an hour's conversation and entertainment, but for a life-long companionship."

"Then you will never be engaged at all, I surmise," Miss Annabel replied; "I do not think you could find anyone good enough for you, or whose adaptability would sufficiently manifest itself for you to make a decided choice."

(To be Continued.)

Written for the Family Circle.

BABY MAUD.

A little laughing baby girl,
With eyes of deepest blue,
Soft, golden hair, in many a curl,
And bright as sunshine, too.

The tiny, dimpled hands like snow,
That cling and clasp you close;
Fair, velvet cheeks, where roses blow,
And sweet retrouse nose.

The pretty lips of coral red,
And, sweetest of all things,
From dimpled toes to golden head,
An angel without wings.

No wonder that we love her so,
Our precious little Maud:
She fills our lives with sweetest joy,
And we may well thank God.

Lake View.

MINNIE FOSTER.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

—O—

CHAPTER I.

IN THE GARDEN.

It was early morning; not yet eight o'clock. Outside the sun was shining brightly; the birds were singing; the leaves of the trees rustled in the morning breeze; the dew-laden flowers seemed to smile as they nodded their pretty heads, and all nature seemed bubbling over with glorious, happy, healthful life.

Down in the big, quaint old garden was Mollie, singing in concert with the birds, as she flitted here and there, filling her little basket with flowers wherewith to adorn the breakfast table.

How pretty she is in her dainty morning dress, with bonnie brown hair floating in the wind, and her soft cheeks flushed rosy red with the sun's good morning kiss! No beauty is Mollie; but just the daintiest, most kissable little maiden that ever man's eyes rested upon. At least, so thought Mr. Neal Despard, as he regarded her surreptitiously over the garden gate; and I certainly agree with him.

"By George! what a little fairy she is. Would suit mother exactly; the *madre* is so absurdly fond of pretty faces. The worst of it is she would immediately want me to marry little Princess, and —. Ah, well! I do not want to marry at all, but, if I did, little Princess would never be my wife; though no man could wish for a dearer or sweeter."

Such were Neal's thoughts, as he watched the young girl flitting about among her flowers, and he smiled as he listened to the sweet, true voice singing "Comin' thro' the Rye":

"Every lassie has her laddie—
Name they say ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.
Among the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e myself;
But whaur his name, or what his name,
I dinna' care to tell."

She stopped and turned her head quickly as the click of the garden gate sounded, and Neal advanced leisurely towards her.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Despard; good morning," she cried gaily. "Is not this glorious? Oh! I am sure I should like to live forever if every day was like this."

"Forever is a very long time, Miss Stuart. I am afraid you would grow weary of your life; I know I would."

"Would you really? Oh! I am perfectly sure I should not. I love my life; it is happiness simply to live."

"I felt like that once; I fancy we all do once in our lives; it is one of the illusions of youth that life is all blue sky and sunshine, but the clouds gather overhead sooner or later, and so our dreams are dispelled. However, I sincerely trust it may be long ere the clouds drift your way Miss Mollie; I fear you will think me very sceptical."

"You may be as sceptical as you please; you stern moralist—but nothing will ever convince me that I could possibly grow weary of my life."

There was an undertone of passionate earnestness in the girl's voice, though her face was as sunny, her smile as carelessly happy as ever. She could not understand—how could she? the petted, spoilt darling!—that sorrow is the heritage of mankind,—that not one member of the great human family can escape it. That the lustre of the perfect happiness which was her's now, could ever be dimmed by one throb of pain, one tear of sorrow, was an idea completely novel to the child upon whom Fortune had so generously bestowed her gifts; and whose every wish had been gratified, and more than gratified. Neal detected the passionate protest in her voice, and a sort of undefinable pity for her, a dim foreboding of evil in the future took possession of him, and, anxious to change the subject, he said:

"Do you never sing anything but Scotch songs, Miss Stuart?"

"Oh! yes, certainly; but they are my favorites. You know I am half Scotch myself; papa is a Scotchman and mamma a Canadian."

"Indeed; and which nationality do you claim for yourself, may I enquire?"

"Ah! well, of course, I am a Canadian, because I was born and brought up here, and I love Canada dearly; but Scotland!—ah! I *would* like to see Bonnie Scotland."

"Perhaps you will some day," answered Neal, smiling at her childish enthusiasm.

"Perhaps; but we were speaking of songs. Do you not think, Mr. Despard, that Scottish melodies are sweeter than any others?"

"Well, no; I think that a great many of the Irish are infinitely sweeter; but then you must make some allowance for the fact of my being an Irishman."

"Why, yes; to be sure, so you are,—I had forgotten it,—I am glad you reminded me of it,—for now I shall not quarrel with you, for preferring Moore to Burns."

"Thanks; but may I say, Miss Mollie, that I have rarely listened to a sweeter melody than the one which greeted my ears this morning."

"Thank you"—with a pretty little courtesy—"I am glad you like 'Comin' thro' the Rye;' it is one of my greatest favorites, and I sing it very often."

"You sing it better than anyone I have ever heard; may I compliment you on the beauty of your voice?"

"More compliments! Oh, dear! You must not be so rash, Mr. Despard; I assure you I shall not be able to eat a bite of breakfast for thinking of them; and, by the way, talking of breakfast reminds me I must finish gathering my flowers; see, are they not exquisite? So fresh and dewy."

She took a fragrant rose-bud from the basket, and held it up to him, with the careless grace which sat so well upon her.

"May I have it?" he asked softly; looking, not at the rose, but at her.

"Yes; I think so, if you really want it."

"I do really; now please fasten it in here for me; I will hold your basket while you do it."

Half shyly she took the flower and pinned it in the button-hole of his coat, her eyes downcast, and red lips parted in a smile. Neal looked on with the air of a man perfectly contented with the situation, as indeed he was, and is there any man, I ask, who would have been stoic enough not to have appreciated it?"

"Hey day! What is all this? Good morning, lad—I am glad to see you—a fine morning is it not?"

"It is, indeed, sir; too fine to waste in bed, so I came for a walk, and was cured here by the sight of Miss Mollie among the roses."

"She's a rose herself, eh, Neal?"

"I should most assuredly agree with you, Mr. Stuart, had not Miss Mollie placed her veto upon compliments."

Mollie laughed merrily.

"I think that speech was equivalent to a compliment, Mr. Despard. 'I told him papa'—turning to her father—"that he would certainly ruin my appetite for breakfast if he did not cease flattering me so outrageously as he was doing."

"Mr. Stuart laughed, and lovingly patted the glowing cheeks of his darling.

"By the way," he said, turning to Neal, "Have you breakfasted yet?"

"No," Neal had not, he was just going home to breakfast now. He said,

"Tut, tut, no such thing! Come in and see Mrs. Stuart, and take a cup of coffee and a fresh egg with us; nothing like fresh eggs and coffee for breakfast, my boy, I can tell you."

"And there is the bell, and mamma waiting over the verandah for us; I must run and put my flowers on the table."

She hastened forward, while the two gentlemen followed more leisurely to the verandah, where Mrs. Stuart was standing. She was a tall, dignified woman, with a commanding figure; and a face which spoke of latent power and nobility;—a face which was more often stern than tender, grave than cheerful, although it was not wanting in womanliness and a certain calm sweetness which lent an added charm to a countenance which in youth must have been surpassingly beautiful. In her young days, before Allan Stuart appeared upon the scene, she—then Josephine Grey—had cherished a secret ambition, which had been as the main-spring of her life, until love entered in and all things bowed before his

supreme sovereignty. This ambition was to win for herself a name and a lasting fame in the already crowded field of literature. That she should have been successful she never doubted, for she felt within her the power, and she had the will to persevere. She would let nothing stand in the way, she told herself. Nothing could come between her and that object which she had kept constantly before her, and followed as the guiding star of her life. But in her catalogue of possible obstacles to be opposed and overcome, she had, strange to say, omitted love,—consequently, when it swept down upon her—strong and mighty—she, quite unarmed and unprepared to resist, surrendered without a struggle. There were many who marvelled that handsome, light-hearted Allan Stuart should have fallen in love with Josephine, who had gained the reputation of strong-mindedness. Cold stately and unimpassioned, Josephine and sentiment seemed as far apart as it was possible to conceive. "She will never marry" said the world. "She is not a girl any man would be likely to fall in love with." But Allan thought differently; he could see into the pure, womanly heart, whilst the world could perceive nought but the calm, cold exterior.

So when, one Summer evening, as they walked home together from a friend's house, across the cool, green fields, he told his love and asked, "Will you be my wife, Josephine?" She had then and there sacrificed her ambition, all her hopes and dreams on the high altar of love; laying her hand in her lover's, she answered simply, "I will Allan." Now looking back through the long vista of twenty years, she found no cause to regret the utterance of those three simple words. Faithful wife, tender, she had been; perhaps none the less so because of the strong, masculine element in her character.

Mr. Stuart had been a partner in the bank of Stuart, Halliday and Stuart; but had some time ago given up all active share in the business, which was carried on by his brother, the senior partner, and Mr. Halliday. Neal Despard, had become a clerk in the bank about a year and a half before the commencement of our story, and was already regarded with favor and confidence by the heads of the firm. It would have been difficult indeed not to like Neal Despard, and equally difficult not to repose in him that entire trust and confidence which men of his frank, upright nature inspire. He was not handsome; on the contrary, he was pronounced by most people decidedly plain. His brown hair, with its slight inclination to curl, was cropped close to the well-shaped head, the face much sun-burned, the mouth rather large, and disclosing, when he smiled, the strong white teeth beneath the drooping reddish-brown moustache. But the eyes—the dark, ever-changing eyes, redeemed his face from absolute plainness. At times merry and full of mischief, or flashing with scorn and contempt; again grave and thoughtful, and, sometimes, oh! how tender they would be. Tender, as more than one woman knew to her cost; for, albeit no Adonis, Neal was one of those men for whose sake a woman would give her all, even to life itself, and smiling say, "It is for him." Truth to tell, Neal had made considerable havoc in his day, among the hearts of the fair sex. That low, singularly sweet voice of his, and the tender dark eyes, had caused many a heart to thrill, and soft cheeks to blush; but he meant nothing by it, he was merely amusing himself, as other men have done, and other women have found to their cost. Neal was now thirty-two, and he had never been passionately absorbed in love. It was the one sore spot in his doting mother's heart that he did not marry and settle down. "My dear boy," the little old lady would say, folding her slim white hands in her lap, and looking up at her broad-shouldered son, with eyes that were as blue and bright as in the far-off days of her girlhood.

"My dear boy, how I wish you were married. Surely Neal dearest, in your thirty-two years of life, you must have met with some woman whom you could love well enough to make your wife?"

"You are right, *madre*; there is a woman whom I would gladly marry to-morrow if she would have me; but unfortunately she won't, so there is no help for it."

"You mean Sibyl O'Brien; do you really love her, Neal? I always imagined the affection between you two was purely platonic."

"Possibly it is; on her side," was the curt reply.

"Neal, my son, is there no other you could love but Sibyl?"

Surely it is wrong and foolish of you to cherish a hopeless love, and this is hopeless love, as you yourself have just admitted."

"There is no one but Sibyl, I do not think there will ever be anyone but Sibyl for me; but don't bother your head, little mother, about my matrimonial prospects, you are little wife and little mother both, eh, *madre?*" Neal would say, with a laugh and a hug; for he dearly loved his mother, did Neal, as all strong, brave men do.

But to return to the Stuarts' garden again, where we left Neal and Mr. Stuart. Mrs. Stuart murmured a graceful good morning, and cordially indorsed her husband's invitation to Despard to remain to breakfast. Accordingly they entered the sunny breakfast room, by the long French windows, which reached to the floor and opened door fashion. A bright, pleasant room it was Neal thought, and the brightest thing in it was Mollie.

"When do you take your vacation, Neal?" enquired Mr. Stuart, as they seated themselves around the well spread table.

"About the fifteenth of August, I think, not before then at any rate; for you know, sir, this is our busiest time, and besides MacDonald is away just now, and will probably be absent until the ninth or tenth of July."

"Ah! indeed! I should scarcely have thought that piece of business would have taken so long to wind up, he has been a month about it already, the lazy young dog," said Mr. Stuart, with an expressive shrug.

"Oh! MacDonald is not one to hurry himself," Neal replied, with a laugh. "But he is a good enough fellow in the main, and has really a splendid head for business, in spite of his seeming indifference."

"I have never cared for Mr. MacDonald," put in Mrs. Stuart, "but it is like you, Neal, to put in a good word for the absent."

Neal bowed.

"May I ask what reasons you have for disliking him, Mrs. Stuart?"

"Certainly; they are simple, because I consider him totally devoid of principle, and lacking many little traits of character which go to make a noble man;—he has no moral strength; if he is tempted he will fall utterly; his manner, I grant is fascinating, and when he chooses he can be exceedingly agreeable; still, for all that, he cannot conceal his real character."

"Nay, I think you are rather severe in your estimate of Arthur; I have known him to have done many a kind and generous action."

"Nor do I doubt it in the least; many and many a person, without a single claim to nobility of character, have, acting on impulse; been known to do kind, generous deeds."

"Well, puss, what is your opinion of this young man, eh?"

"I shall reserve my criticism for another occasion, papa; for the present I shall simply say that he is not my ideal man, by any means; although, mamma dear, I cannot help feeling that your judgment is a little severe."

Neal smiled, and gave her a look of thanks across the table; and then begged his hostess to excuse him as he was almost due at the bank.

"We meet at the Mallidays' this evening, I suppose," said Mollie, as he arose.

"We do; and I believe I am to have the honor of the first dance with you, Miss Stuart?"

"Yes; if you are punctual, otherwise ——" She stopped and glanced up with a smile.

"I shall be there punctually; trust me."

"*Au revoir*, then," she answered, laughingly, and he went off to his work, whistling "Comin' thro' the Rye," as he strode along, with his strong, manly tread.

(To be Continued.)

FOLLY.—We laugh at the folly of a dog trying to run away from the can that is tied to its tail. And yet, my son, we have known men, wise, learned, intelligent men, to travel from the Atlantic seaboard half way across the Continent trying to run away from a bad character. It is very foolish in the dog, my son—O, very foolish. Poor dog, he doesn't know any better.—*Hawkege.*

SELECTED.

OLD JEROME.

When I'm dead, on my tombstone I hope they will say,
Here lies an old fellow, the foe of all care;
With the juice of the grape he would moisten his elay,
And, wherever he went, frolic followed him there.

With the young he would laugh,
With the old he would quaff,
And banish afar all traces of sorrow;
Old Jerome would say,
"Though the sun sinks to-day,
It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow."

Though the snows of old age now may whiten his brow,
It never by gloom was a moment o'ercast;
His age, like the sunset that gleams on us now,
Chased away with its brightness the clouds to the last.
With the young he would laugh,
With the old he would quaff,
And banish afar all traces of sorrow;
Old Jerome would say,
"Though the sun sinks to-day,
It is certain to rise up as gaily to-morrow."

SAMUEL BEAZLEY.

A Sweet Woman.

Sometimes, if rarely, we come upon a human poem or picture that is absolutely perfect in its beauty—a poem so melodious, a picture so complete, that we would not, if we could, add to or take away one line or circumstance. A beautiful young mother holding her child closely clasped, her fresh cheek resting on its golden head, and its wandering, dimpled hands caressing her neck, makes a subject of supreme loveliness, which Raffaello painted as he saw and called "The Madonna and Child"—as indeed it was and is wherever seen. A strong man cradling his infant son, and gazing tenderly on the smiling, upturned face, is but the Silenus and Bacchus, whether Silenus is an English navvy, or a Greek demigod; and a graceful girl carrying anything in her hands, over which she stoops, is a nymph with the pattern, whatever the arrangement of her drapery. Every pair of young lovers, who love without affectation or calculation, enact again Romeo and Juliet, if not in the tragedy, yet in the poetry of their passion. Cornelia still exists in each noble-hearted woman who devotes herself in her children rather than to her own personal enjoyments, who cherishes the memory of her husband and refuses that memory for a living substitute, and who cares more for literature and art, "plain living and high thinking," than any mere worldly considerations of ambition, ease, or pleasure. The past has not all the monopoly of all the beautiful poems and pictures of humanity; and modern men and women are just as great and just as lovely as those who history has embalmed and poetry idealized.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—We think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurers, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spell what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring anxieties and care, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think—if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and it wakens in it what is favourable in virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

A CLOSE SHAVE: The Story of a Miner.

The cold, gray dawn was breaking, and the streaks of daylight, which crept in through the chinks and crevices of the rough, ill-fitted doors and windows in the primitive log hut, already began to overpower the glimmer of the one candle, which, from its socket in the neck of an empty and tallow-dripped black bottle, had struggled to illuminate the gloom. It flickered, sputtered, blazed up, sank lower, and went out, and as if to celebrate the victory of day, the sun sent its first golden beams through a wide crack in the wall, straight across the haggard face of the resurrected man. The hardy miners, who stood or leaned in picturesque attitudes, half hidden in the gloom of the cabin, looked with glad and eager eyes on their companion, who had come through death to share again their hard work, rough living and few rewards.

"I tell you, boys, it was a close shave!" and he drew a long breath, as he raised up in his bunk and threw off the worn gray blanket which covered him. "The first warning of the danger was the shout from Tom there: 'Run for your life! She's caving!' I dropped my pick and started, but the warning had come too late. The first giving way was at the mouth of the drift, and the weight of earth kept falling toward me. I could hear the timbers creaking, cracking, splitting like straws under the weight upon them, and I drew back away from the coming pressure. I felt the space growing smaller, and crouched low, almost imagining I could keep below the terrible crushing weight, and yet knowing that in an instant it would be upon me.

"The uprights trembled, then crashed, and I fell. I don't know how long I lay there, for I must have been stunned by the fall, or else fainted from fear. Presently I woke and tried to move, but could not. I was pinned fast by the great timbers, which had fallen in such a way as to shield my head and body, while holding me immovable. I opened my eyes, and was confronted by a darkness so intense it could be felt. My first thoughts were as to the chances of escape from this frightful burial. I knew the law of humanity that holds in all camps of 'every one to the rescue of a miner in distress,' and I knew that in less than an hour every one of the two hundred men in the diggings would be taking his turn at the work of digging for me. I reckoned the time it would take them—twenty-five feet from the surface, about the same distance from the shaft, working in either direction through the coarse gravel—I thought they could reach me in ten hours. I could do nothing but wait.

"I strained my ears for a sound to break this terrible stillness, and in my eagerness I almost fancied I could hear the click of picks and shovels in the efforts to unearth me. But, boys, there was a new horror not one of you thought of in your most dreadful imaginings of my situation. While I lay there, counting the beats of my heart like you do the ticking of a clock in the dark, I felt myself growing cold. First my back, then it crept up my sides, then my arms, over my hands, higher, higher, colder, closer, what could it be? My God! The pumps had stopped, and the water was rising in the shaft. Higher, nearer it crawled, like the stealthy approach of some intangible monster. I could feel it like an added weight on my breast. Higher it crawled till it touched my chin, over my chin, it reached my lips. I screamed aloud in my agony. To be saved from the crushing of the earth upon me only to die by a more torturing and terrible means—to die alone here in the earth in cold and darkness.

"It was horrible. But the terrible fate came creeping, relentless in its very stillness and slowness. It came over my mouth, up my lips to my nostrils. Like a flash came the pictures of my life. They were hard, rough sketches, most of them; hardships and trials had made up my life almost since I left my mother's knee; but there was brightness enough in the darkest of the pictured days to draw me back like a cable to life. I clung to life, as I felt it slipping away; but death stared me in the face, and I could do nothing but die bravely here alone in the gloom.

"I said a last prayer, brief but fervent. I thought of you all, my good old friends, and knew there would be many a moist eye among you when, in the darkness, the light of your gleaming lanterns would flash on my dead white face. I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible gloom; and the water in its pitiless cruelty crept on over my nostrils, and I was

gone. But sensation did not die. Could I believe it? The water was going down; lower, lower, below my chin—sinking, sinking.

"Was I dreaming, or was this only a newer torture of drowning? No, it was not an illusion. I felt the chill leave me. The pumps had started again. Hope sprang like a ray of starlight into my brain. It was only a temporary stoppage, after all, and I began again to speculate upon the strokes of willing hands that were working for me on either side. I could hear the dull grating and thud of the iron coming faintly to me through the gravel. I had myself dug through in the search for gold. But again I felt that rising chill. The pumps had stopped again. It was useless to hope. This time death was surely here. It rose higher; slowly but surely, almost insensibly, it crept over my breast, over my chin, my lips, my nostrils. I died again and again. I woke to find myself still pinioned in this crumbling vault, and again heard the nearing blows of your steady work above me. I shouted to you, vainly imagining I could hurry you on. I dreaded, with a shivering fear, the rising again of this stealthy, creeping, crawling monster which stood ready to devour me; but your coming would be too late. It came again.

"Six times I died there, alone in the darkness and gloom—died with the sounds of salvation ringing in my ears, with succor only a few feet away—died alone and helpless. When I woke, here in my cabin, and saw the old familiar faces bending over me, the same wan light glimmering through the window, I thought my spirit had come back to my living haunts. But it is real—it is myself. Ah, boys, it was a close shave!"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A Brave Lad.

A few years ago, a boy who was left without father or mother, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand boy, until he could command a higher position; but this boy had been in bad company and got into the habit of calling for "bitters" and cheap cigars.

On looking over the paper he noticed that a merchant on Pearl street wanted a lad, and he called there and made his business known.

"Walk into my office," said the merchant, "and I will attend to you soon."

When he had waited upon his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and espied a cigar in his hat.

"My boy," said he, "I want an honest and faithful lad, but I see you smoke cigars, and in my experience I have found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with various evil habits, and if I am not mistaken you are not an exception to the rule. You will not suit me."

John hung down his head, and left the store; and as he walked the street a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his mother came forcibly to his mind, who upon her death-bed, had called him to her side, and placing her hand on his head, said to him:

"Johnny, I am going to leave you. You well know what misery your father brought upon us, and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will never touch one drop of the poison that killed your father."

The tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed, gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house.

But Johnny had moral courage, and before an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor nor smoke another cigar. He went back to the merchant and said:

"Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but I have neither father nor mother, and although I have done what I ought not to, I have now made a solemn promise never to drink another drop of liquor nor smoke another cigar; and if you will please try me, it is all that I will ask."

The merchant was struck by the decision and energy displayed by the boy, and at once employed him.—*Youth's Companion.*

HIS BED.—A lazy boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied, "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

How to Live Princely.

A German duchess distinguished for her good sense and goodness of heart, was celebrating her birthday in the palace of a small German capital.

The court congratulations were over, and the lady retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her boudoir. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs. "Ah," she said, "there are my two little grandsons coming up to congratulate me."

Two rosy lads, of ten or eleven years of age, came in, one named Albert and the other Ernest. They affectionately greeted the duchess, who gave them the customary present of ten louis d'or to each, and related to them the following suggestive anecdote:

"There once lived an Emperor in Rome who used to say that no one should go away sorrowful from an interview with a prince. He was always doing good and caring for his people: and when, on one evening while at supper, he recollected that he had not done one single act of kindness to any one during the day, he exclaimed with regret and sorrow,

"My friend, I have lost this day!"

"My children, take this Emperor for your model, and live in a princely way like him. The boys went down stairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a poor woman, wrinkled and old, and bowed down with grieving and trouble.

"Ah, my good young gentleman," she said, "bestow a trifle on an aged creature. My cottage is going to be sold for debt, and I shall not have where to lay my head. My goat the only means of support I had has been seized. Pity an old woman, and be charitable."

Ernest assured her he had no money, and so passed on.

Albert hesitated; he thought of her pitiable situation a moment, was touched by her pleading looks, and tears came into his eyes. The story of the Roman Emperor came to his mind. He took from his purse the whole ten louis d'or and gave them to the woman.

Turning away with a light heart, he left the old woman weeping with joy.

That boy was Prince Albert of England, justly entitled Albert the Good.—*Ec.*

Moral Training of Children.

A most essential part of a child's moral training is the cultivation of right motives. To present a child no higher motives for doing right than the hope of securing some pleasant reward, or the fear of suffering some terrible punishment, is the surest way to make of him a supremely selfish man, with no higher aim than to secure good to himself, no matter what may become of other people. And if he can convince himself that the pleasure he will secure by the commission of a certain act will more than counterbalance the probable risk of suffering, he will not hesitate to commit it, leaving wholly out of the consideration the question, Is it right? or noble? or pure? A love of right for its own sake is the only solid basis upon which to build a moral character. Children should not be taught to do right in order to avoid a whipping, or imprisonment in a dark closet,—a horrid kind of punishment sometimes resorted to,—or even to escape "the lake of fire and brimstone." Neither should they be constantly coaxed to right-doing by promised rewards,—a new toy, a book, an excursion, nor even the pleasures of Heaven. All of these incentives are selfish, and invariably narrow the character and belittle life when made the chief motives of action. But rather begin at the earliest possible moment to instill into the child's mind a love for right, and truth and purity, and an abhorrence for their contraries; then will he have a worthy principle by which to square his life: then will he be safe from the assaults of passion, of vice, of lust. A mind so trained stands upon an eminence from which all evil men and devils combined can not displace it, so long as it adheres to its noble principles.—*Plain Facts for Old and Young.*

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.—Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact. Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult

to do to-day will be an easy thing, to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy, who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others; if our living be in any way true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In little deeds of kindness, repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the play-ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in twenty-five years!

THE ELEGANCE OF HOME.—I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for housekeeping a little more than they are worth, and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we bring into it? I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home, and to take so much pains with the outside that the inside was as hollow as an empty nut. Beauty is a great thing, but beauty of garment, house and furniture, are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love than for whole ship-loads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholsterers in the world can gather.—*Dr. Holmes.*

A Smart Darkey: How He Escaped Court-Martial.

In the year 1851, when the whole world was thinking and talking of the World's Fair in Hyde Park, the colonel of the second West India Regiment was one day startled on parade by the approach of his bugler to make the modest request of a furlough of sufficient length to enable him to go over to London to see the exhibition. Cuffey was sternly ordered back to the ranks, with the alternative of the guard-room, and he retired, muttering, however, that, furlough or no furlough, his journey to London was a fixed fact.

The next morning he was missing at roll-call, the fact being that he engaged himself as stoker in one of the mail steamers, and was at that moment sailing pleasantly out of the harbor. He came to London, saw the exhibition, had his spree out, and when he was tired or had spent all his money he presented himself at the Horse Guards and gave himself up as a deserter. It was some time before he could gain belief for his singular tale, and had to play a selection of the colonel's numerous bugle calls before he could prevail on the authorities to order him into custody. At last he was duly taken prisoner and shipped for the West Indies, along with a detachment going out.

When the ship had been some days out at sea, the officer in command, a young lieutenant, found great difficulty in collecting the men at meal time, having no bugler with his detachment. "On this hint" Cuffey "spoke," politely offering to relieve the officer of a world of trouble by playing daily the necessary calls. His offer was accepted, and the service duly performed during the remainder of the voyage. On the arrival of the ship, Cuffey was delivered to his angry colonel, who immediately ordered him to be taken into custody, preparatory to regimental court-martial.

Just, however, as the guard was taking him off, he called a parley, and politely informed the colonel that he could not be tried as a deserter, inasmuch as, having done duty since the commission of the act, he was now as free as before he left the regiment. There was no gainsaying this well-known point of military law, and the colonel was compelled to content himself with simply ordering Cuffey back to his duty, amid the broadest permissible grins on the countenances of his ebony comrades.

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utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested there will be but few causes of complaint.

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Written for the Family Circle.

"THE DAISY."

I love the Daisy better than

The haughty, queenly Rose;
She never is so proud and vain,
But only meekness shows.

She never flaunts a gorgeous robe,
Nor lifts her face to flirt
With the saucy, fickle summer wind,
That woos the Rose so pert.

She does not throw her perfume round,
Nor cast a wicked spell;
But the naughty Rose is proud of that,
As all the bees can tell.

I know the Rose is wond'rous bright,
The Lily pure as snow;
Their perfumes are delight to me,—
But I love the Daisy so.

You ask the secret of my love;
Well go to a little grave,
That rests alone in a lonely place,
Where my child to God I gave.

No Roses grow on that dear grave,
No Lilies flourish there;
No bright flowers bloom on that loved spot,
Only the Daisies fair.

Lake View.

MARY E. FOSTER.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Billiousness.

Usually the first intimation of billiousness is a dull, heavy headache, with occasional sharp twinges of pain, with a sense of dullness and sleepiness. Sometimes it comes on with a sense of stricture or pressure, as of a string tied around the forehead above the eyebrows, with a little dizziness, and seemingly minute sparks dancing before the eyes. Usually the headache increases, until sickness at the stomach follows: the pain in the head becomes almost insupportable, and relief only comes when the stomach has been emptied, either by an emetic, a cathartic, or continued abstinence from food.

Sometimes violent retching comes on, and a small quantity of bile may be thrown off. This leads some people to think that billiousness is occasioned by the presence of too much bile on the stomach. This is so far from being true that bile is not found in the stomach at all unless it is brought up by retching from the duodenum, into which it flows below the stomach. Billiousness indeed is occasioned by want of bile, in consequence of which a constipated state of the bowels is induced, and the digestive apparatus and functions are clogged, and nature, by the pain which follows, calls imperatively for remedial measures. Eating food too frequently, or in too great quantity, frequently bring on this complaint, because the digestive laboratory does not furnish the gastric, pancreatic and other juices in the quantities necessary to complete the process of digestion; the stomach retains the food too long, a partial fermentation takes place, and the digestive functions are disturbed, and when long continued, a diseased condition of the digestive organs takes place.

When the first symptoms of the complaint appear, the use of acids may prove beneficial, especially the acid of one or two lemons taken without water, as this induces an increased flow of bile; but when the disease has so far developed as to produce an acid state, arising not from the action

of the gastric juice, but from fermentation or partial decomposition of the food in the stomach, acid will do no good, but in that case lime water or carbonate of soda, by neutralizing the oxygen which occasions the fermentation, or powdered charcoal, which absorbs the oxygen, will afford relief, but the method which nature herself employs (in the shape of an emetic or a cathartic) of emptying the stomach of its vitiated load, is the speediest and perhaps the most natural remedy; and in any case, food should not be again partaken of until the sensation of hunger shows that the digestive powers are ready to go on with their work afresh.

A Nervous People.

Excellent medical authority asserts that the constant strain of business, added to the dryness of our climate, has so changed the constitution that it is impossible for us to do what our fathers did before us safely. "We are," says Dr. Beard, "ten degrees more sensitive to cold than they were," as the cases of sunstroke and heat prostration bear evidence. There is an immense increase in neuralgia, sick head-ache, hay fever, nervous exhaustion, and especially in dyspepsia, in itself the potent source of a host of physical and mental irritants and distresses. Now, with such systems as we possess, high strung, nervous and irritable, the use of stimulants cannot be otherwise than injurious. It is impossible to use them as they were used in the days gone by. There is hardly a man of middle age who does not remember that hospitality and a sideboard of wines and liquors were synonymous terms. Both men and women drank freely, and professional men and the clergy indulged in the same habit. It would be folly to say that what is a vice now was a virtue then, but it can be safely asserted that people indulged then without the same injurious effect which follow the practice now. The predominant nervousness of the present time had not been developed. Our ancestors could drink freely, smoke extravagantly, indulge to excess in tea and coffee, and yet live to a serene old age; now it is simply impossible. True, the traffic in ardent spirits has enormously increased, but so has the population. True, people yet drink to excess, but they do not do it with impunity. (Circumstances have altered cases, and two-thirds of the present terrible effects flowing from intemperance are due to the changed physiological conditions of the human race, and especially in this country, where people are strung up to a tension that will no more allow a free use of strong drinks than a barn full of straw will permit the introduction of fire.—*Newark Advertiser*.)

REMEDIAL INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION.—Sir Humphrey Davy was once tempted into playing an amusing practical joke by way of testing the curative power of the imagination. When the properties of nitrous oxide was discovered, Dr. Beddoes, jumping to the conclusion that it must be a specific for paralysis, chose a subject upon which to try it, and Sir Humphrey consented to administer the gas. Before doing so, Davy, desiring to note the degree of animal temperature, placed a small thermometer under the paralytic's tongue. Thanks to Dr. Beddoes, the poor fellow felt sure of being cured by the new process, although utterly in the dark as to the nature of it. Fancying that the thermometer was the magical instrument which was to make a new man of him, he no sooner felt it under his tongue than he declared that it acted like a charm throughout his body. Sir Humphrey wickedly accepted the cue, and day after day for a fortnight went through the same simple ceremony, when he was able conscientiously to pronounce the patient cured.

M. Volcicelli, a Roman physician, played a similar trick upon some of his hospital patients, who were greatly affected whenever powerful magnets were brought near them. Placing under exactly the same conditions to all appearance, but taking particular care to exclude magnetic influence, he found that every one of them was disturbed in the same degree as when the magnets were actually employed."

HIGH HEELS AND WEAK EYES.—The small high heels set forward under the hollow of the foot are really instruments of torture which would compare well with some of the contrivances of the Roman Inquisition. Scarcely a day passes that we do not have occasion to trace to this abuse of a sensitive part of the body some pain or weakness in other

parts. According to a Boston journal, an oculist in that city has lately discovered that French heels are a cause of weakness and disease of the eyes. A young lady went to him one day "with a trouble with her eyes that threatened frightful results. She was already in a state where reading was out of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. The foot in its kid boot with a wicked little high heel was thrust forth. The doctor eyed it a moment with stolid face. 'Go home,' he said, 'and take off those heels; keep them off for a month, and then come to me again and we'll see how the eyes are!' In a month the eyes were well, and the young lady learned by her experience and a little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It serves to show that there is the possibility that with that instrument of torture constantly at work in the centre of the foot, where so many delicate nerves and tendons lie that so intimately connect with all the other delicate nerves of the body, there must presently come some disarrangement and disease that may work fatal mischief with the health.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in the *Herald of Health*, recommends the carrying of a weight on the head as a remedy for a crooked spine, a girl beginning with ten pounds and gradually increasing to fifty pounds, carrying it from ten to thirty minutes in the morning and about the same time before going to bed at night. The head must be kept erect, the chin close to the neck, the clothing worn loosely about the chest and waist, and in a few weeks improvement will begin. The same practice is elsewhere recommended as beneficial, in illustration of which the exquisite forms and gracefulness and erect bearing of Hindoo girls and those in the south of Europe, who from early years are in the habit of carrying vessels of water, and other burdens, on the head. Such exercise strengthens the muscles of the back and throws the chest forward.

REMEDY FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The medicine is red Peruvian bark (*chinchona*) called by druggists "quill bark," because it comes from twigs about the size of a quill. A pound of this bark is reduced to powder and soaked in a pint of diluted alcohol. It is then drained and evaporated to a half pint, so that it is in fact a pound to a half pint. The drunken man is given a teaspoonful of the medicine every three hours, and his tongue is occasionally moistened between doses, during the first and second days. The third day the dose is gradually reduced to half-spoonful, and then to a quarter-spoonful, and gradually down to fifteen, ten and five drops. The medicine is continued from a period of from five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases, to thirty days; seven days is about the average. It has cured 2,000 cases of the worst forms of intemperance, men "debauched by liquor for years, used up, demented, loathsome sots," and in ten days, as a rule, it makes sober, respectable men of them, with aversion to liquor in any form.

EXCELLENT GLYCERINE OINTMENT.—A very good preparation of glycerine to have always on hand, can be readily prepared by any apothecary or druggist. In two ounces of sweet oil of almonds melt, by a slow heat, half an ounce of spermacetti, and one drachm of white wax. Then add one ounce of good glycerine, stirring until cold. When cold, scent it by stirring in well a little oil of roses. Keep in small jars or small wide-necked bottles. In hot weather keep closely corked, as it sometimes gets a little rancid if long exposed to warmth. Half or a fourth of the above quantities may be used. Every drug store should keep a jar of it, and recommend its use. It is excellent for softening the skin, for most injured skin surfaces that are not open sores; for chafed places, for moistening corns or callused feet or toes, and especially for chapped face, lips, or hands. When the hands are chapped or cracked, or roughened by cold, wash them clean with soap, and rub them well with this glycerine ointment, wiping it off enough to prevent soiling clothing. If this is done at night, the hands will be soft and in good condition in the morning, except when deeply cracked. It is very good to apply to the hands after "washing day." This is an excellent preparation to use by those afflicted with the distressing trouble known as hemorrhoids or piles.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HUNTER'S BEEF.—To a round of beef of 25 lbs., take $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. saltpetre, 5 oz. of brown sugar, 1 oz. of black pepper, 1 oz. of Jamaica peppers, 1 oz. cloves, 2 nutmegs, 3 handfuls of common salt, all finely powdered. The beef should hang two or three days, and then rub the ingredients well into the beef, let it remain in the same pickle three weeks, basting and turning every day. Before cooking, dip in cold water, put in a pan large enough to cover it, and put shred suet with half a pint water; also put suet on the top, cover the beef with a paste, and over that put brown paper, and tie close. Bake it five hours.

BAKED FISH.—Clean, rinse, and wipe dry a white fish, or any fish weighing three or four pounds, rub the fish inside and out with salt and pepper, with a stuffing made like that for poultry, but drier; sew it up put in a hot pan, with some drippings and a lump of butter; dredge with flour, and lay over the fish a few thin slices of salt pork or bits of butter, and bake an hour and a half, basting occasionally.

BROILED WHITE FISH.—Clean, split down the back, and let stand in salted water for several hours; wipe dry, and place on a well-greased gridiron over hot coals, sprinkling with salt and pepper. Put flesh side down at first, and when nicely browned, turn carefully on the other. Cook for twenty or thirty minutes, or until nicely browned on both sides.

BROOK TROUT.—Wash and drain in a colander a few minutes, split nearly to the tail, flour nicely, salt, and put in pan, which should be hot but not burning; throw in a little salt to prevent sticking, and do not turn until brown enough for the table. Trout are nice fried with slices of salt pork.

SCOTCH POTATO SCONES.—Rub one pound of cold boiled potatoes through a sieve, put them on the baking-board, and scatter over them several ounces of flour; work first with the rolling-pin into a paste, then a little with the hand until smooth; strew flour heavily on the board and over the paste, which roll about the thickness of half a crown, and cut into shapes. Lay the scones on a hot stove; when a little brown on one side, turn and finish on the other. Serve hot in a napkin.—*Every-Day Meals.*

LEIBER'S COLD SOUP.—Take eight ozs. of fine minced raw beef, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of cold water, 10 drops of strong muriatic acid and a little salt. Mix in an earthen vessel, let it stand one or two hours, stirring occasionally and strain. This soup will not keep long in a warm place. It is used cold, a little and often. It is a most valuable nourishment for infants or adults, and is often retained on the stomach, when nothing else will be.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Take one-half bushel of tomatoes, boil them until tender, squeeze them through a colander, add one quart of vinegar, and make it pretty salt; add 1 oz. cloves, 1 oz. allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. pepper, 2 doz. small onions, chopped fine, or garlic instead; boil two hours, or till reduced one-half. When cold bottle, and seal the corks.

PICKLED ARTICHOKEs.—Boil your artichokes in strong salt and water for two or three minutes, lay them on a hair sieve to drain, and when they are cold, put them into narrow topped jars. Take as much white wine vinegar as will cover the artichokes, and boil it, putting in a blade or two of mace, a few slices of root ginger, and a nutmeg, sliced thin. Pour it on hot, seal well, and put away for use.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Take six pounds of peaches to three of sugar, and one quart of vinegar, put a clove in one end of each peach and bit of cinnamon in the other.

QUAKER OMELET.—A Quaker omelet is a handsome and sure dish when care is taken in the preparation. Three eggs, half a cup of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter; put the omelet pan, and a cover that will fit close on, to heat; beat the yolks of the eggs, the corn-starch, and the salt very

well together; beat the whites to a stiff froth, add to the well-beaten yolks and corn-starch; stir all together very thoroughly, then add the milk; now put the butter in the hot pan, and when melted pour in the mixture, cover and place on the stove, where it will brown but not burn; cook about seven minutes, fold, turn on a hot dish, and serve with the cream sauce poured around it. If the yolks and corn-starch are thoroughly beaten, and when the stiff whites are added they are well mixed, and the pan and cover are very hot, there can be no failure.

DELICIOUS LEMON PIE.—Grate the yellow rind of the lemon, and squeeze out the juice; beat the yolks of eight eggs with sixteen tablespoonfuls of sugar and four of butter; add half a teacupful of sweet milk and the whites of four eggs beaten stiff; add the lemon and bake in a rich crust; beat the remaining four whites with two spoonfuls of sugar and some grated nutmeg. When the pies are done spread this over the top and brown lightly.

SODA CAKE.—Take one pound of flour, six ounces of butter or dripping, six ounces of sugar, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and add one or two eggs, with half a pound of currants or caraway seeds; mix the soda thoroughly with the flour, rub in the butter, and beat the whole with a wooden spoon for twenty minutes, before putting into a well-greased cake-tin. Bake for a full hour and a half.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three-quarter lb. sugar, and three cups of water, boiled together. Five eggs, beaten apart and then together, then add the sugar and the water (beating all the time) to the eggs, one-half pound flour, sifted into this, and any flavoring you like.

RASPBERRY ACID.—Six oz. tartaric acid, 4 quarts raspberries, 2 quarts water, let it stand 4 hours; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. loaf sugar to each pint of juice, stir until dissolved; let it stand some days, until free from all fermentation; strain and bottle, but do not cork for some days. A little of this in cold water makes a pleasant acid drink.

LEMON SYRUP.—Take the juice of twelve lemons, grate the rind of six in it, let it stand over night, then take six pounds of white sugar and make a thick syrup; when it is quite cool strain the juice into it and squeeze as much oil from the grated rind as will suit the taste; a tablespoonful in a goblet of water will make a delicious drink on a hot day, far superior to that prepared from the stuff commonly sold as lemon syrup.

ARROW ROOT FOR SICK PEOPLE.—The following I often use for my patients:—I take a dessert spoonful of arrow root, add a tablespoonful of milk; wet and rub it smooth. To this I add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Heat a half-pint of good rich milk and bring it just up to the boil. Then, when it boils, stir in carefully the arrow root and sugar. Allow it to boil three minutes, and give either warm or cold.—*Hospital Nurse.*

HOW TO MAKE BARLEY WATER.—Take two or three tablespoonfuls of pearl barley; wash well; boil a few minutes, and throw the water away; then add two quarts of boiling water, and slowly boil for two or three hours. If it gets too thick add boiling water. Before using, salt to taste, with sugar or without. I always take it with salt alone.

TO KEEP CREAM SWEET.—Add a little white sugar to your cream, and then heat it slowly, and it will keep a long time.

TO CLEAN BLACK CASHMERE.—Place the dress or goods in strong borax water, made luke-warm; let it remain in soak all night, then take out and hang on line to drip, and when nearly dry press off. Do not rinse or wring.—*L. E. E.*

TO RENOVATE A BLACK CUP HAT.—Add to one pint cold water a teaspoonful spirits of ammonia; use with a soft tooth or nail brush; when clean rinse with cold water and place in sun to dry. Do not soak or scrub sufficiently to destroy the shape. It will look as good as new.—*Aunt Sarah of Hoboken.*

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

THE DE'IL AND THE LAWYERS.

The de'il came up to the earth one day,
And into the court he weuded his way,
Just as the attorney, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the points in a case.

Now a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For in his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very anxious the reason to know
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his majesty thought,
That none of these lawyers had ever been caught;
And for his own pleasure he felt a desire
To come to the earth and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose, with a visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a consummate knave;
And Satan felt considerably amused,
To hear the attorney so badly abused.

But as soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing him fiercely arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first
That made him a villain of all men the worst.

Thus they quarrelled, contended and argued so long,
'Twas hard to determine which of them was wrong;
And concluding he'd heard enough of the fuss,
Old Nick turned away, and soliloquized thus:

"They've puzzled the courts with their villainous cavil,
And, I'm free to confess they've puzzled the de'il,
My agents were right to let lawyers alone,—
If I had them they'd swindle me out of my throne."

Drunkenness places man as much below the level of the
brutes as reason elevates him above them.

Notwithstanding all the modern improvements of hus-
bandry, the matrimonial harvest is still gathered with the
cradle and thrashed by hand.

The Leadville Chronicle tells of a man who escaped with
his life from the Indians. The man who escaped without
his life hasn't yet been reported.—*Boston Post*.

Out of fifty strictly honest men, only twenty-two will
return a borrowed book, and only three will bring your um-
brella home.

Mistress "Bridget, didn't you hear me call?" Bridget:
"Yis, mum; but ye towld me niver to answer ye back—and
I didn't."

An Iowa husband furnished his wife \$50 to buy a silk
dress, but instead of so doing she put the money in the bank,
let it remain there eighteen years, added to it whenever she
could, and the other day paid off a mortgage on the farm.

"Why will people 'put an enemy in their mouths to
steal their brains away?'" Perhaps for revenge, in inducing
the enemy to hunt for something that can't be found.

A wag who had lent a minister a horse that had run
away and thrown the clergyman, claimed credit for spreading
the gospel.

There's a love of beasts and a love of birds,
And a love of the love-god's wiles
But a love that knocks a pocket-book thin
Is a love of the latest styles.

"SAFE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"—*Artist*—"O, so you think
the background is beastly. do you? Perhaps the cattle are
beastly, too, though I flatter myself—" *Friendly Critic*—"O,
no, my dear fellow! That's just what they are not!"

"Pull on this rope and you will find me" is the carefully
written direction left by a Pennsylvania man who drowned
himself. Such men should be discouraged, for few suicides
appear to care how much trouble and expense relatives are
put to in hunting them up.

ONE FOR THE DOCTORS.—The *American Medical Bi-Weekly*
says that the following *bon mot* is of French origin: "A lady
in delicate health asks a cynical friend whether she shall
consult an allopathic or a homeopathic practitioner. 'It
matters but little,' is the reply; 'the first will kill you, the
second will let you die.'"

OUT OF THE SHELL.—A capital anecdote is told of a little
fellow who in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came
across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of
their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully,
and then with a grave, sagacious look at me, slowly remarked,
'They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.'"

HER COMPLAINT.—A Yankee physician was lecturing lately
on the ignorance of people of their own complaints, and said
that a young lady once asked him what his next lecture
would be upon, and being told "the circulation of the blood,"
replied that she should certainly attend, for she had been
troubled with the complaint for a long time.

JUVENILE PARTIES.—*Lady*—"A pretty sight, isn't it, doc-
tor? I don't see any of your little ones here. I hope you
don't disapprove of juvenile parties?" *Mr. Littlelums* (fa-
mous for his diagnosis of infantile disease)—"I, may dear
madam! On the contrary, I live by them!"

Mistress: "Come, Bridget, how much longer are you go-
ing to be about filling that pepper-box?" Bridget (a fresh
importation from where they don't use pepper-casters):
"Shure, ma'am, and it's meeself can't say how long it'll be
takin' me to git all this stuff in the thing through the little
holes in the top."

A wealthy manufacturer of Connecticut having built an
elegant mansion, and wishing to take a second wife, said to
the architect, "Which agrees best with brick and brown
stone—a brunette or a blonde?"

PET NAMES.—The editor of the Wisconsin Banner says:
"Wednesday's mail brought to us a letter addressed 'Rev,'
another the 'Hon.,' another 'Col.,' one 'Mr.,' and the last
'Esq.' On the way to dinner we accidentally stepped on a
woman's trail, and she addressed us thus: 'You brute.'"

"Every man," said Mark Lemon, one evening at his club,
"has his peculiarities, though I think I am as free from them
as most men; at any rate, I don't know what they are." No-
body contradicted the editor of Panch, but after a while
Albert Smith asked, "Which hand do you shave with, uncle?"
"With my right hand," replied Lemon. "Ah," returned the
other, "that's your peculiarity; most people shave with a
razor."

She wept, the poor laundress, on returning five shirts,
where her patron had intrusted her with six, and confessed
that she had burned a big hole in the sixth while ironing.

"Never mind," says, kindly, her customer; "Christmas
comes but once a year, and that'll be all right. How much
do I owe you?" "Six shirts at 12½ cents each—75 cents."
"But, I say, you burned one of 'em up." "Well, suppose I
did. Hadn't I washed it before I burned it? Go along wid
ye, trying to chate a poor dissolute widow."

SECOND THOUGHTS.—*Candidate*.—"How many cabs and
conveyances do you say there are in the town, Smithers;
and how much do they ask for election day?" *Steward*.—
"About five hundred, Sir Henry. They want five pounds
each for the day, and they've nearly all of 'em votes." *Sir
Henry*.—"Hum—hum (does mental sum). Bless my soul!
that's two thousand five hundred pounds! Do you know,
Smithers, I begin to have vey gwave doubts whether I'm a
'fit an' proper person' to wepresent this bowough!"—*Lon-
don Panch*.

There was a young fellow named Knox,
Who concluded to gamble in stock ;
And in twenty-four hours
He swore, " By the powers,
I'm glad to escape with my socks !"

A QUACK'S SUCCESS.—A medical writer tells this story of a celebrated English quack : He was once visited by an old acquaintance from the country, who addressed him as "Zam."

"I'm glad to see thee'st got on so finely, Zam," said the rustic, "but how is't man?" Thee know'st thee never had no more brains nor a pumpkin."

Taking him to a window, the quack bade him count the passers-by. "How many have passed?" asked the quack, after a few minutes.

"Nointy, or mayhap a hundred."

"And how many wise men do you suppose were among this hundred?"

"Mayhap one."

"Well, all the rest are mine."

Mr. C. was pastor of a Baptist church in a certain town in one of the Western States: He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired, he received the appointment of chaplain at the State Prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words, "I go to prepare a place for you—that where I am, there ye may be also."

COURT FUN.—The Criminal Law Magazine says: A long-winded lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and during the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in his sentence." This reminds us of an incident in our Supreme Court. The late Mitchell Sanford was arguing a cause, and the late learned Judge Gould was presiding. The judge had interrupted the counsel a good deal, and talked considerably, and when he reminded the counsel that "his hour was up," the latter said, "Well, your Honor ought to give half an hour more, for you have talked half the time since I have been on my feet." The same learned judge once fell into the ferry-way at Albany, and, although unable to swim, had the presence of mind to turn on his back and float until he was rescued. In narrating the circumstance to a Troy lawyer, he said, "It was easy enough; all I had to do was to keep on my back with my mouth shut for three minutes." The lawyer exclaimed, "Judge, how did you manage to keep your mouth shut so long?"—*Albany Law Journal*.

WHAT STOPPED HIM.—Some weeks since, while a party of Detroit surveyors were running a railroad line down in Indiana the survey carried them across a cemetery. In the course of the survey a small stake was driven into a grave, and before it was removed and carried ahead, a lathy, long-legged Hoosier overhauled the men, peeled off his coat, and danced around as he yelled out,

"Show me the man who dared drive that stake in that grave?"

"We are going to remove it," quietly replied one of the party.

"I don't care if you are—show me the man?"

"Well, I'm the man, and what are you going to do about it?" said the big man of the lot, as he stepped out.

"Didn't you know that was my wife's grave?" asked the Hoosier, with a considerable fall to his voice.

"No sir."

"Well it is, sir—my first wife's grave."

"And what of that?"

"What of that? Why—why, sir, if I hadn't married a second one about a month ago, and kinder forgot my grief, I'd take that stake and pin you to the fence with it! It's lucky for you fellers—mighty lucky for you, that I don't feel half as bad as I did!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for the Family Circle.

THE LAKES OF MUSKOKA.

'Tis morning in these far-off lakes,
As gloriously the bright orb breaks,
And shines amid these islets green,
In all his majesty serene;
Enrapturing eye and heart intent,
On the still beauties, which are sent
By gentle breezes balmy air,—
An antidote for every care.

On rising from our camp's low bed
The green and mossy path we tread,
Until at length we reach the lake,
And on its shores our station take;
O'erviewing all the sunlit scene,
The gold-fleeced clouds, the foliage green,
The deep dark waters that reflect,
The noble rocks which stand erect.

While gazing on the scene so fair,
No boding fears its joys impair,
No anxious musing finds a place,
'Midst many thoughts which quickly race,
Through mind, enticed by nature's charms,
Led captive by a feat of arms,
Unknown in annals great of war,
And reasoned out by no stiff law.

And though some pleasures quickly pall,
And great delights oft-times grow small,
Yet, as the spot we slowly leave,
A gentle sigh perchance we heave,
And, dreamily, in musings bright,
Would never banish from our sight
The charms of nature, bright and fair,
And heightened by the sweet pure air.

A. M. M.

THE MAJOR'S CIGAR.

"How are you, Quartermaster?"

"Well, Major, is that you? How are you?"

We met at a railway junction, and if he had not spoken first, I should not have recognized my Virginia comrade of '64. It was not merely the disguise of a silken hat, and shaven cheek, but—as I told him after we had chatted a little about each other's ups and downs since the war—I was sure this was the first time I ever saw him away from the table without a cigar in his mouth."

"Haven't smoked for five years," was his reply. "I'm down on tobacco as thoroughly as you ever were."

"Good! Tell me all about it."

We locked arms, and sauntered up and down the platform. Dropping the dialogue, this was, in substance, his story:—

"It was n't a sudden conversion. I never was quite easy in my mind over it, when you used to banter me about it, as I pretended to be. I intended, all the time, to taper off when I got home from the army, and not smoke so much. And I did—smoked less in three weeks than I used to in one. But one summer I went off on some business for our company, which kept me up in the mountains, among the charcoal burners, three days longer than I expected. I got out of cigars, and couldn't get any for love or money. In forty-eight hours I was more uncomfortable and unstrung than I ever was before in all my life. I actually borrowed an old Irishman's filthy clay pipe, and tried to smoke it. I thought of that miserable summer we spent crawling about the trenches in Virginia, and I wished I was there again, with a cigar in my mouth. Then I began to realize what a shameful bondage I was in to a mere self-indulgence. I, a fellow who secretly prided himself on his self-control, nerve, and manliness,—who never flinched at hard fare or rough weather,—a downright slave to a bad habit; unnerved and actually unfit for business for lack of a cigar. It made me angry at myself: I despised myself for my pusillanimity.

"Going into the matter a little further, I found that the

money I had spent for cigars in a dozen years would have paid for my house and furnished it—would have met all the bills for my wife's little summer trip to Europe, which has been her one air castle so long. I saw that I had actually smoked away more money than I had laid out for our library, our periodicals, and our intellectual culture generally. Cigars had cost me nearly twice as much as I had given to church work, missions, and charity. My conscience rose up at the record. I knew I could not plead any equivalent for the outlay; it had not fed me; it had not strengthened me; it had simply drugged me. Every cigar had made the next cigar a little more necessary to my comfort. To use the mildest word, it had been a *useless* expenditure.

My detention up their in the mountains was calculated to open my eyes to my domestic short-comings, and I saw, as I never saw before, how selfishly unsocial tobacco had made me at home. I smoked before I was married, and my wife never entered any protest against my cigars afterward. But our first baby was a nervous child, and the doctor told me it would not do for it to breathe tobacco smoke. So I got in the way of shutting myself up in the library of evenings, and after every meal, to enjoy my cigars. As I look at it now, nothing is more absurd than to call it a social habit. It's a poor pretence of sociability, where a man is simply intent on his own enjoyment. My wife owns up to it now, that my tobacco-tainted breath and tobacco-saturated clothing were always more or less a trial to her. The satisfaction it has given her to be rid of a tobacco atmosphere, and the thought of my contemptibly selfish indifference to her comfort all these years, have humbled me, I tell you. And I would n't exchange my own daily satisfaction nowadays in being a *cleaner* man—inside and outside—for the delight that anybody gets out of his cigars.

"I didn't need to go outside of my own doors to find reasons enough for giving up the habit; but I think I found still stronger ones, after all, when I went away from home. The more I thought about the harm tobacco does in the community at large, the more sure I felt that it was time for me to stop giving it the moral support of my example. I know I smoked too much, and that my nervous system is the worse for it; and I think the people who are likely to be hurt the most by it are just the ones who are most likely to smoke excessively. And then, I've noticed that the medical men who stand up for tobacco, are always men who use it, and are liable to the suspicion of straining a point in justification of their own self-indulgence.

"On one point, though, I believe the authorities agree. No one denies it is a damaging indulgence for boys. It means a good deal when smoking is forbidden to the pupils in the polytechnic schools in Paris, and the military schools in Germany, purely on hygienic grounds. The governments of these smoking nations are not likely to be notional on that matter. But the use of tobacco by our American boys and men is excessive and alarming. We ought to save our rising generation for better work than they can do if tobacco saps the strength of their growing years, and makes the descent easier, as no doubt it often does, to worse vices. I don't know how to forgive myself for the temptation I set before my sabbath-school class of bright boys, year after year, by my smoking habits. I always hoped that they didn't know I smoked, but of course they did.

"It isn't in the family, either, that the selfishness of the habit is most apparent. I don't believe, other things being equal, there is any other class of men who show such a disregard in public for other people's comfort as tobacco-users do. I don't mean the chowers who spit in country churches, and leave their filthy puddles on car floors; they're hogs. A man would be considered a rowdy or a boor who should willfully spatter mud on the clothing of a lady as she passed him on the sidewalk. But a lady to whom tobacco fumes are more offensive than mud, can hardly walk the streets in these days, but that men who call themselves gentlemen—and who are gentlemen in most other respects—blow their cigar smoke into her face at almost every step. Smokers drive non-smokers out of the gentlemen's cabins on the ferry boats, and the gentlemen's waiting rooms in railway stations, monopolizing these rooms as coolly as if they only had rights in them. I can't explain such phenomena except on the theory that tobacco befogs the moral sense, and makes men specially selfish. Take the people of Germany, for instance.

No other western people are such smokers, and no other so boorish in their behaviour—especially toward women. I don't insist that one fact explains the other; but I have my suspicions."

The Major's train pulled in just then, and as he took my hand to say good-by, its smoking-car drew his parting shot: "See there! Did you ever reflect how the tobacco habit levies its taxes on everybody? The railway company furnishes an extra seat to every smoker, which in the nature of the case, must be paid for by an extra charge on the tickets of all the passengers. What a rumpus it would raise, if the legislature should attempt to furnish luxuries to any special class, at public cost, in this way. How we'd vote 'em down! I vote against *this* thing by throwing away my cigar!"—*S. S. Times*.

A FISH STORY.—He came down to breakfast one morning, and in a moment it was seen that a cloud was on his brow. There sat the lady-like wife waiting for him; and the table fairly groaned, not with plated silver, but with solid material. The cloth was white as snow; the family were seated around in pleasant expectancy; everything smoking hot, and not an article there but even a pampered appetite could revel on. But the man's favorite dish was not there. Closer he came to the table, and with the inquiry, "Did you know that I wanted a shad for breakfast?" he raised his foot and overturned the whole table on the floor.

"It was at the fire being kept warm for you," replied his noble wife, in her quiet, lady-like and conquering way.

In an instant the haughty husband comprehended the situation; the next he was on his knees exclaiming, "Dear wife, you are nothing less than angel-born."

Not a great while after that he died. His will was opened; his wife was executrix; he left her all he had—\$2,000,000.

BOYS OUT AFTER NIGHT-FALL.—"Is not this a serious evil which would commend itself for correction to parents and guardians?" asks a correspondent, who has long been an observer, and is a sympathizing lover of boys, who likes to see them happy, cheerful and gleesome, and is not willing that they should be cheated out of their share of the pleasures of youth. Really, it is difficult to understand how a high-toned, useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges of youth. But while a friend of the youth watches with a jealous eye all customs which entrench upon their rights and privileges, he is equally fearful lest parents permit their sons' indulgences which ruin their morals in almost all instances; and he knows of none more dangerous than that of allowing sons to be in the streets after night-fall. There they will learn many evil practices, such as theft, drunkenness, and profanity. They acquire, under cover of night, an unhealthy and excited state of mind, bad practices, and criminal sentiments, which it will take years of the most judicious training to eradicate. Indeed it is in the street after nightfall that boys principally acquire the education that fits them, in after years, for becoming dissolute, criminal men, and makes them fit subjects for the penitentiary. Parents should adopt an inflexible rule never to permit their sons, under any circumstances, to go into the street after night-fall, to engage in out-door sports, or to meet other boys for the purpose of hanging around groceries and saloons; but rather let them have some innocent amusement in-doors, with plenty of juvenile books and papers. Many a young man has been ruined in health, business and character, who can trace the commencement of his ruin to the evenings spent in the street.

Mrs. Scott Siddons says she went on the stage at sixteen without a lesson, and has never had any dramatic teaching other than that of experience. She played "Portia" the first time she was ever on the stage, and that with only a week's notice, and but one rehearsal. She hadn't the least instruction about gestures, nobody said a word to her about the stage business.

The Germans, who for the last decade have devoted great attention to horse and cattle breeding, propose to hold an international agricultural show, especially of live stock, at Hamilton, in 1882. The last one at the same place in 1863 was very successful.

Working Children.

"I don't think I ought to work, mother, when I go to school;" said a bright-eyed little girl of thirteen, as she stood on the brick floor of the dairy, tingeing the shining milk pans with the rose tints of her fresh calico dress.

"I only ask an hour a day, Mary. I get very tired with both house and farm work, and I cannot get help, you know," said the weary mother in a sad tone.

"But children never work, mother," said Mary pettishly.

Mary's mother said no more, but went on scalding milk-pails and pans and turning them up in the sunshine. The little girl took her crocheting and sat down on the cool porch.

If Mary's mother had no word for her, we have; and for every other girl, or boy, who "rests" while a weary mother toils.

"Children never work." Alas, little Mary, you and all little folks, whose pink dresses and polished skirts come shining from the hand of a mother, little know what some children do in the world.

If such heartless young folks could go to the coal mines and cotton factories of England, they would see children not up to their waists, harnessed into carts drawing loads like cattle, or standing from day-break till night-fall at looms, till their backs are bowed, and their limbs bent like old men and women, and all this for the privilege of starving in work, rather than out of it.

How we wish the little grumblers had to go over the sea to learn that some children have to work hard, and under stern masters. But alas, they need not go out of our own State to see factory children fainting at their toil and oppressed by task masters, till the Legislature comes to the rescue, and limits the hours of work and demands for them a certain amount of schooling.

This hard working of children is not always the fault of the mill manager. Parents, pressed by poverty, or laziness, which is too often the parent of poverty, sue for work for their children, and sacrifice their health for their own present gain or ease. What, compared to this, is a little help given a smiling mother in a cheerful home?

It is a rare thing to see a child overworked at home, the over-indulgent mother in moderate circumstances, too often wears her own life out that her children may enjoy the ease that they do not need.

We have heard of boys, and to their shame be it said, who allow their mother to draw water, split wood, make fires, and to do many other things which are really boys' work, while they play croquet, go fishing, ride horseback, or blow their breath through fifes and flutes.

We have heard of girls who let their mother do all the washing, ironing, and other housework, while they embroider sofa pillows, or drum on the piano.

Have such children any hearts?

Remember and pity the children who do "work," and relieve these loving mothers before they are worn out serving you.—*The Watchman*.

FOLLOWING ADVICE.—There is one point to which I would like to call the attention of teetotalers. I find a good many people who say to me, I was a teetotaler for many years; but I became rather unwell, and the doctor said that I must take a glass of wine daily for some time. I broke my teetotalism then, and I have not been teetotal since. To such people I say, "You did not break your pledge by taking wine as a medicine when you were ill; but you broke your pledge by continuing the medicine after the sickness had left you. Some forty years ago I had a severe attack of typhus fever; the doctor ordered wine, and I drank I know not how much to keep the system from sinking. To subdue the inflammation the doctor also shaved my head, and applied a blister. Through the blessing of God on the means employed I completely recovered my former state of health, and as soon as I was well again, I discontinued both the wine and the blister. Had I continued the wine to this day, many people would have thought that I had done quite right; whereas had I continued to shave my head and wear a blister for these forty years, every one would have set me down as mad. I have reason to believe, however, that the blister did me more good than the wine, and our medicinal grounds had the best claim for being continued; but a word is enough to the wise, and you all understand my meaning."—*Rev. John Miles*.

THE FOUR FRIENDS.—In 1853 four gentlemen entered their sons at a boarding-school at Cokesbury, S. C. They had been for years intimate friends and clergymen in the Methodist Church. These boys remained at this school, room-mates and class-mates for two years, and entered Wofford College, standing relatively first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They remained at the institution four years, were room-mates all the time, graduating relatively first, second, third and fourth. They then entered a law office at Spartanburg, and studied law under the same chancellor. The war broke out, and at the call for troops they all entered Jenkins' rifle regiment from South Carolina, and were messmates in the same company. Being near the same height, they stood together as comrades in battle in this regiment.

At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1864, a shell from the enemy's battery fell into the ranks of the company, killed these four boys and none other in the company. They are buried on the battlefield, and sleep together in the same grave. Their names were Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and they were the sons of Bishop Capers, Rev. Drs. McSwain and Smith of South Carolina, and Rev. Mr. Duncan of Virginia, the last being a brother of Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Randolph Macon College.

The grave is marked by a granite cross, and enclosed with an iron railing.

WHITEWASHED BABIES.—A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party argued their superior rank; another obtained possession of the whitewash brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made, and in a week, not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment, but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened, and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.—*Chambers' Journal*.

KISSING IN PARIS.—At a party of young people in Paris conversation happened to turn on the subject of kissing, and the question was propounded who of the young men present could boast of having given or being able to give "his girl" the most kisses. Various were the replies this question called out. Finally a young man and the girl to whom he was betrothed bet two hundred francs that they could kiss ten thousand times in ten hours, provided they would be allowed to take an occasional glass of wine "between." Two persons were appointed a committee to count the number of kisses, and the work began. During the first hour they counted two thousand kisses. During the second hour the kisses were not nearly so numerous, for the committee only counted one thousand. After the third hour, during which they managed to score but seven hundred and fifty, further operations were brought to a sudden standstill. The lips of the young man were seized with cramp, and he was carried off in a fainting condition. The girl, a few days later, was stricken with brain fever. When the people who had won the bet demanded their money, the parents of the girl refused to pay her share of it. The matter was then taken to the courts; there it was decided that the bet must be paid. It is quite possible to have been too much of a good thing.

The painter Vernet related that somebody once employed him to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. But when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave."

"I understand you," returned Vernet; "I will alter it!"

He took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further back. When the gentleman next saw the painting, it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then painted out the figure and returned the picture to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers, he said, "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave."

"But we do not see the saint."

"Excuse me, gentleman," returned the possessor, "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterward further back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in the cave."

TRAINED FIRE-ENGINE HORSES.—One of the city horses that usually runs with a steamer is sick, and is not on fire duty at present. When the department left the house, Monday evening at the alarm of fire, this horse was left hitched in the stable alone. The Bates-street side door was open, and the old fire-horse broke his fastenings and in a few minutes was following the firemen. He came up with one pair of horses and found that his mate was not one of them, so he galloped down Lisbon-street until he found the span in which his old mate was paired. He quietly took his position beside the other horse and remained by his side until the team re-entered the stable. It is related of "Old Tige," a city horse, who formerly worked in the department, that while serving the Street Commissioner, on some lonely road in the suburbs, he would frequently prick up his ears and suddenly start for the city without any apparent reason. When they neared the city, the driver heard the fire alarm whistles and bells, which had reached the horse's ears when not a sound came to him. It was so evident that "Old Tige" knew what he was about that he was allowed a free rein and to do as he pleased generally.

ROYALTY IN THE SICK CHAMBER.—We cull from the *Whitehall Review*: A very touching story reaches us from Canada, with the Princess Louise for the heroine. The wife of an official (whether British or Canadian it boots not here to say) was invited by Her Royal Highness to pay a visit to Government House, and a suite of apartments were placed at her disposal. Unluckily and, as it turned out, disastrously for the guest, she and her child were attacked with scarlatina of a virulent description, and the infant died. During the whole of the illness of the mother and child not a day passed without the Royal Princess paying two visits to the sick chamber. Assiduous attention is a mild expression for the affectionate demeanor displayed by her Royal Highness towards her friend, and sad as was the mother's loss, her grief was softened and soothed by the kindness and sympathy of the heroic daughter of the Queen. As long as acts like this are done by members of the Royal Family, so long will the nation feel that it is ruled by a dynasty to whom danger is an unknown attribute.

A ST. BERNARD DOG.—The only gennine specimen of the St. Bernard dog to be found in this city belongs to a lady residing on Hillhouse Avenue, and has all the propensities of his breed for wandering from home. Two or three years ago he voluntarily attached himself to Geo. I. Cummings, and, excepting in cold weather, is frequently to be seen lying on the sidewalk on Church street in front of Mr. Cummings' store. He never goes home unless sent for, although weeks may elapse, and then refuses to go unless sent by the master which he has chosen. He is remarkably honest, and although very fond of crackers, will leave one untouched if it is placed on the floor and is told that it cost money. If the fact that it is paid for and he may have it is subsequently added, the cracker disappears in an instant, and he is on the watch for a repetition of the performance.—*New Haven Palladium*.

A Georgia farmer who lives in a noted snake region kills the serpents and uses them for fertilizers, laying a snake in a furrow and then plating corn in it. As he was thus at work one day, he was heard to soliloquize, "So things go on in a constant round. These snakes produce corn; that corn produces whiskey; and then that whiskey produces snakes again."

The Haunted Piano—A Wonderful Phenomenon Accounted For.

A correspondent of the *Popular Science Monthly*, writing from Woburn, Mass., says,

"I see by your correspondence that there is some interest taken in Spiritualism. A case occurred in my experience, some fifteen years ago, which for a while made a profound impression on my mind. My home is situated about 300 feet from a large church, which has a fine organ, that we heard more or less when played upon. It was in the beginning of summer; the window being open, myself and family heard more plainly than common, as we thought at first, the organ. It went through a chord producing at times what is termed the tremolo. We soon ascertained, that these sounds did not come from the organ, but from the piano which stood in our double parlors. It went through a chord of quite a number of the lower notes, giving somewhat the sound of the organ. Being myself rather skeptical in matters pertaining to superhuman phenomena, I was touched profoundly by these manifestations. Some of the more timid neighbors declared they would not live in the house. Myself and family did not share these views. I stated to my friends that I expected to find some rational cause for this most extraordinary phenomenon. People wanted to come in droves to witness this new wonder, which I did not allow. Some Spiritualists came from Boston, ten miles, to hear for themselves, and declared it must be produced by spirits from the other world. To this I could not assent, never having believed in Spiritualism.

The Rev. Eli Fay, Unitarian, and now settled at Sheffield, England, and the Rev. Dr. J. C. Bodwell, orthodox, now dead, both able, discreet men, spent me considerable time in investigating the cause of these wonderful sounds. They examined the house throughout, including the cellar, without success. On one occasion, one of my neighbors being present, made the inquiry, "Who have played most on your piano, who are now dead?" My answer was his own wife, now dead, and the daughter of one of my near neighbors. He then replied, "Is it possible that Caroline's spirit," meaning his wife, "is there?"—when the piano seemed to go through a chord louder than ever before, and almost made the hair stand erect on our heads.

And so it continued for some days, until one evening I sat on the front stair, reading the evening paper, there being no gas burning in the house except in the hall, and my family being out. My attention was attracted to a very different sound, not musical, coming, apparently, from the piano. I stepped into the parlors; still the noise continued. I now lighted the gas in the parlours, when immediately the original harmony was renewed. It now occurred to me that the gas must produce some vibratory effect upon the strings of the piano, and therefore was the cause of these extraordinary sounds. In support of this, the sounds were heard only in the evening, which gave the whole affair additional strangeness.

This proved to be the key that unlocked the whole mystery. I soon found the piano had nothing to do with it, notwithstanding myself and friends had repeatedly listened at the piano when the cover was both open and shut, and it seemed to proceed direct from the instrument. On further investigation the sounds were traced to the gasmeter, which was in the cellar, nearly under the piano. The sound, though diffused somewhat, had seemed to be in the piano.

After a short time my family became tired of these sounds, and I had the gasmeter changed for another, and have never heard them since.

I could have made a great sensation of this matter, but did not. I have no doubt that many mysterious things have taken place which have been ascribed to some supernatural cause, when persistent, intelligent investigation would have solved the whole affair in a rational way.

A Paris paper says: A gentleman was seated before the Cafe Riche, when a young artist passed with a companion. "I will bet you," said the artist to his friend, "I will drink that gentleman's coffee, and he will thank me for doing it." "You are crazy." "You will see." "You know him then?" "Come and see the proceeding then." Very politely they approached the gentleman. "Sir," said the artist, "I am an inspector of the Board of Health. If I ask for coffee they will

give me without doubt a very good cup, for they know me. You, sir, whom they do not know, are served like the rest of the world. Will you allow me to taste your coffee?" "Certainly," said the gentleman. "This is really good. The government has great care over the people. The police cannot be too watchful over the public health." The artist drank the coffee, and having finished it said politely, "They do things properly at this cafe; this is excellent coffee." He bowed, and left the gentleman to pay for the coffee he had not had, but profoundly grateful for the care of the government.

PATIENT WORK.—Slow and patient work in writing is the kind that tells. Rapid writers are soon forgotten, but those who spend years in careful thought are immortal.

Tennyson was ten years in writing "In Memoriam." Thomas Gray was, in his day, one of the finest scholars in Great Britain, and perhaps unrivalled in Europe. Very brief is the poem to which he mainly owes his celebrity, and which will keep his memory green and fragrant as long as the English language lasts. It may be read through in five minutes, but Gray was seven years in elaborating it.

But Gray's is no solitary ease of scrupulousness in literary work. At the town of Ferrara is still treasured the ancient scraps of paper upon which Ariosto wrote one of his stanzas—the description of a tempest—in sixteen different ways before becoming satisfied with it. The stanza is one of the most celebrated among Ariosto's remains.

Petrarch surpasses this. One of his stanzas he rewrote six-and-forty times, and Tasso's manuscripts so abound in alterations that they are illegible to other people's eyes. Montesquieu once remarked to a friend concerning a particular part of his writings, "You will read it in a few hours, but I assure you that it has cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

Newton, despite his great intellect and huge stores of learning, found within himself patience to write his "Chronology" sixteen times over. Gibbon wrote out his "Antiquities" nine times, and gave twenty years toil to his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Not long ago a well-known collector of curiosities in Paris, who had devoted considerable sums of money to the gathering together of bank notes of all countries and of all values, became the possessor of a Bank of England five pound note to which an unusually strange story was attached. This note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary way of business sixty-one years ago, and its recipient, the cashier of the firm, while holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, noticed some faint red marks upon it which, on closer examination, proved to be semi-effaced words, scrawled in blood between the printed lines and upon the blank margin of the note. Extraordinary pains were taken to decipher these partly obliterated characters, and eventually the following sentences were made out: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean was promptly communicated with by the holder of the note, and he appealed to the Government of the day for assistance in his endeavor to obtain his brother's release from captivity. The prisoner, who, as it subsequently appeared, had traced the above sentence upon the note with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood, had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when his strange missive first attracted attention in the Liverpool counting house. His family and friends had long believed him dead. Eventually his brother, with the aid of the British authorities in the Mediterranean, succeeded in ransoming him from the Dey, and brought him home to England, where he did not long survive his release, his constitution having been irreparably injured by exposure, privations, and forced labour in the Dey's galleys.

An extraordinary case is reported from Hungary. A criminal was hung until pronounced by the attending physicians quite dead. As a scientific experiment, the body was then subjected to an electro-galvanic current, when, after a few hours, signs of life became apparent. The convict soon completely recovered his senses, but died the next morning from congestion of the brain.

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT.—Shajee, a Hindoo prince, who lived about the beginning of the seventeenth century, showed himself on a certain occasion almost as clever as Archimedes.

A certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money. But the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this weight really was. All the learned and clever men of the court seem to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant. At length it is said that Shajee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple, and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted along a stage, specially made for the purpose by the water-side, into a flat-bottomed boat. Then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out, and stones substituted in sufficient quantity to hold the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.

Prof. Tice's Theory of Cylones.

In reporting the results of his observations along the track of the tornado which proved so fatally destructive at Marshfield, Missouri, Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, expresses the opinion that all such whirlwinds, so called, are electrical storms, not wind storms. There was, he says, no wind attending the Marshfield tornado. Among the evidence of the electrical nature of that storm he notes the fact that it destroyed every building which had a tin roof or which had any metal of any kind in its roof. In Marshfield, it passed directly over several buildings with shingle roofs, and tore to fragments others, not more exposed, which had metal roofs. A mill, situated over a quarter of a mile away from the center of the cyclone, had its iron chimney torn out and carried a long distance, while the mill itself suffered very little damage. The cupola of the public school building at Marshfield, which had a tin roof, was wrecked, but the building, which was roofed with shingles, was not injured to any extent.

Even more conclusive and remarkable, he thinks, were the phenomena manifested in connection with trees and shrubbery. The bark was stripped from the trees and bushes not alone on those sides exposed to the force of the cyclone, but on all sides. The ends of the branches were not only denuded of their leaves and bark, but were rifted into fine fibers, so that they presented the appearance of little brooms. The active agent in such cases, he insists, was not wind, but electricity. Under its influence the sap under the bark was instantly converted into vapour or gas, expanding two thousand times in volume, and, as by an explosion, threw off the bark, shattered the trunk, and split the green twigs into fibers. That this is what took place is, he says, conclusively proved "by the fact that the dead and dry limbs and twigs were not affected, and though in immediate contact with green ones, remained intact."

General evidence of the electrical character of all tornadoes is found by Prof. Tice in the circumstance that, as a rule, they follow railroads and water courses, and either begin or expend their greatest energy upon them.

This, however, may be only a matter of topography. Rivers and railways usually follow the easiest grades, and these would naturally be followed by wind rushes taking the same general direction. It is a noticeable fact, all the same, that the cyclone which destroyed Marshfield followed the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad for a distance of 145 miles, and lapped up all the water in the ponds and rivers in its course from where it commenced in Arkansas to where it terminated in Missouri.

A Norwich botanist, amazed the other day at the rapid growth of a fungus, calculated that it had developed 10,000,000 in one day, or 110 cells in a second. Professor Gray, however, cites an instance where a century plant formed 2,000,000,000 cells in twenty-four hours, or 231,481 a second.

In Germany a deep hole was bored by the diamond rock drill, 3315 feet being attained in six months. This is not so deep as one made by the Prussian government a few years ago, which was 4183 feet deep, but took four years to bore.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road, a ragged beggar
sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow, the blackberry vines are
running.

Within, the master's desk is seen, deep-scarred by taps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats, the jack-knife's carved
initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall; the door's worn sill, be-
traying
The feet that, creeping slow to school, went storming out to
playing!

Long years ago a winter sun shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window-panes and low eaves' icy fretting.
It touched the golden, tangled curls, and brown eyes full of
grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed when all the school were
leaving.

For near her stood the little boy her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon his face where pride and shame
were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow to right and left, he
lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands the blue-checked apron fingered.
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt the soft hand's light car-
essing,

And heard the trembling of her voice, as if a fault confessing.
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word; I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—"Because, you see, I
love you!"

Still memory to a grey-haired man that sweet child-face is
showing—
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave have forty years been
growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school, how few who pass
above him
Lament their triumph and his loss, like her, because they
love him.

[Written for the Family Circle.]

KITTY LEE;

OR, THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XIII.

MERIT REWARDED.

"I should be sorry," Herman replied, "to think that the
ladies would act an assumed part, in order to engage a gen-
tleman's affections, and, after marriage, exhibit a real char-

acter less in conformity with his views and expectations; and
I would be equally unwilling to think, that I could not so
far estimate the suitability of feminine excellencies, as to
make a wise choice when it seems desirable to enter into the
matrimonial relation. The great difficulty I should antici-
pate, would be that the lady of my choice would not view
me in the same light as I would her."

"Do you not know," said Miss Annabel, "that love is
blind; and that, in nine cases out of ten, the question of
adaptability is left to be settled after marriage. After all, I
do not know that it is a question of vital importance, unless
there is decided incompatibility; for surely parties who are
tied to each other for life, would, for their own sakes, if for no
other reason, adapt themselves to each other, and try to make
their companionship as enjoyable as possible."

"There are, doubtless, instances in which, through pres-
sure of circumstances and associations, young ladies live a
kind of artificial life, at variance with their natural tastes
and sentiments; who, to the casual observation of a person
of a more serious turn of mind, would seem too frivolous for
congenial companionship, but who, in after life, when free
from the tyranny of fashion and frivolity, settle down to
sensible views of their social and moral relationships, and
become models of domestic virtue; but I think it the safer
way to look for the qualifications we prize before we take
the step which links us, for weal or woe, in the closest and
most enduring of all human relationships."

"Fudge! I have heard of philosophy in matters of this
kind before," Miss Annabel replied; "but as far as my ob-
servation goes, I have found that it has always been eventu-
ally a pure matter of sentiment, and philosophy has been
quite as blind as love is represented to be, and less reliable;
or else it has been a mere matter of convenience, of social
position, or pecuniary advantage. I admit it is a pity it is
so, yet I believe somewhat in intuitions, and do not see why
two persons might not be mutually attracted toward each
other at first sight, and at once perceive their adaptation to
each other."

"I am inclined to the opinion," said Herman, "that the
intuitions that ignore the office of reason are mere fancies,
the creations of passion or sentiment; and, while I have
nothing to say against either passion or sentiment, when held
under proper restraint, I do think that in such important
matters at least, the will should refuse its assent to any de-
cision till reason has been consulted."

"Perhaps," said Miss Annabel, "the case is different with
you men from what it is with us. Men can choose, therefore
they may deliberate; women merely consent or refuse, and
therefore they are more liable to be influenced by fancy, and
as it often happens that they have very limited means of ac-
quiring information about the private life of their suitors,
they have to depend the more upon instinct or intuition. I
think it is hardly fair to my sex that they must wait for a
suitable party to propose to them, instead of making the choice
themselves. I dare say, if it were not so, we should become
so particular that a large proportion of the other sex would
have to improve very materially, or grace the catalogue of old
bachelors."

"Your remarks, I must say, are not very complimentary to my sex."

"Those to whom they apply would scarcely appropriate them, as that class is too conceited to imagine they could apply to them."

"If it were by common consent so arranged that proposals should come from the ladies instead of the men, do you think you would be better suited than as things are at present?"

"Ah, well, I suppose I should be troubled lest, as you expressed it, the object of my choice would not entertain similar sentiments towards me."

"I presume you are not troubled with any such difficulties, you have so many suitors to choose from."

"The man I would choose has not yet manifested any preference for me," she said, glancing at Herman.

"Probably he is somewhat of my disposition," Herman replied, fearful lest his suit would not be favorably received. If he only knew of your preference for him, he would no doubt be the happiest man in the city."

"Be that as it may, social rules prohibit advances from the ladies, and, therefore, whatever may be our preferences, we must wait patiently, restraining our affections till the man of our choice asks us to love him, or else accept in his stead the least objectionable suitor."

"That may be all very true in the case of unattractive ladies in humble life, but for one of your personal attractions and social position, it scarcely applies. No gentleman of taste or sentiment could be in your presence unimpressed; and with corresponding evidence of mental and moral excellence, you have scarcely to speak and your wish is obeyed;—you have only to smile, and the object of your choice is your slave, be he whom he may."

Miss Annabel was not pleased with this speech;—at first she felt flattered, but the latter part of it led her to see, or think she saw, why her "personal attractions" had had so little effect upon Mr. Trevellyn. The doubt was as to her "mental and moral" qualifications.

"Your remarks are anything but complimentary, Mr. Trevellyn," she said. "I do not think there is much room for the development or manifestation of those qualities in the circles of fashion, and, though I would not say that you place too high an estimate upon them, I think at the same time that you should not look for a prominent exhibition of them under unfavorable circumstances. Throw any woman of ordinary refinement into a position favorable to the development of the highest class of moral sentiments, and I do not think she will in any case take a lower place than the opposite sex in her attainments in that respect."

The dinner bell now interrupted their conversation; but, as Herman led his fair companion to the dining-room, he thought of her expressions.

"After all," said he to himself, "there is some force in what she has said. Her own surroundings have not been favorable to moral development. Under favorable conditions, she might be as beautiful, in all that pertains to the heart and the mind, as she is in personal appearance, and, if so, what a treasure she would be."

Mr. Wilmot, who was in the dining-room, greeted him in his usual brusque and cordial manner,—was glad to know, through the papers, that he had completed his college course with honors,—premised he would soon take charge of his uncle's estate,—expected soon to hear that he had taken a wife to himself,—hoped when he did he would secure one that would be in every way worthy of him,—hoped to see him often, and trusted that the friendship which had always existed between his uncle and himself would be perpetuated between their successors.

While her father was thus occupying himself with Mr. Trevellyn, Miss Annabel was speculating upon the effect of her conversation with her guest, and wondering how he would feel about Kitty's mysterious disappearance in case Mr. Parnell should be successful; which she did not doubt he would be.

"We shall have a school of morals out at the Trevellyn mansion if I get to be mistress there," she said to herself; "but I think I shall give as many lessons as I take."

The shades of evening had fallen when they retired from the dining room, and the time for the evening train was close at hand, so after obtaining a promise of an early visit at his uncle's, Herman bade his entertainers good-bye, and jumped

into the open carriage, which was already in waiting for him at the door, and took his way to the station. They had only gone a couple of blocks, taking the most direct, but not the most public way, when Herman's attention was arrested by a shrill scream, coming from the direction in which they were going; then he saw, by the gas light, a covered coach approaching in the distance, and again he heard a piercing shriek, and a plaintive cry for help, which, he now felt sure, came from the coach. Something, in the tones of that cry, went to his heart, and he resolved, at any risk, to investigate the cause.

Again, as the coach came nearer, that cry for help rang out upon the air; then there was a struggle, and then again a shriek. Herman called to the driver to stop, and leaping from the carriage, caught the approaching horses by the bridle-reins, and brought them to a stand, at the same time he jerked the reins out of the driver's hands, and held them firmly, while he sprang to the coach door and opened it. As he did so, a man, who had been holding a lady in his arms, dropped his burden, and leaped into the street, on the other side of the coach. Herman's driver, who had jumped from his seat, now held the reins, while Herman raised the lady up, and let the cool night air from the open doors, fall upon her face, which, though but dimly outlined, appeared as but half-revealed, one of no ordinary beauty.

The cool night air quickly revived her; and, as she opened her eyes, Herman inquired in a kindly tone, who she was and why she was thus taken away apparently against her will.

"She is a lunatic," the coachman, who had taken the opposite side of the coach as a measure of safety, interposed; "we were taking her to the Asylum."

"Why, then, did her protector make his escape, when I opened the coach door, apparently under the impression that I was a policeman?"

"I did not know that he had gone," said the coachman, as he stepped back to a safer distance.

"Am I mistaken," said the lady; "the tones of your voice sound like those of Herman Trevellyn."

"That is my name," Herman replied; "but pray what is yours? Your voice too sounds strangely familiar."

"Kitty Lee."

"Great heavens!" Herman exclaimed; "can it be possible? How came you here?"

"Please take me home; my poor mother will be distracted. I will tell you all about it on the way?"

"Come with me," Herman said, lifting her from the coach; "I was just on my way to the station, and as there is yet time to reach it before the train leaves, that will be the quickest way to reach home."

"Take care of your horses," he said to the coachman; "but if you run across my path again, when I have leisure to attend to you, it will not be healthy for you." So saying, he lifted Kitty into the carriage, the driver mounted, and they were whirled rapidly on to the station, which they just reached in time, and in a few minutes they were hurrying on toward the village, from which Kitty had been abducted two hours before.

On the way, Kitty explained how and by whom she had been induced to enter the carriage, and how she had been subsequently treated; she did not know where they intended to take her, but she surmised, from some expressions dropped by Parnell, that they intended to shut her up somewhere, in order to force her into a marriage with Parnell, who had previously sought, unsuccessfully, to secure a marriage engagement with her. Then she narrated how he first managed to secure an acquaintance with her, and how he had come to be at last received as a friend.

"It is most remarkable," thought Herman, "that Miss Wilmot should have sent the plants as a token of friendship. I am sure she did not speak of her with the respect due to her as our guest, when they met at my uncle's. There is certainly something in it that does not appear upon the surface."

While these thoughts occupied his mind, the train drew up to the station, where he at once procured a cab and drove over to the cottage.

On arriving there, they walked in, for the door was left unfastened, and found Mrs. Lee quietly sitting in her accustomed place, and manifesting no particular concern about her daughter's safety. She simply rose, saying, "Thank God she is safe;" but she advanced with more than usual eager-

ness to receive the accustomed kiss.

"And you, Mr. Trevellyn; I am so glad to see you; I am surprised, and yet not surprised, to see you coming home with my daughter; at so late an hour; but I know you did not detain her. Please be seated, and tell me all about it."

"I am also surprised," Herman replied, "that you should take such an event with so much composure; were you not alarmed about your daughter's safety?"

"At first I was, but when I retired to my closet, and told the Lord my trouble, and called to mind the precious promises of His word, and the tokens of His love, and cast all my care upon Him, I knew then that he would take care of her, and bring her back to me in safety; so then I only waited."

"Ah, mother," said Kitty; "I fear your daughter is unworthy of you. I was so frightened I could do nothing but scream."

"And yet," said her mother, "so mysteriously are God's plans unfolded, that the very fear that led you to cry for help, was, in his providence, made the occasion of your rescue. Let us, in all times of trouble, trust him for timely aid, and thankfully receive deliverance, leaving the manner of effecting it wholly to the goodness and wisdom of God."

As Herman looked upon the fair face of Kitty, and upon the serene countenance of her mother, he could not help thinking of the marked contrast between the gentle manners, the perfect sympathy, and the sweet Christian spirit of Kitty and her mother, and the worldly unsympathetic air of the accomplished and beautiful Miss Annabel. And then, while he looked upon her sweet countenance, and gazed into the depths of those clear brown eyes, which seemed like reflections of a soul even more beautiful than the outer casement which held it, he thought that even Miss Annabel, though more attractive in social circles, would not stand criticism so well as she; and then, as the days went by, she was gradually developing in form and feature, as well as in mind and heart, into the true embodiment of the highest type of womanhood; and he then and there resolved that if he could succeed in winning her affections, he would, when the proper time arrived, propose to her to become his wife.

It was late in the evening when they parted, and with expressions of unassumed gratitude, Kitty and her mother bade him good-by, after he had promised to call upon them again and often.

The next day, Herman related to his uncle the events that had transpired, and stated his conviction, which had been gradually forcing itself upon him, that Miss Annabel's coachman could not have acted the part he had done without the knowledge of his mistress, and that the friendship she professed to feel towards Kitty could not have been genuine, as it was not in accordance with her bearing towards her, on the only occasion on which they had met, and was not followed by any further evidences of it afterward. He also expressed his decided preference for Kitty, and intimated his purpose, with his uncle's approval, of cultivating Kitty's good graces, with the ultimate view to a matrimonial relationship. He would have been glad, however, if it could have been so arranged that she could have had instructions in music, which would not only be a source of pleasure to herself and others, but would also fit her more fully for the best positions in society, which she was otherwise so well qualified to grace.

His uncle was highly pleased with the decision he had come to, as well as the confidence he had reposed in him, and authorized him to make a proposition to Kitty and her mother, which he thought would meet the case, and at the same time advised him frankly to state his feelings toward Kitty, and his views regarding a future relationship.

Accordingly, the next day, he went down to the cottage where he found Kitty employed digging up the plants that Parnell had set out.

"These," said she, "were the beginning of my trouble, and I want nothing here to remind me of the man whose perfidy sought my ruin, or of the accomplished young lady who, under the guise of friendship, took this method of introducing him," she said, looking at Herman, with a significant smile.

"I cannot say you are wrong in your suspicions," Herman replied. "There are various reasons, in my own mind, which lead me to believe that those plants were sent for the express purpose of introducing Mr. Parnell, but let us forget him, and

the lady under whose instructions he no doubt acted, and toward whom, I confess, in the past I entertained some feelings of friendly regard: I have now something more important to talk about. You doubtless recollect the first time I saw you,—how I requested the privilege of walking home with you; and insisted on carrying a portion of your burden. I was then impressed with feelings of regard toward you, more tender than I had ever felt toward any one else. During the short period since, you have developed in everything that is noble and graceful in woman, and that is admired and loved by man, and I now covet and ask the privilege of assisting to bear your burdens along the varying phases of life's pathway, promising you, in its rugged ways, the support of my arm; in its pleasant windings to gather for you the flowers springing around us, and to shield you, so far as the All-wise Disposer of events will permit, from the storms and the tempests that fall inevitably upon all in life's journey. I do not ask you to answer me now;—go tell your mother, and, after consulting her, bring me your reply."

Kitty, with blushing face and downcast eyes, but with joy in her heart, not daring to look up, went to her mother, and told her of Herman's proposal, and how happy it had made her.

"Go call him in," said Mrs. Lee.

Herman was pacing to and fro beside the cottage with an abstracted air, when Kitty came to the door, saying, "Mother wishes you to come in, please."

As he entered, Mrs. Lee beckoned him to a seat near her, and Kitty also took a seat beside her.

"Mr. Trevellyn," said she, "formality would be out of place on such an occasion as this. You have asked for the hand of my daughter. Do you know that we are poor, and that Kitty has not been educated for a place in fashionable society, and that she is yet very young?"

"I know it all, and am glad that it is so, on this account. You will know that I seek to win her for her own sake. I do not propose that we shall marry for a year or so, but it is my wish, and my uncle's too, that you should come to live with us. My aunt's health is fast declining, and she wishes to have you to talk with her, that the light of your experience may cheer her in hours of trial, and I would like Kitty to spend a short time at a select boarding school, to cultivate her taste for music, and perfect herself, as far as she can, at the same time, in other branches of education."

"Then I consent, and the more gladly, because I know that Kitty's heart has gone out toward you with an affection that has only been stunted because it has been suppressed through fear lest it should never be reciprocated. You have my consent and my blessing."

Kitty's cheeks were crimson, and her heart beat with a wild joy as Herman rose, drew her to himself, and impressed the kiss of plighted affection upon her upturned face.

"And now," said Mrs. Lee, "I have one thing more to say; we are not as poor in worldly circumstances as you have supposed us. When our absence in Wales occasioned your alarm, as to what had become of us, I was away on business. My brother Gordon, to whom my father had left his property, and who afterward went to Australia, had died while speculating in tin in Tasmania, and left his property, amounting to twenty thousand pounds, to me and my daughter. We have thus far kept it a secret, not wishing, in our unprotected position, to excite the cupidity of bad men, nor to surround ourselves with designing flatterers who would seek to enrich themselves in the name of love; so that if your uncle and aunt desire us to reside with them, I will be glad to do what little I can to cheer your aunt by administering such consolation as I have myself received."

Two years passed by. Mrs. Trevellyn had gone peacefully down into the dark valley, in the hope of a joyous resurrection, and flowers planted by the hand of affection had bloomed and faded over her last resting place. Miss Annabel, disappointed and mortified at the signal failure of her schemes, married a wealthy fop whose fortune quickly melted away on the race course and in the gambling house; while Kitty, with a diligence strengthened by the motive of worthily reciprocated love, received those touches which developed her into a woman, as near perfection as is attainable by the frail descendants of Eden's first transgressor; a woman whose surpassing beauty of person was but an embodiment of the living presence which animated it. And so, when at last, in the presence of a few friends in the drawing-room of the goodly Trevellyn mansion,

the vows were spoken, and the ceremony concluded, which united Herman Trevellyn and Kitty Lee in the bonds of holy wedlock, no handsomer or happier couple could be found in England. Life's burden was divided, and, in the years which followed, neither found it hard to bear.

THE END.

Written for the Family Circle.

FROM GLOOM TO LIGHT.

Exiled from hope, all gloomy seemed my way,
And o'er my life, despair held bitter sway :
As bending low, beneath my cross of sadness,
I sought—with aching heart—the aisles of prayer.
For oh ! it seemed the rays of joy and gladness
Could never pierce the gloom of that despair,
Which—ever growing—seemed to be
So truly "all in all" to me.

And, as I slowly paced the vaulted aisle,
That semi-cleft the grey historic pile,
The vast cathedral—bathed in golden glory—
Reflected ev'ning's carmine-tinted sky,
Athwart the chancel-window's painted story
Of One, who came as mortal man to die
In agony, on Calvary's tree,
That He, my "all in all" might be.

As the soft trilling of a wayside stream,
With gentle murmur soothes the wanderer's dream,
Thus fell the words of Him, the meek and lowly,
Borne on the preacher's accents to mine ear
Telling, how Jesu, Lord of Heaven ! Most Holy !
Is—if I only trust Him—ever near,
And over life's dark stormy sea,
A guide and "all in all" to me.

Ah ! when the waning streams of golden light
Merged in the shadows of descending night,
Sweet hope—at faith's low call—came softly stealing
From the fair mansions of the truly blest,
And, as I lay in supplication, kneeling,
Soothed all my gloomy doubts and fears to rest,
And made me truly feel that He,
My Lord, is "all in all" to me.

What cared I then, though outward shadows fell ?
For then, and since, I knew and know so well,
That all the mists of gloom and doubt which shaded
The landscape of my heart—so long o'er-cast—
Beneath the sunshine of His work, have faded
In the receding outline of the past,
When at faith's shrine I bent the knee
To Him, who's "all in all" to me.

—HEReward.

Toronto.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued).

—O—

CHAPTER II.

FAIR TO SEE.

Lights gleamed from every window in the Hallidays' stately mansion ; inside all was bustle and confusion ; servants hurrying to and fro, receiving and executing innumerable orders, and enjoying quiet little jokes among themselves. It was the birth-night of Katie Halliday, and the occasion was to be honored by a grand ball, the like of which had not been seen in Buxly for many a long year. All the neighboring families, who were on visiting terms at the Hall, were invited, and many friends from Toronto, and other places, had come down to be present at Katie's birthday ball. Very sweet the little heroine of the evening looked, as she stood before the mirror whilst her maid added the few finishing touches to her young mistress's toilet. She was a petite thing, with a pale face lighted up by a pair of magni-

ficent dark eyes, the only charm Katie possessed, if we except the dark coils of soft hair, with which she was "crowned like a queen," as her brother Paul used to say.

"That will do, Nannie ; please give me my fan and handkerchief, and then I am all ready ; there !" Giving a last look at her small, white-robed figure, and a little appreciative nod at the dusky face reflected back, she ran out of the room, and down to the library where papa was ; for, of course, papa must see and admire before any one else.

A little before ten, the guests began to arrive, and very soon the rooms were filled, and a gay, incessant buzz of talk and laughter ensued, until the dancing commenced. Neal came in just in time to claim his partner, and save his reputation for punctuality. He made his way at once to the sofa, on which Mollie was sitting, talking to a tall, distinguished looking man, who lounged beside her, with that indescribable air of polish and good-breeding that travel and contact with the world gives to a man ; and Paul Halliday had travelled much, and seen life in almost every aspect. He and Mollie had been close friends and allies in the old days before he went away to college, and afterwards to Europe. He had been home for a short visit before leaving Canada, but Mollie was absent from Buxly, and so it happened that he did not see his old playmate before setting out on his travels. These five years had sped by, and Paul came back to find the little fair-haired child a beautiful maiden, just verging towards womanhood. He had seen many beautiful women, far, far more beautiful than Mollie, but as he sat beside her to-night and watched the fair, girlish face with its frank, open expression, and tender rose-leaf flush, she seemed to him the loveliest lady he had ever looked upon. She glanced up with a smile as Neal approached.

"I have come to claim my partner : Miss Mollie, may I have the pleasure ?" With a smile and a nod to Halliday, she accepted Neal's arm, and they floated away among the swaying crowd of waltzers. The dance ended, he consigned Mollie to her mother's care, and crossed the room to speak to Katie.

"Many happy returns of the day, Miss Katie."

"Thank you ; I wonder how many times I have heard those words to-day,—more than I could count I fancy."

"That proves that you have many friends."

"Yes, I suppose so ; it is a pleasant thought that one is surrounded on every side by friends ; do you know I have not an enemy in the world that I am aware of."

"How could *you* possibly have an enemy ?" Neal asked with the old trick of tenderness in his voice ; as he looked down at the dusky, child-like face.

"What a pretty compliment," she said, with a laughing pout.

"Nay ; I did not mean it merely as a compliment ; your nature, little Katie, is too true and lovable to be at enmity with any one."

"Thank you," she replied, simply. Neal and Katie were excellent friends, and understood each other thoroughly.

"Have you seen anyone here to-night that you know ? Any one, I mean, whom you did not expect to see."

"No," he answered, looking surprised. "Who is it ?"

"Ah ! that is a secret ; but keep your eyes open, and you will soon discover her."

At this juncture, a gentleman approached to claim Katie for the next dance, and Neal was left to his own cogitations. What on earth could she mean ? Who was this mysterious friend of his ? Well, he would follow Katie's advice and keep his eyes well open ; acting upon this resolution, he made his way slowly through the crowds of gaily dressed people, keeping clear of the dancers, until he found himself in a small clear space by one of the deep bay windows ; here he took his stand, and carelessly surveyed the brilliant scene before him. He was not much of a dancer, and, like all people who do not dance, he was invariably bored when at balls and parties.

"Hallo ! old boy ; here you are, as usual, moping in a corner by yourself ; you should cultivate a taste for dancing ; no end of fun, I can assure you."

"Thanks ; but I don't go in for that sort of thing, as a rule ; I always make a point of dancing twice or three times at a ball, beyond that I rarely go."

"Ah !" answered Charley Morton, a young barrister from Toronto.

"I think I saw you dancing with that pretty Miss Stuart a few moment's ago; prettiest woman in the room, by Jove! except one."

"Indeed; and who may that 'one' be, may I enquire?"

"I say, Despard; I wish you would introduce me to Miss Stuart."

But Neal did not heed the request, in truth, he did not hear it; for his eyes were riveted upon the same object at the further end of the long ball-room—a woman—a woman fair to see! Neal's face flushed, and a pleased, eager expression flashed into his gray eyes, as they rested upon the tall, statuesque figure in its flowing draperies of shimmering white silk, the white sloping shoulders and rounded arms, against which nestled soft laces. Rich masses of gold tinted hair, coiled about a head perfect in its beauty. Large, deep, violet eyes, fringed with curling dark lashes, and—ah, well! I will not try to describe her face. It was rarely and exquisitely beautiful; a face the like of which we rarely see in this Canada of ours. For it is a fact that although our women are for the most part undeniably pretty and graceful, a really beautiful woman is seldom to be met with.

"I say, Despard, what the deuce are you staring at? Look here, old fellow, I want you to give me an intro——." But Neal was off before Charley could finish, and the latter was left to twirl his black moustache, and to wonder what the deuce was the matter with Neal.

"Queer old boy that; never could understand him," and Mr. Morton went away in search of some one who would give him the correct introduction to Mollie.

Meanwhile Despard approached, as rapidly as possible, the little group of which the centre figure was the beautiful woman with the ruddy hair and violet eyes. She looked up as he came near, and smiled, a pleased welcoming smile, and moved a step forward as she held out her hand to him.

"Sybil!"

"How are you, Neal; I am so glad to see you."

"Not more glad than I am to see you; come out on the veranda." She took his arm, and with a bright smile at the discomfited group of admirers who had surrounded her, she went with Neal to the long wide veranda which looked so deliciously cool in the clear, pale moonlight. Many pairs of eyes followed the train, as they moved down the long ball room; whilst remarks, spiteful and otherwise, were uttered, of course, as is usual in society's circles.

"They make a most distinguished looking couple, do you not think so, Mr. Stuart?" said fat, good-natured Mrs. Morris, with whom Neal was a great favorite, and whom nothing could ever convince that he was anything short of an Adonis.

"Hm! well yes, madam, they do, or rather they would, if Despard could borrow a few more inches; Miss O'Brien is slightly the taller of the two, you see, and to my mind the case should be *vice versa*."

"Ah! but Miss O'Brien is unusually tall for a woman." So having thus vindicated the partial disrespect to Neal conveyed in Mr. Stuart's speech, the good lady heaved a great sigh, and lapsed into silence.

"I cannot see what there is to make such an ado about in that Miss O'Brien; for my part I think Mollie Stuart is much the prettier of the two; Miss O'Brien is so haughty and distant in her manner, but, I suppose, we cannot much blame her for looking down on us poor Buxly folks." Miss Marjory Staunton said this with the little simper which generally came in at the end of all her remarks, and laying her fan against her cheek, looked up, coquettishly, into her partner's face.

"With all due respect to Miss Mollie Stuart's undoubted charms, I beg leave to differ from you, Miss Staunton. Miss O'Brien is splendidly beautiful, while Miss Stuart is—I must acknowledge—very pretty, but between beauty and mere prettiness there is a vast difference."

Miss Staunton shrugged her thin shoulders, and laughed disagreeably.

"Mr. Despard, at any rate, seemed struck with her splendid beauty, and she is an heiress too." This was uttered with another expressive shrug, and the usual idiotic simper.

It was with barely disguised scorn, that Major Bennet replied curtly,

"Mr. Despard and Miss O'Brien have known each other for many years, and are excellent friends."

Miss Staunton took the hint, and dropped the subject.

She was one of that class of women who, having out-lived youth and youthful charms, endeavour, by an affected girlishness and simplicity to catch the reflection of dead days, which would better have been cheerfully and decently buried long ago. Oh! how few women possess the magic secret of growing old gracefully! One can sympathize with, and forbear to censure, the quick little pang which the sight of the first gray hair causes to a woman whose youth has been pleasant to her; but, after that one little twinge, why not look the truth bravely and honestly in the face, and, placing one hand in that of departing youth, extend the other to coming age, with a smile bid farewell to one, and gracefully welcome the other?

But let us follow Neal and Sybil to the moonlit veranda; they are standing at the further end, leaning over the low balustrade, at least she is, while he stands erect beside her, talking in a low, earnest, almost pleading tone.

"Oh, Sybil, will not the devotion of eight long years satisfy you? You say you do not love me as you would love the man you marry. But have you ever loved? No. Do you know what love is, Sybil? And something tells me that if you do not love me, you never will any other man. Oh! Sybil, surely I read your heart better than you do yourself."

She turned to him, with a gesture almost mournful.

"Neal, why will you always recur to this subject? Will you not believe me when I tell you now, as I told you eight—yes, eight years ago—that I do not love you, at least not in that way; and that it is utterly, wholly impossible that I can ever be anything to you but your own friend, Neal; your true, life-long friend." She paused a moment, and then continued:

"You say, truly, that I have never loved; it is possible I never may; you say I do not understand what love is; but I do, and I know that I do not love you, at least—unless we can accept the poet's verdict that—'Love is friendship without his wings.' If I cannot love with all my heart and soul, then I will never be a wife."

"Happy man who will win such love," said Neal, bitterly. "Of necessity, I suppose he will be a paragon, the impersonation of every virtue under the sun; will you ever meet with him, I wonder?" There was bitter scorn, passionate disappointment in his tone, and she shivered under it.

"Oh, Neal! I never heard you speak like that before, you are cruel."

"Cruel! Nay, I think it is you are so. Have I not loved you faithfully and long, Sybil? All these years you have been the one woman in the world to me, and now you turn me off with cold, heartless friendship."

"Cold! Heartless! Friendship is not that. But I wish you would say no more about it," she said, a little wearily; and then, laying one hand on his arm, and looking up at him, with those darkly beautiful eyes, said:

"If you would retain my friendship, Neal, cold and heartless as you say it is; promise me that you will never speak on this subject again."

"As a gentleman I can do no less," he answered frigidly, and, giving her his arm, they went back to the lights and the heat, the glare and confusion and crowd of the ball-room.

"Are you intending to remain any time in Buxly?"

"Yes," Sybil replied, "I am going away to stay with the Hallidays for three weeks."

"Then I shall probably have the pleasure of seeing you again." Bowing coldly, Neal left her, and making his adieu to Ruth Halliday, his hostess, he hurriedly took his departure. But this excited no surprise, for every one was acquainted with Neal's "queer ways," so the birthday ball went on as merrily as ever. Music and mirth, gay laughter, and merry talk: little feet twinkling in and out in the mazy dance; sweet nothings whispered into pretty ears; sparkling repartee from rosy lips, and not one in the brilliant throng knew that out under the stars of heaven, with only the pale compassionate face of the moon to witness, a brave man was wrestling with fate, and struggling in mortal combat with a mighty giant. The battle was long and keenly contested, but the man's heart was brave, although desperately wounded, and so it came to pass that the giant lay dead upon the field, and the man rose and went his way, whilst the moon, which for a moment had hidden its face, looked down and smiled serenely.

(To be Continued.)

Written for the Family Circle.

The Grandeur of a Christian Life.

How surpassingly grand is a consistent Christian life. Recognizing the helplessness of human nature in its evil propensities begotten through the perverting influence of sin, and recognizing, at the same time, in the atonement an amplitude of provision for man's restoration through grace to the favor and love of the Eternal Father, he rests calmly on his immutable strength and wisdom; believing in the all-sufficiency of the divine remedy, reposing on the bosom of his immeasurable love, safe in the arms of his illimitable strength, guided by his unerring wisdom, sustained by all the resources of his universal empire, he casts all his care upon the Lord; conscious that all that this implies is his, with yet more glowing prospective realizations, through his relationship as an adopted and accredited son of the Divine Father. The eye of his faith sees beneficence in the clouds and the shadows that hang over the valleys of life's pilgrimage; he steps firmly and safely in the darkness, upborne by an unseen hand; he is patient and forbearing under provocation. When subject to malediction and injury he reflects the radiance of his own sunlit life upon all who come within the circle of his influence. In short, he stands a living exemplification of the power of Divine grace, to deliver from the thralldom of sin, and preserve in moral integrity and perfect peace, through all the rough byways of life's perilous pilgrimage; in spite of the devil's temptations, and the world's favors and flatteries, so as to present him at last a trophy of grace, crowned with glory; reflecting honor upon his divine Redeemer, and fit for the companionship and employments of the beatified in the temple made without hands.

Written for the Family Circle.

Too Big a Load.

"Get off the wagon, boys; get off the wagon,—we will be stuck fast, sure," shouted an old man to his four boys, as the horses drawing them on top of a big load, floundered through the mud, knee deep. But the boys did not seem disposed to move, until, as the vehicle became more and more deeply mired, the old man shouted again, "Jump off; I say boys, jump off; the horses cannot pull us all through." Then two of the boys leaped off the wagon, and the next instant the horses came to a stand-still; they were stuck! And though commands were issued, and the whip was used freely, it was all to no purpose. The horses made a few fitful starts, and then refused to pull any further; they were stuck! And the boys had to get down from the wagon, and themselves carry the greater portion of the load, piece by piece, to firmer ground, before the team could proceed.

And when I see boys, as is too frequently the case, in towns and cities, loafing around home, neither laying up a store of useful information, nor earning anything for their own maintenance, depending for their food upon the parental table, and for their clothing and luxuries upon the parental purse, already overtaxed to meet legitimate and necessary expenditure, I feel like shouting as the old man did, "Get off the wagon, boys; get off the wagon!"

Many an honest, hard-working man, doing a fair business, with sufficient profit to support comfortably those necessarily dependent upon him, have, after wearing out their lives in the vain attempt to meet the demands of a non-productive family, been obliged to succumb to the pressure of circumstances, often under the stigma of unprovided-for liabilities, and all because he has been burdened with the maintenance of half-a-dozen able-bodied boys and girls, who, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel, and helping the car of financial responsibility over the rough and miry places, have sunk it into hopeless insolvency, by loafing around, and adding the weight of their own maintenance to the already too heavy burden resting upon the head of the household.

"For shame, boys; get off the wagon!" Throw off your coats and take a share of the work, or seek some other employment that will at least lessen the burden of your maintenance, and enable your parents, instead of sinking under the pressure of intolerable burdens, to lay by a little to be employed for your advantage, when you realize that the responsibilities of financial obligations are to be borne by yourselves. "Get off the wagon, boys."

SELECTED.

ARE THE CHILDREN HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch, from the open doorway,
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone is the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife;
We two are waiting together,
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! Are the children home?"

"Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago,"
And I sing in my quivering tremble,
A song so soft and low;
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand;
And I tell to myself the number,
At home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years.
Know, yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me,
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes, whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones,—the angels,—
Passed to the world of the blest.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from the corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home."

Anxious to Please.

A celebrated authoress gives us some excellent ideas on a subject which interests all. She says that dread of giving offense springs quite as often from self-esteem as from sensitiveness. Vain, self-engrossed people are apt to exaggerate the importance they are to other people, and so to have a nervous terror of "vexing" them; whereas a man of single mind, who does not trouble himself much about himself, never takes offense, and is, therefore, not apt to imagine he has given any. He goes straight on, neither turning to the right nor the left, does the best thing, so far as he sees it, and the kindly thing, whenever it lies in his power; but beyond this, he does not afflict himself much as to what people

think of him or expect of him. If they expect what they had no right to expect; exact more than they are justified in requiring, above all, take offence where he had no intention of giving any, then he altogether refuses to be victimized. He may make no great stir, and present no obnoxious front—indeed, probably he considers the matter too small to fight about—but the victimizers can make nothing of him. He calmly goes on his way, “worrying” neither himself nor his neighbor on the matter. Life is too short for tempests in teapots, or, indeed, for any other unnecessary storms; we must just do our duty, and let it alone. A grand idea of self-sacrifice is pretty sure to bring its holder to grief on the long run. As we grow older we come to learn that there are sacrifices which turn out to be sheer mistakes, ruining ourselves and profiting nobody; that unselfishness, carried to an extreme, only makes other people selfish; that the “fear of man bringeth a snare; and to make one’s whole life miserable through a weak dread of offending this person, who has no right to be offended, or of not doing one’s duty to that person, who has the very smallest claim to any duty at all, is—well, I will not call it wrong, because it is a failing that leans to virtue’s side, but it is simply silly.

The Occupation of To-Day.

When our grandmothers were girls, they knew little about the pleasures of shopping. The less they bought the more praiseworthy they appeared. A dress must wear for years, and then be “turned,” and made up in newer style, to be worth buying at all; and the purchase of a new silk dress was an epoch in life to be ever remembered. In those days, every girl did her own sewing. In closets and presses were piles on piles of well-made, neatly-embroidered under-clothes, which occasioned wild raptures of feeling, and were a possession to vaunt among her mates. It was her wont to have long strips of linen always on hand to be covered with pretty sprigs and scallops; over this work she dreamed her maidenly dreams, and pictured her probable future. But that was long before the era of culture. Nowadays young ladies are impelled by a loftier ambition—the poetry of youthful aspiration is expressed in plaques and panel-paintings; in gaudy embroideries, in painting shells and stones, in cutting out gigantic cretonne dragons and fastening them on fireplace and window draperies, in simulating costly India screens. Each season offers a new variety of fancy-work, more brilliant, more effective, more expensive; for high art in decoration tends away toward the costliest and rarest, and the pretty imitations of this year are tawdry and cheap the next. Thus no wonder that the young women of to-day are compelled to spend their efforts in search after artistic culture, and find neither time nor inclination for precious old-fashioned economies. Four seasons a year they go shopping; and the shop-made suit and linen replace the simple, home-made garments of days gone by.

Self-Reliance.

There is no one element in a man’s character that contributes more to his success in life, wisely says the *United States Economist*, than confidence or self-reliance in his own ability. A faint-hearted man is unstable and will never excel. Faith in the endeavor to will and to execute is as important in a successful business career as is the keystone to the arch. A man possessed of a bold, daring and resolute will, may do wonders if determined in performing what he conceives to be right. To men with this never-dying faith there is no such word as defeat, and when obstacles present themselves in their path, it only results in their putting forth a greater effort to accomplish their purposes.

Toil, trial, disaster, gloom and danger may environ and threaten to overthrow the most cherished plans, and yet over and above all hindrances a heroic soul will triumph and win fame and honor. The discouragements that would retard the irresolute only discover the weak places to the brave, and, strengthening these, they renew the conflict with increased vigor. Timidity creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one’s own ability to perform, that overcomes difficulties that others thought could not be surmounted.

In all the pursuits we find that those who achieve honor and distinction are strong and self-reliant in their own powers,

and exercise faith in their own ability, and carry out plans conceived in their own brain. Morse had faith in telegraphic wires, and Field in submarine cables, and to-day, in consequence thereof the lightning is harnessed to convey the news of the world in every part of the inhabitable globe within the compass of a few hours. Not many years ago Edison occupied a humble position as a telegraph operator; to-day his name and fame are world-wide as associated with one of the grandest discoveries of ancient or modern times. Astor, Stewart and Vanderbilt furnish examples in the large fortunes they created as to what well-directed energy and determination can accomplish in business pursuits, while the eventful life of the late Judge Packer is another striking illustration of the high position that can be attained by reliance and perseverance in the individual man, backed by a liberal endowment of common sense. In the ever-widening paths of commerce and the ever-increasing monetary circles there are opened up before the young men of the nation rare opportunities to win wealth and fortune. In agricultural, mining, industrial and mercantile pursuits like avenues to attain distinction are presented. But fortunes will not come by chance nor distinction by hazard; both must be won by strong heroic endeavor. Back-bone is vital in the achievement of lofty aim, and nerve and grit are essential requisites in the battle of life. A man, to triumph, must have faith in his enterprise and reliance in his ability.

Dead Men’s Shoes.

There is a great deal of crystallized wisdom in the proverbs of every nation, the accumulations of centuries of observation; but we think in few is there more to be found than in the brief saying that “it is ill waiting for dead men’s shoes.”

How few feet do those shoes fit! How few feet, after years of waiting, get the shoes anyway! How few ever walk in them with ease after they do get them! And in half of the cases, by the time they get them, with how many is the power of locomotion, to carry out the parable, about lost!

One is sometimes almost tempted to ask who ever gained anything by the expectation of a legacy? The young heir who awaits his father’s death, and in the meantime discounts the event with debts, would it is to be presumed, have been much better off by the time of his father’s death had he known from boyhood that death was not to enrich him by a penny. Every energy he had would then have been put forward to improve his affairs, to secure his future, and naturally to keep himself in condition to enjoy that future, while too often, in the other case, the anticipation of a plenty not earned has hindered the exercise of any faculty of earning till even the power to earn is hampered, and the habit of debt has demoralized. Of course it is not impossible that the heir in expectancy may have cherished every virtue during the period of his waiting; nay have run up no indebtedness; may have retained and used every faculty and power; may be ready for the benefaction if it comes, and can do without it if it does not; but he is to be considered rather remarkable and an exceptional case, on the whole, if he has done so, for the tendency of all the circumstances is not in his favor. And what if at last the expectant legatee is disappointed? Who can describe the misery of such a situation, in the annihilation of hope, the bitterness of shame, and the ruin of every prospect?

It is ill waiting for dead men’s shoes, indeed. If the patient waiter is no loser, to quote another proverb, yet something else is gained that had better be dispensed with—some ignoble quality, some sordid soil. Some bloom, too, is rubbed from the spirit, if some weight is added to the purse; one is less noble, even if one has never sacrificed honor or proper pride and self-respect, or endured present humiliation for the sake of future reward, all on account, simply, of having waited. How much nobler is any poverty than any wealth so gained! How much nobler has the nature grown, at any given period, that has discarded thought or hope of such gain, and has bent every endeavor to its own fit development, and has made use of its own opportunities irrespective of expectation or avaricious longing! How much freer and finer is the gait at which one’s progress marches than can be seen in those who walk the difficult way trodden in the waiting for dead men’s shoes!—*Harper’s Bazar*.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The Food We Eat.

How much the success or failure of our lives depends upon the food we eat, we little comprehend. No science is so neglected and so little understood. Man would not dare, to treat a valuable horse with the same recklessness with which he treats himself. For with care he selects food for his horse, few, if any, changes being allowed, and he procures a competent groom to look after and care for the animal, that he may be capable of fleetness and endurance; while with himself he sits down to his table, groaning under its burden of variety and richness, and, without regard to the requirements of his system or the affinity the food may possess, fills himself to the utmost capacity of his stomach, regardless of consequences. But had he first passed this partaken dinner over to his chemist, and allowed him to analyze it and hand it back to him labeled, he would have turned pale, and wondered if such were the truth. Again, were he to step into a drug store, and attempt to mix chemicals as he does his food, without regard to chemical laws, he would soon have his head blown from his body. Why not then study and investigate the laws of our own natures, and be as wise as the ox or the ass, that knoweth his master and his master's crib, and accuse not a kind and loving Providence of cursing us with disease and suffering when we are ourselves alone responsible.

Poisoning from Fruit Jars.

This is an appropriate season of the year for calling attention to the fact that serious injury may result from putting up fruit in cans which offer any chance for contamination with zinc or lead. It is well known that both these minerals are noxious poisons, producing most serious symptoms even when introduced into the system in very small quantities. It is also well known, or should be, that both zinc and lead are very easily affected by weak acids, such as the acids of fruit. Indeed, the poisons are so soluble that water, a wholly neutral substance, will dissolve them in quantity sufficient to produce symptoms of poisoning. Danger from lead in connection with the preservation of fruit chiefly arises from the use of cans made of tin with which lead has been mixed. The cheaper grades of tin are, almost

without exception, adulterated in this way. On this account, we should by all means discourage the use of tin cans for canning either fruit or vegetables, the danger of contamination being so great. For those who put up their own fruit, glass cans are fully as cheap, as they can be used many times instead of but once.

There is also danger from the use of glass cans if those having zinc covers are used. Only those having glass or porcelain-lined tops should be employed. The danger of using those with zinc covers is shown by the following account of a recent case of poisoning which we quote from the *Sanitarian*.—

"POISON IN FRUIT JARS.—Four persons were poisoned recently in Brooklyn from eating canned cherries. Fortunately they all recovered by prompt treatment. Prof. Geo. W. Plympton made an analysis of the fruit left, and found the poison to be a salt of zinc formed by the action of the acid in the cherries on the zinc cover of the jar. The preserving had been done with scrupulous care, the jars were of a kind in common use, and the contents of several had been eaten without any unpleasant effects. On examining some which had not been before opened, one having a zinc top with a porcelain lining was selected, and in it there was no indication of zinc. But on pouring a portion of the syrup of this jar into the zinc cover of the first, and warming it over a water bath for three-quarters of an hour, the solution promptly yielded to the test for zinc. . . . The case is not without parallel, and the public should learn that the use of zinc or galvanized iron in the preparation or preservation of canned fruit or vegetables is not free from danger."

POISON IN THE DINNER POT.—It has been shown by various chemists within the last three or four years that much of the enameled iron-ware sold at the present time contains lead in its enamel lining. The poisonous metal is readily dissolved by weak acids, such as those of fruits, vinegar, etc., and thus becomes a source of serious danger to health. This villainous adulteration may be detected by the following method: To two teacupfuls of water add half a cupful of strong vinegar, and a heaping teaspoonful of salt. Put this solution into the suspected vessel and allow it to remain over night. Remove a portion of the solution and place in a goblet. Add slowly fresh solution of sulphide of ammonia. If the liquid becomes black, or very dark brown, lead is present. If the color is yellow, or very light brown, no danger need be apprehended from the use of the vessel. The sulphide of ammonia can be obtained of any druggist.

BUTTERMILK AS SUMMER FOOD, DRINK, AND MEDICINE.—A Detroit physician asserts that for a hot weather drink nothing equals buttermilk. It is, he says, "both drink and food, and for the laborer is the best known. It supports the system, and even in fever will cool the stomach admirably. It is also a most valuable domestic remedy. It will cure dysentery as well and more quickly than any other remedy known. Dysentery is really a constipation, and is the opposite of diarrhea. It is inflammation of the bowels with congestion of the 'portal circulation'—the circulation of blood through the bowels and liver. It is a disease always prevalent in the summer and autumn. From considerable observation I feel warranted in saying that buttermilk, drunk moderately, will cure every case of it—certainly when taken in the early stages."

A REMEDY FOR WEAK EYES.—A simple remedy for weak eyes is recommended, as follows: Get a five cent cake of elder flowers, at the druggist's, and steep in one gill of soft water. It must be steeped in bright tin or earthenware; strain nicely, and then add three drops of laudanum; bottle it tight, and keep in a cool place; then use it as a wash, letting some of it get into the eyes. Follow this and relief is certain. If the eyes are painful or much sore, make small soft compresses, wet in the mixture, and bind over the eyes at night. I can warrant the above harmless and sure, having tried it in a number of cases where other skill and remedies had utterly failed. If the eyes are badly inflamed, use it very freely, and a tea made of elder flowers, and drank, will help cleanse the blood. Pure rock salt and water will strengthen your eyes if you bathe them daily in it. I would earnestly advise you to avoid mixtures or washes containing mineral or other poisons.—*Doctor.*

A FATAL BOX ON THE EAR.—The practice, which is sadly too prevalent among schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, of "boxing the ears" of their pupils, has been frequently shown to be a dangerous one, and probably many more injuries result from it than are ever heard of, or ever suspected. A blow on the head may easily produce fatal injuries, and a lesson on this point, well worth the attention of hasty-tempered teachers, is conveyed by the evidence given in this case of a man who was tried, some time ago, at the Central Criminal Court for manslaughter. The case, as the counsel for the prosecution truly stated, was remarkable in its surgical aspects. The deceased man was a gate-keeper at some paper mills at Wandsworth. The prisoner went there on the 25th of August to seek employment. As he was coming out, the deceased refused to let him pass through a gate known as the "traffic gate." The prisoner, however, watching his opportunity, managed to pass through the gate, and, as he did so, the deceased kicked him. The prisoner then struck the deceased, but whether with his fist or open hand was not clear. The deceased fell down, and, although he bled from the mouth, was able to give evidence against the prisoner on the 8th of September. He died, however, on the 15th of that month, his death resulting from hemorrhage caused by the severance of an artery in the mouth, and, strange to say, the artery had been divided by a piece of fractured bone, his jaw having been broken by the blow he had received from the prisoner. The jury, having returned a verdict of guilty, the Judge said that he would not inflict any punishment in the case, but simply directed to come up for judgement when called on. In the meantime, the story shows that a "box on the ear" may kill a man.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.—There is no artificial method of preserving the complexion. The way to insure having a proper quantity of healthy blood in the skin is to rise early, to be much in the open air, especially during the hours of sunlight, to avoid over-heated, artificially lighted, unventilated rooms, and to retire early to rest. To keep the cells which protect the skin in a natural state, all that is necessary is to wash the surface of the body with soap and water only; or, in the case of some delicate skins, which the alkali of most soaps irritates, with water alone. Whoever will attend to these directions will do all that can be done to preserve, as all ought to try and preserve, their skin in the most healthy, and, therefore, beautiful condition.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BAKED SPRING CHICKEN.—Cut each of four chickens into seven or nine pieces, wash thoroughly and quickly, and put in a colander to drain; put a half tablespoon each of lard and butter into a dripping-pan, lay in the pieces, and add half a pint hot water; let steam and bake half an hour, turn, taking care that they get only to a light brown, and, just before taking up, add salt and pepper to taste; when done take out in a dish and keep hot. To make the gravy, add a half pint or more of water, set the dripping-pan on the stove, and add one tablespoon flour mixed with half cup of cream or milk, stirring slowly, adding a little of the mixture at a time. Let cook thoroughly, stirring constantly to prevent burning, and to make the gravy nice and smooth: season more if necessary.

MUTTON PIE WITH TOMATOES.—Cover the bottom of a baking-dish with dry bread crumbs, then alternate layers of thin sliced roast or boiled mutton and sliced tomatoes, with a thin sprinkling of bread crumbs. Season each layer of tomatoes with pepper, salt and bits of butter. Let the tomatoes and bread crumbs be last. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

STUFFED STEAK.—Select a good round steak, pound well, season with pepper and salt; have prepared a nice dressing, spread over the steak, roll and tie up closely with twine; place in a dripping pan, add a very little water, and bake in a well-heated oven, basting frequently with butter and water. Make a gravy of the drippings, and serve at once, or it makes a delicious dish, sliced when cold, for lunch or tea.

SOUP WITHOUT MEAT.—In a pot, that holds a gallon, put all vegetables that are in season in equal proportions; cut up

and lay in layers, and sprinkle lightly with salt, and add one ounce and a half of butter, worked into enough flour to amalgamate into a paste, and with pepper and salt, and add a quart of water. Cook for one hour.

OATMEAL GRIDDLE CAKES.—Mix in a pitcher a cup and a half of coarse oatmeal, same quantity of water; add two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two saltpoonfuls of salt, carbonate of soda about size of a pea; mix thoroughly together; let stand over night. In the morning beat an egg, to which add a cup of milk and enough flour to make it the consistency of buck-wheat batter; pour on a hot griddle; when set, turn them; time for cooking, about two or three minutes.

JELLY CAKE ROLLS.—Four eggs, beat whites and yolks separately; one teacupful white sugar; one teacupful sifted flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in a very little hot water; flavor with the juice of one lemon; beat all well together; spread quarter of an inch thick in a square tin; bake quickly; then turn bottom side up, spread with jelly, and roll up while hot; this receipt makes three rolls.

ALMOND CUSTARD CAKE.—One pound sugar, one-half pound butter rubbed to a cream; five eggs, beaten very light, one pound flour, with two teaspoonfuls anti-dyspeptic baking powder sifted with it; flavor with lemon; bake in three jelly pans. The custard—one cupful thick sour cream, two cupfuls granulated sugar, one pound sweet almonds blanched and chopped fine; flavor with vanilla; mix all well together and spread between the layers of cake.

SMALL SUGAR CAKES.—One cup of shortening, one and one-half cups white sugar, two eggs, five tablespoonfuls cold water, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, four and one-half cups flour; roll very thin.

CALLIE'S DOUGHNUTS.—One quart of flour, one teacup sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar, three-fourths teaspoonful soda dissolved in a teacup sour milk, and one and a half teaspoonful salt, two eggs, add a little sweet milk, cinnamon for spice. The above is a New England receipt for doughnuts, which has been in our family for years, and which cannot be surpassed.

SPONGE CAKE FOR JELLY ROLL.—Three eggs, one cup white sugar, one cup flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake in a dripping pan in a hot oven: when done, turn out on a towel and spread the jelly while warm; then roll.

CORN STARCH PIES.—One quart milk, yolk of two eggs, two tablespoons corn starch, three cups sugar; mix starch in a little milk, boil the rest of the milk to a thick cream, beat the yolks and add starch, put in the boiled milk and add sugar; bake with an under crust, beat whites with two tablespoons sugar, and put on top of pies, and when done return to oven and brown.

APPLE MERINGUE PIE.—Pare, slice, stew, and sweeten ripe, tart and juicy apples, mash and season with nutmeg (or stew lemon peel with them for flavour), fill crust and bake till done; spread over the apple a thick meringue, made by whipping to froth whites of three eggs for each pie, sweetening with three tablespoons powdered sugar; flavor with vanilla, beat until it will stand alone, and cover pie three-quarters of an inch thick; if too thin add a little corn starch. Set back in a quick oven till well "set," and eat cold. In their season, substitute peaches for apples.

HORSE-RADISH SAUCE.—One dessert-spoon olive oil, melted butter, or cream, one of ground or prepared mustard, two tablespoons grated horse-radish, one of vinegar, one teaspoon sugar, and a little salt stirred and beaten together until thoroughly mixed. When made with oil or melted butter, and not with cream, this will keep two or three days.

TO PREPARE HORSE-RADISH FOR WINTER.—In the fall, mix the quantity wanted in the following proportions: A coffee cup of grated horseradish, two tablespoons white sugar; half teaspoon salt, and a pint and a half cold vinegar; bottle and seal.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—After removing all soft berries, wash thoroughly, place for about two minutes in scalding water, remove, and to every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound granulated sugar and a half pint water; stew together over a moderate but steady fire. Be careful to *cover* and *not to stir* the fruit, but occasionally shake the vessel, or apply a gentler heat if in danger of sticking or burning. If attention to these particulars be given, the berries will retain their shape to a considerable extent, which adds greatly to their appearance on the table. Boil from five to seven minutes, remove from fire, turn into a deep dish, and set aside to cool. If to be kept, they can be put up at once in air-tight jars. Or, for strained sauce, one and a half pounds of fruit should be stewed in one pint of water for ten or twelve minutes, or until quite soft, then strained through a colander or fine wire sieve, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar thoroughly stirred into the pulp thus obtained; after cooling, it is ready for use. Serve with roast turkey or game. When to be kept for a long time without sealing, more sugar may be added, but its too free use impairs the peculiar cranberry flavor. For dinner-sauce half a pound is more economical, and really preferable to three-quarters, as given above. It is better though not necessary, to use a porcelain kettle. Some prefer not to add the sugar till the fruit is almost done, thinking this plan makes it more tender, and preserves the colour better.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Instead of scalding tomatoes, to remove the skin, lay them in a dripping pan, and place them in the oven, letting them bake for a few minutes; a black liquor will come from them, which, if not managed in this way, remains in and causes them to spoil. When cool enough to handle, peel them; cook, for about half an hour, in a boiler, or until they are done about as for the table. Fill the cans, and solder or seal them at once. Do not season the tomatoes until you want to use them. When wanted for the table, if cooked enough when put up, they will only need a thorough heating and seasoning. Only perfectly ripe, fresh tomatoes should be used for canning, and always do them before the month of August goes out; they are apt to be acid and watery after that.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Half bushel tomatoes, four ounces salt, three ounces ground black pepper, one ounce cinnamon, half ounce ground cloves, one drachm cayenne pepper, one gallon vinegar, slice the tomatoes and stew in their own liquor until soft, and rub through a sieve fine enough to retain the seeds; boil the pulp and juice down to the consistency of apple butter (very thick), stirring steadily all the time to prevent burning; then add the vinegar with which a small tea-cup sugar and the spices have been mixed, boil up twice, remove from fire, let cool and bottle. Those who like the flavour of onions may add about half a dozen medium sized ones, peeled and sliced, fifteen minutes before the vinegar and spices are put in.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

"PRAY COME WITH A RING!"

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore,—
Young love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door;
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a Landmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*;
So Lucy ran up, and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger, and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe:
For the moment will come when such comers must go;
So she kissed him and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a *ring*!"

Naomi was 53½ years old when she married. Don't be in a hurry, girls.

Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?"
"Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much impression on me as the old man's!"

If "old dog Tray was ever faithful," how could he be Tray?

It's always leap year with the frogs.

Doesn't come a-Miss—A boy baby.

Keep the head cool by temperance in all things, and the feet warm by actual exercise in the discharge of important duties—deeds of kindness.

In Michigan etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves—precisely the way she handles her husband.

An illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off.

Unless you are just, you cannot be completely and consistently kind. Justice never frowns on kindness, and kindness never interferes with justice.

Four things are grievously empty—a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, a purse without money.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual hatred is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious—is manly, womanly and divine.

A clock is about the only thing in the world which manages to go on all the better when its affairs are wound up. There are some men, however, who have very carefully studied this peculiarity of the clock, and transferred it to some extent to their business arrangements.

CONTRADICTORY.—A certain individual, not over-remarkable for punctuality in paying his debts, was complaining to a waggish acquaintance of "shortness of breath." "Indeed!" replied he; "I am surprised at that, for I had a little conversation with your tailor the other day, and he told me you were the longest-winded customer he had."

CRAMMED.—"How came you to fail in your examination?" asked a tutor of one of his pupils; "I thought I crammed you thoroughly." "Well, you see," replied the student, "the trouble was that you crammed me so tight I couldn't get it out."

A Glasgow minister was recently called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit as he was leaving the house he said to the man's wife: "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh, yes, sir, we gang to the Barony Kirk." "Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Dr. Macleod?" "Na, na, deed no; we wadna ask him. Do ye ken it's a dangerous case of typhus."

"How many rods make a furlong?" asked a father of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home from school. "Well, I don't know," was the reply of young hopeful; "but I fancy you'd think one rod made an acher if you got such a taumin' as I did from old Scroggins this afternoon."

Christ's religion is not to be made something *exceptional* in a man's life, but it is to take our whole life—all our earthly love, our innocent pleasures and pastimes, our social enjoyments and business transactions. Religion, in its wholeness, gathers them all in and lifts them all up and makes them part and parcel of itself.

A Dutchman who married his second wife soon after the funeral of the first was visited with a two hours' serenade in token of disapproval. He expostulated pathetically thus:—"I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be making all dish noise ven dere vas a funeral here so soon."

THE PRINCE'S NAME.—A curate of South London Church has been snubbed for alluding to the heir-apparent as though his name was written "Awlburt" Edward. One of his parishioners asked him the other day why he so significantly excluded the Prince of Wales in his prayer for the royal family. "Exclude him?" the curate asked, quite surprised; "what do you mean?" "Why," she said, "you always pray for 'all but' Edward, Prince of Wales."

SAMSON.—A company of scapegraces meeting a pious old man named Samson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah, now we're safe! We'll take Samson along with us; and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll slay them all!" "My young friend," quietly responded the old man, "to do that, I should have to borrow your jaw-bone!"

"Dare are," said a sable orator, "two roads frew this world. De one am a broad and narrow road dat leads to perdition, and de udder am a narrow and a broad road dat leads to destruction." "If dat am de case," said a sable hearer, "dis colored individual takes to de woods."

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, Mr. E—, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions be would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

TWO HOURS TO LIVE.—An expiring railroad superintendent asks the doctor, who is alone with him, how much longer he has to live.

"Two hours," replies the man of science.

A few minutes later the family of the sufferer are introduced into the apartment.

"Courage!" says the dying man, firmly; "courage! Do not weep for me. The doctor says I am due at the Gates of Gold at 5.35, sharp!"

Love's Ladder in a Sleeping Car.

As a Pullman car was flying over a western railway at lightning speed one of the passengers, a sturdy old fellow of 65, suddenly discovered that he was thirsty, and called the porter, who brought the ladder. It was just 12 M., and all was still save the faint snoring of the thirsty man's wife, whom he left snug in the berth. He proceeded to the water-cooler, and regaled himself, after the manner of Elijah at the brook, and, after a second long draught, crawled noiselessly back and began to ascend the ladder, while the heads of two gay and sportive college boys peered out from the berth just opposite. The respectable elderly gentleman crawled into his nest, saying to himself, "My old girl is sound asleep; 'twon't do to wake her," and he inserted his head into the pillow. But at that moment the female form, in a most unmartial manner, exclaimed: "Who's this?" "Hush, my dear," says the husband in a soothing voice, and patting his "old girl" on the face; "it's only me; I just went to get a drink of water, and to emphasize the explanation he gently, but firmly, embraced his spouse. But at that there was a shriek such as only a middle-aged, unmarried female can execute, who, in such a situation, is bent on saving "what is dearer than life," and at the same time impressing the public with her innocent horror at the advance. The respectable elderly gentleman bounced out of that berth like a missile shot from a—what's its name?—and all the passengers, male and female, headed by the conductor, came rushing. The indignant old maid was brandishing a shoe from the berth, and screaming, "Oh! you horrid old wretch!"

"Stop the train and dump 'em out!" cried one of the college boys.

"Oh! you faithless old creature; ain't you ashamed of yourself?" you, with a wife and six children!" sobbed the wife of the r. e. g. from her berth.

The simple fact was that the two gay and festive college boys had changed the ladder to the next berth while the r. e. g. went for water. Explanations were made, forgiveness exchanged, and the parties retired. But the r. e. g. has sworn to stop thirsty hereafter rather than make a midnight raid after water; and the old maid, she declares that she don't believe a word about the boys changing the ladder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If God Approves, What Matter?

What matter, friend, if you and I
May sow and others gather?
We build and others occupy,
Each lab'ring for the other;
What tho' we toil from sun to sun.
And men forget to flatter,
The noblest work our hands have done,
If God approves, what matter?

What matter, tho' we sow in tears,
And crops fail at reaping?
What tho' the fruits of patient years
Have perished in our keeping?
Upon our hoarded treasures floods
Arise and tempests scatter,
If faith beholds beyond the clouds
A clearer sky, what matter?

What matter tho' the castle fall,
And disappear while building?
Tho' "strange handwriting on the wall"
Flame out amid the gilding;
Tho' every idol of the heart
The hand of death may scatter,
Tho' hopes decay and friends depart,
If Heaven be ours, what matter?

A Dog's Affection.

During "A Walk from London to Land's End and Back, the late Elihu Burritt heard of a touching incident of a dog's affection, which he thus describes in his book, entitled as above:

I was sitting at the breakfast table of a friend, who was a druggist, when he was called into the shop by a neighbor, who had come for medical aid in a very remarkable and affecting case.

He described it briefly and simply, but it would fill a volume of beautiful meaning.

His family dog had incidentally made the acquaintance of a neighbor's child on the other side of the street.

While lying on the door-stone, he had noticed this little thing, sometimes at the chamber window, and sometimes on the pavement, in a little carriage.

During one of his walks on that side of the street, he met the baby, and looked over the rim of the carriage, as a loving dog can look, straight into a pair of baby eyes, and said, "Good morning!" as well as he could.

Little by little, day by day and week by week, this companionship went on growing with the growth and strengthening with the strength of the little one.

The dog, doubtless because his master had no young child of his own, came at last to transfer frequently his watch and ward to the door-stone on the other side of the street, and to follow as a guard of honor to the baby's carriage on its daily airings.

With what delight he gave himself up to all the pelting and little rude rompings and rough and tumblings of those baby hands!

One day, as the dog lay in watch by the door-stone, the child, peeping out of the window above, lost its balance, and fell to the stone pavement below. It was taken up quite dead.

The red drops of the young life had bespattered the feet and face of the dog as he sprang to the rescue. His heart died out within him in one long whining howl of grief.

From that moment he refused to eat. He refused to be comforted by his master's voice and by his master's home. Day by day and night by night, he lay upon the spot where the child fell.

This was the neighbor's errand. He told it in a few simple words. He had come to my friend, the druggist, for a prescription for his dog—something to bring back his appetite.

Book-keeping may be taught in a lesson of three words—never lend one.

A STRANGE FELLOW-VOYAGER :

An Adventure in Africa.

I've had many a queer voyage in my time, said Captain M., but the queerest I ever had was one that I made (somewhat unexpectedly, as you will see) upon the Great Fish River in South Africa, on my way back from a hunting excursion.

As I neared the bank, I saw that the river was in full flood, more than twice its usual breadth, and running like a mill-race. I knew, at once, that I should have a very tough job to get across—for a flooded African river is no joke, I can tell you. But I knew, also, that my wife would be terribly anxious if I didn't come back on the day I had fixed—South Africa being a place where a good many things may happen to a man—and so I determined to chance it.

Just at the water's edge, I found an old Bushman, that I knew well, who had a boat of his own, so I hailed him at once:

"Well, Kaloomi, what will you take to put me across the river?"

"No go fifty dollar this time baas" (master), said the old fellow, in his half-Dutch, half-English jargon. "Boat no get 'cross to-day; water groed!" (great).

And never a bit could I persuade him, although I offered him money enough to make any ordinary bushman jump head-first down a precipice. Money was good, he said, but it would be no use to him when he was drowned, and, in short, he wouldn't budge.

"Well, if you won't put me across," said I, at last, "lend me your boat, and I'll just do the job for myself; I can't very well take my horse with me, so I'll just leave him here in pledge that I'll pay for the boat when I come back."

"Keep horse for you, master, quite willing; but 'spose you try to cross to-day, you never come back to ask for him."

He spoke so positively that, although I'm not easily frightened, I certainly did feel rather uncomfortable. However, when you've got to do a thing of that sort, the less you think of it the better, so I jumped into the boat and shoved off.

I had barely got clear of the shore when I found that the old fellow was right, for the boat shot down the stream like an arrow. I saw in a moment that there was no hope of paddling her across, and that all I could do was just to keep her head straight. But I hadn't the chance of doing that very long, for just then a big tree came driving along, and hitting my boat full on the quarter, smashed her like an egg-shell. I had just time to clutch the projecting roots and whisk myself up on to them, and then tree and I went away down stream together, at I don't know how many miles an hour.

At first, I was so rejoiced at escaping, just when all seemed over with me, that I didn't think much of what was to come next; but before long I got something to think about with a vengeance. The tree, as I've said, was a large one, and the branch end (the opposite one to where I sat) was all one mass of green leaves. All at once, just as I was shifting myself to a safer place among the roots, the leaves suddenly shook and parted, and out peeped the great yellow head and fierce eyes of an enormous lion!

I don't think I ever got such a fright in my life. My gun had gone to the bottom, along with the boat, and the only weapon I had left was a short hunting-knife, which against such a beast as that would be no more use than a bodkin. I fairly gave myself up for lost, making sure that, in another moment, he'd spring forward and tear me to bits.

But whether it was that he had already gorged himself with prey, or whether (as I suspect) he was really frightened at finding himself in such a scrape, he showed no disposition to attack me, so long, at least, as I remained still. The instant I made any movement, however, he would begin roaring and lashing his tail, as if he were going to fall on me at once. So, to avoid provoking him, I was forced to remain stock-still, although sitting so long in one position cramped me dreadfully.

There we sat, Mr. Lion and I, staring at each other with all our might—a very picturesque group, no doubt, if there had been any body there to see it. Down, down the stream we went, the banks seeming to race past us as if we were going by train, while all around, broken timber, wagon-wheels, trees, bushes, and the carcasses of drowned horses and cattle, went whirling past us, upon the thick brown water.

All at once I noticed that the lion seemed to be getting strangely restless, and turning his great head from side to side in a nervous kind of way, as if he saw or heard something he didn't like. At first I couldn't imagine what on earth was the matter with him, but presently I caught a sound which scared me much worse than it had done the lion. Far in the distance I could hear a dull, booming roar, which I had heard too often not to recognize at once; we were nearing a waterfall!

I had seen the great falls of the Fish River more than once, and the bare thought of being carried over those tremendous precipices made my very blood run cold. Yet being devoured by a lion would hardly be much of an improvement, and as I hadn't the ghost of a chance of being able to swim ashore, there really seemed to be no other alternative.

Faster and faster we went—louder and louder grew the roar of the cataract; the lion seemed to have quite given himself up for lost, and crouched down among the leaves, only uttering a low moaning whine, every now and then. I was fairly at my wit's end what to do, when all of a sudden I caught sight of something that gave me a gleam of hope.

A little way ahead of us the river narrowed suddenly, and a rocky headland thrust itself out a good way into the stream. On one of the lowest points of it grew a thick clump of trees, whose boughs overhung the water; and it struck me that, if we only passed near enough, I might manage to catch hold of the branches, and swing myself up on to the rock.

No sooner said than done. I started up, hardly caring whether the lion attacked me or not, and planted myself firmly upon one of the biggest roots, where I could take a good spring when the time came; I knew that this would be my last chance, for by this time we were so near the precipice that I could see quite plainly, a little way ahead, the great cloud of spray and vapor that hovered over the great waterfall. Even at the best it was a desperate venture, and I can tell you that I felt my heart beginning to thump, like a sledge-hammer, as we came closer to the point, and I thought what would happen if I missed by leap.

Just as we neared it, it happened, by the special mercy of God, that our tree struck against something and turned fairly cross-wise to the current, the end with the lion on it swinging out into mid-stream, while my end was driven close to the rock on which the clump of trees grew.

Now or never! I made one spring (I don't think I ever made such another before or since) and just clutched the lowest bough; and as I dragged myself on to it, I heard the last roar of the doomed lion, mingling with the thunder of the waterfall, as he vanished into the cloud of mist that overhung the precipice.

As for me, it was late enough that night before I got home, and I found my poor wife in a fine fright about me: so I thought it just as well, on the whole, to keep my adventure to myself, and it wasn't till nearly a year later that she heard a word about my strange fellow-voyager.

I LIVE UP TO THE MOTTOES.—There is no use in putting up the motto "God bless our home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by parents to children, and by the older to the younger. There is no use in putting up the motto "The Lord will provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gewgaws and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto "The greatest of these is charity," while the tongue of the back-biter wags in the family, and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in placing conspicuously the motto "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," while the money chinks in the pockets of the "head of the household," groaning to get out and see the light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wine and tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not one cent for the church. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say, hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire! The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, hopeful, free-handed, free-hearted, charitable lives, is one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they still remain fresh and fadeless when the colors of the pigment and the floss have faded, and the very frames have rotted away in their joints.

Anecdote of Dr. Nott of Union College.

On an evening preceding Thanksgiving, many years ago, two students left the college, with the most fervent intent of procuring some of the doctor's fine fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining the house. When they arrived at the spot one ascended the tree while the other stood with the bag ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the doctor himself had just left his house, with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately crept away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows: "Are you ready?" "Yes," responded the doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible. The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed, "Here's old Prex—will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the doctor's bag. "Here's Marm Prex, said the all-unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen; will you have her?" "Yes," again responded the doctor. "Here's son John—will you have him? Here's daughter Sal—take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the doctor's family and chickens.

The old man then walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down and streaked it for the college. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one it must have been to Dr. Nott. Expulsions, fines and disgrace were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from the President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and, with a large party, were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the doctor rose from his seat, and, taking the carving-knife, turned with a smile to the rogues, and said, "Young gentlemen, here's Old Prex and Marm Prex, son John and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens—"to which will you be helped?" The mortification of his students may be imagined.

Don't Whip.

The following has been handed us for publication by one who is greatly interested in the proper treatment of children in regard to their government:

A parent who doesn't know how to govern a child without whipping it ought to surrender the care of that child to some wiser person. Sportsmen once thought it was necessary to lash their dogs in training them for the field. They know now that the whip should never be used. Horsemen once thought that it was necessary to whip colts to teach them to start and stop at the word and pull steadily. They know now that an apple is better than the lash, and a caress better than a blow. If dogs and horses can be thus educated without punishment, what is there in our children which makes it necessary to slap and pound them. Have they less intelligence? Have they cold hearts? Are they lower in the scale of being? We have heard many people say, "If we were to bring up another child, we would never whip it." They are wise, but a little too late. Instead of God doing so little for children that they must be whipped into goodness, he has done so much for them that even whipping can't ruin them—that is, as a rule. But, alas, there are many exceptions to this rule. Many children are of such quality that a blow makes them cowardly, or reckless, or deceitful, or permanently ugly. Whipping makes them steal. Whipping breaks their spirit. Whipping makes them hate their parents. Whipping makes home distasteful—makes the boys runaways, makes the girls seek happiness anywhere and anyhow. Whipping is barbarous. Don't whip.—*Golden Rule.*

LITTLE ACTS.—It is the bubbling spring that flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood of the roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he

"pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow and garden, and that shall flow on every day and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of martyrs, that good is done—it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life that it is to be done.—*Albert Barnes.*

A Cheerful Wife.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part to make her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evenings when he would never come at all, or his bringing some one home to dinner with him, without warning or preparation; of his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as the gas bill. She had no idea, in fact, that there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy and distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed. Men, as a rule do not often exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property, and to be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share of the attention, and yet she does not often get that little share. Therefore a word to the girls in this connection is in order;—beware of a man who does not know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than no husband at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into life beyond the honeymoon.

KIND TREATMENT.—Mistress and maid can never associate on terms of perfect equality; but we should endeavor to make our servants feel that the house they have entered to earn a little money is their home as long as they conduct themselves in a proper manner; if we could but make them feel that all they do adds to the comfort and delight of that home. Their life is, certainly, one of drudgery, and it is no wonder that often they are discouraged and careless, particularly if the "lady" fails to appreciate how wearisome are many tasks they have to perform. A kind word will do much to help the work along. Treat servants as if they are human beings. They are not *all* ungrateful; and are too often unjustly blamed. Sure it is there is very little pleasure with domestics who work just because you make them, having no other interest than that of doing merely enough to get their wages.

IT WENT OFF.—A citizen, who was preparing to take the war path against small game, the other day asked permission to leave his shot-gun in a Griswold street tobacco store, for a short time.

"Yes, of course," replied the tobacconist; "but I have a fear of such things, and I want you to be sure it won't go off."

The owner took the caps off, stood the gun in a corner, and said:

"If that gun goes off I'll buy you about a dozen ducks."

He was absent about an hour, and returned to find his gun gone.

"I told you so," said the tobacconist—"I knew it would go off."

"No!"

"Yes, it did."

"Why, how could it?"

"Constable took it off on a levy!" was the calm reply.

Such was the fact, and the irate owner went off after the other offs, swearing that he would knock some one's head off.

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand;
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The Darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope,
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go;
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,

"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter; gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
Too few the helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I long to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill,
By changeless laws are ordered still,

"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will;" because the One
Who loves us, first and best, has gone.
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,

"Not as we will."

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by her gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after years you may have friends—fond, dear friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

THE WOMAN'S SHARE.—Woman's share in influencing man is pronounced and clearly defined from the beginning of life. The mother sets her impress upon her boy. One expects to hear of a great and good man that his mother was serene, strong and full of faith. Men are insensibly wrought upon every day by the women of their households. If you hear a young man speaking lightly and flippantly of sacred things, if you observe in him a lowness of tone, and an impurity of sentiment, which jars upon and pains you—and, above all, if you know that he habitually thinks of woman as his inferior, doubting her sincerity, her goodness, and her principles, you may rest assured that he has not been under the moulding hand of a wise and sweet woman. His mother has been shallow and selfish, his sisters have been frivolous and idle, or his wife is vain and silly. But the woman who marries a man is not the woman who makes him—strong and potential as is her wifely influence. She can intensify his self-esteem, exalt his pride, and brood like a black frost on his desires after God. But the set, the trend, the start, in his case was given partly before birth, in the temper and spirit of his mother—much in those early days when he lay a helpless babe in her happy arms.

Carlyle's Advice to a Young Man.

The following letter was addressed by Thomas Carlyle, in 1850, to a young man who asked his advice, in a desponding spirit. It is the author's best and most characteristic style. "Chelsea, 17th Nov., 1850. Apparently you are a young man of an unusual, perhaps, of extreme sensibility, and placed at present in the unfortunate position of having nothing to do. Vague reverie, chaotic meditation, the fruitful effort to sound the unfathomable, is the natural result for you. Such a form of character indicates the probabilities of superior capabilities for work in this world; but is also, unless guided toward work, the inevitable prophecy of much suffering, disappointment and failure in the course of life. Understand always that the end of man is an action, not a thought. Endeavor incessantly, with all the strength that is in you, to ascertain what—there where you are, there as you are—you can do in this world; and upon that bend your whole faculties; regarding all reveries, feelings, singular thoughts, moods, etc., as worth nothing whatever, except as they bear upon that, and will help you towards that. Your thoughts, moods, etc., will thus in part become legitimate themselves, and become fruitful possessions for you; in part fall away as illegitimate, and die out of the way, and your goal become clearer to you every step you courageously advance towards it. No man ever understood this universe; each man may understand what good and manful work it lies within him to accomplish there. "Cheer up, there's gear to win you never saw." So says the old song; and I can say no more to you.—Yours, etc., T. Carlyle.

THE BOY'S PRIDE IN HIS FATHER.—The *Rockland Courier* is responsible for the following: "There were two men got into a fight in front of the store to-day," said a north end man at the supper table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The biggest grabbed a cart stake and drew it back. I thought sure he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them." The family had listened with wrapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?" The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidence of a dawning humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.

SERMONS.—Young man, your sermon was very good, but you held the fodder too high!" was the criticism of an old deacon to the young gentleman who had done his very best one Sunday morning. It is not poetry we object to, nor sentiment, nor flights of lofty imagination, nor daring similes, so that they be not indulged in for mere elocutionary effect. Bombast always defeats itself. The vanity of inflated learning usually finds a ready pin to prick its bubble. But as a noted literary critic has said, "Though bread be needful, vision is more needed;" and we must have the latter as well as the former. We long to see the King in His beauty, and to behold the land that is very far off. The minister who shews us heaven, and leads us to lift our eyes to its golden splendours, and its living waters, helps us to endure and to overcome, though toil be hard and cares oppressive.

"De Sand and de Sawdust ob dis World."

"Gentlemen, if you see a pusson rushin' 'roun' dis world enveloped in a diamond pin an' an' ulster, am dat any sign dat he pays taxes, rents a church pew, an' brings his chil'en up in de way dey should go?"

Brother Gardner looked down on the sixty-four faces in the orchestra chairs, but no voice responded.

"When you see a pusson seated in a sky-blue cutter, pushin' de lines over a fast hoss an' lookin' out'er his left eye as if he had de bulge on all de corner lots in town, am dat any sign dat a single grocer would trus' him for a box o' sa'dines or a peck carrots?"

The Elder Toots heaved a deep sigh, and Hucklebery Jones silently scratched his off leg just below the knee.

"When a man takes up fo' seats in de kyar, pushes folks aroun' on de market, elbows aroun' de City Hall, and gits de fust place at de stamp window in de post office, am dat any

sign dat when it came to de pull he'd give half a dollar's worth of wood to keep an orfun asylum from freezin to death? Doan you black folks git dust in yer eyes. Dar's a heap o' sand an' sawdust in dis world dat passes for sugar to de men walkin' by, but when you comes to de pinch de sugar ain't dar. De sawdust bulges up, an' de sand creeps out, an' you am disupted an' disgusted. It's kinder hard to have to eat cold turnip when you know dat de family next doah am luxuriatin' on sweet cake and turkey, but if de turnip am paid for you needn't fear for your digestion. I expeck dat de h'after am de biggest fing any of us hev got to work fur, an' I tole you, brudders, dat big seal rings an' pants cut twenty-two inches across de kull am nowhar alongside of a kin' word and an honest heart.

WANTED—AN EASY PLACE.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request, "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

It is certain that time and circumstances have much to do with the relative success of two men, or of the same man at different periods. But it is equally certain that the plain duty of every person, great or small, in storm or calm, is to do the very best he can. More than this is impossible; less than this is a sin. If he is playing the part of a manly man, his reputation will take care of itself; if he is not, no lamentations over the world's coldness will help him. No one can do work who is perpetually stopping to see how the spectators regard it. Praise cannot put a coward into the hero's place, neither can retraction reduce to the ranks a kingly soul. Whether or not you are succeeding in your undertaking, you will always be hindered by reflecting upon any neglect in which you may seem to lie. Such reflections jeopardize success and sicken failure.

INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.—Does it mean that we are never to derive aid from others! Not at all. We may gather hints, suggestions and facts from men, from books, and from experience; but we are to work up these for ourselves, classifying, generalizing and applying them according to our own judgment. Habits of long-continued and close thought lie at the foundation of self-reliance.

Mind governs the world; it is omnipotent in regard to the temporal powers of earth. Its dominion over matter is seen in the triumphs of modern science—the magnificent achievements of a Morse and an Edison—render this age superior to all those that are past.

Thoughts subvert thrones, overturn empires, and revolutionize the world. They are deep-seated fires of the volcano, whose heaving and earthquake pulsations make continents tremble. Those who have a great grasp and independence of mind hold a lever power which Archimedes could not find.

ON THE WAY.—A Scotchman was dying in Scotland. It was a Sabbath evening. His daughter Nellie sat by his bedside. The church bells began to ring for the Sabbath evening service, and the old man, in his dying dream, thought he was on his way to the church, through the cold, across the bridge, over the river, and he said, "Hark! the bells are ringing, we will be late to church, make the horse strike out swiftly." And then the old man shivered, and he said: "Bring the buffalo robes up closer, my lads. It is cold, but we shall soon be there, we will soon be at church—we will soon be over the river, my lads—we are there now," he said, with a smile. He could afford to smile, for he had reached the church, not the church on earth, but the church of God on high. Over the river, there God hushed that old man to sleep. As one, whom his mother comforteth, so God comforted him.

What the Atmosphere Contains.

M. Gaston Tissandier, of elevated ballooning notoriety says a correspondent of the *Kansas City Review*, has revealed many interesting facts on atmospheric dust, its connection with cosmical matter, and the important role it plays in fermentation and decomposition. As the air is purer after being washed by rain, so in dry weather, and especially in cities, the atmosphere is a veritable dust bin. We are sensible to the existence of these particles of attenuated matter; in breathing them they disgust us, and in falling and remaining on clothing and furniture they demonstrate not only their presence but their plenitude. Admit a sunbeam into a darkened room and the molecules will be revealed like nebulae; yet the numbers we perceive are perhaps but the minimum of what exists, for after the naked eye and the microscope there are minutiae which dance still. Much of this atomic debris is of inorganic origin, and a great deal is derived from animal and vegetable sources. The renowned experiments of M. Pasteur have demonstrated that among these atoms which live, move, and have their being in the air, are germs or spores of fermentation and decomposition, that is to say, the seeds of disease and death. Showers of dust, impalpable as flour, and sometimes red as blood, have fallen in several parts of the world; astonishing or frightening, as the populations are superstitious or cultivated. These showers are simply silicious particles, whipped up to the superior regions of the atmosphere, and driven along by aerial currents. Such particles have been lifted in Guiana and showered on New York, the Azores, and France as Ehrenberg detected therein animalcula and shells peculiar to South America. Over the summits of the high mountains of the latter country the atmospheric currents are ever charged with silicious powder, and in parts of Mexico the crests of mountains act as veritable bars, and compel the deposition from these air streams of the dust, and which accumulate in the valleys to the depth of ninety yards. Geology recognizes these atmospheric deltas.

The foam of waves as they dash against the coast is pulverized into feathery pellicles, which float skyward, with a trace of saline matter, and that a sea breeze carries far inland. Space contributes, as well as earth and ocean, to the production of aerial dust. When meteorites and falling stars are rendered luminous and incandescent by their rubbing against strata of air in their vertiginous flight, they part with quantities of their metallic elements in the form of powder, iron, nickel, and cobalt substances, that Nordenskjöld has gathered on the virgin snow of the Polar regions. When atmospheric dust, whether collected directly on a sheet of paper, or from the sediment of snow and rain, is probed by a magnet, the tiny particles of iron attracted have all a spheroid family likeness, resembling, furthermore, iron filings if melted in a flame of hydrogen, or the extinguished sparks that fall on striking an ordinary flint and steel. Nay, more, similar atoms of meteoric iron have been traced in the Lower Lias formation; geology thus affording evidence, that as now, so before the appearance of man on earth, atmospheric dust existed.

The air is a vast storehouse of animalcules. Expose a solution of some organic substance to the atmosphere for twenty-four hours, it will be speedily inhabited by myriads of infusoria, rolling and tumbling, yet so small that hundreds of them, if placed in a row, would not form a line in length. These worms resemble little eels. Analogous animalcules induce decomposition, and fermentation, for the latter cannot take place unless the organic matters be in contact with the air, to receive the seed of the leaven, which by cellule propagation leavens the whole mass.

It has lately been shown that the process of nitrification in certain soils is due to a peculiar ferment, that is to say, to a spore floating in the atmosphere, and finding its conditions for action stops and operates.

Marsh fever is due to cellules or spores existing in a bog neighborhood. The same spores have been detected by the microscope in the expectorations of the patient, in the dew that was examined, and on the surface of the peaty soil where they were generated. This is simply poisoning. To a like cause is due the fell disease known as hospital gangrene; the germs in the polluted ward atmosphere enter the wounds, induce putrefaction and death. Hence the importance of washing the affected part with carbolic acid or other antiseptic; then dressing it with a wadding that will intercept,

by acting as a filter, the germs to be deposited, from being sown.

In many factories, workmen become victims to the dust, generated by their special industry, entering and saturating the lungs. On dissecting old colliers, their lungs, after forty years' respiration of dust, instead of being rose colored as in health, were as black as the coal itself. The dust in this impalpable form is often the cause of accidents; it can take fire and blaze like alcohol. Witness the catastrophe at the Minneapolis flouring mills; the confined air highly charged with the flour became on a par with ether or alcohol, awaiting only ignition from the heated millstone to burst into flame and explode.

DIKA BREAD.—The following interesting note concerning the preparation of the dika or odika bread of Western Africa has recently been received from Dr. H. W. Bachelor, in the Gaboon, by Mr. Thomas Christy, to whom we are indebted for it:

"The plums are gathered as they fall from the tree, and are emptied from the baskets one after another until a large heap is formed. They are allowed to remain many days until the outside has putrified, and then the nuts are cracked, the seeds or kernels taken out and smoked for many days. Then they are put into a large mortar and crushed into a homogeneous mass. The rays of the sun are now allowed to pour on the mass, which melts and is put into a mould. This mould is of the shape of a frustrum of a cone, and the cakes vary in diameter from eight inches to a foot at the base. These will keep for six months."

Dr. Bachelor also makes the following interesting remarks with regard to the native medicinal plants of the country:

"The only way of ascertaining the properties of any product here is to ask the natives 'if it poisons goats,' or 'if the monkeys eat it,' and by direct experiment. The natives themselves know nothing of one medicine for one disease, and another for another. It is, in their opinion, the *witchcraft* that cures, not the leaf itself."

Goodyear's Discovery.

It was by mere accident that Charles Goodyear, thirty-four years ago, discovered the process of vulcanizing rubber, a business which now employs millions of dollars and over a hundred thousand workmen; and yet he had been years searching scientifically for the process. It was, however, the true scientific spirit which enabled him to make the accident available. The following gives another of his happy accidents:

During the process of vulcanizing large quantities of India rubber, a residuum of hard black coal is continually being deposited. For several years this residuum was regarded as useless, and was got rid of by shooting cart loads of it into holes or sinking it in the sea. Observing an Irish girl one day in Woburn, Mass., cleaning cutlery upon what looked to be a black stone, Goodyear had the curiosity to examine it. To his surprise, he found the seeming stone to be India-rubber coal—not a mineral at all, but a vegetable. Seeing that the upper surface of this novel knife-scourer had not only been worn smooth by use, but had taken a brilliant polish, the thought occurred to him that the material might answer as a substitute for ivory, bone and horn. Upon trial, he found that it was so, and he immediately took out in the United States, England and countries on the continent, many patents of application; that is, patents not for the discovery of the material, but for the discovery of the uses of the material. Manufacturers saw the advantages of the substitute, and seized upon it eagerly. And now it is used the world over for handles to knives and surgical instruments; for laboratory tools; for harness trimmings and house ornaments; for buckles and locks; parlor furniture and study conveniences; combs and backs of hair-brushes; door-knobs and walking-canes; caskets, bracelets and necklaces; finger-rings and the settings of precious stones, and a thousand other purposes.

CHANGING THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.—The natural color of flowers may be altered, according to C. Pucher, by exposing them to the diluted fumes of ammonia. Most of the blue, violet, and light crimson flowers, turn to a splendid bright

green. Dark crimson clove pinks turn black, other dark red flowers turn dark violet, all white flowers turn sulphur yellow. This change of color is especially beautiful when the flowers are variegated or the single petals possess a different color. As soon as the new color is fully developed, the flowers must be dipped at once in cold water, when they will keep for two to six hours: by degrees then their natural color returns. If flowers be exposed to the vapors of ammonia for one or two hours they turn a dirty chamois, which is permanent. Blue, violet, and red asters are dyed or turned intense red when they are exposed to the fumes of muriatic acid gas; it takes from two to four hours or more before the shade is fully developed. The flowers are then removed to dark, cool rooms to dry.—*Chemical Gazette.*

HOW TO SWIM.—The editor of the *London Truth*, after observing that probably not one in twenty of the persons who indulge in boating on a holiday can swim, proceeds to tell his readers how to acquire this accomplishment: "Nothing," he says, "is more easy. When the air is out of a body its owner sinks; when the air is in the body its owner floats. Let any one slowly draw in his breath as he draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it while he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go throw his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides and his legs are stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downward. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim is because swimming professors either do not know, or do not choose to teach, the philosophy of breathing, so as to render the body buoyant. I would engage to make any one a tolerable good swimmer in an hour, unless he is a congenital idiot."

Improved Tanning Process.

Dr. Chr. Heinzerling, of Frankfurt a. M., Germany, has invented and patented a new and improved tanning process, which produces better and more durable leather, and is from 20 to 25 per cent less expensive than the old methods. The greatest advantage that it possesses over the old methods is that it requires but three to five days instead of as many months.

The raw hides are unhaired and swelled in the ordinary manner, and are then placed into a solution of sour bichromate of potassa, or sour chromate of magnesia and alum, or sulphate of alumina and salt. They remain in this solution for a few days, according to the thickness and quality of the hides and the concentration of the solution.

Instead of placing the hides directly into one of the above solutions, they can be first submitted to the action of a solution containing about 10 per cent of alum and some small pieces of zinc. By the action of the alum and the zinc, amorphous alumina (clay) is deposited upon the fibres of the hide and prevents an injurious action of the strong solutions. If the hides have been in the above solutions of soda or alum for a certain time, a few per cent of ferrocyanide or ferricyanide of potassa are added, which will prove to be very effective for the leather to be used for the uppers of shoes.

They are then placed into a solution of chloride of barium or acetate of lead, or soap, for a few days, to fix the tanning substances. They are then dried and treated in the ordinary manner with fat, or paraffine, or naphtha dissolved in benzine and similar substances, to which a small quantity of thymol or carbolic acid should be added.—*Deutsche Industrie Zeitung.*

TO DESTROY ANGLE-WORMS.—Angle-worms at the root of plants can be made to come to the surface by inserting a fine hair-pin or darning-needle into the mold, and then pouring lime-water upon the soil. This will be found to be good for the health of the plants also, and will keep the foliage fresh and green. Apply once a week. Calla lilies should be placed in a shady corner of the garden during the months of June and July, and be given no water except that which falls from the clouds. Early in August they should be put in a size larger pot with very rich earth—that is, loam and peat mixed. You cannot give too much water when growing and they are wanted to bloom.—*Aunt Addie.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE



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WEARY.

BY SARAH B. CLARK.

Poor aching heart! art thou again so weary,
And has the world for thee no loving place of rest?
Still grows the daily path more rough and dreary,
Thorns meet the bleeding feet where only flowers have
pressed?

Is there no heart to hush the silent moaning,
To stay the unwept tear that burneth hot within?
No ear to catch the smothered wail, the groaning
When worn with earnest strife—the very good were sin?

Press on; the past for thee has had its brightness,
Not gone are all the days of early bloom;
The future is not dark, and if the lightness
Has gone from out the present, 'tis not in the tomb.

Still read they ill the language that thou speakest,
And call thy word of love a deed of wrong?
And shut thee out from the one ray thou seekest,
E'en the lone star that kept the night from seeming long?

Press on; thy fainting, faltering step makes one the less
'Tween love and thee, 'tween mother's loving breast,
And wandering child whom she might chide, yet bless,
And sweet, sweet home where thou shalt fold thy wings
and rest.

Onward, faint heart; thou hast a God to guide thee;
E'en 'mid the night-time it shall be as day.
In the pavilion of his love he'll hide thee
Till cloud and storm, till gloom and darkness flee away.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued).

—O—
CHAPTER III.

SYBIL O'BRIEN.

Sybil O'Brien was an orphan and an heiress; yet at the age of twenty-six, was still unmarried. Astounding fact! The world could not understand it at all; in vain it tried to unravel the mystery—it remained a mystery still. She never deigned to offer any explanation, whereupon the world felt itself aggrieved. It held out a multitude of reasons, all of which were rejected as events proved them unstable. It could not be said that she was heartless, for there were plenty to confute that statement. Was it then because she was proud, fastidious, difficult to please? Surely among the many who had paid her homage and bowed at her shrine, there were some with whom even the most fastidious woman

in Christendom could find no fault. Brave, honorable men, worthy even a Princess's favor. No; that certainly could not be the true explanation. What then? Had Miss O'Brien been crossed in love? Had some early disappointment turned her against matrimony, and caused her to remain single all these years, when she might even have been "my lady" had she chosen? For it was well known that more than one English baronet had wooed unsuccessfully the beautiful Canadian heiress. Now the world plumes itself upon its sagacity, and with many wise nods and looks informs Mrs. Black why it is Miss O'Brien never married; naturally Mrs. Black confides it to her bosom friend and crony Mrs. White, who whispers it *sub rosa* to Mrs. Gray, the club gossip, from whom next day the assembled Club hears it, but with many garnishings and additions. So the world continued to delude itself into the idea that it had fathomed the cause of Sybil's aversion to matrimony. Miss O'Brien listens to these rumors with a serene smile; she is utterly indifferent as to what people say of her. If they choose to make up a silly romance, and constitute her as the heroine, they may do so, and welcome; she has no objection, if it affords them any pleasure. She does not contradict anything, nor does she vouchsafe any information. Not even when malicious whispers are rife, hinting that she is fast verging towards old maidenhood, is her composure ruffled. She merely laughed when one day a friend told her, that someone had hinted as much.

"Ah, well!" she said, "I would rather be an old maid than an unloving wife; and it is a positive fact, Amy, I have never been in love in my life;—besides there are worse fates than that of being an old maid; there are many dear, loveable creatures in their ranks; the world would be badly off without some of them."

Serene and beautiful, she reigned as queen of society. Men fell in love with her by the score, but they knew better than to presume that she would look upon them with more favor than she had upon scores of others, who had staked their all upon a venture and lost. So it came to pass that Sybil had hosts of admirers, but not one lover. Not one—did I say?—that was a mistake. She had one; but more of him anon. It would not be true to say that Sybil disdained matrimony; she would have entered into it as joyfully as do thousands of her sex, if she could have loved, but she could not; there was the difficulty. Love is like poetry; it cannot be forced into being, but must come naturally and of its own free will. Often musing by herself, Sybil would wonder how it was her heart had never been touched. She had never set up in her mind an ideal man—"a paragon; the impersonation of every virtue under the sun," as poor Neal had so bitterly said. When the right one came, it would make but little difference to her whether he were better or worse than his compeers, provided she loved him. Often she felt inclined to doubt if it were in her to love passionately and devotedly as she believed a wife should love. It has long been a matter of much speculation as to whether such a thing as Platonic love does or does not exist. Some hold that it does; others again that it does not;—that it is a term used merely in an ironical sense, because the Phyllisses and

Corydons, between whom such a passion is capable of being inspired, are very few, if, indeed, they exist at all. This, I hold, to be an erroneous view of the case. It is my belief that there is such a thing as Platonic attachment, and that the Phyllisses and Corydons are not by any means so few as skeptics would try to prove. Men and women who have for each other an attachment warm, deep, and sincere, and as pure as purity itself, but wholly and utterly from sentiment. I will not deny that, perhaps, at the outset there may have been something akin to sentiment on the part, either of the lady or of the gentleman, but that has passed away, as the one so affected has become convinced of the utter futility of encouraging such feelings, and then, like unto a beautiful gem, pure, cool and sparkling, Platonic love has taken its place. Just such an attachment as this existed between Sybil and not a few of her admirers. They adored her as a beautiful woman, they revered and esteemed her for her goodness and nobility; they would, one and all, have laid down their lives for her; but not one would have dreamed of her as in any way connected with sentiment, in regard to themselves individually. Of course they supposed that Sybil would eventually marry, and, to do them justice, they were prepared to dance right merrily at her wedding. And, in like manner, did she feel towards them. So also she felt for Neal Despard; and it was a source of real grief to her that he could not, or would not, learn to regard her in the same way. At times, when she thought of how faithfully and stedfastly he had loved her, she wondered, with a half-defined fear, if she had ever given him any encouragement to hope that she would be his wife. Perhaps—it may have been—that she coquetted with him long ago, when she first knew him; but then—she reasoned half impatiently—she had been nothing but a thoughtless girl then; besides, had she not even then told him decidedly that she could never marry him. How long it seemed! Eight years. And it was in Italy; beneath the blue skies of Italy, that she and Neal first met. She was very young then, and as fair as a poet's dream; and he—honest, warm-hearted, ugly Neal, fell in love with the golden-haired Signiorina. He went about from place to place with them, making himself so pleasant and practically useful, that they wondered how they had ever got on without him. Gradually they came to be great friends, those two, wandering about alone, whilst Mr. O'Brien and his sister remained at home, on the plea of fatigue. Neal told her all about his home in Canada; of his mother, the dear, white-haired old lady of whom he was so fond; and of the gentle, invalid sister Alice, who was so good and sweet; never murmuring, although she knew that the fresh green fields, the shady woods, as well as the busier walks of life, were not for her.

In Sybil, he found an attentive and sympathetic listener; and she made him promise—which he gladly did—that when they returned home, he would take her to see his mother and sister.

One day, as they lounged lazily upon the grass, beside a placid Italian lake; the guide, lying a little way off, with his hat over his face, fast asleep, Neal asked Sybil to be his wife. But she only laughed in her gay, girlish way, and told him that she couldn't dream of doing such a thing; that she liked him, and that, ever since she had known him, she had felt what a pity he was not her brother. Then, perceiving how grave and troubled the young man's face had grown, she too became grave, and told him how sorry she felt, asking him in a pretty, naive way, please not love her so much; but to think of her as he thought of Alice, who was far away in Canada. The next day Neal bade his friends farewell, and set off for home. They were not to return for at least two months. The young girl missed him when he was gone; and thought contemptuously what a tiresome thing love was; "just coming and spoiling everything when they might have been friends and chums all this time," she muttered to herself, when he had gone.

Time, it is said, heals all things; as a rule, I suppose, people measure time in such cases by years, not months. Nevertheless, anyone seeing Neal Despard two months later, would have scouted the idea that he was a victim to a disappointment in love. He had regained his former buoyancy of spirit, and his gray eyes twinkled as merrily as ever, as he shook hands with Sybil, and returned Mr. O'Brien's hearty greeting, the day after their return to Toronto. Had

Sybil been at all inclined to vanity, she would doubtless have been slightly mortified to find that her power over this young man had succumbed to an absence of two short months. But she was not vain, neither was she a coquette; therefore, she was heartily glad to think that she would now be able to meet him again on the old pleasant terms of friendship and *bon camaraderie*, which had existed between them at the outset of their acquaintance. So the intercourse between them was renewed; Neal took Sybil to see his mother and sister: and an intimacy of the closest sprang up between the two families.

I have already stated that Neal Despard was never absorbedly or passionately in love in his life; and the statement was correct. Even that first brief dream of love, sweet though it was, had been singularly free from passion. Says the poet:—

"Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt."

Now Neal had never experienced any of those passions of agony and doubt. Even when Sybil had refused him, the wound as we have seen, had been but slight and quickly healed. Probably, if he had never met her again, after that parting in Italy, he would have forgotten her in time; but they did meet, and, as we have said, a warm friendship sprang up between the two families. Scarcely a day that did not find Sybil by Alice's couch, cheering the gentle invalid with her sunny smiles and bright winsome ways, until Alice came to believe that there was no one in all the world like Sybil, and was continually singing her praises to Neal. Mrs. Despard loved the young girl, and took no pains to conceal from her son that it would please her to welcome Sybil as a daughter.

Then, on the other hand, Mr. O'Brien was fond of Neal, and was continually bringing him to the house. All these circumstances combined, and the close intimacy which brought him, almost daily, in contact with Sybil, led him in a manner to regard her as belonging peculiarly to him; he was very fond of her in a calm, matter-of-fact way, and owned to himself that nothing could possibly be pleasanter than to call her his wife. All this time he himself was fully convinced that he was deeply in love. But I query if he knew the meaning of that mysterious passion. So it came to be the settled idea of his life that he would ultimately marry Sybil O'Brien. She herself had no notion that he was cherishing any such hope; she was living in the firm belief that he was meeting her on her own ground, that of simple friendship. She liked him; she liked a great many men; but she was not, and never had been, in love with any one of them. So matters progressed, and Neal was just on the verge of a second proposal when Mr. O'Brien suddenly died, leaving his daughter and heiress to the care of his sister; who, it may here be said had conscientiously fulfilled her duty towards her niece.

In her sorrow and loneliness the girl turned to the Despard's for sympathy and consolation. To Alice she poured out all her sorrow and grief, and it was Alice's gentle voice that soothed her,—Alice who whispered to her those Heavenly promises, and sweet words of Fatherly counsel, in which she herself had learned to believe and trust.

But we must hasten on. One day, several months after her father's death, Neal again asked Sybil to be his wife, and, it is needless to say, was again refused.

"I must beg you to lay aside, once and for all, any hopes you may still entertain in this matter."

"Pardon me; but I shall do no such thing; I cannot but hope that some day you will give me a different answer, Sybil; and, not until I see you the wife of another man, shall I do your bidding, and cease to hope."

Matters went on precisely the same after this, except that Sybil saw less of Neal than formerly. But they soon drifted back into the old free and easy intercourse. So the years went peacefully by; Sybil went a great deal into society, steadily refusing each offer of marriage that came in her way. She was fond of travelling, and invariably made it a custom of spending at least three months of every year travelling. She had been several times in Europe since that time in Italy of which we have spoken. In fact, she had just returned from England about a week previous to the opening of our story; and had yielded to the pressing invitation sent by her friend Katie Halliday to be present on the occasion of

the birthday ball, and also to remain in Buxley a fortnight. All this had been designed as a pleasant surprise for Neal, who was not even cognizant of Sybil's return to Canada,—how Katie's little plan succeeded we have seen. Here it may be as well to explain, that, although Sybil and Katie were warm friends, having met in Toronto some three years previously, Sybil was comparatively a stranger to the Halliday family, and a stranger entirely to everyone else in Buxley, this being her first visit there.

(To be Continued).

MRS. WATKINS' NIECE.

BY ANNETTE LUCILLE NOBLE.

MRS. K. WATKINS,		
FASHIONABLE	-	DRESSMAKER.

This was printed on a board over the door of a frame-house on the outskirts of Waverly. One June day Mrs. Katy Watkins sat within, sewing on the ruffles of a pink lawn dress. Esther Hughes, the girl she hired to help her, sat opposite sewing on the waist. The little Widow Watkins had been long silent; at last she bit off her thread between her teeth and neglected to unwind more. Then she broke out suddenly, "There was sense in that child who said that when she told Satan to get behind her he did, and pushed her right into things. I feel sour and wicked."

Esther, a phlegmatic, light-eyed creature, looked up surprised. The energetic, breezy woman was usually full of cheerfulness. "May be you're bilious," she suggested, Esther's own liver being the seat of all her troubles.

"No, I ain't. I'm only having a tussle with old Adam over the tenth commandment. I want somebody's easy lot, that is the amount of it. I keep going over my life, how I was married when I ought to have been playing with dolls, wss left a widow at nineteen, and have been hard at work for twenty years. To think of the stitches I've set, going out by the day mostly, up at six, oft through deep snow, may be, everybody crowding, hurry, hurry, as if the dress was the only one I ever had to make. Come dinner-time, saying, 'We'll have a picked-up bite to-day to save time, so Mrs. Watkins can get along with the work.' Go home tired, to finish, out of hours, something for somebody else. It is a little better since I took work home, but look at my front-yard full of burdock, and the back of horseradish. I'd like to have it pretty, but I never get ahead. You know my mother-in-law who died last year? Dear soul, the Lord knows that I did not begrudge one cent I spent for her, but it did keep me drained. She was a little crazy and very trying, wanting all sorts of quack medicines. I always did hate scrimping, but to pinch has been my lot. There, now, I've said it out! I suppose I'm a wretch. I ought to be giving thanks that I ain't blind, or having epileptic fits, or a hateful old husband, or a cancer making me screech with pain."

"Yes," said Esther, quite stirred by the widow's vehemence; "but some folks do seem ground down to steady drudging, and it's most always the ones that would get the comfort out of what other people have and don't enjoy."

"That is true preaching, Esther Hughes," put in the widow, reattacking the pink dress. "Every time I look over to Square Williams' I think of that."

And she nodded in the direction of the west window, but finding a mistake in her work, stopped talking a minute, while Esther did look over toward the "square's." She saw a roomy old house, with roses around its cheerful windows, luxuriant vines over wide arbors, orchards, fields, great barns, every sign of well-to-do living.

"There was Mrs. Williams," continued the dressmaker, "she just fussed herself out of the world. She'd come in here and groan over nothings till I'd long to stand in her shoes just one day to show her how to enjoy her blessings. Oh, that great kitchen and overflowing pantry of hers. I'd have had a tea-party the first thing, or a Thanksgiving-dinner such as I've read of. Esther that would just delight me."

Esther said it would, and bore no false witness. The

little widow had a warm heart, a brisk temper, and her every instinct was social.

"Did the 'Square' ever get married again?"

"No, I suppose not, or we'd have heard. I don't know him; never spoke to him as I remember. Now, Esther, it is six, you had better go."

"The dress is not done yet."

"Never mind, your mother is sick. I've been too often worked over time to try it on other folks. I'll pay you up, for you might want something extra over Sunday. I haven't been talking like a Christian. I feel mean—wish I had something to send your ma. Come early Monday. Good night."

Mrs. Katy, as folks usually called her, watched Esther down the dusty path between the burdocks, then went to kindle a light fire in her handbox of a stove, made a cup of tea, and ate her solitary meal. After that she put away the sewing, pushed the machine to the wall, and went and sat by the window in her "other room." It was a small, square parlor, having three cane-chairs, a table with a red stamped cover, a chintz-cushioned rocking-chair, a vase of paper-flowers, and a colored fashion-plate, neatly inserted in the wooden frame of a broken looking-glass. The stars came out in the twilight, the breath of new-mown hay and sweet clover was in the air, and better Saturday night thoughts made the little woman exclaim,

"There, I was poisoning Esther Hughes' mind with discontent and envy, as if God did not know what he meant with me. If I have n't had the best of everything I've had a deal more than I deserve. I calling poor Mrs. Williams a grumbler! I better look nearer home."

The Sabbath sun rose in a cloudless sky, and when the widow opened her cottage door she took time to note the coolness, the sweet silence only broken by the birds' song, even the dewdrop sparkling on the crisp horseradish leaves. Suddenly her gate creaked, and she saw coming toward her a brown-eyed young man, the son of that fretful Mrs. Williams. She often saw him pass her door, but he had never stopped before.

"Mrs. Watkins," said he, "the postmaster asked me last night to give you this letter. It has been at the office several days, and you did not call for it. I stopped here last night, but seeing the house all dark I did not knock you up."

"Thank you. I do n't go to the office once a week," she exclaimed. "Who can it be from?"

And she turned it over curiously, while Jack Williams lifted his cap and turned away, thinking,

"How women always go to guessing over a letter, as if it were a riddle, instead of ripping it right open."

Indeed, it was an event. The widow thought of washing her dishes, dressing for church, and reading it in state, but curiosity prevailed. She dropped into her work-chair and cut the envelope with her button-hole scissors. As she read, surprise, doubt, and dismay gathered in her face; she looked up at last to address, from force of habit, Esther Hughes' empty chair.

"I have not heard a word from them since by brother died, ten years ago, and left her and the child. Now she is dead, and not a relation to send the girl to. I wonder who wrote that letter. Some woman, a neighbor, may be. 'Your niece Marjory,' she says. 'I had forgotten her name, if I ever knew it. Well, perhaps it does look likely to strangers that I, being her aunt, could take care of her. It do n't even tell her age. Well, well, well!'"

The aforesaid surprise, dismay and doubt came out very strong in each successive "well," and Mrs. Katy sat thinking so intently the church-bell awoke her to the fact that it was too late to get ready. She was not sorry, for the best sermon could not have held her attention that day. Her brother's wife had been a silly, idle girl, with a pretty face. Her only child was probably like her. The tired, over-worked dressmaker could not welcome the thought of such a person sent to her to feed, clothe, and care for; all the trouble she had yesterday recounted to Esther Hughes found in this a climax. She let the flies come in and dance about her unwashed dishes, taste of the butter and tumble into the milk, while she hardened her heart in this wise:

"It is an imposition. The girl must be well grown, seventeen, at least; she must just go to work and earn her own living as I began to do at her age. Her mother never

treated me well or let her brother. She has, probably, friends, if not relations; let them look out for her. I have carried a burden long enough. I took care of a crazy old lady for twenty years and more. I do say I have had a hard lot;" and the widow burst into tears.

When she had quite disfigured her really attractive face and made her bright eyes very red, she felt calmer and washed the dishes, dusted and darkened her rooms into a proper Sunday look, dressed herself, and read a chapter in the Bible. She wrote a letter. This last was not easy. It always puzzled her to tell if she must spell believe or believe, necessary or necessary, etc., etc. "If the young woman was capable she would probably get something to do where she was known," etc.

The letter written and elaborately directed, Mrs. Watkins tried to forget the whole matter, but could not. Usually the Sunday rest was delicious to her; to-day she wished there was an afternoon service; even to sew would have been a relief; she read again in the Bible, losing her place continually. It was a supremely uncomfortable day. When the evening bells rang she was worn out with repressed excitement and sat down in the twilight instead of going to church.

A young girl, seventeen or eighteen years old, no father, no mother; pretty, probably, and her own kin. Let her earn her own living. That was easy, was it not? She herself had found it so? Youth and beauty and ignorance and incapacity always succeeded in this world, did they not? The dressmaker pondered on that awhile, and certain thoughts made her shudder. What if somewhere out in the wicked world hereafter, a woman should live who could say that if her father's own sister had done her duty, she might have been good and happy! The dressmaker went back into her silent parlor and kneeling under the old, framed fashion-plate, prayed God to forgive her that she had grown so hard-hearted. She declared—and in the moment she said it in a new sincerity—that "goodness and mercy" had "followed" her all the days of her life; then she arose, took that elaborately-directed letter and put it where it would light her fire for breakfast.

The next morning, when Esther Hughes came, Mrs. Katy's eyes were so bright, her cheeks so red, and she singing so blithely,

"Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?"

that Esther said:

"You are real good-looking, Mrs. Watkins, and if I do say it, you do not look over thirty-five years old."

"Oh pshaw, Esther, wait until you see my niece, who is coming to live with me! I expect she is a beauty. Poor child, she is left alone in the world."

"When is she coming? Can she help you any?"

"I can help her. I telegraphed early this morning for her to come right on. I suppose she is inexperienced and flighty, like all young girls."

Esther Hughes, with her dull complexion and big hands, sewed methodically on, in serene cogitation as to when she had been flighty. It must have been before her tenth year, previous to her being nurse to a sick mother, sister of a dozen children, and a dressmaker besides. She wondered if, failing to be a beauty, she might not have escaped flightiness also.

"Young Williams brought me the letter," said the widow. "He is a right handsome fellow. You have seen him, hav'n't you?"

Esther Hughes blushed, and said, "Yes'm," down her throat. By-and-by she cast a sidelong glance out of her prominent eyes much like a horse without any blinders. She wondered if the dressmaker was looking at her. Why Esther blushed or feared to be detected was pathetically comical. Jack Williams had spoken to her twice; once to tell her of fresh paint on a fence that she was passing, once to ask her if her father would come and work on the farm. Poor, dull Esther was not foolish enough to think herself in love, or to believe that after those times the young man even remembered her existence; but she blushed because she had idealized him as a type of masculine beauty, heroism, intellect—everything vague and admirable, had let all the romance of her prosaic nature dwell on him in an utterly aimless, but not the less earnest fashion. She had mused, as she plodded through bias and fold and ruffle, how it would seem

to be some ideal girl, to be admired in some ideal way by this her ideal Jack Williams—who was actually a good-principled young farmer, clear-headed, full of fun and good-nature. He was not at all like any youth in the few harmless novels Esther perused.

"When do you expect your niece?"

"I don't know; she may start right away. It is only a few hours by rail. Esther, I guess you'll have to finish that pink dress alone. I must make some changes about the house."

Esther agreed, and sewed steadily through the long, warm day. At night, she shut up the machine, announced with a satisfied sigh, "That piece of work is done and off our hands," and was chatting with Mrs. Katy, when they heard a carriage stop at the gate. Esther looked out and exclaimed, "There is a young lady coming—Jack Williams fetched her—he is putting off a travelling-bag. It is your niece—your niece! Oh, let's run!" And Esther fled precipitantly, stopping the other side of the kitchen-door to peer through the crack, and see all she could, before going home the back way.

"Is n't she lovely!" she soliloquized; "brown hair and how curly, rosy cheeks, and such a fair skin. Mr. Williams is saying how he was at the depot, and brought her because she did n't know the way. How nice it must be to feel yourself so pretty! A linen dress makes me old drab color, hair and all. Oh my! they're coming this way!" and Esther scud homeward, feeling quite anxious to have it morning, that she might study, at her leisure, Mrs. Katy's niece.

CHAPTER II.

When morning came, Esther had to send word that her mother was worse; one of the children had scalded his feet, and she must stay at home. It was not until the last of the week that she found herself again at the dressmaker's. When she did, Mrs. Watkins had much to tell her. She exclaimed at once,

"I am delighted with my niece! She is smart and pretty and such good company! Why, I feel as if I had gone a-visiting myself. Hear her now in the kitchen? It happened, as it does sometimes, that a daughter in self-defence, grows up everything that her mother is not. I can see she sewed and cooked and managed because John's wife wouldn't; she got patient and sweet-tempered, putting up with a cross invalid, and she is so tasteful. She has hung straw-frames and gay brackets and a moss-basket in my parlor already, and says she can cut burdock off at the root, and kill it with kerosene. She can sew like—but the door opened and Marjory, smiling on Esther, as if she were an old friend, was soon hemming, ruffling, chatting away, and getting fun out of the work the others often found so stupid.

"I never saw anyone look so dressed-up in calico as she does; she is pretty, as Mrs. Katy must have been at her age," thought Esther, who told her, little by little, about her mother, the way her brothers outgrew their clothes, the class-meeting she belonged to, and the plot of a story she was reading in Madame Demorset's Magazine. That was while Mrs. Katy took a nap—the first daytime nap since she could remember. And thus Mrs. Watkins niece soon became a power in the little frame house, and as the summer went by the dressmaker loved her like a daughter, and found her very helpful.

One afternoon in August, Mrs. Katy heard voices at the gate. She arose and peering through the shutters in the parlor; she saw Marjory—the wind tossing the curls off her laughing face, in which Jack Williams was looking very intently, while he discoursed on Deacon Smith's windmill, and his two-year-old colt, and—well, anything to keep Marjory out there with the wind in her curls, as Mrs. Watkins perceived with disapproval. She muttered (one eye to the shutters), "I don't like it! I won't have it! He has money, he can take his pick of wealthy girls, and he knows it. He is n't going to flirt with her and make her unhappy, if I can help it; but if I tell her she must not talk to him she will think of him all the more and be uncomfortable, as if I suspected she was. Girls are made so, they can't help it. His mother never considered a dressmaker her equal—he would not think Margie his. But, if she is poor, she is mighty pretty to look at and talk to, that is all he wants of her probably.

There—she is coming in of her own accord; I am glad of it."

"O Aunt Katy, I did not mean to be so long; but I had to go to three shops for the silk, then I met young Mr. Williams coming home—or he said he was, only he was going the other way. Isn't Esther Hughes comical? She says he makes her think of Thaddeus of Warsaw; I'm sure he can't be like a Pole."

"A pole," echoed Mrs. Watkins, who was not very literary—"a pole! Humph, he's good-looking enough, if that is all."

Margie asked her, noticing her tone, if "Mrs. Hopkins' dress still puckered." Evidently something was amiss; then she went singing to the kitchen and set the supper-table, putting a bunch of flowers in the centre to give it the grace that made up for the lack of silver and china, at least in her eyes.

After supper Mrs. Watkins went to the Wednesday evening meeting, her mind filled with annoying thoughts of threatened unhappiness to Marjory. She was but a little way from home, and near "Square" Williams' house, when she met him, a hale, kind-hearted man, who greeted her with a pleasant "Good evening." In a sudden impulse (that scared her tremendously afterwards when she pondered in the prayer-meeting) she stopped in his path, saying, "Mr. Williams, you have a son. I don't know him. I have a niece, and my heart is bound up in her. I wouldn't have trouble come to that child for all the gold in Christendom. Now I have n't said one word to anybody before, but something must be said. I can't send my Margie for a spool of thread or a yard of cambric, but your son starts up in her path somewhere, and talks to her. He makes errands to the house, and brings me fish. I'm sure that's very polite; but—"

"Well, well! I call that a scaly trick, if you know it is not fish he has been after," broke out the "Square" with irrepressible laughter at Mrs. Katy's vehemence. "I beg your pardon. Jack is very neighborly all of a sudden. I asked him about it myself. He blushed as red as a beet. After that I took a look at your niece. She is a charming little girl. That is all the more reason my son should know what he is about. Glad you spoke. I'll stir him up to mind his ps and qs. Stop a minute, marm. Have you seen how we've trained our vines lately? I think that arbor pretty handsome."

Mrs. Watkins admired and hastened on to church, wondering if she had done a dreadful deed. She almost feared that she had, or else that she had not done it soon enough; for from that date Marjory was never delayed on her way after thread or paper-cambric. Jack went off to sell grain for his father, or so Esther said her father said, when he ceased to go by the dressmaker's. Esther and Marjory sewed and talked together as usual; but Mrs. Katy fancied that Margie allowed very long intervals of silence, and forgot to find things in general as amusing as they used to be. She was as sweet tempered and helpful; yet her honest brown eyes had often a puzzled, half-grieved look. Jack came back after a week or two, and as they sat sewing they frequently saw him and his father in the fields together. One night, this time after the evening meeting, Mrs. Watkins met the elder Williams, who walked along by her side, as Jack once had by Marjory's. He said rather abruptly, "My boy likes your niece. He says he don't see what you have against him, and he would like to know it."

"Sakes alive! I never said I knew anything against him," said Mrs. Watkins, quite agitated. "I—I—only—"

"Well, then, maybe I understand what you feared: that he was trifling. He would like to marry her. He thinks she is wonderful smart and pretty and good, and everything nice, of course. Now, if half he tells about her is true, I don't care for her not being rich. You came of a good stock. I knew your brother. If he wants her so dreadfully, and could court her if he tried, won't you just let him try? My Jack is no fool. He has got a clear record right through from the day he went into boots. That is something for a father to know now-a-days. Suppose he comes around some day and calls?"

Mrs. Katy wanted to laugh, and to cry, and to say her prayers, and to explain half a dozen things; but she would only articulate, "Yes—yes, sir—suppose he does."

Jack did, as you may readily imagine.

It was the next evening. Mrs. Watkins had been exercised all day, had praised young Mr. Williams in a way

strangely in accordance with Margie's line of thought, and Esther's too, as to that. She advised Marjory to put on her blue lawn, to make new flowerpots for the parlor table; and when the day's work was done, Esther gone, and the pleasant twilight came, Margie saw Jack open the gate. The blood flew to her cheeks, a new light to her eyes, and Aunt Katy had something to do in the kitchen. After an hour or two Marjory came out to hug her, and to act hysterical, saying, "Mr.—Williams—he wants to see you—now—well—do n't you be cross—I can't stand it, if you are." Just as if Mrs. Watkins usually snapped at her callers.

The happiness of the young people was remarkable. Aunt Katy told Esther all about it the next day; when the others were out riding in the golden September light it was. Esther dropped her work and listened to the end in a sort of maze. Then there actually were such beautiful things happening in real life—coming to human beings like herself, not like herself either (feeling this last with a quick, unenvious pang), but to people with faces like Marjory's, and bright sweet ways. Well, it was wonderful, very wonderful! Esther picked up her work, and stitching with dim eyes, pricked her finger, and said she was glad for Marjory, and went on trying to remember, as she sewed, what the class-leader said that other night about—if we could not be very happy, and our lot full of sunshine, we could be good; then it might come to seem as nice to us to help make other people happy as to be so ourselves, and God would bless us, which of itself was enough. Esther wondered if some nights, when she had been very tired, she had done all she possibly could for her sick mother. She would not let herself be so sleepy after this when she watched with her; and coming back to her starting point again, she must not keep herself awake with the old thoughts either. Jack Williams loved Marjory. How strange! Well, she could help make the wedding-dress, and—yes, God would bless her, and that certainly ought to be enough for anybody. It was for Esther, because God chose that it should be after that.

Jack wished to be married in October, and many were the long talks Marjory had with her aunt, while Esther Hughes sewed on the tasteful outfit, which cost so little, yet was as pretty in its heightening effect on the young girl's beauty as the moss around a rosebud. One day Mrs. Katy threw up both hands, and exclaimed, "O Marjory, you can really have a Thanksgiving dinner every year now as long as you live! That seems to me the cap-sheaf of everything nice; to cook with plenty of eggs, lard, raisins, and pastry-flour, with all sorts of spices out of those cunning little drawers in that beautiful pantry over there; to have the whole house odoriferous with them; to give pies to poor folks; then at last to set the table! I've fancied that so many times—a fat, big turkey, cranberry jelly, and five kinds of pie! Have you thought of it all?"

"No," laughed Marjory. "Jack did not speak of any pie, or tell me about the spice-boxes, when he offered himself; besides, auntie, it really isn't his kitchen, it is his father's; and, by the way, how good old Mr. Williams is."

Yes "old Mr. Williams" (aged fifty) was very fatherly, and dropped in to see his daughter-in-law elect quite often. He came in the daytime, as they sat sewing, and brought berries and fresh vegetables with old-fashioned friendliness, staying to talk about the crops, examining the wedding dress, and gravely averring that Turkey red was his favorite color. When Mrs. Katy was present (she seldom was) he told her about the last conference-meeting, and was so genial that Esther Hughes said once, "What do you suppose Mrs. Williams found to fret about with such a home and such a man? 'Pears to me he acts glad to talk to women and to please 'em."

"Yes, he does," said Marjory innocently. "He acts like Jack, only not so full of mischief."

One evening Widow Watkins went to meeting. Her conscience troubled her, for she had stayed away for—well, ever since Jack's father began going with regularity. She was sewing very busily now, was tired evenings, and then there was a great deal of pride and self-respect about Mrs. Katy. She remarked quite irrelevantly one day, after a long reverie, that "no human creature could ever say she had been a schemer."

She went to meeting, as we have said, one evening, and Mr. Williams went home with her—went boldly, as if he

wanted to go and meant to go. He said that he was very glad that Marjory was to be in his house; his wife had been dead two years, and it was gloomy and disorderly living as they had. But he did not wish Marjory to have too much responsibility, etc., etc.

Perhaps you can divine why the stars seemed to be dancing around in confusion before Mrs. Katy. She trembled, scared by the breaking of what she had felt some time before "in the air," as she confessed afterwards. Suffice it to say, that when she next encountered Marjory her cheeks were as red as poppies, and her tittle far clearer to those spice-boxes than Marjory's even; nevertheless, she was more hysterical in telling what had happened than that maiden herself had been. When the whole truth was out, Marjory fell into the chintz-covered chair, and laughed her poor aunt quite out of the room, running after her to say, "Oh, you will get up that Thanksgiving dinner after all, the big turkey, the five pies, and all!"

"Don't, now don't, Maigie. You make me feel as if I'd been coveting or laying traps;" and Mrs. Katy fell to crying and to laughing into the folds of the towel that hung on the kitchen roller. "He is a good man, and I don't want him for his mon—"

"Nor his spice-boxes. Oh yes, auntie, I do know all about it," said Marjory softly, slipping away to her own room.

"To think," said Mrs. Katy to herself, "of that day I said the girl might take care of herself, that I was too poor, and that God had dealt stingily with me; or I meant that, if I did n't dare say it."

Yes, that was a genuine Thanksgiving: Two brides, one brimming over with the joy and sparkle of young life; one equally happy, amazed at the light that had fallen on her path. Two husbands, each secretly thinking himself proudest, and a home full of comfort and good cheer! Esther Hughes and her mother came to dinner, the latter much better, but fearful of a relapse after indulgence in those pies. Esther herself enjoyed it like a chapter from one of the love stories that seemed so marvellous to her. She wore a new green poplin, and overheard Mrs. Williams, Senior, say, "There is a girl as good as gold." Such things are pleasant.

It only remains for me to add that Esther took all the business. She had the sign repainted, and left out the word "fashionable" from conscientious scruples. Her father died that year, and she was the stay of her mother and the support of the many children until all were grown. When the last one was married or gone, a rather inefficient widower, with eleven children (two sets) offered himself for themselves to her. She accepted them all; one of them was a cripple, and she made them very comfortable. The first faint flush of romance in her life had faded long before into the prosaic light of common day—a day of heat and dust and labor, with wholesome rests and honest contentment—with, as Esther always believed, the blessing of God.—*Sel.*

SELECTED.

Let it Dry.

Mr. Spurgeon once went to preach in a church a little outside of London. The day was wet and muddy, and the pants of Mr. Spurgeon were plentifully covered with dirt. A good deacon in the vestry said: "Brother Spurgeon, let me get a brush and take off some of that mud; you can't go into the pulpit in that state." "Don't be foolish, Deacon!" said Mr. Spurgeon, in his usual good-humored way; "don't you see the mud is wet, and if you try to brush it off now you will rub the stain into the cloth? Let it dry, and then it will come off easy enough, and leave no mark." There is an admirable hint here for every one. When evil spoken against, as we may be for the sake of truth, and men throw mud at us, don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Too great eagerness in this respect is apt to rub the stain into the cloth. Let it dry, and then, by-and-bye, it can be removed by a little effort. If there is a little trouble in the church, don't foster it by haste and hurry in doing something. Let it alone, let it dry, and it will be more easily settled than you think now. Time has a wonderful power in such matters, and it is surprising how many things in this world would be far better arranged, and how many difficulties easily got over by judiciously letting them dry.

Two Dreams.

BY H. H.

Weary the king took off his crown;
In either hand he poised its weight.
"Tis strange how heavy it has grown,"
He said, and with impatient frown
He eyed it in a kind of hate;
Then on his bed he laid him down, —

And slept, and in a twinkling dreamed.
Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Delight through all his senses streamed;
A ragged vagabond he seemed;
Free winds of heaven his hair did kiss;
On his bare skin the free sun beamed.

At morn he waked, bewildered, first,
Or who he was or where might be;
Then saw the crown, and with a burst
Of sudden rage he swore and cursed:
"No beggar would change lives with me!
Of all hard fates, a king's is worst!"

Outside the palace, on the ground,
Starved half to death and freezing cold,
Less sheltered than the meanest hound,
A beggar slumbered, safe and sound.
And dreams to him came swift and bold,
As if a palace walled him round.

He dreamed he was a king indeed;
Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!
Of food, he had his utmost greed;
Of gold, beyond his utmost need;
All men knelt low his hand to kiss,
And gave his word obedient heed.

At morn he waked, bewildered, first,
Or who he was or where might be;
Then quick, by hunger and by thirst,
He knew himself and groaned and cursed;
"No creature pity takes on me!
A beggar's fate of all is worst!"

Copying Faults.

Many people, when they are told to imitate the example of others, are very much like the Chinese tailor to whom was given a coat as a pattern for a new one which he was to make for an English sea-captain. Unfortunately, the sleeve of the pattern-coat was patched at the elbow, and, when the new garment was brought home with great satisfaction by the tailor, there was a patch on the sleeve of the new coat, just like the old one.

Such people not only imitate the faults, but are far more apt to excel in their imitation of the bad than in their following good qualities. It is much easier to copy the strut of a man who is vain, than the calmness and quiet courtesy of the gentleman. It is much easier to imitate the lame walk of a wounded soldier than to pattern after his bravery and endurance.

Let the faults alone, and look only for that which is truly worth copying, or you will teach the lesson learned by the sailor's parrot, brought as a present to his captain's daughter. While lying ill with a severe cough, he had taught the parrot many pretty phrases to surprise Fanny; and so, when the bird was brought to her room, Fanny was delighted to hear it cry out,—

"Long live Fanny! Long live Fanny!"

But the parrot always ended his pretty salute with such a natural imitation of the sailor's spitting and coughing as quite to take away Fanny's pleasure at the gift. She could never take delight in the bird's fine phrases, for they were always accompanied by the too clever imitation of the sailor's unfortunate habit.

Copy only the agreeable and the useful, the true and the good.

Dr. Ryland and His Hymn.

Dr. Ryland was the author of that beautiful hymn, which he wrote under singular circumstances—

"O Lord, I would delight in Thee
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend."

He was at a Bristol academy engaged to be married to a young lady, whom he fondly loved. She was taken with a dangerous sickness, from which it was feared she would not recover. Filled with anguish, he called to enquire about her, and was told by the servant if he would call in half an hour he would hear the opinion of the doctors, who were then holding a consultation on the case. He retired to an empty house, then, under despair, sat down on a large stone, and taking a piece of slate wrote thereon that beautiful hymn, which has been the comfort of thousands of the tried children of God—

"When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name!"

"No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me."

He called, and received a favorable report. The lady recovered, they were married, and lived most happily together for seven years, when she was removed by death. Thus out of trial came a song, even as out of the lion came honey.—*Sword and Trowel.*

A Persian Legend.

It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son; I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet here again until the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered with a candor that surprised his questioner:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And why," said he, "did you tell us you had the money?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief; "be the same in the paths of virtue." And taking the boy's hand they took the oath of repentance on it.—*Sel.*

Rich Beggars.

Begging and tramping seem to have lost all their odium with a large class of persons, and to have taken rank with other employments. Men and women, by the thousands, now make their living by going from door to door, or asking alms in the streets in the city during the winter and taking excursions as tramps in the country during the summer. There is no way to break up the system like setting the beggars and tramps to work, compulsorily. This will soon lead them to take care of themselves, as they have as much horror of work as a mad dog has of water. The following account of a case at Berlin may help to enforce the call for some such compulsory process, as the only means of thinning out the vast army of vagrants and imposters.

A professional beggar recently died in Berlin, leaving a fortune of more than a million and a half marks (\$375,000) to his heirs. He had many children and grandchildren, and lived in splendid style, giving sumptuous entertainments, at

which the champagne is said to have run in streams. The soirees were only attended by middle-class society, and were held only during the winter. In summer the jovial old gentleman invariably left his house for four or five months. It is now known that he has regularly frequented, at least until a few years ago, the principal bathing-places of Germany, and that he gathered his immense plunder by begging. In wretched dress, with an invalid's cap, blue spectacles, long, snow white hair, and apparently palsied limbs, he used to shamble slowly along the promenades. He never directly asked for anything, but used to receive voluntary offerings from the visitors, and these amounted to a large sum, which was regularly dispatched to Berlin every week. His biggest harvests were collected in the great gambling towns, when those places were in the full bloom of their prosperity. It was supposed that he had formerly been very rich, but had lost everything at the gaming-tables. He would pace to and fro in and around the great building at Baden Baden, and more than once during the day some player who had made a lucky stroke of business would sympathetically press a piece of gold upon the old man's acceptance. He is said to have driven this profitable trade for thirty seasons."

Remarkable Discovery of a Murder.

The following account of a murder which was committed in Bermuda in the autumn of 1878 is by the Attorney General of the islands, Mr. S. Browlow Gray:

"In the autumn of 1878 a man committed a terrible crime in Somerset, which was for some time involved in deep mystery. His wife, a handsome and decent mulatto woman, disappeared suddenly and entirely from sight, after going home from church on Sunday, October 20. Suspicion immediately fell upon the husband, a clever young fellow of about thirty, but no trace of the missing woman was left behind, and there seemed a strong probability that the crime would remain undetected. On Sunday, however, October 27, a week after the woman had disappeared, some Somerville boatmen looking out toward the sea, as is their custom, were struck by observing in the Long Bay Channel, the surface of which was ruffled by a slight breeze, a long streak of calm, such as, to use their own illustration, a cask of oil usually diffuses around it when in the water. The feverish anxiety about the missing woman suggested some strange connection between this singular calm and the mode of her disappearance. Two or three days after—why not sooner I cannot tell you—her brother and three other men went out to the spot where it was observed, and from which it had not disappeared since Sunday, and with a series of fish-hooks ranged along a long line dragged the bottom of the channel, but at first without success. Shifting the position of the boat, they dragged a little further to windward, and presently the line was caught. With water glasses the men discovered that they had caught it in a skeleton which was held down by some heavy weight. They pulled on the line; something suddenly gave way, and up came the skeleton of the trunk, pelvis, and legs of a human body, from which almost every vestige of flesh had disappeared, but which, from the minute fragments remaining, and the terrible stench, had evidently not lain long in the water. The husband was a fisherman, and Long Bay Channel was a favorite fishing ground, and he calculated, truly enough, that the fish would very soon destroy all means of identification; but it never entered into his head that as they did so their ravages, combined with the process of decomposition, would set free the matter which was to write the traces of his crime on the surface of the water. The case seems to be an exceedingly interesting one; the calm is not mentioned in any book on medical jurisprudence that I have, and the doctors seem not to have had experience of such an occurrence. A diver went down and found a stone with a rope attached, by which the body had been held down, and also portions of the scalp and of the skin of the sole of the foot, and of clothing, by means of which the body was identified. The husband was found guilty and executed."

"Is not every leaf breathing still, every sap vein drinking still, though we may not see them? Even so is the kingdom of God like seed sown in the ground; and men rise and lie down and sleep, and it groweth up they know not how!"

OUR PUBLICATIONS.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

HOE-HANDLE MEDICINE.

"On a bright, pleasant summer morning, a young man with a silk muffler around his throat, and a woe-begone look on his pale face, plied the big knocker upon the doctor's dwelling. A lady answered the summons, and informed the applicant that the doctor was in the garden at work. To the garden the young man went, where he found the man of medicine engaged in hoeing his sweet-corn.

"Well, sir, and what is the matter?" the doctor asked, when the applicant had stated that he had come for medical advice and assistance.

"Well, doctor," with a lugubrious face and a whining, moaning tone, "I feel poorly all through. My head has spells of aching, my appetite is poor, my food does not set well, and I am very weak. Really, I need help."

"Yes, I see. Let me see your tongue. Ah! yes. Now—your pulse."

The pulse was felt, and, after due deliberation, said the doctor,

"Look you, young man, you do certainly need help. Now, see; I must attend an important case at ten o'clock, and I must have this corn hoed before I go. So, while I am gone to make up a prescription for you, do you take my hoe and go on with my work here. You know how to use a hoe?"

"Yes, sir. My father was a farmer."

"But you have n't worked much anywhere else, I take it," the doctor threw in, pleasantly.

"No, sir; I am not obliged to."

"Very well. I'll warrant you the work here won't hurt you, so go on with it until I come back."

With that the doctor trudged off, and the young man went at the work of hoeing. He hoed to the end of the row, and there removed the light muffler from his neck. Then he went at it again. Half-way down the second row he stopped and looked up, but no doctor was in sight. At the end of the row, as the absent one had not yet appeared, he pulled off his coat.

The third row he hoed more slowly, stopping several times before the end was reached; but he finished it, and after a good rest, attacked the fourth row. There was but one more row after this, and the fancy seized him to have it done before the old fellow got back. It would be a surprise to him. The thought quickened his pulses, and gave him renewed vigor. He had just completed the last hill of the last row when the doctor came back.

"Well, well, my young friend, how are you feeling now?"

The patient really had to consider. He had been looking to see what the physician had brought with him of medicine; but he had brought nothing. His hands were empty. "The work has n't hurt you, has it?"

"Oh, no, sir," his face glowing with the exercise.

"I thought not. Let me feel your pulse again." He held the young man's wrist for a brief space, and then—

"It has worked to a charm. No, sir, do you go home, and repeat this dose twice a day, every morning and every afternoon; do it faithfully, and be honest with your diet, don't use tobacco, and if that does n't work a cure, come and let me know. My fee, sir, is one dollar."

"One-dollar?" gasped the astonished youth.

"That is all I charge when patients call at my door."

"But, sir, in mercy's name, what is it for? Where is your prescription? What have I taken of yours?"

"My prescription, my dear young friend, I gave you before I left you here with my hoe; the medicine you have been taking in my place—a health-giving potion which I should have enjoyed had I not given it up to you. And now, dear sir, I will tell you frankly, you are rusting out, literally tumbling to pieces for want of exercise of both body and mind. That is all, sir. You can follow my prescription and be cured, or you can take your own way."

The young man paid the dollar and went his way. Not then could he be cheerful; but afterward, when he had allowed reason fair play, and had come to prove the life-saving and the new life-giving virtues of the doctor's prescription, he came and thanked him.—Selected.

Blindness and Nervous Disease from Tobacco-Using.

Dr. L. G. Alexander, of Kentucky, in *Phil. M. S. Reporter*, gives an account of four cases of amaurosis from the use of tobacco. He says, it was not until I got my fifth case that I fully realized the cause of the trouble, and was able to diagnose correctly why it existed, and the best means of treatment. I now quite often recognize cases of the kind in their incipency, and by the experience gained can easily relieve them—more properly by removing the cause—with very little medicine; the *vis medicatrix nature* is sufficient to the end. The use of tobacco is so general that its bad effects can hardly be estimated; so much has been written, pro and con, that to discuss the subject is superfluous. The rapid increase of nervous people, nerve pain, neuralgia, and obscure nervous disease, is seen in practice every day by the physician, and is so frequent as to attract the attention of the laity; and it is my belief that the common use of tobacco, as well as alcohol and opium, is the most prominent cause of so many nervous troubles. From observation, I have found that the children of parents addicted to the use of tobacco are more likely to have nervous diseases than others born of parents who do not use it; and if both parents use it, we are almost certain to find the offspring of a nervous temperament, and especially liable to a nerve derangement. It is from this class that the drunkards are mostly recruited, growing up with a weak nerve development. Any physical or mental exertion brings on the disease now so common, neurasthenia."

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and invigorating bath that can possibly be taken.

Dr. Richardson gave it as his opinion, some time ago, that "were England converted to temperance, the vitality of the nation would be increased one-third in value; or, in other words, nearly 227,000 lives would be saved to us every year. This is a startling statement; but, after careful investigation, Dr. Kerr thinks it is much nearer the truth than many were supposed to believe. His own calculations give 200,000 as the number of deaths resulting from drinking, of which 128,000 may be traced to drunkenness and the rest to more or less moderate uses of alcohol.—*League Journal*.

Soap and Fever Germs.

The advantages of cleanliness have often enough been insisted on, but in the opinion of some obstinate mothers they have wanted a good clinching argument to drive them home, that defect can now be supplied. For, in the light of scientific research, it would appear that cleanliness is absolutely essential to physical well-being, so that repeated injunctions must acquire increased force and value if looked at from a sanitary point of view. Some of the most malignant forms of disease are also highly contagious. It is said that 50,000 typhus-germs will thrive on a spot the size of a pin-head, while in their desiccated or dry condition these germs or spores can be carried anywhere, like thistledown, by every wind that blows. This dreadful ubiquity of the most fatal types of disease clearly indicates that such preventives as we may happen to possess should be zealously and continually put in force. Fortunately there are measures of an almost prohibitive character within everybody's reach. It is a known fact that the poisonous matter causing such diseases as typhus-fever and small-pox is deprived of activity at the boiling point of water. This is well established, and indeed the process of disinfection by heat rests upon it. We believe Dr. Joseph Richardson, of Philadelphia, maintains that water of the temperature of 120° will boil the germs to death. But not only can these terrible spores be killed by boiling water, but soap chemically poisons them. It is evident therefore that a free use of soap in daily ablutions is not only a first requisite of bodily comfort and cleanliness, but is also one of the greatest safeguards against the most virulent diseases. It is a singular thing that the most malignant types of disease with which mankind are scourged are at the same time of a very infectious nature. It is equally singular that these terrible disorders can be effectually prevented by the simplest, commonest, and cheapest of all remedies, the daily use of soap and water.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

TAKING COLD.—It is a matter of general observation, that a person may at one time be exposed to changes of temperature, pass suddenly from a heated lecture-room or church, into a cold, windy atmosphere, or even be exposed to a draft of air without taking cold, while, at another time, a severe cold will be contracted with apparently no exposure. Hundreds may be equally exposed, and yet only a few out of the number will suffer in consequence of it. The condition of the health, and the state of digestion of the person exposed, it will be found, if one is sufficiently observant, determines to a great degree, the susceptibility to taking cold. When a person's digestive system is in good condition, there is comparatively little danger of taking cold from any ordinary exposure. One who is continually taking cold and suffering in consequence, will find upon trial that a simple diet, moderately partaken of, is the best means of guarding against taking cold. All such persons will find that attention to the diet will prove a much more reliable safeguard, than remaining shut up in the house on all except the pleasantest days.—*Morning Star*.

BARLEY WATER.—Wash two ounces of pearl barley in cold water until it does not cloud the water; then put it into half a pint of cold water over the fire and boil it for five minutes; next drain off this water, put the barley into two quarts of cold water, set it over the fire, and let it boil until it is reduced to one quart. Strain, cool, and sweeten slightly, if desirable. Pearl barley contains starch and mucilage, and makes an exceedingly soothing and refreshing draught in cases of fever and of inflammation of the membranes of the stomach and bowels.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHAT TO EAT.—A dish equal to the best steak, and cheap enough for any man, is prepared from a shank of beef with some meat on it. Have the bone well broken; wash carefully to remove bits of bone; cover with cold water; watch when the boiling begins, and take off the scum that rises. Stew five or six hours, till the muscles are dissolved. Break the meat small with a fork (far better than chopping), put it in a bread-pan, boil down the gravy till in cooling it will turn to a stiff jelly. Where this is done, gelatine is quite superfluous. Add salt, and if liked, other seasoning, and pour it hot upon the meat. Stir together and set aside over night, when it will cut into handsome mottled slices for breakfast or supper. When the dish is wanted to be as beautiful as possible, cool in a jelly mould, and when it is turned out for the table, garnish with parsley. If there is more meat than it is desirable to prepare in this way, enough can be reserved to make a few mince pies. Some nicely cooked macaroni, which has the nutritious properties of lean meat, can be mixed with the meat before cooling, and will add to the appearance. A little chopped celery added to the gravy when almost done will give it a delicious flavor, and might prove a good method of cultivating the taste, where that is necessary, for one of the best articles yet discovered for strengthening the nerves.

HINTS FOR PRESERVING FRUITS.—A useful hint to cooks was given at a recent sanitary convention in Grand Rapids, Michigan. It was pointed out that by adding sugar to sour fruits, during the cooking process, the greater part of the cane sugar was converted by the aid of the acid into grape sugar, which does not possess half the sweetening power. By cooking the fruit first, and then adding the sugar to an agreeable sweetness, a very great deal of sugar might be saved.

Raspberry, strawberry, and cherry sirups of the German Pharmacopœia have to be made by bruising the fruit and letting the marc and juice ferment, after which the juice is strained off and filtered. A better and safer way is to add at once to the freshly bruised fruits five or six per cent of alcohol, to let the whole stand for some days, decant and filter. Lastly, boil up once to remove the greater part of the alcohol. Sirups made with juice prepared as above retain in a remarkable degree the odor and taste of the fresh fruits.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Pare and quarter the quinces; boil in enough water to keep them whole, when they are tender, take them out, and to each pound of quince, add a pound of pulverized white sugar. Let them stand with the sugar on until the next day, when you will find the syrup as light and clear as amber. Put them in your kettle, and let them boil twenty minutes. Done this way they never get hard. You can use the water they were boiled in, to make the jelly, which you can do with the parings. Add a pound of white sugar to each pint of juice, and boil twenty-five minutes.

GOOSEBERRY CATSUP.—Nine pounds gooseberries, five pounds sugar, one quart vinegar, three table-spoons cinnamon, one and a half each allspice and cloves. The gooseberries should be nearly or quite ripe. Take off blossoms, wash and put them into a porcelain kettle, mash thoroughly, scald and put through the colander, add sugar and spices, boil fifteen minutes, and add the vinegar cold; bottle immediately before it cools. Ripe grapes prepared by same rule, make an excellent catsup.

CURRY POWDER.—An ounce of ginger, one of mustard, one of pepper, three of coriander seed, three of tumeric, one-half ounce cardamom, quarter ounce cayenne pepper, quarter ounce cummin seed; pound all fine, sift and cork tight. One teaspoon of powder is sufficient to season anything. This is nice for boiled meats and stews.

CHILI SAUCE.—Twelve large ripe tomatoes, four ripe or three green peppers, two onions, two tablespoons salt, two of sugar, one of cinnamon, three cups vinegar; peel tomatoes and onions, chop all fine, and boil one and a half hours. Bottle and it will keep any length of time. One quart of canned tomatoes may be used instead of the ripe ones.

CELERY VINEGAR.—One bunch of fresh celery or a quarter of pound of celery seed, one quart of best cider vinegar, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of white sugar. Cut the celery in small bits, or pour the seed into a jar; scald the salt and vinegar, and pour over the celery stalks of seeds, set it by to cool, covered tightly. Let it stand about one week, after which strain the bottle in small flasks for use. This will be found nice for use out of season for fresh celery.

CORN STARCH AND EGG OMELETS.—Four eggs well beaten; two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, mixed with a half-cupful of milk; add pepper and salt to taste, and try in hot lard.

BATH BUNS.—Half a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two eggs, and a little white sugar and yeast; mix, and bake in small tins, rub over with white of egg.

LEMON PUDDING.—To a pint of new milk boiled add two spoonsful of flour, and boil till smooth; then stir in a quarter pound of butter and four well-beaten eggs, add the peel of a lemon shred very fine, and sweeten to your taste; line a dish with very light puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake half an hour.

Another, richer.—Nine well-beaten eggs, three quarters pound of sugar, the rind and juice of three lemons, and six ounces butter melted; mix, line your dish with fine puff paste, and bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

POUND CAKE (WHITE).—One cupful of fine white sugar and a half cupful of butter; beat 10 minutes, add the whites of four eggs, well beaten, and beat ten minutes longer. Sift $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of flour, in which sift one scant teaspoonful of baking powder and 6 tablespoonful of milk. Flavor with rose or bitter almond.

CREAM PIE (VERY NICE).—One tablespoonful of syrup, a large tablespoonful of flour, one do. of butter; stir well together; one cup of rich cream and one do. of milk, sweetened with sugar and seasoned with nutmeg to your taste. This is one pie; bake in crust.

ICELAND MOSS CHOCOLATE.—Soak one ounce of Iceland moss in one pint of boiling water, keeping it hot until it is dissolved. Then grate an ounce of sweet chocolate, and boil hot until it is dissolved. Then grate an ounce of sweet chocolate, and boil it in a pint of boiling water until it is dissolved. Mix the moss and chocolate together, and sweeten so that the drink will be palatable. It may be heated and given to the invalid night and morning in such quantities as will not overtax the digestive organs. It is very nutritious.

DELICIOUS PINEAPPLE CUSTARD.—On the day before you wish to use the custard, peel and pick to pieces with two forks, a nice pineapple. Put plenty of sugar over it and put it away. Next day make a custard, and when cool mix with the pineapple, which will have become soft and luscious, and thoroughly sweetened.

APPLE PIE.—Line pan with crust; pare and quarter three or four nice tart apples and spread on crust, sprinkle with two tablespoons sugar and small bits of butter; mix one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon essence of lemon; two tablespoons sugar, and three or four of water together, pour over the apples and bake till they are thoroughly cooked; serve warm with sweetened milk or cream. Or, half a tea-spoon cinnamon, nutmeg, or allspice, may be used in place of essence of lemon, sprinkling it on just before baking. Or, after putting in apples, pour over them a custard made of two eggs and a pint of milk, sweetened to taste.

POTATO SNOW.—Peel and boil six large, mealy, white potatoes; add a little salt to the water; take them out one by one; rub through a sieve into a deep dish, letting it fall in a mould. Do not touch with a spoon or the hand. Serve with melted butter.

EGG BROTH.—Beat an egg until it froths; stir into it a pint of boiling-hot broth free from fat; season it with a salt-spoonful of salt, and serve it with thin slices of dry toast. This broth abounds in flesh-forming elements.

MOCK OYSTERS OF CORN.—Take a dozen and a half ears of green corn, and grate them from the cob as fine as possible; then add two large tablespoons of flour and three eggs. Beat well and fry as you would oysters, in part butter and part lard, which should be very hot.

DOMESTIC SAUSAGE.—Two pounds of lean pork, two pounds of veal, two pounds of beef suet, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one of cayenne pepper, five teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sweet marjoram and thyme mixed, two teaspoonfuls of sage and the juice of lemon. Stuff in cases or skins if you prefer.

BEEF ESSENCE.—Cut one pound of beef in small portions, sprinkle with a very little salt, tie up in a close stone jar and set in boiling water. Boil it hard for half an hour or more, then strain off. This is excellent for the sick.

YEAST.—Pare and boil four ordinary-sized potatoes, boiling at the same time in a separate vessel a good handful of hops. When the potatoes are done, mash fine and add, after straining, the water in which the hops were boiled; put into this one cup white sugar and one-half cup salt, and add sufficient water to make one gallon; when cold add one cup of good yeast, let stand in a warm place for a few hours until it will "sing" on being stirred, when it is ready for use. Keep covered in a cellar or cool place.

LIP SALVE.—Take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, half an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of rose-water; set a mortar in a vessel containing boiling water, and put in the wax; cut into very small pieces into the mortar. When the wax has melted, take it out of the mortar, and add the oil by degrees, beating with the pestle until it is cool; then mix the rose-water with the mass. If it is desired to be colored, rub up a little carmine with the oil before mixing it with the wax.

INK ON THE CARPET.—Ink freshly spilled upon the carpet should at once be taken up with soft paper or a slightly damp sponge, or even a damp cloth, care being exercised not to spread the spot. After all is taken up that can be, wet the sponge—after first washing it clean—in warm water, and thoroughly scrub the spot on the carpet. When no more can be washed out, wet the spot with a weak solution of oxalic acid, and, after a few moments, wash off with cold water, and finally sponge with a weak ammonia water, to neutralize any of the acid that may remain in the carpet.

A HINT TO THE MEDDLESOME.

Is it anybody's business if a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady if the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer, that the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business if a lady has a beau?

Is it any of your business when the gentleman does call;
Or when he leaves the lady, or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary that the curtains should be drawn,
To save from observation the outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business but the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies, and does not let her know?
Or is it anybody's business but the gentleman's, if she
Accepts another's escort where he does not chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk, whether great or whether small,
Is it any of your business where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person a-calling anywhere
Is it any of your business what their business may be there?

The business of our query, simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business what another's business is?
If it is, or if it is n't, we would really like to know,
For we're sure that if it is n't there are some who make it so.

If it is we'll join the rabble, and act each noble part
Of the tattler and defamer that throng the public mart;
If not, we'll act the teacher, until ev'rybody learns
That it's better in the future to mind their own concerns.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

There are over 2,000,000 beehives in America.

In driving, and in everything else keep to the right.

German manufacturers use paper instead of wood for lead pencils

There are 97,000 miles of submarine telegraph cable in operation.

The first discoverer of gold in Eastern Oregon is now sawing wood in Baker City.

Less newspaper and more book—that is what the coming generation needs.

Five new American Bishops have been appointed by the Pope.

The best place to go when one is short of money is to go to work.

The sound of a chime of bells has been conveyed 240 miles in Australia by telephone.

The degree of Fiddle D. D. is recommended for musicians as less awkward than that of Mus. Doc.

There ought to be no clemency to the man who breeds moral malaria in the community for personal profit.

How many men have been content to raise corn and cabbages on ground full of coal and silver.

The Rapid Telegraph Company claims to be able to transmit messages at the rate of a thousand words a minute.

The aspiration "God deliver me from my friends," should be accompanied by the invariable response, "Bless the Lord for my enemies."

It will take \$3,000,000 worth of bags to prepare California wheat for shipment this year, and \$15,000,000 more to carry it to market.

Dean Stanley says that profanity and debauchery are now almost as rare among British seamen as reverence and sobriety were a few years ago.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church of Paris, Ky., have cleared \$4,000 on the "Blue Grass Cook Book," and the money is to be used for church work.

This world would be much pleasanter, and people encouraged to perform kind acts oftener, were thanks expressed more freely.

Let us not forget the duty of *helpful* talking, also remembering that there is no better place for it than in the ordinary household.

A letter in Queen Elizabeth's handwriting, beautifully clean and clear, has been sold at Leipsic for three hundred marks.

At last the great cathedral at Cologne is finished. The foundation was laid in the middle of the tenth century, more than 600 years ago, and the work has gone on intermittingly ever since. It is perhaps the finest Gothic structure in the world. Immense sums of money have been expended on it.

New York city supports 3,967 grocery stores, 1,147 bakeries, 1,993 brokers, 663 printing offices, 1,803 shoe stores, 1,332 merchant tailoring establishments, beside 723 clothing stores, 3,323 wine and liquor stores, aside from 3,240 lager beer saloons, and some 6,000 lawyers.

A man who had been engaged in whaling in the Arctic regions for four years, said of a sermon he heard after he returned, "It was a nice sermon enough, but *there was no harpoon in it.*"

The total preaching power of the English Methodist connection is given at 38,000 preachers, of whom only some 3,600 are ordained ministers, and the remaining 34,400 laymen.

Prof. Swing, of Chicago, in a discourse at a recent meeting to Western Farmers, told them that their lank bodies and sorrowful faces came from too much work, too little sleep, and too little good food, and that the same is true as to their boys.

"The church in the world," says a recent writer, "is like a ship on the ocean. The ship is safe enough in the ocean, so long as the ocean is not in the ship. The church is safe enough in the world, so long as the world is not in the church."

A London Roman Catholic newspaper states that in the year 1879 two thousand persons renounced Protestantism in England and became Roman Catholics. It also says that seventeen out of every twenty of these persons were prepared for the step under Ritualistic teaching.

The English Language.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair;
I love a hart with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plume
To have a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
To tear away the tares.
All rays raise time, time razes all;
And through the whole, hole wears.
A writ, in writing "right" may write
It "wright," and still be wrong—
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to write belong.
Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail,
As well as other things.
The person lies who says he lies
When he is but reclining;
And when consumptive folks decline
They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm,
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all,
No earthly powers reign o'er it.
The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;
To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.
A sou of Mars mars many a sun;
All days must have their days,
And every knight should pray each night
To him who weighs his ways.
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one cannot be won.
A lass, alas! is something false;
Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste,
Though stayed she is not staid.
The springs spring forth in spring, and shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in fall.
I would a story here commence,
But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

HUMOROUS.

A fellow who was lately out of the Auburn prison says he lost there all his admiration for Auburn locks.

"Biddy," said Barney O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a cowl'd ye have. A dhrop of the crathur wid hot wather an' sugar in it 'ud do ye no harrum." "Och home," said Biddy, "I've taken the pledge, but couldn't ye mix a drink, and force me to swally it."

QUILLS—things taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the o-pinions of another.

A man who offered for \$5 to put any one on the track of a paying investment, seated an applicant between the rails of the Boston & Albany Railroad.

"Who is he! said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course not," replied the other, "how are you to expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

At an evening party one lady was making an asp of herself in the matter of another, of whom she said vehemently, that there wasn't such another in the city for everything that was unladylike and unwomanly. "Sh—ah, my dear," whispered a friend to her; "you are forgetting yourself."

A gentleman complained to old Banister that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which, as he meant to sell him, would be a great drawback. "Then," said Charles, "you must sell him wholesale." "Wholesale?" says the other; "how so?" "Because you cannot retail him."

A PERSONAL DEVIL.—"I believe in a personal devil," said Mr. Moody, at a revival meeting held in a remote Western city. "That's true, that's true—you're right there, stranger," said an old farmer, rising from his seat in his earnestness. Whereupon a calm-faced, placid-looking woman, rose from the other end of the pew, took him by the ear, and led him slowly out; and the assembly knew then for the first time that the old man's mind was filled with domestic thoughts instead of the hereafter.

A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING ANGEL.—Dominie H. was one of the old times circuit riders, whose rough exterior and somewhat non-society ways often obscured his real goodness of heart. One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and, going to a rude cabin near by, he knocked at the door. A sharp looking old dame answered his summons. He asked for shelter. "I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously. "Remember the Scriptures," said the domine, "'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained strangers unawares.'" "You needn't say that," quickly replied the other; "no angel should come down here with a big quid of tobacco in his mouth!" She shut the door in his face, leaving the good man to the mercy of the rain and his own reflections.—*St. Louis Advocate.*

A PEER'S RETORT.—When Lord Chesterfield was in administration he proposed a person to George II as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the King was determined should be filled by another.

The council, however, determined not to indulge the King for fear of a dangerous precedent.

It was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of the office for the King's signature.

Not to incense his Majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged with whose name his Majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up?

"With the devil's!" replied the King in a paroxysm of rage.

"And shall the instrument," said the Earl, coolly, "run as usual—Our trusty, well-beloved cousin and councillor!"

A repartee at which the King laughed heartily, and with great good humor signed the grant.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for the Family Circle.

TO FLOWERS.

Ye fragrant evanescent things,
That from earth's fertile bosom spring;
A little season you are seen,
To please us with your lovely sheen;
Momentoes of the glory lost,
At such a sacrifice, a cost;
That doomed the stricken earth to yield,
Thistles upon the verdant field,
And thorns to grow in valleys fair,
Where weeds and brambles never were.
Gay flowers shall bloom for ages yet,
Till heaven's refulgent orbs are set;
And when earth's revolutions o'er
They shall decay and bloom no more.

ANON.

Alphabet of Short Rules.

Attend to your business.
Be punctual in your payments.
Consider well before you promise.
Dare to do right.
Envy no man.
Faithfully perform your duty.
Go not in the path of vice.
Have respect for your character.
In everything be just.
Judge mercifully of other's faults.
Know thyself.
Lie not, for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never profess what you do not practice.
Occupy your time in usefulness.
Postpone nothing you can do now.
Quarrel not with your neighbors.
Run no risk.
Save something against a day of trouble.
Treat everybody with kindness.
Use yourself to moderation.
Villify nobody's reputation.
Watchfully guard against idleness.
Examine your conduct carefully.
Yield to superior judgment.
Zealously pursue the right path.

—*Christian Standard.*

The Boy is Father to the Man.

By the recent exposure, trial and conviction of several prominent citizens of Warren county, New Jersey, I am reminded of an incident in the early life of one of the leaders in these crimes, who occupied the position of Director of the Board of Freeholders of that county when the acts above referred to were committed.

A near neighbor of his father had a fine fruit orchard, from the best of which he derived no benefit because of constant depredations, by whom or how he did not know. He resolved to watch. One bright moonlight night, when the choicest trees were covered with fruit, almost ripe and ready to be plucked, he stationed himself in a retired part of the field, but in full view of the trees, and awaited developments. It was not long before several large boys and young men scaled the fences and climbed the trees to shake down the tempting fruit. This was the owner's time to move. He rushed from his hiding-place with a shout, and as these youths sprang from the trees, and he called out the names of several persons to catch this one, and the other, he seized one stout youth and held him fast. "Tell me," said he, "who all were with you." The youth gave him the names of several low characters miles away, but he did not deceive the doughty farmer. "Tell me the truth and I will let you go." To escape was impossible, save on the farmer's terms, and so at length he gave the true names of many of the neighbor's sons. This youth who, to gratify his appetite, stole his neighbor's fruit, was one of these who, when grown up to manhood, stole the public money, and now he is a shaven

criminal in the State Prison at Trenton. Perhaps the other boys in the orchard became criminals like this one, but the old proverb, "The boy is father to the man," seems sufficiently true in this case to be a warning to all youth. What preparation are the youth of to-day making for their manhood? Begin right, and old age will be a crown of glory.

"The above facts are true, as the old gentleman who held the boy relates them. He often laughs at the scene in the orchard, while he weeps over the fall of the man who might have done well had he begun right.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Appearances Deceitful.

One who has implicit confidence in his own judgment, or even in his own observation, is quite certain to fall into some serious blunders in the course of his life. A correspondent of the American agriculturist tells a good story, which has a fitting admonition for old as well as young persons:

When I was eleven years old my mother removed to the country. Our nearest neighbor was a minister, by the name of Wayland, who, in addition to his ministerial duties, owned and cultivated a large farm. One night my attention was attracted to a bright light in one of the upper rooms of our neighbor's house. In a moment I saw the wife fly past the uncurtained window, closely followed by the husband, who was armed with a huge fire-shovel—round the room she went, still pursued, and as I listened breathlessly, I thought, nay I was sure, I heard a scream.

I hastened to my mother and told her what I had seen, and we both looked out, but the light was gone and all was quiet. Notwithstanding my mother's judicious warning, "to say nothing about it to any one," before school was out the next day I had confided it to my bosom friend, and in a week half the village knew it, and a great talk it made I assure you.

Finally it reached the ears of the deacons, who at once proceeded to investigate the truth. My mother looked grave and troubled when they called, but conscious of having told only the truth, I met them fearlessly and related what I had seen. Then they left, taking a "bee line" for the minister's, to call him to account. With many apologies they made known their errand, when to their surprise the minister burst into a hearty laugh.

"Wait a moment," said he, "till I call Polly. You see, that night I found a big rat in the meal-chest and came down for the shovel, and bade her hold the light while I killed him. Finding no other place to hide, the rascal took refuge in the folds of her dress, and she ran screaming till I managed to dislodge and kill him."

I have ever since been careful not to repeat an unfavorable report about my neighbors, at least till I knew the whole truth.

MAN AMONG MEN.—The more a man sees of the world, and the more he mingles with others, the smaller space is he inclined to claim for himself among his fellows. He sees that in the rushing struggle of life other people's rights must be considered; and he must not take any more ground than just enough to stand on. This is very marked in all crowds, and in public places and conveyances. The man or woman who is best versed in society makes smallest demands, and occupies least space. The persons who take more room than belongs to them are those who have been least in company, least accustomed to adapt themselves to the needs of those about them. If you want to be thought well bred, travelled, cosmopolitan, keep in your elbows in a crowd, and sit close in a street-car. If you want to be thought boorish and uncultivated, and to be recognized as one who was never much in good company, push both sides of you, as well as in front and rear, in a crowd, and spread yourself out in a car, or in a public hall. It is by such indications as these that we see that the demands of Christian regard for the rights and feelings of others secure the best results of good breeding. To be a well-rounded Christian man or woman includes the highest graces of true gentility.

"**SAY, OLD MAN!**"—An anecdote of the late Mr. Otis, of New London, Conn., who left a million of dollars to foreign missions, is as follows:

He was at one of the New London fish markets on the

wharfs clad in his customary overalls, and, as ever, unassuming in deportment, when the captain of a coasting vessel rushed ashore, and seizing Mr. Otis by the shoulder, shouted,—

"Say, old man, quick. Do you want a job?"

Mr. Otis looked at him a little surprised and turned away, whereupon the persistent captain followed him up and again demanded:

"Say, you, don't you want a job to pump out my vessel?"

As Mr. Otis remained silent, the exasperated captain exclaimed,—

"Well, old chap, if you are too lazy to work, you will die in the poorhouse."

The man in the overalls was then the owner of more than three million dollars.

Shut the Eyes Tight.

Harry had been quite sick, and was obliged to be very careful of his diet. One of the orders was that he was to eat nothing but what was given to him.

One day little Jennie came in eating a piece of cake. Oh, how nice it looked to the little hungry boy, who felt, as you do when you are getting better, that he wished to eat all the time! He knew if he just asked his dear, obliging little sister, she would gladly give "the biggest half." But he didn't. He only said, "Oh, Jennie! you must run right out with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut tight, so I shan't want any."

Now that was a great triumph for a boy only seven years old. Some great boys of seventeen could not half done as well. They are far from shutting their eyes tight when temptation to taste wrong things is before them. They rather suffer their eyes to lead them straight into the mischief.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," is an excellent prayer for us all. "Look not upon the wine when it is red," and you will never be likely to fill a drunkard's grave.

So many boys think, "What's the harm in looking?" but it is just here they are made prisoners by Satan. The "eyegate" is one of the most important points he attacks. If he can pin your eyes very intently on some charming but forbidden object, he gets a serpent's power over you. You have heard how those dreadful snakes charm dear little birds and rabbits with their glittering eyes, until at last they drop down powerless into their terrible coils.—*Temperance Banner.*

FORTUNATE ACQUIREMENTS.—A lady who expressed surprise at seeing the children of a friend exposing themselves to taking cold by recklessly wetting their feet, when asked if her children did not do the same thing, answered, "No; I've managed to make my three boys believe that it is vulgar and ungentlemanly either to get their feet wet, or sit in a thorough draft, or bolt their food, or eat goodies between their meals, or go to juvenile parties, poor dears. They're rather soft, perhaps, but they're twice the size of any other boys of their age, and they've never had an hour's illness in their lives." If every mother could make her children believe similar good notions, there would soon be a marked improvement in the race. One-half the vitality of the race is squandered in infancy and childhood by exposure and want of care.—*Good Health.*

CROSS WORDS.—"Oh!" said a little girl, bursting into tears upon hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak *kindly* to Amy." The last time they were together she had spoken crossly to her, and she thought of that last cross word, which now lay heavy on her heart. "Speak *kindly* to your brothers and sisters and school-fellows, when you are speaking to them, lest it may be the *last* time you may have the opportunity. Cross words are very sorrowful to think of. 'Little children, love one another.'"

At a town meeting in St. Johnsbury, Vt., it was resolved to publish the names every week of all persons who bought intoxicating drinks. This brought down the sales 75 per cent. immediately, and now there is not a place in the town where liquor can be bought. That business needs a "shade" to flourish.

FLY AND SPIDER IN AUSTRALIA:

THE TABLES TURNED.

An old subscriber in Australia sends to the *Gentleman's Magazine* the following: "Australia is the land of contrariety in regard to animal and vegetable life—such as black swans, the duck-mole, fish which climb trees, cherries with the stone outside, and veritable wooden pears—but one fact regarding spiders and flies is equally strange, for here there is a fly which catches spiders. He is a wiry, energetic, hard-looking customer; body longish and narrow; color, literally half-morning, and about three quarters of an inch long; he builds a clay nest for his larvæ, generally inside locks, under veranda eaves, or even in cracks of woodwork, and sometimes in the folds of curtains or cloths.

"In one case, while staying at a friend's house about twenty miles from Sidney, I left my water-proof coat hanging untouched for about four days, and on taking it down there was a nest neatly built in one of the folds, of about the size of one's little finger and three or four inches in length. On replacing the coat and leaving it for another few days, and then examining it, the nest was finished; it had three compartments, with one little white grub in each, and for its food several small green spiders, not then absolutely dead, but apparently in a state of coma. These spiders were evidently taken out of the orange orchard, as there were plenty of the same kind alive about the trees; but last week, while up in the mountains, I watched one of the flies carrying off a black house-spider quite as big as itself; and during the course of the day saw him three separate times, and on each occasion with a large spider. I could not find the nest; but the farmer tells me that he has occasionally done so, and found as many as twenty good-sized spiders of various kinds, all apparently dead, but not decayed, and generally five or six larvæ of the fly.

"There is also a large spider which actually catches small birds occasionally, and kills and devours them! He is like a wasp in color; body, shape and size of a small hazelnut; legs, long and wiry; and he also looks a hard-skinned customer. The web is always double, one about half as large again as the other, and made of such a strong, yellowish fibre that, if accidentally walking into it, you feel a sensible stoppage of your way for the moment. One bird—the wreck which I myself saw left in the web—was rather smaller than the English wren, and the web was strong enough to stand a lit's struggles, although a little broken here and there.

"As regards size of some spiders, we have a flat-bodied, gray-colored one here which builds no web, but lives under the bark of dead trees, behind boards, etc., the body of which is about the size of a shilling and not much thicker, but the legs of which are quite as long as the fingers of an ordinary-sized hand, and the whole spread of the brute is about a hand's breadth. This is for the fullest-sized ones; but the common of them are five or six inches across, and the style in which they pounce upon and double up the smaller cockroaches is what our Yankee cousins would call 'a caution.'

The Harsh Educational System.

What Anselm of Canterbury, at the end of the eleventh century, said against the rigid monastic discipline, is admirable:

An abbot complained in conversation with him of the incorrigible youth who would not be amended by all the correction he administered. Anselm replied:

"You never cease beating the boys, and what sort of men will they be when they grow up?"

"Stupid and brutish," answered the abbot.

"A good sign for the method of your education," said Anselm, "when you educate men into brutes!"

The abbot answered, "Is that our fault? We try to compel them, in all manner of ways, to be better, and yet we affect nothing."

"You compel them!" answered Anselm. "Tell me, then, I pray you, if you planted a tree in your garden, and enclosed it on all sides so that it could not spread out its branches in any direction, and after some years transplant it in an open space, what kind of a tree would it have become? Certainly a useless one, with crooked tangled branches. And whose fault would it be but your fault, who trained the tree in this over compulsory manner?"

THE INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.—An infidel young lawyer, going to the West to settle for life, made it his boast that he "would locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday-schools, or Bibles." He found a place which substantially met his conditions. But before the year was out he wrote to a former class-mate, a young minister, begging him to come out and bring plenty of Bibles, and begin preaching, and start a Sunday-school, for he said he had "become convinced that a place without Christians, and Sabbaths, and Churches, and Bibles, was too much like hell for any living man to stay in!"—*American Messenger*.

Terms frequently met with in the Bible are thus defined: A day's journey was 33 1-5; a Sabbath day's journey was about 2/3 of an English mile. Ezekiel's reed is said to have been nearly 11 feet long. A cubit is 22 inches nearly. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel is about 50 cents. A shekel of gold was \$9.07. A talent of silver was \$1,650.86. A talent of gold was \$26,448. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents. A farthing was 3 cents. A gerah was 2 cents. A mite was 1/2 cent. A homer contained 75 gallons and 5 pints. An ephah, or bath, 7 gallons and 4 pints. A hin was 1 gallon and 2 pints. A firkin was 7 pints. An omer was 6 pints. A cab was 3 pints. A log was 1/2 pint.

"I admire my wife now as much as ever I did," said an old gentleman, "though we have been married forty years; my bride was the belle of New York when I married her, and though I loved her for herself, still, a beautiful flower is all the lovelier poised in an exquisite vase. My wife knew this, and, true to her genuine refinement, has never, in all these forty years, appeared at the table or allowed me to see her less carefully dressed than during the days of our honeymoon. Some might call this foolish vanity; I call it real womanliness. I presume I should not have ceased to love her had she followed the example of many others, and considering the every-day life of home necessarily devoid of beauty, allowed herself to be careless of such small matters as dressing for her husband's eye; but love is increased when we are proud of the object loved."

MORAL COURAGE.—Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

Not long ago a lady patient said to us, while undergoing examination, "Now, Doctor, do tell me what makes me so cross! I did not use to be irritable; but for two or three years I have been getting so cross and disagreeable that I do not see how my friends can endure me. I scold and fret without any cause whatever, and get out of patience at every little thing. Do tell me what is the matter." Having learned that the lady was in the habit of using strong tea, we attributed the irritability to that cause. She gave up the use of tea in a short time, and soon recovered her former equanimity of temper.

A story is told of an American professor whose specialty was entomology. Some of his students, wishing to test his knowledge, prepared a bug with great care, making it up of the wings, legs, etc., of the different insects. Carrying it to the professor, they said, "Professor, here is a strange specimen that we have found. Can you classify it?" The professor studied it a few moments, and then said quietly, "Gentlemen, this is a humbug."

Make Home Beautiful.

The following suggestions will indicate to parents an important direction which they may give to their means and leisure time, in order to secure the same happy result:

Let home be the nursery of truth, of refinement, of simplicity, and of taste. Study to make it attractive to your children by every means in your power, and lose no opportunity for improving their minds and cultivating their home affections. Let system and order, industry and study, taste and refinement, be cultivated at home, and comfort, harmony, and peace will reign within your dwelling, however humble. Do your children love music, or drawing, or flowers? Encourage their taste to the utmost of your ability. Indeed, where the love of music pervades a family, and is judiciously cultivated, it is an important aid in the training of children; for the child whose soul is touched with melody easily yields to the voice of affection, and seldom requires severity. More than this, the harsh tones of the father's voice, as he commands, and the cutting tones of the mother, as she forbids, become milder and more persuasive, if accustomed to join with their children in these recreations, and thus both parents and children are mutually refined and elevated. Let me add that I can not conceive of any purer enjoyment than is felt by the head of a family, as wife and children gather in about him, and pour forth their sweet voices in songs of praise at the morning sacrifice and the evening oblation. If the father has money to spare, I do not doubt that he might make a good investment in a piano, a melodeon, or some other instrument, to accompany the voices of his wife and children, provided alway that practice on these instruments be not allowed to interfere with the practice at the kneading-trough, the wash-board, or with any other duty that a true woman, be she daughter, sister, wife, or mother, ought to understand. These duties and these pleasures are in no degree incompatible with each other. Whatever tends to develop the intellect, to refine the taste, and purify the affections, may find a fitting place in every house.

Last spring the five children of M. B. Corbin, of Colorado, promised to earn money enough to pay for an organ, if their father would buy one. The bargain was made, and, as a capital, three dozen chickens and an acre of arable land were given to them. The ground was planted with onions, and yielded the remarkable crop of three tons, for which \$145 was received. The net receipts from the chickens was \$55, making the total receipts \$200. The organ cost \$118, leaving a balance of \$82 still in the children's treasury. The children are from six to fifteen years of age, and worked throughout the season with great energy and perseverance, and hence deserved their success.

AS IT USED TO BE.—One hundred years ago not a pound of coal nor a cubic foot of gas had been burned in this country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivance for economizing heat was employed until Dr. Franklin had invented the iron framed fire-place, which still bears his name. All cooking and warming in town, as well as in the country, was done by the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick ovens. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs, or carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking sweep. No form of pump was used in this country, until after the commencement of the present century. There was no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily started, and if the fire went out on the hearth through the night, and the morning tinder was damp, so that the spark could not catch, the only way that remained for procuring a light was to wade a mile or more through the snow to borrow a brand from a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero many nights in winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds, and they never complained.

ODD SCRAPS.—To soften the hard, dry putty in the windows, wet it with muriatic acid.

Oxalic acid will remove stains, ink and iron rust, but must

not be allowed to stand on the goods or print.

Water can be purified in a cistern by dropping in a large piece of common charcoal.

Bleeding of a wound in man or beast can be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts bound on with a cloth.

A good wash for the teeth is made by putting equal parts of borax and camphor gum into a bottle of water, and letting it stand for a short time before using.

A good way to clear zinc is to rub it with a piece of cotton cloth dipped in kerosene; afterwards rub with a dry cotton cloth and it will be as bright as when new.

How to be a Gentleman.

What we wish to put into the ears of boys is this—be gentlemen. In this country every boy may grow up to be a gentleman if he will. It is not necessary that he should become rich—most boys think it is—nor is necessary that he should become a great scholar, nor that he should become a distinguished man.

But some impatient ones are asking, "How can we become gentlemen?" "How can a boy go about making himself one?" "Can he work for it?" Yes, he can. And the harder he works in the right way, the better. But he must study with his ears. Reading books and newspapers is not enough. He must think and feel, as well as speak and act. Can he buy it. No, he can not. Money will buy a good many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money you can go to a shop and buy clothes. But hat, coat, pants and boots do not make a gentleman. They make a fop, and sometimes come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses, but how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman?

Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all of these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house, and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.

The flashes of lightning often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder-cloud, beneath the horizon of the observer, reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the cases of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, informs us that on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, he asked for information from a distant operator during appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder-storm then raging two hundred and fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.—*Prof. Henry.*

Temperance and Intemperance.

A London physician gives to a "sample" of whisky, submitted for his examination, the following "first-class" certificate: "Gentlemen, I have tasted your whisky, and, having tried various vermin killers in my time, believe yours superior to them all. You are at liberty to make use of this."

There has been much said upon this subject, but we should never tire in well doing, and whatever is in our power to do toward saving the inebriate, should we not do it? Young woman, you can do much! When you know positively that any young man of your acquaintance indulges in drinking intoxicating liquor, chewing or smoking tobacco, using profane language, talk to him about it. Try to impress on his mind what a disgrace it is to himself and everyone related to him. Picture to him the home of the intemperate husband, where the faithful wife toils to supply the family with just enough to keep starvation from the door. Tell him of the mother whose tender care nursed him through infancy, whose eye was ever on him through childhood

watching lest something might bafal him; who looked forward to the time when he should be a comfort and support to her. Now what has she in return for all those sleepless nights, those anxious hours, watching over your sick bed, praying that God would spare you? All she has is a broken heart. One more word, young woman. When your intended husband goes "off on a spree," as he calls it, and is not presentable for several days after, talk to him; say everything in your power to persuade him never to do so again, that the engagement is broken! In nine cases out of ten it will never occur again; but if it should keep your word. Show him you do not countenance such conduct. It has been truly said, "There are not one-half as many virtuous young men as there are women," and I am sorry for it. Better be a "dried, up old maid" than the wife of a man who cannot control his appetite for liquor.

A CURIOUS RIVER.—In South Africa a curious phenomenon is observed in a river, the Zooga, which flows at one time to the east and another to the west. This explanation is given by an eminent traveler and explorer: "When the shallow Lake Ngama is filled up by the streams flowing into it from the west, its waters pass through the Zooga to the salt lakes on the east; but when these streams do not pour in such an amount of water, the level of the lake becomes very low, and the Zooga, often largely increased in volume from the overflowing salt lakes, sends its water into Lake Ngama."

The Resonator.

Under the above name Signor Alberto B. Bach has recently devised and introduced in London a very simple and apparently very effective appliance for increasing the volume and power of the human voice when singing, and a lecture on the subject was lately delivered at the Royal Academy of Music, the use of the "resonator" being illustrated by Signor Bach himself during a concert which followed the lecture. In the course of his lecture Signor Bach described the mechanism of the vocal organs, and explained the modes in which their power could best be developed, and among other points he directed attention to the office performed by the hard portion of the palate, this acting as a kind of sounding board when the mouth is open for singing. It is for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the palate in this respect that the "resonator" has been designed.

The instrument consists of a gold plate fitted to the roof of the mouth, close above the upper teeth—much in the same way as the gold palate of a set of artificial teeth—the plate having attached to it another gold plate which is convex downwards in both directions. A hollow sounding board—if we may call it so—is thus formed, which has a remarkable effect on the volume of sound producible by the person wearing the instrument. The "resonator" appears to have no prejudicial effect upon the distinctness of articulation, and Signor Bach states that it can be used without the slightest inconvenience after a moderate amount of practice. Of course, as Signor Bach remarks, the "resonator" will not give a good voice to any who does not already possess one, nor will it eradicate any faults in singing, but properly used it is reported to have a remarkable effect in increasing the power of the sound, which a singer can produce, and this without deteriorating its quality or increasing the effort required.

Is the Moon Inhabited?

A great change is taking place in our views in regard to the moon, and it may be we are on the eve of discoveries which will make this century an epoch in astronomical history. Some American observers saw not long since a crater on the lunar surface in active operation under conditions as reliable as human visions at such a distance can be expected to reach. A French astronomer has made observations on a grander scale, and confidently asserts that the moon is inhabited! M. Camille Flammarion, the present originator of this long-cherished idea, is a scientist of honor and renown, well known for his reputation as an observer and enthusiastic writer. He has written several articles to prove his position, and has determined to devote his life to this branch of astronomical research. No instruments on the globe are powerful enough to afford a glimpse of our lunarian neighbors. M. Flammarion is not in the least discouraged at this ap-

parently insuperable obstacle in the way of a solution of his problem. He is going to have one made that will exhibit the man in the moon to terrestrial eyes, with no possibility of mistake. He is urgently soliciting contributions to a fund for an immense refracting telescope, whose estimated cost is a million francs, or two hundred thousand dollars. This instrument, the astronomer believes, will be effectual in revealing the inhabitants in the moon really existing, according to his sanguine faith. Some of the largest refractors in the world, if used when the air is pure, bear a power of three thousand on the moon; that is, the moon appears as if it were at a distance of eighty miles instead of two hundred and forty thousand. It can thus be seen that an immensely increased power would be required to detect small objects on the surface.—*Providence Journal*.

Curious Facts About Memory.

A French scientist has been studying the faculty of memory as exhibited by different races, and its relation to the other mental faculties as shown in individuals of the same race. His statements are interesting:

The inferior races of mankind, such as negroes, the Chinese, etc., have more memory than those of a higher type of civilization.

Primitive races which were unacquainted with the art of writing had a wonderful memory, and were for ages in the habit of handing down, from one generation to another, hymns as voluminous as the Bible.

Prompters and professors of declamation know that women have more memory than men. French women will learn a foreign language quicker than their husbands.

Youths have more memory than adults. It is well developed in children, attains its maximum about the fourteenth or fifteenth year, and then decreases.

Peeble individuals of a lymphatic temperament have more memory than the strong. Students who obtain the prize for memory and recitation chiefly belong to the former class.

Parasian students have also less memory than those who come from the provinces. At the Ecole Normale and other schools the pupils who have the best memory are not the most intelligent.

The memory is more developed among the peasantry than among citizens, and among the clergy than among the laity.

From a physiological point of view, memory is diminished by over-feeding, by physical exercise, and by education, in this sense, that the illiterate have potentially more memory than those who know how to read and write.

We remember, moreover, better in the morning than in the evening, in the summer than in the winter, and better in warm than in cold climates.

A week or two ago the British war vessels, the *Minotaur* and the *Agincourt*, while at Gibraltar, tried the effect of the electric light as a means of examining by night the nature of land batteries and general coast defences. The result was a success. Every nook and corner of the rock could be explored as the light was slowly directed over its surface. But it was very obvious that during the examination the vessels themselves became excellent marks for the guns of an enemy.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—"A doctor, H. E. Licks, of Old South Bethlehem, after three years' labor, claims that he has perfected an instrument by which forms and colors can be sent by wire the same as words are sent. He calls the instrument a diaphote. The word diaphote, from the Greek, *dia* signifying through, and *phote* signifying light, has been selected as its name, implying that the light travels through or along a wire."

COMPOSITE DIAMONDS.—A diamond expert of Chicago asserts that many of the so-called solitaires, sold as single stones, are made up of small stones cleverly put together. Under the blowpipe they separate. He adds the surprising statement that not one diamond in ten sold in this country is other than the refuse of the London market. Nearly all are off-colored, specked or feathered, and are sold at a fictitious value.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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BEYOND.

Beyond life's toils and cares,
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,
Will be a long, sweet life, unmarked by years,
One bright, unending morrow.

Beyond time's troubled streams,
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark river—
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,
Its dark realities and brighter dreams,
A beautiful forever.

No aching hearts are there,
No tear-dimmed eyes, no form by sickness wasted,
No cheek grown pale through penury or care,
No spirits crushed beneath the woes they bear,
No sighs for bliss untasted.

No sad farewell is heard,
No lonely wail for loving ones departed,
No dark remorse is there o'er memories stirred,
No smile of scorn, no harsh or cruel word
To grieve the broken-hearted.

No long dark night is there,
No light from sun or silvery moon is given;
But Christ, the Lamb of God, all bright and fair,
Illumes the city with effulgence rare,
The glorious light of heaven.

No mortal eye hath seen
The glories of the land beyond the river,
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,
Its fadeless flowers, and the enchanting sheen
Around the throne forever.

Ear hath not heard the song
Of rapturous praise within the shining portal;
No heart of man has dreamed what joys belong,
To that redeemed and happy, blood-washed throng,
All glorious and immortal.

—Ladies' Repository.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued).

CHAPTER IV.

"This is delightful; is it not, Katie," asked Sybil, laying down her book and raising herself in her swaying hammock. "Heavenly," murmured Katie, without opening her eyes. "This Buxly air is so delicious, so fresh and pure; I wish we had it like this in town."

"Why do you not live in the country, Sybil? instead of that close, stuffy city; I am perfectly certain I should die if I lived there; fancy, no green fields, nor woods, nor streams, only paved streets, walled up on either side with high dingy buildings."

"But Toronto is not close and stuffy, Katie, and there are some green fields and woods too, if one chooses to walk far enough to find them. I love my beautiful city, I would not live elsewhere. Of course we have not got such exquisitely fresh air as this, but you must not call Toronto close and stuffy."

"Oh! of course," answered Katie. "I had forgotten for a moment your infatuation for Toronto; but your remark about Buxly led me to say what I did."

"I was not thinking of myself when I spoke," answered Sybil. "But of poor Alice Despard, Neal's sister, you know."

"Oh yes; Mr. Despard has often spoken of her; how very fond of his mother and sister he seems to be; tell me about Alice."

"There are very few women like Alice Despard," said Sybil, thoughtfully. "So sweet and uncomplaining; do you know Katie, she seems to me more angel than woman. Fancy being obliged to lie still all day, week after week, month after month, year after year; oh! it would be simply maddening to me; and yet Alice always seems happy and contented; she can even be gay at times. Do you know it is like breathing a higher, purer atmosphere to be near her; one cannot help feeling the influence of her goodness and purity. I do not wonder Neal loves her as he does."

"What is she like in face?" Katie asked.

"She is lovely," answered Sybil softly. "You understand what I mean? it is the beauty of holiness that looks out of Alice's face. You know she is older than I am by two years; I think when she was young she must have been very like your friend, Mollie Stuart; I could not help thinking so the other night at the ball; the dark, soft eyes, the golden brown hair, are just like Alice's."

"Yes; isn't Mollie pretty?" cried Katie enthusiastically.

"Very; and she has such a dear, kissable little face, too; I have taken quite a fancy to her, and quite look forward to seeing her again."

"Oh! she will be here often; Mollie and I are the very best friends in the world. By the way, I should not wonder if the Stuart's were to call this afternoon."

"Is Mollie an only child?" asked Sybil after a pause.

"No," answered Kate, slowly, there is a son; but he—I thing he is estranged; I do not know much about it, but he—George Stuart married beneath him; an actress I believe his wife was. She was very young, scarcely more than a child, and very, very beautiful I have heard; she was well educated, but of low parentage. His father who, by the way, is very proud of his blue blood, never forgave George, and his name is never mentioned, although Mollie, I am sure, loves her brother dearly. She was not more than eleven at the time of George's marriage, but Ruth says he made a great pet of her and she was very fond of him. Is it not sad?"

"Very sad indeed," replied Sybil.

"But how did Mrs. Stuart bear this separation from her

son? perhaps she sided with her husband."

"No; she pleaded very hard for forgiveness for George, but pleaded in vain; I am sure she frets in secret even now, and the worst of it is she scarcely ever hears from or of him."

"Where is he?"

"In California, and they have a little boy named Bertie; O Sybil! do you not think it was too cruel to treat him so, just because he married the girl he loved? Is not love the gift of God, and what right had he to try and separate these two who loved each other?"

Katie had raised herself on her elbow, and spoke in a low, quick tone, her dark face flushing in her deep earnestness.

"I think you are right; when love comes to a man and a woman, what right has anyone else to interfere between them, let their own hearts speak, and let God deal with them as he sees fit; but not man."

"Sybil when you love, it will be with terrible strength; and if you ever should—oh! Sybil! dear Sybil! I hope and trust it may be one worthy of the love you will give; it would be terrible for you if you were deceived, worse than for other women."

"When I love—if I love," murmured Sybil thoughtfully. "Ah Kate! you do well to say, if—sometimes I almost envy you, when I hear you talking of your Tom, I think you must be very happy."

"Yes, very very happy," murmurs Katie blushing shyly.

"Girls!" calls Ruth's pleasant voice from the hall door, "Here are Mrs. Stuart and Mollie just coming in at the gate."

"Ah! did I not have a presentiment that they would come to-day," cries merry Kate, springing lightly from her hammock.

"I do not see how you make it out a presentiment," laughed Sybil, "for of course you knew they must call either to-day, to-morrow or next day."

"Well, never mind, Miss Precision, come along."

They proceeded to the steps where Ruth was already shaking hands with the visitors.

"So kind of you to come and see us on such a warm day dear Mrs. Stuart."

"Warm! it is excruciatingly hot; Ruth my dear you are not half expressive enough. How do you do Mrs. Stuart; Mollie you naughty child why did you not run over to see us before this? I think it was very shabby of you; but, of course the heat has been terrific, therefore thou art pardoned *ma chere amie*. Do you know Sybil and I have been lolling in the hammocks half asleep all afternoon, we thought it was too hot to do anything."

"Speak for yourself my dear; I was quite wide awake; I daresay you know what a lazy little thing Katie is, Mrs. Stuart?" interposed Sybil smilingly.

"Oh yes! we all know how she enjoys *dolce far niente* on a summer afternoon," was the smiling reply.

"It is cooler out here than in the house; shall we remain here or would you prefer going indoors, Mrs. Stuart?" Ruth asked.

"Stay here by all means my dear."

"I suppose you have quite recovered from the fatigue of Thursday night?" Sybil was saying to Mollie.

"Yes, thank you; but I did not feel very tired the next day, I was up at my usual hour in the morning," the latter replied, with one of her bright smiles.

"Were you really? I am afraid I cannot say the same of myself; for I slept soundly until I was awakened by the clock striking eleven; shocking was it not? but dancing always tries me dreadfully."

"Indeed; I don't think any amount of dancing could tire me very much; I am so passionately fond of it, next to riding there is no amusement to equal it in my estimation."

"You ride then?"

"Oh! yes nearly every evening; and often in the early morning before breakfast; it is simply perfect in the fresh morning air; do you not think so?"

"Yes indeed I quite agree with you; but I suppose you do not go alone?"

"Oh! no; at least not always. Papa goes with me in the mornings, and in the evenings we generally make a party. Paul and Katie, Mr. Despard, papa and myself; and also Mr. Macdonald when he is here."

"Oh! apropos of Mr. Macdonald; he returned this morning, much sooner than he was expected; I wonder if you

will admire him Sybil; he is the Adonis of Buxley," put in Katie laughing.

"I shall tell you whether I admire him or not when I have seen him," was Sybil's quiet reply.

"Why," cried Mollie, "Are you sure Katie about his return? because Mr. Despard told us the other morning that they did not expect him back for several weeks yet."

"I am quite sure; because papa told us at luncheon; did he not Ruth?"

"Yes dear; he certainly said that Mr. Macdonald had returned."

"There" said Katie nodding "so if you happen to come across him Mollie, pray don't run away with the idea that it is his ghost."

"There is not the slightest danger; as it would require a greater stretch of imagination than I am capable of to fancy Mr. Macdonald in the character of a ghost," Mollie answered with a musical little laugh in which Katie joined. It certainly did seem ludicrous, taking into consideration the fact that the young man in question who towered head and shoulders above most of his fellow-mortals, was as stoutly built and muscular a specimen of humanity as could be met with anywhere.

"Supposing we go for a ride this evening; what do you say Katie?"

"I say let us go by all means; you would like it would you not, Sybil?"

"I should enjoy it above all things."

"Then we shall go; Sybil you will ride the Prince, and I will take Jerry. Paul will come with us, and I shall send him down to tell Mr. Despard that we expect him to join us; by the way, it is strange he has not called yet, especially when he knows that you are here Sybil."

"He is busy perhaps" answered Sybil very quietly.

"Pshaw!" said Katie tossing her small dark head, "he is never busy in the evenings; I suppose he is out boating all his spare time; he might have the gallantry to take us for a row; I shall have to give him a lecture on his duty to his neighbors."

"Mr. Despard has not been near us lately either" said Mrs. Stuart; "he used to come nearly every evening; but we have not even seen him since the day of Katie's ball."

"Oh! I daresay he is in one of his gloomy fits" said Katie. "At any rate I hope he will come with us to-night; Paul must ask Mr. Macdonald also; he rides magnificently; and oh; Sybil he has the most beautiful horse you ever saw; it is almost black and has a great white star in the centre of its forehead; isn't it lovely Mollie?"

"Yes; Sultan is a splendid horse."

"I hope then, that Mr. Macdonald will come; for I love horses, and I should like to see Sultan" said Sybil.

"Will your father join us? do you think Mollie?"

"I do not know; I will ask him; but if he does not, I will be all ready, and you can all ride over to Fernside for me."

"Yes we shall do that; so be ready by seven o'clock Mollie."

The two visitors now took their leave. At the gate they were met by Paul—who turned to accompany them a part of the way. He was soon made acquainted with the young ladies' arrangements for that evening, and promised willingly to form one of the riding party.

"We will go I suppose along the lake shore road as usual?"

"That is really the prettiest road; so I daresay we shall, unless Katie has any other in view."

"Ah! so Katie has taken the management into her little brown hands, has she? the child has a soul for managing; she rules everyone in the house—father into the bargain, even Miss O'Brien gives way to her; by the way Mrs. Stuart, what do you think of Katie's friend?"

"My dear Paul, I think she is simply the grandest woman I have ever seen, and if I am not mistaken she is a noble and pure-hearted woman as well; Katie is indeed fortunate in possessing such a friend."

"I agree with you entirely; I met her once in Toronto at an evening party, that was five years ago; she is an immense favorite in society. Despard and she are very old friends."

"Miss O'Brien is very clever, is she not? she has travelled so much; how I should like to travel; to go to Italy, Germany and France, and oh! to so many more places," said Mollie, looking at Paul while she spoke.

"Do you remember when we were children how we used to plan what we would do when we were *big*?"

"Yes, and one of our modest dreams was to travel round the world: you and Katie and I; and Ruth, you remember, always said she would stay at home and keep house for your father, and be ready to welcome us when we chose to return."

Paul smiled; of what was he thinking? That perhaps after all this dream of their childhood might not prove an impossible one. O Paul! foolish Paul! dreaming of a future that can never be; of a pleasant time, when with her by your side, you both will sail the blue seas over, climb the Alpine heights; linger dreaming by the distant waters of strange lands, wander together through the grand old places teeming with the mementoes of ages and ages long passed away; to penetrate into the heart of African deserts; to skim swiftly over the snowy steppes of Russia; to wander silent, and awed through the mighty arches of some tropical forest.

Of such a future did Paul Halliday venture to dream, nor waited to question, if in the Almighty dispensation of Providence such a life would be given to him to live. Youth is egotistical, and fancies it has but to declare its resolution; to assert its independence, to say "I will" and the pathway is open and free, and its windings easy to tread. Alas! alas! when we have entered into that pathway with its fantastical windings, its numberless intricate turns and twists, and have wandered on, on, ever vainly trying, every failing to find the outlet; 'tis then and only then that we fall helpless and wearied, submissive and humble.

Evening came and the six equestrians started for their ride. They fell into pairs at once, Sybil and Neal; Katie and Arthur Macdonald; Mollie and Paul bringing up the rear. They were all excellent horsemen and horsewomen, Sybil looked superb in her dark blue habit and tall riding hat. The exercise had brought an unwonted color into her cheeks and her violet eyes flashed and sparkled as she talked animatedly to Neal. Katie's little dark face was an excellent foil, but Sybil never thought of that. Mollie was unusually silent and distraite for the first mile or so; Paul talked to her but receiving only monosyllabic replies, commenced to rally her on her silence.

"Why so quiet little one, are you tired?"

"No," she answered sharply "Come let us galop on, I hate creeping along like this; I challenge you to a race, come." She suddenly brought her whip down on to her horse's neck, and the animal started forward in a mad galop, Paul following close behind; in less than a minute they had left the others far behind; leaving the road they struck off to the left across a wide level common bounded on the further side by a high board fence which separated it from another and smaller field.

"Good heavens! they are surely not so mad as to attempt to leap that high fence," cried Neal excitedly, as they watched the two flying figures making straight for the fence.

"But they are" replied Sybil calmly, and even as she spoke Paul's long-legged black horse taking the lead cleared the fence at a bound, and Mollie's bay mare gathering her legs under her leaped high in the air and landed safely by Paul's side, then away again like the wind neck and neck the two animals and their riders flew till they reached the road, taking the direction in which they had left the others. They pulled rein as soon as they came in sight of them and dropped once more into a quiet canter.

Mollie's face glowed, and her brown eyes sparkled as she chattered gaily to Paul, or turned to make some merry remark to Katie and Arthur. She took no notice of the pair in front; nor observed that Neal was silent and pre-occupied, and when presently Macdonald advanced to Sybil's side, and Neal dropped behind, she said a few words to Paul and they cantered quickly on leaving Despard and Katie tete-a-tete.

"Miss Stuart is a skilful horse-woman" he observed.

"Yes; does she not ride magnificently, better even than Sybil; do you know, I quite shuddered when she took that leap: I wonder if she has ever done it before; really it was very indiscreet of Paul to allow it; however she did it beautifully and there is no harm done, but she ought to be careful."

"We seldom see that sort of thing in this country; I dare say that in England such a leap would be looked upon as a very trifling, and every day exploit, our women are not such expert riders as the English; I confess also to have felt rather startled when I saw them preparing to take the leap,

however Miss Stuart seems capable of taking care of herself; but I wish she would not take that leap again, for if I mistake not there is a ditch on the other side of the fence and the ground is very stony."

"Dear me! I must tell Mollie not to do it again; but you know it was Paul took her there to-night, and I believe Mollie would go anywhere with Paul, they are such friends, and always have been since we were children together; Paul thinks there is no one like Mollie."

"Indeed." There was a slight,—a very slight tinge of sarcasm in that—"indeed" of Neal's, and anyone catching his face might have detected there an expression difficult to describe, it was not jealousy,—that would be too strong a word, it was not anger, it was hardly even displeasure, it was a curious mixture of indifference, amusement and impatience, the latter perhaps predominating. He jerked his reins quickly, and then stooped with a half smile to stroke his horse's neck.

"Wait, oh wait" cried Katie breathlessly. They had turned a corner of the road and come in full view of the lake, which lay at their feet, still, calm and sombre, the moon which had but just risen, was partially hidden under a cloud, and shed a pale, feeble glimmer on the still, dark waters.

"How beautiful" she cried softly.

"It is grand," he answered. "See how still it is; not a ripple on the surface, it is like a Dead Sea; ah! now the moon shines full and clear, look at the tall dark shadows cast by the trees along the shore." He raised his face to the star-studded sky and the moon's pale glory and murmured—half to himself, "The Heavens declare his glory and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

The ride homeward was rather a silent one. Paul and Mollie still adhered to each other's companionship, and Paul's face gave token of the inner satisfaction which the knowledge of this fact gave him. As they approached the gates of Fernside, Neal left Katie and falling back joined Mollie.

"What has become of you lately Mr Despard, you have not been near Fernside for days; no—no do not plead business, I refuse to accept any such worn out excuse; Mr. Macdonald is home, therefore you should be less occupied than usual."

"That is very true, but you must remember that Macdonald only returned this morning; but the fact is, I have been in a very gloomy frame of mind lately, and so did not consider that my presence would be an acquisition."

"I hope—I trust you have received no ill news from home; your mother and sister—they are well?"

"I thank you they are well—as well as usual."

This answer set Mollie wondering what then could have been the cause of Neal's alleged gloominess; and letting her mind wander back to the last occasion on which she had seen him, she managed to draw conclusions which fell not very wide of the mark.

The night of Katie's ball, the unexpected meeting with Sybil, the long half hour on the balcony; Neal's sudden withdrawal from the scene, his subsequent low spirits, and add to all various whispers and stray scraps of gossip respecting the relations existing between these two. All this passed through Mollie's mind, causing the small mouth to contract sharply and a look of pain to creep slowly into the brown eyes. Reader, is it not yet plain to you that Mollie had learned that lesson, at once the sweetest and saddest, that of losing—and, all unwittingly Neal had been her teacher.

Unwittingly I say, for Neal Despard was too good, too honorable a man to wantonly trifle with a woman's heart. He looked upon Mollie rather as a child than a woman, to him she was a dear little girl, to pet and make much of; a little Princess, destined some day to rule in a small kingdom of her own; but to him that day seemed still far away; meantime it pleased him to think of her as his little friend, it even annoyed him to think that Paul Halliday's friendship was dearer to her than this; it pleased him; in some of his gloomy moments it soothed him to feel that his presence was liked by this pretty gentle-featured girl; never dreaming that in the girl's bosom was a woman's heart, and that he had come to be the idol whom it worshipped, the king to whom it owed allegiance, the master whom it would willingly have obeyed. She knew that she loved him, she had never denied the truth to herself, nay, the very knowledge of it had made her too happy to wish to thrust it from her sight. She had

thought, simply and innocently enough that Neal loved her too; that the tender words whispered to her, had also been whispered to others, that the tender voice which was music to her ears, had been as musical to scores of other women, she never imagined. "She loved Neal; she believed he loved her; therefore some day they would be married," she reasoned, and so reasoning was happy. But now the truth was beginning to dawn upon her; she was soon to purchase her first bit of experience; a change was approaching, and to her life would never again be quite the same as it had been. In bidding her good night; Neal held the little gloved hand for a moment in his, despite its efforts to be released; and with a downward look at her, said kindly, much as he would have spoken to a child.

"I want you to be more careful, and not attempt such dangerous leaps as the one you took to-night. Will you promise me to be more careful in future?"

"Pray disperse any anxiety you may feel on my account, Mr. Despard." There was no danger, had there been, Paul would not have led me as he did.

Neal's face flushed crimson, as well as the words as the tone in which they were uttered. He bowed, and springing into his saddle waited till all were ready to start.

With a sore heart Mollie went up to bed that night. Reaching her own room, she closed and bolted the door, and instead of preparing for bed, moved restlessly about. She did not cry aloud and moan and wring her hands, like a tragedy heroine whose lover has played her false. On the contrary she was quiet, almost unnaturally so, not a sigh nor a moan escaped her lips, only the restless pacing up and down, and the nervous clasping and unclasping of her hands betrayed that she suffered.

Have you ever known what it is to give up something that you love very dearly; to yield up all claim and right to it to another, to see that other take the place which you fondly thought was yours? Have you ever felt the weary, aching void, and the waste desolation that follows such a yielding up? If you have not, then pray God you never may. If you have, then you can sympathize with Mollie Stuart. She loved Neal Despard very dearly; loved him perhaps, as few men are fortunate enough to be loved; and as I have said she imagined her love fully returned. For nearly two years he had lived in Buxly, and during that time, he had sought her out upon almost every occasion; his voice had been so low and tender in speaking to her, his eyes looking into hers had caused her face to tingle with hot blushes; he had pressed her hand often at parting, with a close lingering pressure. What wonder then if she mistook it all for love.

All this passed through her mind as she paced up and down her bedroom, and gradually a feeling of hot, burning anger filled her heart; bitter resentment against the man who had won her love only to cast it from him. With flashing eyes and heaving bosom she vowed to herself that he would no longer trifle with her, that she would tear from her heart her love for him; she scorned and despised herself for having ever loved him; the only consolation was that neither he nor anyone else had ever guessed at the real state of her feelings. Only when she had put the light out and crept into bed did the wild pain return; she tossed restlessly on her pillow, wondering if after all she were not mistaken, and Neal did really love her. Many times when he and she were alone together he had spoken of Sybil in connection with his mother and sister, and with a thrill almost of exultation she remembered that his voice had been perfectly cool and steady when he mentioned Sybil's name. Surely if he loved her she would have detected something in his voice, his looks, his manner that would have betrayed him. For a moment she comforted herself with this thought, but then crowding upon the back of it came all the evidence of the last few days. At length utterly wearied out she fell asleep.

The next morning when she entered the breakfast room her pale face and listless manner attracted her father's attention.

"What's the matter Mollie?" he asked, drawing her face close to his as she bent over his chair to give him a good morning kiss. "You look pale child, didn't sleep well?"

"No papa not very well."

"I hope you are not going to be ill, my pet; better stay quietly in the house with your mother to-day."

"No, no papa please, I could not stay in all day, I must

go out; mamma you said something yesterday about going to Miss Staunton's to enquire about the Burton family, let me go instead, I will take the phaeton if you like and drive over; do mamma, I shall make all the enquiries you wish."

"Very well darling, if you are sure you feel well enough; but here is the coffee so let us sit down to breakfast."

"What Burtons are these?" asked Mr Stuart, when they were seated at the table.

"A poor family who came here not many months ago, the father, a delicate man, has been employed by Mr. Staunton in doing odd jobs about the farm; but Miss Staunton told me the other day that the poor man was seriously ill. They have five little children too, poor things. I thought I would like to do something for them. I want you to find out from Miss Staunton, Mollie, what would be the most needful things to take."

"Very well mamma."

"Here is ten dollars, Josephine, get what you can with it, and if you want more come to me."

"Thanks Allan dear, this will pay their doctor's bill."

As soon as breakfast was over and the phaeton brought to the door, Mollie, started for her drive. The horse she drove was a spirited little beast, but she handled the reins in a way which showed that she knew what she was about. Driving along the pretty country roads she had leisure once more to think of her trouble; but she strove to banish all thought of it from her mind; not very successfully however, to judge from clouded face, and tightly closed lips. One thing she had quite made up her mind about; and that was that she would never marry, she would be an old maid and spend her life in making others happy, if she could not be happy herself. Then she fell to wondering what her life would be like, spent in this way? Two pictures rose before her mind's eye; one was that of the old maid she was now on her way to see; to wit, Miss Staunton. What went to make up the sum of her existence? Days passed in the dull, dreary routine of farm life, varied by occasional visits to town, or an invitation to a dance, a croquet party or picnic; a weary, senseless striving after the appearance of youth, when youth itself had fled forever. The gain being only the ridicule and dislike of everyone. With a shudder Mollie let fall the veil over this picture and turned to the other. The hard, stern features of her Aunt Janet—Miss Stuart rose before her. Soured by the troubles and disappointments of fifty years of life. Eyes that looked as though they had never wept tears of womanly pity over mortal living or dead. Her life was spent in stern vigilance over her unfortunate household; the said household consisting of her brother, two maid servants and a man, and by all four she was held in mortal dread. She raised her hands in holy horror at the boldness and ignorance of the present generation; regarding Katie Halliday and her niece, Mollie Stuart as two thoroughly demoralized young persons, and could scarcely believe her ears when informed that little Kate was affianced to Tom Howard the clergyman's eldest son. "What!" she cried, "that chit engaged to be married—ridiculous! shameful! the child has no business to be out of the nursery. Married! bless me what is the world coming to?" Miss Stuart was held in great respect by everyone in Buxly, but none loved her. Neither man, woman or child had ever been known to address her by an endearing word.

From this picture also, our heroine turned away with shuddering disdain. Better death, than a life devoid of all the poetry and music of love and kindly affections. But a long life in all probability lay before her; she was only eighteen and in excellent health, therefore she might live to be sixty, and if so what a long vista of years lay stretching out before her. What would she do with them? Waste them in idle, selfish repinings, or dedicate them to God and her fellow creatures? living in them a noble, generous life. Ah! Mollie! I know which you will choose—if you be called upon to choose so at all—for yours is no weak, shallow nature, to be dashed to bits in the first storm that has broken over it, but brave and strong and able to stand up beneath the fierce tempests of life, and to breast the keen, cutting blasts of the winter of trouble and sorrow.

You may perhaps think, reader, that Mollie was—in the first place—over hasty in forming conclusions with regard to Neal and Miss O'Brien. It is true she had not received any decisive proof that they were engaged; but the eyes as well

as the ears of love are very keen and quick and she had seen and heard many things in the past week which led her to form these conclusions. Besides a woman in love is quick to feel a change however slight in the man she loves. Mollie soon detected a change in Neal, not exactly toward herself, for he still treated her with the gentle half playful, half authoritative manner which he had always been used to. The change was in himself—though in what it consisted she could scarcely have defined.

In the second place dear reader, you may be inclined to regard Mollie as a very sentimental and lackadaisical young person because she allowed herself to indulge for a few minutes in a sentimental and lackadaisical train of thought. Well reader if you do thus regard her, I, the author shall be inclined to think that you are either very old and have forgotten all about your own young dream of love, or that you are very young and have not yet dreamed that sweetest and saddest of all dreams. But whatever you are I trust that ere long you will know Mollie better and love her as she well deserves to be loved.

(To be continued).

SELECTED.

AFTER HARVEST.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

There are scars upon the hillside,
Deeper furrows in the plain,
And brown and rugged patches,
Where once waved the golden grain;
By the roadside and the river,
And wherever we explore,
There are many tokens telling
That the summer days are o'er.

Yet the breezes are the sweeter
For the fragrance they could win,
While the meadows smiled a welcome,
Ere the sickle entered in;
And the earth has added richness
To the treasures she possessed,
And no loss is her's for having
Entertained her summer guests.

Though the pimpernel and the violet
Are no longer in our bowers,
There are golden rods and asters,
And a host of other flowers;
And though autumn breezes blowing
All our summer blooms destroy,
For the reaper of the harvest
There's an aftermath of joy.

Though the orchards and the meadow
Are now desolate and bare,
There are tokens that the summer,
Full of gladness, lingered there;
And far better than a prairie
Lying level in the sun,
Are these scars and furrows telling
Where great victories were won.

As we sit among the shadows
When the autumn cometh on,
And the blossoms that beside us
Flourished once are dead and gone;
Though our lives be shorn of pleasure,
Like yon meadow dull and bare,
In the heart will be assurance
That the summer lingered there.

O ye reapers swift and silent,
Cutting down the precious grain,
Till the meadow, once Elysian,
Is to-day a stubby plain;
All the sweetness and the glory
Ye are powerless to destroy,
For the heart with memory's sickle,
Reaps an aftermath of joy!

PIE, CHEESE, BARLEY.

BY ANNETTE LUCILLE NOBLE.

Farmer Welles came of a good stock—a steady-going, industrious father, a simple-minded, pious mother. He had been brought up in a community where sons of this sort inherit their fathers' habits with the homestead, their consciences, and their cattle. As for adopting all kinds of new ideas, that nonsense was for idle townfolk. They would as soon think of turning their wheat-fields into flower-beds as to try starting any quite new crop of notions—much less did they ever pluck up old ideas by the roots, to look at the soil whence they sprang. Farmer Welles was born into this community. In due time he trotted off with a score of other youngsters to the red school-house, where he learned to read and spell, to tease the little girls in long pantalettes and pink sunbonnets, to do exactly the things every boy had done who ever threw paper wads across that room, or had to stay after school to find the least common denominator. Ten years later he was no different from the rest. He too had his prizes in the county fair, his private opinions as to which pretty girl in the light, roomy old church sang the clearest and glanced at him the most attractively. He married her, as everybody knew he would. He carried the farm on when his good old father slipped out of life, and so, by-and-by, Farmer Welles was a middle-aged man, in his rut for all time, as everybody again would have supposed, if all had not taken it too entirely for granted to consider it at all.

Now a queer thing happened. This steady-going man, when he sat down in the sunny old piazza to rest, with his red silk handkerchief over the bald spot on his head, ceased to go to sleep and gently to snore after the manner of his fathers. He began to do this thing we have spoken of—began to pluck up his old-time thoughts by the roots and turn them around and around; began to ask for what the French call their "reason for being." After about a year of this meditation he emerged from under the silk handkerchief, and, before long, made known the result of some of his exercises of mind. We have only to tell of one such disclosure.

One lovely day in summer Father Welles harnessed up his strong team and drove into town. It was a busy day there, as he knew it would be; for the farmers all about had brought in their loads of barley and were selling it right on the street, at a dollar a bushel for the best, to the bustling dealers.

"Splendid barley crop this year," said Farmer Jones to him, as they drew up their horses near together. "It is always about the surest thing going."

"Yes, a sure crop," said Farmer Welles, musing until he found a chance to work his way through the crowded street to the post office.

Half the farmers in the county seemed to be there with their loaded wagons. Barley, barley, barley, there was nothing else in the air but the talk of that between buyers and sellers. He had his business in town as well as the rest, and as the day went on he felt a healthy man's hunger, and betook himself to a neat bakery where, by past experience, he knew he could find great wedges of pie and generous slices of cheese. There were a dozen other farmers there, all of them eating with the best of appetites. At last, however, one said,

"How do you come on, Welles? I did not see anything of your load."

"Oh, I cleared more this morning than I ever did in my life before."

"How was that?"

"I cleared my conscience."

"Hey?" said the other vaguely. "Whereabouts on your farm did you raise your barley this year? not to the south where you used to. I looked there for it."

"You did not see it, did you? Well, I will tell you, Wilson, how it was with me this year, if you will take two or three minutes to listen," said Farmer Welles, pushing back his plate, "and when I get through if you would like to remark that I am crazy just do it; only it won't be original with any of you. I have heard it from my neighbors on all sides.

"When I was turning over in my mind how much barley

I would raise this year and telling my wife what a sure and profitable crop it had always proved (I reckon I have raised more than the most of you), I went off in a sort of a dream, the very prettiest to begin with that a farmer could fall into. I saw acres of splendid barley waving and nodding in the breeze, the sun shining brightly, the sky clear. I was leaning over a fence, calculating how many bushels to an acre and how many dollars to the whole there would be when such a day as this should come around. I was saying, as we all do, 'It is a sure crop, a sure crop.'

"Suddenly I dropped right out of that sweet country air and sunshine into darkness, full of the smell of filth and rags. Instead of the bleating of my sheep over in the cool flats I heard men cursing God and damning one another. I heard the evil talk of creatures looking as if once they had been women but now herded in with them. One old hag in this underground den was actually keeping shop. She was selling for a few cents the dregs and slops from old lager-beer barrels. I was so amazed I looked over into a pint of the dirty mess, and as it shook in the old mug it framed a picture, like a looking-glass. My barley-fields! The waving grain in the sunlight! Me leaning over the fence! Was I really in that den where human beings lived like swine or was I in the country?

"Before I could place myself it was as if some angel or devil took me up and shook me here and there, like a bit of glass in a kaleidoscope, new combinations made with me every moment. Soon I was away up in horrible tenement-houses where sick and starving babies cried for food and bleary-eyed mothers gave them sips of beer. I thought of all my cows and longed to give the little children pure milk, when something called from the cup, 'Oh, you have given us drink already. Some of your barley is here. It was a great crop, you know. It went a great way.'

"Then I would be whirled down and into pleasant summer gardens where everything was sweet and clean again. There bright young men with steady hands would be sitting before harmless 'schooners' of beer, and all would seem well enough until right behind them would come a picture again. A country home like ours, a good old mother sitting with closed eyes, her Bible in her lap, praying, as our mothers used to pray for us—for our deliverance from temptation. That was behind. Before, stretching out far ahead, a long row of glasses, glasses, bottles, bottles; beer for a while, then wine, brandy, rum. Out from the 'schooner' would float a shadowy wisp of barley, would seem to beckon, as if saying, 'Come on, come on, see where I will end.' Then the mother with the Bible would drop out of the picture, and a drunken wretch with delirium tremens would shout in my ears, 'It was a sure crop, wasn't it? Oh, you temperance-talking farmer, you thought you only sowed good, sweet grain in your fields; but this is the crop, your sure crop, nevertheless.'

"It was not pleasant to think about," were the calm, concluding words of Farmer Welles; "and so I did not raise any barley this year for sale on the street. I never shall any more."

"If you do n't somebody—everybody else will," said Farmer Bolton, after a minute's silence and looking as if the pie he had eaten had not agreed with him.

"Of course."

"And barley is used for other things than for beer-making."

"Yes—but I suppose we can dimly imagine what the regular dealers, to whom you sold your barley this morning, want it for, can't we?"

"You have got too much imagination," grumbled another. It really was exasperating for a brother farmer to be illuminating the scene, by turning on new lights after this fashion. When they raised barley they did hard, honest labor. When they sold it, they gave full measure in broad daylight and received hard cash. That was the end of it—or it ought to be—or they wished it to be. Some wished that more heartily than others, according to their consciences or their imaginations whichever word you chose to apply.

"You have always raised barley yourself," said Mr. Wilson.

"I said I had, and I might be doing it yet, but one day last winter I asked Bill Sykes, the rumseller, to stop selling Ned Howard whiskey after that time he hurt his mother and broke his child's arm. Sykes told me to 'shut up,' that I 'would score up as many drunkards in the Day of Judgment by selling my great crops of barley as he ever did by passing

rum and lager over a counter.' They say a word to the wise is sufficient. I do n't set up for a Solomon, but I can tell you, I took *that* word home and pondered on it."

"I call that being righteous overmuch, anyhow you can fix it," said Squire Knowles doggedly. "You might just as well say a gunsmith shall not sell revolvers, because people can commit murder after they have bought them."

A few of the pie-eaters looked relieved, as if their temporary indigestion was passing off.

"I do n't tell you that you *shall* not raise barley," said Farmer Welles serenely, "I was only explaining why I had none to sell myself."

"The more fool you," muttered the squire, taking his departure sullenly.

Two men lingered a little. Each of them shook hands, later, with Farmer Welles. One of them, a well-to-do church member, said,

"I hate these questionable things! You have made a convert of me—unless I backslide."

The other was a feeble little fellow, whose farm was about as big as a calico-apron, and barley had been his "sure-crop" too. He blushed a little and stammered.

"Next year, I sort of guess, I'll put in something else, even if it is n't quite so profitable."

As regards the majority of the pie-eaters they did decide that Farmer Welles was a little crazy on just one topic—barley.

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT.

Daughter, don't let mother do it,
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens,
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead,
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it?
Do not let her bake and boil
Through the long bright summer hours;
Share with her the heavy toil.
See! her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek its glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long,
It is not right the weak and feeble,
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from the listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods upon her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care and pain,—
To the home so sad without her,
Never to return again.

Farmers' Wives.

It is no wonder that farmers' wives break down so early in life. Working late at nights, after a day of continuous toil is one of the main causes. One woman tells me that she never sews a stitch until the rest of the family are abed, then she runs the sewing machine until almost midnight. She says, "What a blessing my machine is to me!" but I do not quite agree with her, for she is so tired when she does retire she cannot rest. She is only thirty-eight years old, yet she looks to be fifty. Her husband is as much in the fault as she is, if he could only be brought to see it. He begins in the morning by keeping breakfast waiting till every possible thing is done outside, no matter how long she must wait, working over the hot stove to keep things just as he likes them. Next he must have every boy and girl on the place

out helping him to get ready for his day's work; meanwhile the housework stands still while mamma cares for the baby. He is very particular to request that dinner should be ready at 12 o'clock when he knows he never gets ready for it before one. And so it goes. With washing, ironing, baking, cooking, putting things to rights and caring for the children, she gets no time to sew, and as for reading, that is out of the question save a little while of a Sunday, and then the farmer generally monopolizes the solitary weekly. Under no consideration will the farmer quit his work before sundown, and that brings the milking and most of the "chores" after dark. Of course supper waits. After that late, unwholesome supper, the farmer sits awhile, tired and sleepy, and consequently stupid, and by the time the tea things are washed and put away he is ready to retire. Now the poor woman takes up her nightly task, and works out the hours that should be spent in sleep. I have no patience with the woman who does so, or with the man who will allow it.—*The Watchman*.

Useless Women.

Thousands of useless women cumber the earth to day because they were reared upon a bad plan. The little girl comes into the world, and, unless she is peculiarly fortunate in being the child of wise and good parents, is taught to value physical beauty far above the better qualities of mind and heart. As years go by all her energies are devoted to enhancing her physical charms; all that money and artistic clothes can do are made to further the one interest of her life. She may have gone to school where her ambition was spurred up in keeping pace with her classmates; she may have shown that she possessed a brilliant mind and even outstripped her fellow pupils. But having never cultivated a taste for general literature and lacking the incentive "she had in school" her study ceases with her last term, and education is finished when she makes her bow on commencement day. Henceforth she gives her whole mind—and there may be a good deal of it—to what she shall wear; dress occupies her mind by day, and her dreams by night. If her means allow her, she goes to the absurd extreme of fashion. With inordinate love of dress she has most probably been taught that helplessness and morbid effeminacy is true womanliness. When a child she could not run about, play in the dirt, get browned and tanned, and healthy like her brother, lest she should spoil her over-trimmed frocks and become a "tom-boy." She grows up like a lily in the shade. She is trained to regard matrimony as the only worthy object of a woman's life. Her graces, her accomplishments and her toilets all serve to help in the achievement of a husband. Failing in this she becomes a useless burden on the hands of those who grudge her a support, incapable of doing or thinking of herself—of earning her own livelihood. Shame on those who made her a poor drone in life's busy hive.

Health and Dress.

Dr. Richardson delivered a lecture at the London, Eng., Institution on Health and Dress. The object of the lecture was to show what reforms were most required in order that dress might minister to health. The lecturer said the character of dress stands so closely to the character of the person who wears it that it is hard to touch the one and not the other. All kinds of sympathies are evoked by dress; political sympathies are on the most intimate relationship with dress; social sympathies are indexed by it, artistic sympathies are a part of it. Proceeding then to lay out the plan of the lecture, he begged it to be understood that it was altogether apart from his purpose to depreciate good fashion in dress. He thought it was the duty of every one to cultivate good fashion, and that every woman ought to make herself as becomingly beautiful as she possibly could. Good health and good fashion would always go well together. The errors of fashion in dress were, as a rule, that the fashions were dictated and carried out by vain and ignorant persons who were neither skilled in art nor in the rules of health. What was wanted in the reform of dress was good for both sexes and for every-day life in social intercourse—some uniform costume that may tend to bind more closely together the various classes of the community. Under the first head of his lecture he considered dress in relation to its mechanical adaptation to the body. He deprecated all adaptation that led to unequal pressure and to tight bindings about the body, neck, feet and limbs. Cor-

sets, waistbands, garters and tight shoes were specially denounced. The dress should be loose, and the weight of it should be borne by the shoulders. In men's modern dress this was fairly accomplished; but in women's dress, dragging from the waist, there was produced such a waste of physical power that if women were in all respects free as men they could never approach to the position of men as active workers until they had emancipated themselves from this physical bondage. In the course of his remarks on the corset and waist-belt worn by woman Dr. Richardson equally condemned the strap and belt worn by boys and by some workmen when they were about to run, leap, lift, or perform other physical feats. The idea that the belt assisted in keeping in the wind or breath during such feats was pure absurdity, the force of which never had been seen until some one tied a pony or horse in a similar manner. In fact, the belt interfered with free breathing, and what was of more importance, it tended to produce hernia or rupture of the bowels. Faulty as the male attire might be in artistic points of view, it was in relation to health perfection as compared with the dress worn by woman. It kept all parts equally warm; it was carried by the shoulders: it allowed free movement of the limbs, and it provided for ready change to meet the vicissitudes of season. The reform he suggested in the dress of women was that it should in all practical details have the same advantages, and should be, in fact, the same, with the exception of the exterior robe or gown. The long dress for women, which even trespassed slightly on the ground, was the most becoming on them. This should play the same part as the outer coat of the man, the rest of the dress being the same, except that it might be made of rather lighter materials. The great surgeon Cline, when once consulted by an anxious mother what she should do to prevent a girl from becoming deformed, answered:—"Let her have no stays, and let her run about like the boys." He would endorse this wise rule, and would add, "Let the mothers of England clothe the girls precisely as they clothe the boys, permitting knickerbockers if they like, and let them add the one distinguishing mark of a light, loose, flowing gown, and the girls will grow into women as vigorous, as healthy, and as well formed in body as their companions of the sterner sex." In the next part of the lecture the quality of clothing was considered, and the amount at various seasons. The necessity of special care in adapting clothing to the season was illustrated from the physiological rule first discovered by the late Mr. Milner, that the body, independently of any will of its own, underwent two pounds of waste and of increase of weight, the waste commencing towards the close of September, and the increase in the first week in April. Warm clothing ought to begin in September or early in October, and ought not to be left off until the close of April. For underclothing next the skin he strongly recommended silk, and with that light fleecy flannel. Thick heavy flannel, and every material that absorbed and held the watery excretions from the skin, were at all times bad. Heavy clothes were bad, and really had no necessary connection with warmth. For outer garments in cold weather those that were light and fleecy were best, and furs were excellent. After describing the dangers that occur in cold seasons from sudden changes of dress, and the flimsy dresses in which young ladies go in and out of the heated ball room during inclement weather, the lecturer touched on the ventilation of dress. He criticised severely the permanent waterproof which shuts up the rain that distils from the body at the same time that it keeps out the rain which falls from the clouds—a distinction with a difference not in favor of the wearer of the permanent waterproof. Then he dwelt on the color of dress, contending that the *Lancet* was quite right in stating that white color was even best in cold weather, while it was admittedly best in the summer season. The objection to white was, of course, the readiness with which it showed the dirt, an objection which was strictly an advantage in a health point of view, but which would be met practically by modifying the color to grey. For all ordinary occasions light grey ought to take the place of black for outer coverings of the body. Black was, in fact, of all colors the very worst, and those poor ladies who thought it necessary after bereavement to immerse themselves for months in crape were indeed to be pitied. After the suttee it was almost the saddest of miseries inflicted by society on the already miserable.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Nature's Cure and the Doctor.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head,
Bandaged and blistered from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.
I opened the blinds; the day was bright,
And Nature gave Mrs. Rogers light,
I opened the window; the day was fair,
And Nature gave Mrs. Rogers air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrup and squills;
Drugs and medicines high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw,
Deacon Rogers he came to me;
“Wife is a comin' round,” said he.
“Your wife,” said I, “had Nature's care,
And its remedies—light and water and air.
Al the doctors, beynd a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without.”
The deacon smiled, and bowed his head;
“Then your bill is nothing,” he said;
“Nature has cured her, as you say;
Heaven bless you, doctor; good day! good day!”
If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her some medicines made by men.

Room Ventilation.

As the summer passes into autumn and the time comes when most people have their outside doors and windows kept

tightly closed for months, except to open and shut the former for the purpose of egress and ingress, and perhaps to open windows a very little way for a short period once a day, it is very desirable that the subject of ventilation, of changing the air in occupied rooms, receive due consideration. Let every one see to it that a supply of pure fresh air reaches the nostrils, and hence the lungs, for every breath; and that he or she do not breathe, even the second time, the same air, and thus greatly increase the danger of contracting inflammation or some other disease of the lungs before the winter is past.

Those occupying rooms warmed by air from a furnace of any sort should see that the supply of air to the warm air chamber of the furnace is obtained from a pure source, and not from the damp, dark cellar—from the outside, at some elevation above the ground; see that the air is not overheated, or rendered too dry; and see that there is some provision for the escape of the breathed foul air from the room—some outlet, which is often not provided.

Those living in rooms warmed by a stove in the room or in the hall should provide an inlet for fresh air. A very good plan is to raise the lower sash of a window about two inches and fit a piece of board tightly beneath it so as to completely close the lower opening; allowing the fresh air to come in between the sashes at the centre of the window. With an open fireplace this gives good ventilation. Where there is no open fire place in the room an outlet for the foul air should be provided from the upper part of the room, communicating with the nearest chimney flue.

Ventilation, it is true, means or demands extra fuel; but even if a ton more of coal for the winter were required it would be better to provide it, cutting down on something else, for air is the *first* essential of health and life, remember, than to run the risk of serious illness before spring, and possibly death. Depend upon it, this matter of providing pure, fresh air is a serious one, as people are but beginning to learn; and don't think that because yourself and others have thus far escaped, while giving little heed to it, that you will always escape thus the ill effect of foul air, if you will expose yourself to it.—*Canada Health Journal*.

Amount of Food Required; Effects of Excess.

It is not all that is *eaten*, but only that which is *digested* and *absorbed*, which nourishes the body. Some people eat a good deal who are yet badly nourished. The amount of food required by individuals depends much on the degree of completeness with which it is digested, and absorbed into the blood. In one who habitually eats much more than the system requires, only a certain portion, or about what the system does require, is digested and absorbed, the functions of digestion and absorption ever so good; the rest is wasted, and much more than this, as will be noticed further on. Now if such an one suddenly and largely reduces the quantity of food eaten to about what the system requires, the system is weakened and flesh is lost, because from sheer habit of digestion and absorption, only a certain portion of the reduced diet is assimilated. But, by gradually reducing the quantity eaten, the assimilative organs will gradually acquire the habit and power of utilizing all that is eaten, the strength and weight of the body will be kept up, there will not be anything wasted nor any partially digested food to act as a cause of disease.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy said that, on an average, of the amount of food people eat, one fourth is sufficient for the support of life and health, while the other three fourths are taken at the risk of health and life. It is usually estimated that a man in full work requires from one and a half to two pounds or more of solid water-free food per day. Most people eat more. Nearly everybody has heard of Cornero, the man who lived forty years on twelve ounces of solid food per day, and thereby it appears built up a shattered constitution into a healthy vigorous old age. The Rev. John Wesley lived on about the same quantity of food.

According to our contemporary, “*Good Health*,” the *Philadelphia Press* gives the following experiment in “dieting.” There exists in that city a charitable society, known as the Fifteenth Ward Society, for organized charity. This society furnishes to each adult dependent upon it for support, three pounds of flour, half a pound of cornmeal, half a pound of beans, a quarter of a pound each of oatmeal, rice and

sugar, and one ounce of tea, which is the supply of food for a week. As quite a number of the members of the society, including the president, Mrs. H. P. Baker, claimed that this amount of food was entirely inadequate to maintain the body in a healthy condition, Mrs. Baker and her daughter, at the suggestion of the latter, tried the experiment themselves of purchasing the above-named quantity of food at the store of the society and preparing it separately at each meal. The result is thus stated by Mrs. Baker: "At the end of the week we had material left, and during the week I never felt better in my life. Every day I was out visiting the sick, and certainly felt as strong as if I had partaken of our usual food. The bill of fare made up from the articles mentioned was entirely of a vegetable character, and with the exception of tea, would not be objected to by the most radical food reformers. The average amount of food provided each day by the list of articles named would be about eleven ounces, about ten ounces of which would be actual nourishment."

A writer in the *Sanitary Journal* for November, 1878, says: "I was a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia for two or three years, until I adopted the plan of living on from fourteen to sixteen ounces of solid food daily, weighed carefully with the scales. The result of a few months' adherence to this regimen was a marvellous increase in the tone and digestive power of the stomach, and a practical cure of the dyspepsia. My life was an ordinarily sedentary one, with a moderate amount of exercise. I could perceive no decrease of either mental or bodily vigor during the severe prescription—as I thought it."

Dr. T. L. Nichols, of Malvern, England, who says "the diet question is at the root of disease," experimented upon himself some two years ago (*Michigan Medical News*), and lived on from eight to nine ounces of solid food per day for a long time. "He had taken this diet without stimulants, and had experienced constant increase of health and strength and power to work, and his weight had remained at about 170 lbs."

Cellars.

Experiments prove that the air in a cellar rises and circulates through the house, and that, too, not only by means of the frequently opened doors, but even when every door is kept shut, and the keyholes are stopped. It is simply impossible to keep a dwelling free from contaminated cellar air.

Yet how many sources of contamination are found in cellars!—rotting wood, the entire floor often being pervaded by decay; vegetables stored there for the winter, and their refuse left the year round; musty barrels of vinegar or cider; leaky gas-fittings; badly-constructed furnaces, from which escape various noxious gases; water-closets, foul at the best, and often fouler through defects; defective sink and sewer-drains, not unfrequently saturating the soil beneath the floor with filth.

Many cellars are dug directly into "made" land, and the gases of the decayed matter with which the soil is more or less filled pour directly into them, just as the water of the soil finds its way into the well. This latter point is more important than most think, for the air circulates freely through the soil, even when frozen. Persons have been repeatedly poisoned and killed by gas which has travelled for a distance—in one case, twenty feet—through the soil, and had penetrated into the cellar, and thence into the rooms above.

As the ground-water rises or falls, the air follows it. Barometric influences—changes in the pressure of the atmosphere—force it down further, or lift it out of the earth. Changes of temperature similarly affect it, and particularly does the warmth of a house establish an upward current from the cellar to the rooms above, and from the soil into the cellar. Hence:

1. Keep every thing out of the cellar likely to vitiate its air.
2. Get the best-constructed furnaces.
3. Have the gas-metre and fixtures frequently examined.
4. Let the drains be of the best material and construction, and be ever in sight—suspended from the ceiling, instead of being buried under the floor.
5. Have the floor and sides made as impervious as possible.
6. Let the cellar be constantly and thoroughly ventilated with sun-purified air.
7. If vitiating sources must remain, use the best disinfectants—not mere deodorizers.—*Youth's Companion*.

A LAYMAN'S PRESCRIPTION.—The following prescription was given by the editor of the *Journal of Commerce* to a correspondent who wrote for advice for the relief of nervousness and sleeplessness; it might be followed with advantage by many a nervous dyspeptic:—

"Cast physic to the dogs.' Fresh air, cold water, a wholesome temperate diet, active exercise in administering to others, and a clear conscience, will do more than all the contents of a drug-store to give strong nerves and quiet rest. Too much attention to one's self, in addition to other bad habits, is the more frequent cause of depression of spirits. A life of unselfish devotion to others is the antidote, after the physical causes are corrected. No man ever found peace, comfort, rest, or satisfaction, in counting his own pulse, or looking into his own heart."

FLOWERS AND OZONE.—Investigations on the action of Flowers in the Production of Atmospheric Ozone, nature's great disinfectant, demonstrate that the disciples of Empedocles were not in error when they planted aromatic and balsamic herbs as pervenives of pestilence. Herodian has recorded that "in a plague which devastated Italy in the second century, strangers crowding into Rome were directed by the physicians to retreat to Laurentum, now San Lorenzo, that, by a cooler atmosphere, and by the odour of Laurel, they might escape the danger of infection." Mantegazza states that a large quantity of Ozone is discharged by odoriferous flowers, but that flowers destitute of perfume do not produce it. He found that in some plants Ozone is only developed by the direct rays of the sun, whilst in others the action, if commenced in solar light, continues in darkness. Cherry-laurel, clove, lavender, mint, lemon, fennel, etc., are plants which develop Ozone largely on exposure to the sun's rays. Amongst flowers, the narcissus, heliotrope, hyacinth and mignonette, are conspicuous.

CATCHING COLD.—There is no exaggeration in saying that the mortality from internal congestions and other affections would be considerably diminished were people to avoid that "catching cold" of which they often and so lightly speak; and it is a matter of surprise to us that this fact, of which most of us are aware, does not lead to more precautions being taken by those who are anxious about either their own health or that of others. To take care that the body is warm and well-clothed just before going out in very wet or very cold weather—to keep up the circulation and warmth of the body rather by exercise of some kind than by sitting over great fires and over-heated rooms—to be sure that the temperature of the sleeping apartment is not ever so many degrees below that of the sitting-room—these are three golden maxims, attention to which would prevent thousands from catching that 'chill' or 'cold' to the results of which so many valuable lives have been prematurely sacrificed.

According to the London Medical Press, timid people who are haunted by apprehension of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such contingency, may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the vital frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with absolute certainty between life and death, for two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart the whole of the muscles of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When stimulated by electricity they no longer contract. If, then, when Faradism, as the treatment with induced currents of electricity for remedial purposes is called, is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after supposed death, there be no contractile response, it may be certified with certainty that death has occurred; for no faint, nor trance, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old tests were employed.

A PREVENTIVE for damp, cold feet from perspiration has been invented, in the form of a "boot and shoe ventilator." It consists of a small spiral coil of brass wire laid in a groove around the under side of the insole with holes punched at close intervals over the coil. It is said to form a complete automatic air pump continually drawing in pure air and throwing off foul heated air.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

FISH BALLS.—I never boil codfish as it hardens it. Tear it in thin pieces, wash, cover with cold water, set it on the stove where it will slowly come to a boiling heat; turn off the water, and repeat. Soak till very tender, then pick apart, removing all bones. Take one and one-half cups of the fish, three cups of mashed potatoes, one beaten egg, and butter the size of a small egg; make into small balls, dip them in flour, flatten with the hand, and fry in plenty of hot fat of any kind.

CORN CAKES.—One quart of meal, four eggs, one pint of milk, one-half pint of water, one tablespoonful of lard or butter. Beat the eggs; add the milk and water; stir in the meal slowly; mix in the butter; one teaspoonful of salt. Bake on a heated griddle.

SHORT CAKE (in layers).—One quart of flour, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter; rub into the flour; two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls baking-powder, add enough water (to mix) to roll out; divide into three parts, and now take one of these parts, roll it and put it in a buttered jelly tin; then butter the top of it; then roll each part the same way, but do not butter the last layer; bake; when baked separate the layers with a sharp knife; have your fruit prepared, and place between each layer.

SUPERIOR SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar, one cup butter, one cup molasses, one cup sour milk, four cups flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls (even) of saleratus, dissolved in hot butter.

GINGER SNAPS WITHOUT SHORTENING.—Bring to a scald one cup of molasses, and stir in one tablespoonful of soda, pour it while foaming over one cup of sugar, one egg, and one tablespoonful of ginger beaten together, then add one tablespoonful of vinegar, and flour enough to roll stirred in as lightly as possible.

JELLY CAKES.—Take three eggs, one cup of sugar, beat together to a cream; gradually stir into it one cup of flour, into which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking-powder; bake in two pie tins a pale brown, cut in the middle, and spread your jelly between your slices. This makes a good sponge cake, omitting the jelly and baking in cake tin.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—One-half gallon of bread, pour over enough warm water to moisten; do this in the morning; about two hours before dinner add to this three well beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, and mix well. Make a sack of white muslin about six by eight inches, pour in your pudding, tie at the end tightly, leaving room to swell, put in the pot with boiling water enough to half cover, put a saucer in the pot to prevent sticking, and turn the pudding often. Boil one and one-half hours. Serve warm with sauce as follows: One cup of sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one pint of boiling water, and flavor to your taste.

LEMON PIES.—One lemon, grated, to this add the yolks of four eggs, one teacup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one and one-half cups of boiling water, stir well, pour into the crust, and bake nicely. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, put on top of pies, and return to the oven until a light brown. This makes two small pies; for large ones add another lemon and half the other ingredients,

CIDER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, one coffee cup of cider, one teaspoonful soda, flour to make it the consistency of pound cake.

COMPOTE.—Pare and core half a dozen large, fair apples throwing each as it is pared into cold water to keep it from turning brown. Put a half pound loaf sugar into an enamelled stew-pan with three pints of water; as soon as it is melted and boils, put in the apples with the juice of two lemons, stew gently until the apples are sufficiently cooked but not broken. Then take them out carefully.

HOUSEHOLD WEIGHT AND MEASURE.—Wheat flour, one pound is one quart; Indian meal, one pound two ounces is one quart; butter when soft, one pound one ounce is one quart; loaf sugar, broken, one pound is one quart; white sugar, powdered, one pound one ounce is one quart; best brown sugar, one pound two ounces is one quart; eggs, average size, ten are a pound.

For ink spots on marble, wood or paper, apply ammonia clear; just wetting the spot repeatedly till the ink disappears.

Mildew is removed in several ways from linen. Some dip the articles in sour butter-milk, lay it in the sun to whiten and then wash it in clean water. Others apply soap and chalk, or soap and starch, adding half as much salt as there is starch, and the juice of a lemon.

"Indelible" ink stains may be removed by first soaking them in strong salt water, and then washing them with ammonia. The salt changes the nitrate of silver into chloride of silver, and the ammonia dissolves the chloride.

SOAP BITS.—To put to use bits of soap which are still too good to throw away, but are a nuisance in the soap dish, place all, even to the smallest pieces, in a small bag of flannel, and they will be found to make the most agreeable lather for the bath.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

There are 5,000 telegraph offices in France.

Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle has eighty-two colporteurs at work.

A lady for the first time listening to the small voice of a telephone, said it sounded like one's conscience.

The Duke of Westminster has an income of nearly \$15,000 a day, most of his wealth being in real estate in London.

Gold is universally worshipped, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

The publication of the revised version of the New Testament will not take place till the spring of 1881.

Moral sweetmeats may perhaps be well enough in their places, but we want moral tonics also.

Respectable selfishness is the fashionable malady of civilization.

When a speaker's ideas reach his lips by way of a kindled heart, his words fall upon his hearers like burning coals.

Educating the mental faculties does not make men religious, but teaching the soul does make them intelligent.

The Marquis of Bute has built a villa on the Mount of Olives, overlooking Jerusalem.

The four hundredth anniversary of the printing of the first book in Vienna will be celebrated there next year.

The carpet in the San Francisco mint, which had been down five years, was cut up and burned last spring, when \$2,500 was secured from the ashes.

Of all ungrateful things, grumbling at the weather is most ungrateful and silly, and yet we do it every day.

There are persons who think that one must be a learner as long as he lives, and that, in a true sense, his school-days are not over until all his earthly days are finished.

The Methodist Missionary Society expended \$8,000,000 in its work in the United States in 1879, and \$4,000,000 in foreign fields.

Give the children at home, from the babe to the eldest, an abundance of good reading, and they will never acquire a taste for the sensational.

London, Eng., grew last year to the extent of 21,589 houses, forming 401 new streets, with a total length of 71 miles.

The cotton crop, for the year ending August, is estimated at 5,757,397 bales, making it the largest crop ever gathered in one year, by nearly 1,000,000 bales.

Barrels are made of wood pulp in one piece, light, strong, and cheap. They are subject to a pressure of 400 tons. Fruit or flour packed in them is kept dry, being excluded from the air.

Luther's own copy of the Bible, the Latin Vulgate, from which he made his German translation, brown and dog-eared, with many notes written by his own hand, is now in the possession of Rev. Dr. Schlechter, at Wurtemberg, Bohemia.

Dr. Glen, who owns and farms 60,000 acres of land in California, sent eight ships loaded with last year's wheat, of his own raising, to Europe, and is so pleased with the results of dispensing with intermediaries that he will do the same with this year's wheat.

An angry liquor dealer, prosecuted for breaking the law, bluntly revealed the secret of this law-defying business. "Judge," said he, "there's no use of your trying to stop liquor selling. Just as long as there is eight cents profit on a ten-cent drink, rum will be sold, and no man can stop it."

We did not suppose that the discovery of gold was ever unwelcome, but Jessie Martin, who recently found rich gold rock in the foundations and cellars of the houses in the principal streets of Las Racites, about forty miles from Santa Fe, has been driven from the town by the Mexican inhabitants, who do not fancy an influx of miners into their quiet residences.

A young lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays, was asked if she would have roast beef, when she replied, "No, I thank you; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity!" The young lady was never asked if she would have anything again.

A new submarine repeater and other instruments have been invented, and are soon to be put in operation, that will revolutionize the system of submarine telegraphs, increasing their speed and effective work many fold, and making it practicable to operate a cable twice the length of any at present at work.

HUMOROUS.

If you wish to take care of your health, take air.

What kind of a doctor would a duck make? A quack doctor.

A lady describing an ill-tempered man said, "He never smiles but he seems ashamed of it."

The toothach may be cured by holding in the hand a certain root—that of the tooth.

Why are kind mothers like novel-writers? Because they indulge in-fancy.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said to the cat, when he robbed her of her dinner."

When Jack Jones discovered that he had polished his bedmates' boots instead of his own, he called it an aggravated instance of "laboring (and confoundedly hard, too) under a mistake."

The reason why many ladies *dodge* an offer of marriage is because the question is *popped* to them.

The strongest kind of hint,—a young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house in my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

"There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze, one to throw the head back, the other to make the noise."

"What is the matter with Mr. Johnson's eyes?"—"Why, he has injured his sight by looking through a thick-bottomed tumbler."

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

"So much depends upon the money of a country," said a traveller. "In India a lac of rupees is a fortune, while in England a lack of pounds is poverty."

We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror: he does this to double the dishes. If that is n't philosophy, we should like to know what is.

Some crusty, rusty, fusty, musty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon of a man gave the following toast at a celebration:—Our fire engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready, never wanted.

"A red-headed lover, in writing to a red-headed girl, should take great care in writing his letters. The less said about "mutual flame" the better. We once knew a wedding postponed six years by such allusion."

—A show-case containing fancy cards, etc., "specimens of the work done inside," stands in front of a Trenton, N.J., printing house, and a placard is attached to the same, which reads in large letters, "Hands off." A few nights since some witty newsboy gave quite a new import to the card by making it read "Hands off—on a drunk!"

A clergyman at Nahant, one hot afternoon this summer, was attacked, while preaching for a brother minister, by a severe bleeding at the nose. He endeavored to staunch the blood, but after saturating his own handkerchief and that of one of the congregant on, which was passed up to him, he was forced to retire. The pastor of the church, a very absent-minded man, rose solemnly, and remarked, "While our brother is absent let us sing a hymn. Will the choir lead in singing 'There is a fountain filled with blood?'"

Curran and the Dog.

An amusing anecdote is told of an adventure between the boy Curran, who became a celebrated Irish orator, and a mast fi. It shows that it does not answer to turn your back upon an enemy unless you intend to run away.

"I heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. I accordingly made an attempt upon a miller's dog in the neighbourhood, who would never let the boys rob the orchard. I found to my sorrow, that I had a dog to deal with who didn't care which end of a boy went forward, so as he could get a good bite out of him." "I pursued my instruction," said Curran, "and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was greatly mistaken, for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, got a reasonable good mouthful of it, and was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire centre of gravity, and that I should never go on a steady perpendicular again."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SECRET OF ECONOMY;

OR,

EZRA NEWTON'S MANAGING WIFE.

Ezra Newton had just finished looking over his yearly accounts. "Well," asked his wife, looking up, "how do you come out?"

"I find," said her husband, "that my expenses during the last year have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars."

"And your income has been a thousand dollars?"

"Yes. I managed pretty well, didn't I?"

"Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" said his wife.

"What's thirty-seven cents?" asked Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much, to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved instead of falling behind."

"But how can we save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly; but still it seems to have taken it all."

"Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of your items."

"The most important are house rent, one hundred and fifty dollars, and articles of food, five hundred dollars."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there, Elizabeth. I like to live well. I had enough of poor board before I married. Now I mean to live as well as I can."

"Still we ought to be saving up something against a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be something like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth, but I'm afraid we shan't be able to save anything this year."

"When I get my salary raised it will be time enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You save one-half of your income has been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for the purpose?"

"You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?"

"Yes."

"Then I will shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I can tell you beforehand you won't be able to save much out of it."

"Perhaps not. At any rate I will engage not to exceed it."

"That's well. I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month, I will at each payment hand you half the money."

The different character of husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had little prudence or foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future, he would somehow be provided for. Now, trust in Providence is a very proper feeling, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that "God will help those who help themselves."

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and though she was not disposed to deny herself comforts yet she felt it was desirable to procure them at a fair rate.

The time at which this conversation took place was at the commencement of the second year of their married life.

The first step which Mrs. Newton took on accepting the charge of the household expense was to institute the practice of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher and inquired:

"How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?"

(With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, to get the full value of whatever was expended. The result was beyond her anticipations.)

At the close of the year, on examining her bank book—for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had no occasion to use in one of these institutions—she found that she had one hundred and fifty dollars, besides reimbursing

herself for the money during the first month, and having enough to last the other.)

"Once in six months," was the reply.

"And I suppose you sometimes have hills?"

"Yes, one-third of the profits, on the average, are swept off by them."

"And you could afford, I suppose, to sell somewhat cheaper for ready money?"

"Yes, and I would be glad if all my customers would give me a chance to do so."

"I will set them an example, then," said Mrs. Newton.

"Hereafter, whatever articles shall be purchased of you will be paid for on the spot, and I shall expect you to sell them as reasonable as you can."

This arrangement was also made with the others, who it is scarcely needful to say, were glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is the great support of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit.

Fortunately Mrs. Newton had a small supply of money by her which lasted till the first monthly installment from her husband became due. Thus, she was enabled to carry out her cash plan from the beginning.

Another plan which occurred to her as likely to save expense, was to purchase articles in large quantities. She had soon saved enough from the money allowed to do this.

For example, instead of buying sugar a few pounds at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent or more on a pound. This, perhaps, amounted to but a trifle in the course of a year, but the same system carried out in regard to other articles yielded a result by no means a trifle.

There are other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expenses which Mrs. Newton did not overlook.

"Well, Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked her husband at that time. "I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought for."

"I have saved something, however," said his wife. "How is it with you?"

"That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income, that's one good thing. We have lived fully as well, and I don't know but better than last year, when we spent five hundred."

"Its knack, Ezra," said his wife, smiling.

She was not inclined to tell how much she had saved. She wanted, some time or other, to surprise him when it would be of some service.

"She may possibly have saved up \$25," thought Mr. Newton, "or some such trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the end of the second year, Mrs. Newton's savings, including the interest, amounted to three hundred and fifty dollars, and she began to feel quite rich.

Her husband did not think to inquire how much she had saved, supposing as before, that it could be but a very little sum.

However, he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars.

He added: "As I before allowed you one-half my income for household expenses it is no more than fair I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save part of it than before."

As before, Mrs. Newton merely said that she had saved something, without specifying the amount.

Her allowance was increased to six hundred dollars, but her expenses were not proportionately increased at all; so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings bank to six hundred dollars.

Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of the third year than before. His expenses had increased by a hundred dollars, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby.

In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man in regard to his business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time, till it reached sixteen hundred dollars. He had steadily preserved the custom of assigning one-half to his wife for the same purpose as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that

he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not.

Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Newton lived in the same hired house, for which he had paid an annual rent of one hundred and fifty dollars. Latterly, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable.

About this time a block of excellent houses were erected by a capitalist, who designed to sell or let them as he might have an opportunity. They were modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived, and he felt a strong desire to move into one of them. He mentioned it to his wife one morning.

"What is the rent, Ezra?" inquired she.

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the corner house; two hundred for either of the others."

"The corner house would be preferable, on account of the side windows."

"Yes, and they have a large yard besides. I think we had better hire one of them. I guess I'll engage one to-day; you know our year is out next week."

"Please wait, Ezra, till to-morrow before engaging one."

"For what reason?"

"I should like to examine the house."

"Very well, I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early."

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. The request was readily complied with. Mrs. Newton was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

"Are these houses for sale or to let?" she inquired.

"Either," said the owner.

"The rent is, I understand, two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Yes, I consider the corner house worth at least twenty-five dollars more than the rest."

"And what do you charge for the house to a cash purchaser?" asked Mrs. Newton with subdued eagerness.

"Four thousand dollars cash," was the reply, "and that is but a small advance on the cost."

"Very well, I will buy it of you," added Mrs. Newton, quietly.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked the Squire, scarcely believing his own ears.

"I repeat that I will buy this house at your price, and pay the money within a week."

"Then the house is yours. But your husband said nothing of his intention, and in fact I did not know—"

"That he had the money to invest, I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present."

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction.

They soon stood in front of the house in which they had desired to live.

"Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked.

"Yes. It's a pity we haven't got the key."

"I have the key," said his wife, and forthwith walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

"When did you get the key of 'Squire Bent'?" asked the husband.

"Yesterday, when I bought the house," said his wife quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed at his wife in profound astonishment.

"Just what I say. The house is mine, and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra?"

"Where in the name of goodness did you raise the money?" asked her husband, in amazement still as great as ever.

"I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty, Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt, when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the new house, that he had reason to be grateful for the prudence of the managing wife.

The trouble about taking a medicine warranted to cure all diseases is that it may not know exactly what is wanted of it, and in that case it will go fooling around in the system trying to cure you of some disease that you haven't got.

Intricacies of English.

The formidable intricacies of the English language are not realized by those who have been taught to speak it from babyhood. But what a foreigner encounters may be seen from the following:

One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said "See, what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was called a flock, and it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host. A host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy. A galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

Gen. Garfield's Advice to Young Men.

The following extract is from an address of Gen. Garfield to the graduating class of Spencerian Business College, Washington, D. C.; it contains advice which is worth more than a gold mine to a young man starting in life without clear ideas of "How to get on in the world."

Let me beg you, at the outset of your career, to dismiss from your mind all idea of succeeding by luck. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by-and-by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turn them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of nature, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you fortune. Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin; but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in the blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life, you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours;—a part of yourself.

A WONDERFUL DOG.—Custer was the name of a Newfoundland dog that belonged to a New Jersey girl. "We trained him to hold the halter in his mouth and lead the horse away," she said. "He would carry two eggs in his huge mouth and never break one. He could turn a knob as well as any one, and on entering a room would always turn around and put his paw on the door to close it. If this failed he would jump upon the door, taking care not to scratch with his nails. If any one sat down in the house without doffing his hat Custer would steal stealthily up behind him and pull it off, then dropping it on the floor at the side of his chair would walk quietly away and lie down, as one who had performed a duty. We would wrap a few pennies in a paper and send him with it in his mouth to a store for candy, of which he was very fond. After delivering it to us he would stand expectantly by, wagging his tail and waiting for the sweet morsel he knew he was sure to get. He was fond of milk, too, but would carry it faithfully to our pet lamb; and, though he would glance longingly into the pail occasionally, he was never known to betray our trust or steal one sip of the sweet milk."—Page 61

The Dignity of Work.

It is impossible that a man shall be a drone, and go through life without a purpose, and maintain his self-respect. No idle man, however rich he may be, can feel the genuine independence of him who earns honestly and manfully his daily bread. The idle man stands outside of God's plan, outside of the ordained scheme of things; and the truest self-respect, the noblest independence, and the most genuine dignity, are not to be found there. The man who does his part in life, who pursues a worthy end, and who takes care of himself, is the happy man. There is a great deal of cant afloat about the dignity of labor, uttered mostly, perhaps, by those who know little about it experimentally; but labor has a dignity which attaches to little else that is human.

To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. It is to adopt the regimen of manhood and womanhood. It is to come into sympathy with the great struggle of humanity toward perfection. It is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known.

Never was a worthy work accomplished, above which the worker did not stand with the feeling that by his work he had been fitted for something higher. Every generation that has stepped from its sphere of labor into the shadowy beyond, has walked forth with the results of its labor beneath its feet. He who hath builded the house hath more honor than the house. Thus, work, in its results, lifts each generation in the world's progress from step to step, shortening the ladder upon which the angels ascend and descend, and climbing by ever brighter and broader gradations toward the ultimate perfection. A new and more glorious gift of power compensates for each worthy expenditure, so that it is by work that man carves his way to that measure of power which will fit him for his destiny and leave him nearest God.—HOLLAND, in *Plain Talks*.

How to Choose Books.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that that which you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless, which you hitherto have been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others! and disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and soaked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you are conscious of all or any of these effects—or if having escaped from, all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend! Young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood book-case!—*Robert Southey*.

Bricklayer and Parson.

A Manchester curate, walking along a street in the dinner-hour, passed a lot of bricklayers smoking their pipes, and he heard one of the men say:

"I'd like to be a parson, and nowt to do but walk along in a black coat, and carry a walking-stick in my hand, and get a lot of brass."

There was an approving laugh all around, whereupon the curate turned quickly around, and the following conversation ensued:

"So you would like to be a parson? How much do you get a week?"

"Twenty-seven shillings."

"Well, I am not a rich man; but I wil give you twenty-seven shillings, if you will come with me for a week and see what my work is like."

The bricklayer did not like the proposal; but his mates told him it was a fair offer, and he was bound to accept it. So he reluctantly followed the parson down an alley.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To see a sick parishioner," was the reply.

"What is the matter with him?"

"Small-pox."

At this the man drew back. His wife and bairns had never had the small-pox, and he was afraid of taking it to them.

"My wife and bairns have never had the small-pox," said the curate. "Come along."

The man hesitated.

"O, but you promised to accompany me wherever I went," urged the curate.

"And where be you going next?" asked the bricklayer.

"To see a poor family huddled in one room, with the father dead with scarlet-fever in it, and themselves all down with it; and, after that, to see another parishioner ill with typhus. And to-morrow there will be a longer round."

Thereupon, the bricklayer begged to be let off. 'Twenty-seven shillings would be poor pay for that kind of work, and he promised he would never speak against the parsons again—*Litchfield Church*.

Enjoy Yourself.

My son, enjoy yourself. Have a good time; pleasure is eminently right and proper, but a good time isn't secured by a headache that lasts all the next day. The simplest pleasures are the most lasting. After you have spent two years in Europe you will come back and sit down by your old fireside and think of a pic-nic you went to down at the seaside one afternoon in June, that cost you sixty-five cents. The good times that you aren't take your wife to, my son, that you would lie about rather than have your sister know about them, the goodness of them never came back to refresh you and gladden your heart as does the memory of that sixty-five cent pic-nic, when you chatted nonsense with the girl you loved, and laughed just as the leaves rustled, because you couldn't help it.

The good time that wakes in the morning and wonders where it was and who saw it, and where all the money is gone; the good time that tails itself off with a headache, there's precious little fun in that. And it only takes very little bitterness of that kind to poison and cloud the memories of the past. It doesn't take much of such good times, my boy, to mingle tears with your bread and gall with your drink. The sting is the smallest part of the bee, but when you pick him up by it, though the rest of the bee was as large as an omnibus horse, yet would the sting outweigh all the good, sweet, harmless, honey-laden proportion of the bee, and you would think about it often and longer.—*Hawkeye*.

What Men Want Wives for.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making; or put a broom into her hands and witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young men will quickly look after them. But what a true man wants of his wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him.

A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes; he meets with a failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty with enemies, and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favouring winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek for nothing further than success in house work. Justly enough half of these get nothing more. The

other half, surprised above measure, have obtained more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

The Law of Retribution.

The law of retribution is as fixed as the law of gravitation. There is a connecting string between ourselves and our misdeeds. We tie ourselves by an invisible and enduring thread to every evil deed we do. Swimming smoothly on the tide of life, we may feel that the past is past; but at some time the law of retribution tightens the bond, and we are brought face to face with the faults of yesterday and the "sins of our youth." Jacob, who cheated his own father by a selfish lie, and half broke old Isaac's heart is, in his turn, long years after, cut to the soul by the lie of his own sons, which almost brought his grey hair in sorrow to the grave. Others besides the cautious thief have crept away from the scene of their misdoings, carrying with them booty in the shape of the pleasure or profit of the hour; but, like him, they have left the damning imprint of their foot behind them, and are tied to justice by a retributive thread. There is an Australian missile called the boomerang, which is thrown to describe singular curves, and falls again at the feet of the thrower. Sin is that boomerang, which goes off into space, but turns again upon its author, and, with tenfold force, strikes him who launched it. The German proverb contains a great truth—"God comes with leaden feet, but he strikes with iron hands;" as also in that other, versified by Longfellow—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

Let us tie our souls to no sin! Let us eagerly seek to retain clean hands, an honest conscience, and a pure heart! Then shall the present be without guilt and the future shall be bright, and clear of all foreboding. Right-doing is the truest freedom for to-day and the brightest prophet for to-morrow.

"Do right and thou has nought to fear;
Right hath a power that makes thee strong;
The night is dark, the light is near;
The grief is short, the joy is long!"

As to the bonds which bind us to the iniquities of the past, the thousand unseen lines which link you to each distant sin; drag them to the throne of grace, and in answer to your sigh of penitence, and plea of faith, every cord that coils around the conscience shall be snapped asunder, when He who sits thereon cries, "Loose him, and let him go!"

Laughing off a Duel.

"Speaking of the Cass-Shannon duel," said an exchange-friend, putting his feet in the waste-basket, "we need a few more men like Judge Dooly. He laughed out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. You remember he said, when they threatened that if he didn't fight his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he had rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus dance. His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post, and cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked his adversary.

"Why," says Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire!"

"Then there was a laugh all around, and the duel was put off without day."—*Atlanta Con.*

A French master, going on horseback lately, to teach at an academy for ladies, was thrown off his horse into a ditch. When he made his appearance before the mistress, in order to apologize for the dirt which besmeared his habiliments, he said, "Ah, madame, I have fallen in *de dish*."—"Oui, Monsieur, I see it, you are covered with the gravy."

Pat's Insatiety.

In Dublin the legal charge for a short ride in a public carriage is sixpence, but cabby expects you to give him very much more, and he always gets something in addition to the actual fare. If you ask him what his price is he invariably "laves it to your honour;" but when you have paid him, no matter how many times the lawful amount, he is never satisfied. Two gentlemen in Dublin, a week or so ago, made a bet, one holding that he would give "cabby" such a fee that he would ask no more. This, his friend declared was not possible. They took a cab, the first they met, and a distance of about two miles. "How much do I owe you?" inquired the gentleman at the end of the journey. "Sure an' yer honor can give me whatever you likes," said the driver. "But I would rather you would name your charge." "Indade, an' I won't. It's not for me to say what a fine gentleman like you will give me." Thus put to the test, the "fine gentleman" handed him over half a sovereign in gold for a ride that should have cost sixpence at the most. Cabby looked at the coin, then at the gentleman as if doubting the evidence of his senses at this unexpected munificence; but soon recovering from his surprise he put his hand to his hat in respectful acknowledgement of his gratitude. "You have lost your bet," whispered his friend as they turned to leave. But before he and his companion had walked half a dozen steps the driver, leaving his horse and vehicle to take care of themselves, was by their side, hat in hand. "Well, what do you want now? Haven't you got your fare?" "So I have," said the driver, with an insinuating smile, "an' it's yourself is the gentleman that gave me a fine one this blessed day; but, yer honor, haven't you got a spare sixpence in your pocket? I don't like to change the gold!"

Practical Value of Science.

Our obligations to the branch of physics are almost unlimited, but we will mention only two or three applications of a single agent in this wide field. It would seem to roll back the world into the dark ages to take from it now the benefits of electricity in its multiplied and yet rapidly multiplying applications.

It seems incredible, from our present standpoint, that so short a time ago, in our congressional halls, the electric telegraph was almost ridiculed and voted into oblivion, from which it could never rise. When a bill was presented appropriating \$30,000 to be expended, under the direction of the Postmaster General, in a series of experiments to test the merits of Morse's electro-magnetic telegraph, one member moved an amendment requiring half the appropriation to be used for the encouragement of mesmerism. Another proposed to include Millerism in the benefits of the appropriation; others to appropriate part of the sum to a telegraph to the moon. And when the bill came to a final vote, this was so close that a change of three votes would doubtless have left us till this day without the benefits of the telegraph. After his invention was in working order, and transmitting messages between Baltimore and Washington, Mr. Morse offered it to Congress, to be attached to the Post Office Department, for the sum of \$100,000. But it was declined, on the statement of the Postmaster General, who reported that, while the invention was "an agent vastly superior to any other ever devised by the genius of man," he was not satisfied that "under any rate of postage that could be adopted its revenue could be made to equal its expenditures." By this short-sighted want of appreciation of science, the United States government deprived itself of a source of revenue sufficient, doubtless, to liquidate the entire national debt in a single decade.

The application of electricity, now attracting world-wide attention, enjoys a vastly more hearty reception than did the telegraph. The telephone is constructed on the principles of the human ear. It consists of an elastic diaphragm, to receive vibrations of air from the human voice or from other sources, so connected with the wires of a battery (or even with wires without a battery) as to communicate the same vibrations in every respect to another membrane or diaphragm situated at a distance. The two diaphragms of a telephone in distant places correspond, in every practical sense, to the two membranes of the human ear, and the connecting wire to the chain of bones between the two membranes. Probably

no invention has come more rapidly into popular favor. Already many thousands of them are in practical use in this country and abroad. "It is employed as a means of communication between counting room and factory, merchant's residence and the office, publishing house and printing office, and, in short, whatever oral communication is desired between persons separated by any distance beyond the ordinary reach of the human voice."

The speaking phonograph is also copied from the human ear. The vibrating diaphragm, in this case, has a stylus connected with it, which impresses the peculiarities of vibration, due to any particular sound, upon a roll of tin foil arranged to receive the impression. By reversing the process, the indentations and prominences of the tin foil cause the stylus to fall and rise, which results in vibrations of the membrane, and these reproduce the original sound. These impressed sheets of tin foil may be preserved or mailed to any part of the world, and by putting them into a similar instrument, may be made to reproduce the pitch, tone, and quality of the original sound thousands of miles or of years distant. By this instrument, voice may be phonographed, as the face is photographed and we may listen to the veritable voice of the dead, or preserve for future comparison the voice of a person from the first infant prattle and the manly utterances of mature life even to the feeble speech of old age. Public speeches and songs may thus be preserved and delivered indefinitely or till the tin foil wears out. In public libraries may be preserved languages of different nationalities spoken from century to century "with all the peculiarities of pronunciation, dialect, and brogue."

A Lightning Flash.

The destructive effects of lightning are familiar to all of you. All the more ordinary effects can easily be reproduced by the help of Leyden jars on a small scale. How small you may easily conceive when I tell you that a three-foot spark is considered a long one, even from our most powerful machines, while it is quite certain that lightning flashes often exceed a mile in length, and sometimes extend to four and five miles. One recorded observation, by a trustworthy observer, seems to imply a discharge over a total length of nearly ten miles.

When a tree is struck by a violent discharge it is usually split up literally into mere fibres. A more moderate discharge may rupture the channels through which the sap flows, and thus the tree may be killed without suffering any apparent external damage. These results are usually assigned to the sudden vaporization of moisture, and the idea is probably accurate, for it is easy to burst a very strong glass tube if we fill it with water and discharge a jar by means of two wires whose extremities are placed in the water at a short distance from one another. The tube bursts even if one end be left open, thus showing that the extreme suddenness of the explosion makes it act in all directions, and not solely in that of least resistance. When we think of the danger of leaving even a few drops of water in a mold into which melted iron is to be poured, we shall find no difficulty in thus accounting for the violent disruptive effects produced by lightning. Heated air is found to conduct better than cold air, probably on account of the diminution of density only. Hence we can easily see how it is that animals are often killed in great numbers by a single discharge, as they crowd together in a storm, and a column of warm air rises from the group.

Inside a thunder-cloud the danger seems to be much less than outside. There are several instances on record of travellers having passed through clouds from which, both before and after their passage, fierce flashes were seen to escape. Many remarkable instances are to be found in Alpine travel, and especially in the reports of the officers engaged in the survey of the Pyrenees. Several times it is recorded that such violent thunder-storms were seen to form round the mountain on which they were encamped that the neighboring inhabitants were surprised to see them return alive.

Before the use of lightning-rods on ships became general great damage was often done to them by lightning. The number of British ships of war thus wholly destroyed or much injured during the long wars toward the end of the last and the beginning of the present century is quite comparable

with that of those lost or injured by gales, or even in battle. In some of these cases, however, the damage was only indirectly due to lightning, as the powder magazines were blown up. In the powder magazine at Brescia, in 1769, lightning set fire to over 2,000,000 pounds of gunpowder, producing one of the most disastrous explosions on record.—*Nature*.

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

One of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then takes in his right hand a heavy stone to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

THE WASP'S STRATEGY.—Mr. Seth Green says that one morning when he was watching a spider's nest, a mud wasp alighted within an inch of the nest, on the side opposite the opening. Creeping noiselessly around toward the entrance to the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it, and for a moment remained perfectly quiet. Then reaching out one of his antennae, he wriggled it before the opening and withdrew it. This overture had the desired effect, for the boss of the nest, as large a spider as one ordinarily sees, came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights. No sooner had the spider enetged to that point at which he was at the worst disadvantage, than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust his sting into the body of his foe, killing him easily and almost instantly. The experiment was repeated on the part of the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he became satisfied, probably that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were afterward lugged off one at a time.

A QUEER GRAFT.—The Caledonia *Sachem* says: Mr. Runchey of Oneida Township, brought to our office a very remarkable natural curiosity. It consisted of an ear of maize or corn which grew upon his farm, out of nearly the top of which grew two distinct heads of barley, one two inches long and the other about an inch, each bearing embryo grains of barley in the first condition of the milky state. They formed as much a part of the ear of corn as the corn grains growing upon the cob, the attachment to the cob being exactly similar to the natural grains. The corn grew next to a field of barley.

An old Viking ship has lately been discovered at Sandefjord, Norway. It was in a mound opened by the University of Christiania; and a party, accompanied by Mr. Dahl, found the ship entire, seventy feet long, with a sharp prow and woollen sail. It bore traces of paint, had nails of the first iron age, dovetailed timbers like these of to-day, and the hanging shields of one hundred and twenty warriors. The bones of the hero in it were wrapped in a silken mantle.

M. FAUTRAT, a French naturalist, has obtained some valuable results by a four years' investigation into the relations between forests and rainfall. He finds that it rains more abundantly over forests than over open ground, especially when trees are in leaf; that the moisture of the air over forests is greater than that over open ground; that the leaves intercept from one-third to one-half of the rainfall; and that the shelter of the trees so restrains evaporation that the earth is moistened four times as much as on open ground. Pine and resinous woods he finds to be particularly powerful in attracting rainfall, and the water collected in a year above the pines was nearly two inches greater than that measured on surrounding open ground.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

Life to some is full of sorrow,—
Halt is real, half they borrow,—
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp and cutting edges.
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see, through these same sorrows,
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows,
See the clouds, that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover,—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Drinking from the bitter fountain,
Lo! your mole-hill seems a mountain.
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power.
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and royal, neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor.
Not for one alone, woe's vials;
Every one has cares and trials,
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather.
May we have, oh, let us pray,
Faith and patience for to-day.—*Anon.*

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued).

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CHAPTER V.

Miss Marjorie's Gossip.

Let us now return to Neal and see how he bore the disappointment of Sybil's last decisive rejection of his suit. That it was at first extremely bitter cannot be denied; but fortunately, it was one which could be got over the more easily as his affection for Sybil was more brotherly than lover-like in its nature; (despite his over firm conviction to the contrary) though to do him justice he felt deeply and sincerely this downfall of the calm, steady hopes and desires of eight long years. For her refusal had been so decisive as to fully convince him of the utter utility of his hopes. It was better—

decidedly better that he should be made thoroughly to understand this. Indeed it was the only way to dispel the illusion of his love for her, and to lead him to seek a wife who would be all to him that Sybil felt she could never be. She knew this perfectly, and rejoiced when she perceived that her words had had, at least partly, the effect desired. Guiltless of the petty wish to keep him dangling after her, knowing that she could never reward his devotion; Sybil would have been unfeignedly thankful to see him happy in the love of some pure hearted woman.

For almost a week Neal absented himself from the Hall, as well as from Fernside. He went doggedly to the bank in the morning, and plodded silently through his work curtly responding to any remarks that might be made to him. His leisure hours he spent almost entirely sailing about in his small yacht, lounging on some cushions in the bottom, lazily reading a novel. In this laudable manner a week had passed and he had not even had a glimpse of Sybil or Mollie. Although to tell the truth he had more than once been tempted to derive consolation from the bright glances of Mollie's brown eyes and the ready smiles of her rosy lips; but being misanthropically inclined he preferred nursing his grief in solitary grandeur. This temptation was unusually strong upon him one afternoon as he left the Bank when business hours were over. Outside he met Paul who was just about to enter.

"Hallo Despard! is that you or your wraith? How are you old fellow? where have you stowed yourself this last week? the girls are discussing the propriety of advertizing for "a young gentleman missing." Is Macdonald within?"

"Yes"

"Then wait here a moment like a good fellow will you? I want to speak to you; I shall be back in a moment."

"Now" he said when he returned, as linking his arm in that of Neal, they sauntered slowly away: "Now then what has happened to make you so unsociable all this time? there is Kate mourning your absence most piteously, after she had enticed Miss O'Brien to the precincts of Buxly for your sole benefit."

"It was most kind of Miss Kate I am sure" said Despard his sun-burnt face flushing beneath the shrewd gaze of Paul's eyes.

"I will call to-morrow if the ladies will be at home?"

"I do not know what their plans for to-morrow may be; but I am the bearer of a message to you from my sister, relative to this evening. We have arranged a riding party, and Kate declares your presence is indispensable, you'll come old fellow won't you? Miss Stuart is to be of the party also."

"I had intended to go yachting with Macdonald this evening," hesitated Neal.

"Oh! hang the yacht! Anyway, Arthur has promised to join us to-night; so you see there is no excuse."

"I will come then with pleasure."

So Neal went back amongst his friends and really I do not think it caused him any very great effort to say "how do you do" to Miss O'Brien, and to take her hand in his. He felt no bitterness of heart when looking into the beautiful face, he told himself she was not for him. Oh Neal! and did

you actually dream that this was *love*? Methinks you have not yet mastered the A. B. C. of love. The next day Neal felt no more desire for solitary grandeur, and misanthropical musings. So he resolved that when office hours were over he would stroll up to the Hall and ask Sybil and Katie to go yachting, for an hour or two after dinner. Yes he would do that; they would be sure to enjoy it, and really he must make amends for his unsociability of the past week. Then he thought of Mollie and wondered if she would care to come. But how strange had been her manner to him last night. He frowned and bit his lips as he remembered how almost haughtily she had resented his warning about the leap. Well at any rate he would ask her to come also; and Paul Halliday and Arthur Macdonald; quite a jolly party and not too many for the yacht. But during the long hours of business it was not Sybil's face that came between him and his ledgers, but that of Mollie Stuart with the little haughty expression of disdain as she bade him good-night. In vain Neal puzzled his brains to remember how he could have vexed the child, and at last gave it up with a sigh, and hoped she would be her own dear little self again, this evening.

We left Mollie driving in her pony phaeton to Miss Staunton's; and musing over the dismal fate of old maids in general and her Aunt Janet, and Miss Staunton in particular.

There was a suspicion of tears in her eyes as she approached the door of the stiff red brick house, known as the "Willow Farm." But she brushed them quickly away, and getting down fastened the pony to a post and then knocked briskly with the huge brass knocker. The door was opened by a trim little maid-servant who replied, in answer to Mollie's question if Miss Staunton was at home, with a smile and a—

"Yes, Missis be in; please to step in Miss, and I'll go tell her you're here."

She ushered Mollie into the small but pretty drawing-room, and then left her. Presently a quick if not a very light step advanced through the hall and entered the room.

"My dear Mollie!"—cried Miss Marjorie ecstatically—"how nice of you to come and see me. I was just wishing when you came that someone would drop in; I do so enjoy a little chat in the forenoon with a friend I like; don't you now, eh! he-he!"

"I don't know, Miss Staunton; but I imagine I should be able to appreciate it just as well in the afternoon; I am generally too busy in the mornings too for gossiping with my friends."

"Busy! you! my dear Mollie I should not fancy you had much to do with all those servants in the house, and besides yours is not a farm."

"Oh! I find enough to do to keep my fingers from getting into mischief, as I have been inculcated with the well-worn adage that "Satan finds some mischief still," etc. But I came on business of mamma's this morning Miss Staunton; she wants, if you please, a little information about the Burtons; would you kindly tell me what things would be most acceptable to them, mamma is so anxious to assist them."

"Mrs Stuart is very kind, I am sure; let me see—oh! perhaps I had better write a list. You really have no idea of the utter destitution of these poor creatures; indeed I am sure they would have starved had it not been for the food they received from us; and Burton is so ill, and add to all they are so absurdly proud that they would *rather* die than beg."

The list being written, Mollie arose; but Miss Staunton refused to hear of her going away so soon. In truth the youthful Marjorie had set her mind on having a little gossip with her visitor, and would not be cheated out of her resolve.

"No, no, no! you must sit down again, I won't allow you to go just yet, you have scarcely had time to rest, I insist positively on your taking a glass of wine and a piece of cake, or—wait—would you prefer milk? I know you are fond of fresh milk."

"Milk if you please Miss Staunton," replied Mollie, resignedly.

"Now," said Miss Marjorie, when she had brought the milk, and settled herself opposite her visitor.

"Now let us have a little talk, he! he-he!"

Mollie smiled a little wearily, and left her hostess to com-

mence the conversation; which she lost no time in doing.

"Have you been at the Hall lately?" she asked.

"Yes, of course mamma and I called after the party, besides you know Katie and I are always together either at their house or at our own."

"Ah! yes, yes, to be sure; but I fancied that perhaps as Miss O'Brien was staying at the Hallidays you would not care to go there very often."

"Indeed, may I enquire why not?" Miss Staunton.

The other lady winced and colored slightly as the surprised and rather haughty tones of the young girl fell upon her ear.

"Well I fancied Miss O'Brien was rather a disagreeable person, so distant and—and hold-offish in her manners, that I scarcely thought you would care for her society, and then dear, you know she and our little Katie are such *GREAT* friends, that really it is no wonder you should feel a little hurt at being as it were put aside for the time being."

"I really beg your pardon Miss Staunton" said Mollie with a strange inclination to laugh, had she not felt too much annoyed, "but my impression of Miss O'Brien does not coincide with yours, I thought her manners were charming and quite worthy of her beautiful face; besides I consider Katie's friend *my* friend, and as for being "put aside" I assure you such an idea never entered Katie's head or my own." The girl's face flushed, and a little curl of disdain curved her short upper lip. She had never liked, never even respected Miss Staunton, and at the present moment she felt for her an absolute contempt. She knew; and everyone else in Buxly knew, that Miss Marjorie hated Katie Halliday with a feeble, puny hatred, which had its root in jealousy. For at one time she—Miss Marjorie had entertained hopes of a matrimonial nature, with regard to Mr Tom Howard the Proctor's son; and these hopes were suddenly dispersed by the announcement of the engagement of Tom to Katie Halliday. The young man had undoubtedly flirted with the youthful Marjorie; we will not attempt to deny this fact, or to shield Tom from the blame which is due to every man who deliberately leads a woman to think him in earnest when in reality he is "only having a bit of sport." However I do not pretend to say that Miss Marjorie's young affections were much involved in this affair; but she had set her mind on being the wife of the rising young barrister, consequently chagrin, and an undying resentment towards Katie followed her disappointment. She managed to smother all outward appearance of jealousy and rage, and went at once to congratulate "dearest Katie" on her engagement. Nevertheless all the world of Buxly knew how matters stood and laughed in its sleeve at Miss Marjorie's blighted affections. N. B. Tom Howard was *ONLY* ten years younger than the lady herself.

It was no wonder therefore that Mollie's lip should curl so scornfully, when Miss Marjorie spoke of "dear Katie" and "our little Katie." There is no vice more thoroughly disgusting and contemptuous than hypocrisy to one whose nature is fresh and ingenuous as was Mollie's. We can tolerate hatred, malice and all uncharitableness when shown outwardly and fearlessly, but we *cannot* tolerate them when lurking beneath the cloak of benevolence and affection. Give me a liar, a thief, a scoundrel if they be openly and downright liars, thieves and scoundrels; but preserve me from your *saave*, soft-spoken hypocrites.

It was very good of Mollie to say that she considered Sybil as her friend; she certainly had no reason to consider her as such; she was her rival; and is it possible for rivals in love to be friends? That is a question reader I will leave you to answer to your own satisfaction. To tell the truth I do not think Mollie felt very kindly disposed towards Miss O'Brien. But of course she would not for anything have had Miss Marjorie suspect that such was the case. Hence her defence of Katie's friend.

"Do you really like her, well I am surprised; I confess that I took a dislike to her the first time I ever saw her. But then people often do take these unaccountable prejudices; I so often do; I tell papa that it surely cannot be from him I have taken my fanciful nature, eh! he-he!"

Mollie smilingly agreed that Mr. Staunton was not at all fanciful.

"By the way, I suppose you know that Miss O'Brien is engaged to be married?"

The room swam before Mollie's eyes, her heart gave one

great bound and then seemed almost to stand still. She felt rather than saw that Miss Marjorie's sharp gray eyes were upon her; she knew that her face had paled then flushed, but she trusted these signs had not been observed; so she struggled and not altogether unsuccessfully to regain and maintain her composure. She knew instinctively what was to follow and prepared herself accordingly.

"No, I was not aware," she replied and her voice was cold in that intense calmness which sometimes follows a sudden shock.

"Oh! yes she has been engaged for years, and to whom do you think? now just guess."

"To Mr. Despard I suppose," said Mollie calmly. Poor Mollie, poor little dethroned Princess; as she spoke that dear name a mist seemed to come before her eyes; and she felt a terrible, irresistible longing to scream out in her agony.

"Yes to Mr. Despard; dear me how cleverly you guessed it. I heard all about it from someone who knows Miss O'Brien in Toronto. Mr. Despard met her in Italy, he proposed to her then but she refused him, however after they returned to Canada, he made her another offer which she accepted; theirs has been a very long engagement, which is very strange; but I believe they are to be married soon now. My friend says they have kept it very close, and that very few know of it. Did you observe the other evening, how abruptly Mr. Despard left the ball room, after his interview with Miss O'Brien on the balcony? my idea is that they had some slight misunderstanding; though I daresay they have made it up before this. Lovers' quarrels; you know—he-he-he!"

"I must really go now Miss Staunton; good morning. I am much obliged to you for the list of things for the Burtons; mamma will probably drive over there to-morrow and see them."

"Good morning; and mind you must come soon again and see me; good bye give my love to dear Mrs. Stuart."

Miss Marjorie stood on the steps watching the phaeton and its occupant vanish behind a turn in the road.

"Ha! Ha! She thinks she did it so cleverly; but I saw through it, gracious! how white she got, when I said Miss O'Brien was engaged; I suppose she must have heard something or she could not have guessed right off that way that it was Neal Despard. I always did have an idea that Mollie Stuart was sweet on him, and now I am sure of it. I do wonder now, if it really is true that Mr. Despard is going to marry Miss O'Brien." And then Miss Marjorie went in and closed the door.

Meanwhile Mollie drove homeward. She longed to be at home, in her own room where unperceived she might make her little moan. The tears forced their way to her eyes, but she drove them back, it would not do to be found weeping on the public road, and there was no knowing whom she might meet. So, pale and with a miserable pain at her heart she drove on, scarcely seeing the figure of a lady walking swiftly ahead of her. As the phaeton drew near the lady turned and Mollie recognized Katie Halliday.

CHAPTER VI.

Cross Purposes.

Mollie drew the reins and invited Katie to a seat in the phaeton.

"Thank you, yes I will" and she stepped in with some laughing remark as she did so.

"Mollie" she exclaimed after a few moments "how wretched you look; pale; and dark shades beneath your eyes; whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing extraordinary; I have been paying Miss Staunton a morning visit; an ordeal sufficiently trying to account for pale cheeks; don't you think?" laughed Mollie if not merrily, at any rate with enough of carelessness in its tone to convince her friend.

"Poor Mollie! then indeed, I do not wonder at your worn out appearance; and pray what had Miss Marjorie to say for herself this morning?"

"Nothing particularly interesting" answered Mollie coldly, as she touched up her horse with the whip.

"Ah! well my friend perhaps I have something to say that is particularly interesting, that is provided Miss Stuart will deign to take any interest in my poor little affairs. Oh

Mollie! darling, what do you think?" she cried, changing her tone from mock humble to one of ringing, joyous glee.

"You ridiculous child! how can I think? when I do not know what you want me to think about."

"Tom is home; he came last night; and—and he—" she stopped, and the little dark face drooped shyly.

"Well dear! And what?"

"He wants our marriage to be in a month," answered Katie blushing. "The twenty-fifth of July. Oh Mollie! are you glad? say you are dear, for I am so very happy."

"Well dear, of course I am glad for your sake; and I do sincerely wish that you may be always happy; but I will miss you terribly Katie."

There was a wistfulness in Mollie's voice that made her friend take her hand in hers and press it half tenderly.

"Mollie darling, you know, you know I will miss you too, but you must come and see me when we get settled, and stay with me for a long time; Tom says so too, and he says—he says that he could not wish for a sweeter or truer friend for his wife than you."

There were tears in the eyes of both the girls, as Katie finished speaking, and if instead of driving along an open road, they had been in Katie's own room at the Hall they would have indulged in a hearty cry.

"Tom is a dear old fellow, and I am sure you will be happy," said Mollie, and Katie did not answer but only smiled a happy contented smile.

"I suppose you will live in Toronto?"

"Oh! dear! yes, Tom would never think of going anywhere else, he has an excellent practice there you know. He says he has his eye on a very nice house which he thinks will just suit us, and Ruth and I are to go down with him for a day to look at it and decide if we shall take it; won't it be fun?"

"Yes indeed it will; and have you settled yet where you will spend the honeymoon?"

"We are going to New York and then for a trip up the Hudson, we shall only be two weeks as Tom cannot get away for a longer period; but I hardly think I am sorry for that, I don't think honeymoons are so—so nice as they say, now for my part I shall be glad to get home and—commence life in earnest."

There was a pause for a few moments and then Katie said:

"You will of course be my chief bridesmaid Mollie? You remember you always promised you would be mine if I married first, and I yours if you should be first married. And—oh! Mollie darling! is it not a pity I can never be your bridesmaid now?" At this they both laughed and then Mollie said, very seriously.

"I shall never need a bridesmaid Katie, I do not intend ever to marry, indeed my mind is quite made up."

At this assertion Kate opened wide her dark eyes and gazed curiously at her friend.

"Nonsense!" sharply—"what has got into you child, I never heard you say such a thing before, and so bitterly too, why decidedly, Miss Marjorie must have exerted an evil influence over you this morning. You must not go again without someone else."

"Poor Miss Marjorie! I fear you are rather severe upon her, especially after robbing her of a lover; shame Katie! you should be more Christian in your feelings toward her poor thing."

Katie laughed again merrily and Mollie joined in.

"Poor old Tom" murmurs Katie, "what a blessing he fell in love with me in time or that terrible old maid would have captured him I am afraid; he is so very chivalrous, you know if he had imagined she cared for him he would have married her; I am certain, out of pure goodness of heart; before he cared for me of course," added she demurely.

They had reached the Halliday's house by this time and Mollie drew up to let Kate out, at the same time resolutely refusing to stay and lunch with them. Driving home, she took herself to task for having so nearly betrayed herself to Kate. She felt her face burning at the mere idea of anyone else guessing that she cared for Neal Despard. It would kill her she thought, to be pointed out as the girl who had given her heart to Sybil O'Brien's lover; a man who cared nothing for her. She determined that hereafter no one should guess from her manner or appearance that she carried about with her a broken heart. Doubtless Mollie was very foolish to

fancy that her heart was broken and all that sort of thing ; but my girl reader, put yourself in her place and try to imagine how you would feel in like circumstances.

All the rest of that day she went about the house performing any little duties that fell to her share, with all her usual brightness and gayety ; she laughed at Mr. Stuart's mild jokes, answered her mother in cheerful tones when questioned minutely as to her morning visit to Miss Marjorie, and by tea time felt very highly satisfied with herself and in fact was rather inclined to regard herself in the light of a heroine.

As they were leaving the table the Hallidays with Arthur Macdonald and Neal Despard came in.

Mollie's heart beat violently, and the blood rushed tumultuously to her face as she caught sight of Neal and heard his voice, the voice that was as the sweetest music to her ears. Alas ! poor little heroine, where were all her heroic feelings now ? Gone ! and oh ! how pitifully weak she felt at this moment. But there was no time for indulging in weakness, he was even now advancing to her with hand outstretched ; she laid hers in it and looked up at him with a little wan smile ; speak, she could not. Just for half a moment he retained the little hand in his and looked down at her with earnest gray eyes in which lurked a little reproach.

"Are you well ?" he asked gently.

"Yes thank you Mr Despard ; I think I may say I am in excellent health," and turning away she held out her hand to Tom Howard who was also with them.

"I am so very glad to see you Tom ; Katie told me this morning of your arrival, I hope you are not going to run away from us immediately ? Ah ! Miss O'Brien how do you do ? a lovely evening is it not ?" So, gaily she greeted first one and then the other, and Neal watching her, wondered with a little frown why her manner to him should be so cold and formal.

"Have you no word for me Mollie ?" asked Paul in a low voice, as he came to her side.

"I beg your pardon Paul, I really believe I overlooked you ; forgive me" and she gave him her hand with a smiling upward glance ; that made the frown on Neal's brow grow deeper and darker.

Katie now explained the object of their mission, namely to induce Mollie to accompany them for a short sail in Neal's yacht.

"It will be so lovely, in the moonlight Mollie, you must come ; Mr Despard pray insist upon her coming."

"Will you come ?" he asked simply.

"Yes, I will go" she replied deeming this the wisest course to pursue.

"Oh ! Mollie you'r a pet" exclaimed Katie "now run and put on your hat."

"And do not forget a shawl Mollie" added her mother.
(To be Continued.)

Forgive and Forget.

Forgive, and if you can forget,
But though you can't forget, forgive ;
If you are wronged, you will out-live
The wrong, and you'll be righted yet.
The man that's wise his passion rules
But anger resteth in the hearts of fools.

Forgive, and if you can, still love
Him who hath wronged you, as before ;
To cherish anger evermore
Your soul disquiets. God above,
Brother, forgives your sins and mine ;
"To err is human, to forgive Divine."

In your own innocence secure,
Your soul in patience still possess,
Has not Christ said your enemies bless ?
So wait in peace, the time be sure
Will come hereafter, if not here,
To make your righteousness as noon-day clear.

Vengeance is mine, I will repay,
Saith God, the merciful and just ;
Let not frail man, that is but dust,
Usurp God's right, but meekly pray,
Christ taught, our Father that's in Heaven,
As we forgive so let us be forgiven.

SELECTED.

A STRUGGLE FOR APPEARANCE.

"I have tickets for the concert to-night, Annie," said James Henley, coming into the sitting-room, where his wife was working the sewing machine with a busy whirr.

"Oh, James, how I wish I could go!"

The light died away from the husband's face in a second.

"Wish you could go, Annie! Why, of course you can go."

"I can't, James. I must finish these three dresses before Sunday, and it will take every minute."

"Three dresses!"

"For Jennie, Susan, and Lottie. All the spring things are ready but these dresses."

"But this is only Wednesday."

"I know, James ; but look at the work. There are over-skirts to each and ruffles on all the waists. Jennie's has three flounces. All the children in the congregation are well-dressed, James. You cannot afford to put the sewing out, so I must do it."

"Let the children dress more simply, then. Come, Annie, stop that buzz for once, and come to this concert."

"Can't you go?"

"And leave you? I should not enjoy it if I knew you were stitching here. Come."

With a heavy sigh, as if James were exacting a sacrifice instead of giving her a pleasure, Annie left the room, and went to her own apartment to dress for the concert.

All through the evening, while her husband drank in the sweet sounds in which he delighted, Annie, with her face all polite interest, was thinking of the unfinished work.

"Was it not delightful?" James said, as they walked home in the soft spring moonlight.

"Delightful ! I am glad I went, James ; Mrs. Gordon had on her new spring dress, and her dresses all come from London. The trimming on her basque is quite a new style, and I am sure I can put Jennie's on in the same way."

Sunday morning shone clear and cloudless, Mrs. Henley had put the last stitch into Lottie's dress as the clock struck twelve, and she wakened with a pain in her chest and headache, but a feeling of triumph. Her children would wear their new things, that had cost nothing but the material. Nothing ! Mrs. Henley did not estimate the hours spent over the machine, the weariness, the neglect of many little duties. There had been no actual money paid in dressmaking, so it was clear gain on the material.

Very pretty the children looked when they were ready for church. Jenny and Susan, twins of ten years old, were dressed alike, in delicate pearl color, trimmed with blue, and hats of the newest shape and blue ribbons. Lottie wore cerise color, with cerise trimming, for Lottie was a brunette of seven.

The charges at starting for Sunday-school were—

"Be sure you lift your overskirts when you sit down ; don't lean back upon the streamers of your hats, and walk where you will not spoil your light boots. Don't strain your gloves."

"Overdressed, Annie!" remarked Mr. Henley. "Your own dresses are not more elaborate."

"It is the fashion now to cut children's dresses like ladies'. But you ought to be proud of your children, James. Everybody compliments me upon the taste with which I dress them."

"Annie!" Mr. Henley said, suddenly, leading his wife to a mirror, "look at your own face."

"Well," she said, wondering what he could mean.

"Your cheeks are as white as chalk ; there is a heavy line under your eyes, and your whole air is that of a woman worked to death."

"James, what nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense. I wish it was. Five years ago you had the complexion of a child, as clear and rosy as Susan's. Your eyes then were bright, full of animation. You had young children, a house to keep in order, and just our present income. Yet you could find leisure then for a daily walk, could read in the evening, or sing for me, could enjoy an occasional evening of social pleasure, or some entertainment. I had a wife then."

"James! what do you mean?"

"I mean that, in the place of my happy, healthy wife, I have now a sickly, overworked seamstress. Those dolls that have just gone out have none of the grace of childhood. They are fast becoming little pieces of vanity, all absorbed in their finery. Their under clothing would do for signs in an emporium of linen, with the embroidery, ruffles, and tucks."

"But I do it all myself, James."

"Exactly. You are stitching your life into the garments of your children, who would be far happier, healthier, and better in the simple clothing suited to their years."

"Oh, I am well enough. I am pale to-day because I sat up late last night. But I must dress for church, or we shall be late."

The service passed over Mrs. Henley with but little impression. To her chagrin, the little Goodwins, who had all their dresses direct from London, had an entirely new style of overskirt, that made Jennie, Susan and Lottie look quite old-fashioned in the eyes of their mother.

Summer came, and the long spring days were spent in preparing a seaside wardrobe for the children, for Mr. Henley, by the advice of his physician, was going to take his wife to the seaside.

The pain in her side had become very troublesome, and there was a little hacking cough that meant wakeful nights. The pale cheeks were seldom tinged with a healthy color, and the eyes were languid and heavy. People spoke pityingly of Mrs. Henley as "quite an invalid," and her husband mourned over the alteration in his wife.

He insisted upon having a physician, who advised fresh air, and exercise, and a tonic. And Annie obediently swallowed the tonic, took a daily walk, and then made up for "lost time" by stitching at night. For were not the Goodwins, the Wilcoxes, and all the leading fashionables of Langton going to the same place where Mr. Henley had taken rooms, and could Jennie, Susan, and Lottie have one inch less ruffling and tucking than they possessed?

He only shrugged his shoulders when his little girls minced along with dainty fine-lady airs, instead of bounding with the freedom of childhood. He bore the steady whirr of the sewing-machine in the evening, instead of the voice or music of his wife.

But when Annie's health began to give way he exercised his authority, and found he had been silent too long.

But, the summer wardrobes completed, the dainty dresses trimmed, the trunks packed, Annie faithfully promised James to rest during the summer sojourn at the seaside. With a sudden consciousness of growing weakness there came to her an appreciation of her husband's love and patience that had been numbed. She began to realize that she had let her ambition for dress overshadow her love for her husband, and that she had wronged him in depriving him of the companionship he had prized so highly.

"I will rest while I am gone, and when I come back, James, I will give my evenings to you as I did when we were first married."

That was her parting promise, never to be exacted. Only a few days of rest were allowed her before an acute attack of lung fever prostrated her. James left his business to hurry to the seaside, a nurse was engaged, and medical skill did its utmost. But the constitution, weakened by confinement and overwork, could not resist the disease, and while the summer days were still in their full beauty Mrs. Henley knew she was dying.

It was a bitter thought. Life held so much that was precious; her kind, loving husband, her beautiful children, her happy home, all these must be left.

"A mysterious dispensation of Providence," said Mrs. Goodwin; "such a good mother. And those children are just the age when they most need a mother's care."

Annie Henley, in the dread hour when she bade farewell to hope, wound her arms around her husband's neck, and sobbed—

"If I had only listened to you, James, I might have been a guide to our children, a companion to you for many years, and when I died have left loving memories instead of a trunk of fine clothing. I have wasted my life."

And James Henley, in his widower's weeds, with his three little girls in sombre black beside him, wonders mournfully how many mothers of the land are wasting their lives in the same struggle for appearance.—*O. J., in Episcopatian.*

THE HARDEST TIME OF ALL.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life."—PROVERBS xii. 12.

There are days of silent sorrow

In the seasons of our life;

There are wild, despairing moments,

There are hours of mental strife;

There are times of stony anguish,

When the tears refuse to fall;

But the waiting time, my brothers,

Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,

Seeking things beyond their reach;

And the heart grows sick of hoping

Ere it learns what life can teach;

For, before the truth be gathered,

We must see the blossoms fall;

And the waiting time, my brothers,

Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,

Though the sudden, crushing blow,

Beating back our gathered forces,

For a moment lays us low;

We may rise again beneath it,

None the weaker for the fall;

But the waiting time, my brothers,

Is the hardest time of all.

For it wears the eager spirit,

As the salt waves wear the stone;

And the garb of hope grows threadbare,

Till the brightest tints are flown;

Then, amid youth's radiant tresses,

Silent snows begin to fall;

Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,

Is the hardest time of all.

But at last we learn the lesson

That God knoweth what is best;

For with wisdom cometh patience,

And of patience cometh rest;

Yes, a golden thread is shining

Through the tangled woof of fate,

And our hearts shall thank Him meekly,

That He taught us how to wait.

Waiting for the Grist.

BY MINNIE B. FENWICK.

"It is strange," said a gentleman who sat next to me in the car, and with whom I had struck up quite an acquaintance, "what an influence a look, a word, or the little act of a perfect stranger will sometimes have upon a person."

"Yes," said I; "more than any of us realize."

"It was the simple act of a stranger that changed the whole course of my life."

"Indeed! How so?"

"When I was a boy, my father moved to the then Far West,—Ohio. It was before the days of steam, and no great mills thundered on her river-banks, but occasionally there was a little grist mill by the side of some small stream, and hither, whenever the water was up, the whole neighborhood flocked with their sacks of corn. 'First come, first served.' Sometimes we had to wait two or three days for our turn. I generally was the one sent from our house, for, while I was too small to be of much account on the farm, I was as good as a man to carry a grist to mill. So I was not at all surprised one morning when my father said, 'Henry, you can get up old roan and go to mill to-day.'"

Saunders's mill was ten miles away; but I had made the trip so often that it did not seem far. I believe one becomes more attached to an old mill than to any other building. I can see just how it looked as it stood there under the sycamores, with its huge wheel and rough clapboard sides.

"When I arrived, I found the North Branch and Rocky Fork folks there ahead of me, and I knew there was no hope of getting home that day; but I was not at all sorry, for my basket was well filled with provisions, and Mr. Saunders

always opened his big barn for us to sleep in; so it was no unpleasant time we had while waiting for our grist. This time there was an addition to the number that had been in the habit of gathering, from time to time, in the old Saunders barn,—a young fellow about my own age, probably a little older. His name was Charley Allen, and his father had bought a farm over on the Brush Creek road. He was sociable and friendly, but I instinctively felt that he had 'more manners' than the rest of us. The evening was spent, as usual, in relating coarse jokes and playing cards. Although I was not accustomed to such things at home, I had become so used to it at the mill that it had long since ceased to shock me, and, indeed, I was fast becoming a very interested spectator.

"Well boys, it is time for us fellers to go to roost," said Jim Finley, one of the greatest roughs on the Rocky Fork, as he threw down his pack of cards and began to undress. We all followed his example, although it was not much undressing we did to sleep on the hay-mow; but we were so busy with our own affairs that we did not notice Charley Allen until Jim exclaimed, 'Heydey! we've got a parson here; we hev!' Charley was kneeling by the oats bin, praying. Jim Finley's jest met with no response. The silence was only broken by the drowsy cattle below, and the twittering swallows overhead. More than one rough man wiped a tear from his eyes as he went silently to his bed on the hay. I had always been in the habit of praying at home, but I never thought of such a thing at Saunders' Mill. As I laid awake that night in the old barn, thinking of Charley Allen's courage, and what an effect it had upon the men, I firmly resolved that in the future I would *do right*. I little thought how soon my courage would be tested. Just after dinner I got my grist, and started for home. When I arrived at Albright's gate, where I turned off to go home, I found the old squire waiting for me. I saw in a moment that something had gone wrong. I had always stood in the greatest awe of the old gentleman because he was the rich man of the neighborhood, and now I felt my heart beginning to beat very fast. As soon as I came near he said, 'Did you go through this gate yesterday?' I could easily have denied it, as it was before daylight when I went through, and I quite as often went the other way. Charlie Allen kneeling in the barn came to my mind like a flash, and before I had time to listen to the tempter I said, 'Yes, sir, I did.'

"Are you sure you shut and pinned the gate?" he asked.

"This question staggered me. I remembered distinctly that I did not. I could pull the pin out without getting off my horse, but I could not put it in again; so I carelessly rode away, and left it open.

"I—I—I—"

"Out with it; tell just what you did!"

"I left it open," I said, abruptly.

"Well, you let the cattle in, and they have destroyed all my early potatoes,—a terrible piece of business!"

"I'm very sorry, I'd—"

"Talking won't help matters now; but remember, boy, remember that sorrow don't make potatoes,—sorrow don't make potatoes."

"I felt very badly about the matter, for I was really sorry that the old gentleman had lost his potatoes, and then I expected to be severely reprimanded at home; but I soon found that they knew nothing of the matter, and after several days had passed, I began to rest quite easy. Alas for human hopes! one rainy afternoon I saw the squire riding down the lane. I ran off to the barn, ashamed to face him, and afraid to meet my father. They sat on the porch and talked for a long time. At last my curiosity overcame my fear, and I stole back to the house, and went into mother's room to see if I could hear what they were talking about. 'Why, the boy could be spared well enough, but he don't know anything about the business,' said my father. 'There is one thing he does know,' said the squire, 'he knows how to tell the truth.' He then related the circumstance which I so much dreaded to have my father hear. After he had gone, my father called me to him, and told me that the squire was going to start a store in the village, and wanted a boy to help, and that I could go if I wanted to. I went, and remained in the village store until it blossomed out into a city store; and people say that I got my start in life when I entered Albright's store, but I will always maintain that I got it while I was waiting for the grist."

An Aim in Life.

BY EARLE WHITE.

It was the chance of the writer to overhear recently part of the conversation of two young men, who were walking together down one of our less frequented streets. "I should like to have *some* aim in life," said one, with a touch of contempt in his tone. "I have already said," the other answered, "that my aim in life is to be a scholar, and for that I will sacrifice everything." Scholarship—pshaw! broke in the first, "what is scholarship? As for me, I intend to get money, and I'll get it by any means I can." That was all that was heard, but it was enough to set the involuntary listener a thinking.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about the importance of having a definite aim in life. Every young man is advised to set before himself some distinct purpose to which he shall be unflinchingly faithful, if he wishes to save himself from the exceedingly unprofitable exercise of "beating the air." Nor do we object to this advice. We admit its usefulness. It recognizes the fact that every one of us should have in this life something to do. But yet we think it defective. For it suggests, and leaves unanswered, a question of higher importance, this namely, What shall our aim in life be? It is better to have no aim at all, than to be devoted to a degrading aim.

It is this view that should be insisted upon, that the morality of life will depend to a very great extent upon the nature of the object which a man chooses as the goal toward which his efforts are to be directed. If we strive after wealth for the sake alone of wealth, the selfishness of the aim reacts with deadly force upon all sweet and tender heart-blossoms; and a heart which might have blossomed like the rose ends in the arid deadness of the desert. So it is with all aims that are purely selfish. Hence the much-vaunted aim, "Culture for its own sake," fails when tried on these principles. The pursuit of culture for its own sake is an outgrowth from the spirit of selfishness,—refined selfishness, if you will, but still selfishness for all that. The selfish pursuit of culture is much more in harmony with the spirit of heathenism than with that of Christianity.

There are aims which we may call good, because they, on the whole, are in harmony with the ordinary requirements of morality. But the highest kind of aim is that which, while morally pure, is grounded on the unselfish desire of doing good to others. The writer once saw, written on the fly-leaf of a Latin dictionary, which had formerly belonged to a theological student, the words, "For God and eternity." That student had at least a noble aim. We may not follow his example, and embody our aims in mottoes for our books, but why should we not hold, implicit in our hearts and explicit in our lives, that noblest of all aims and mottoes, "For God and humanity"?

Don't Bear too Hard on the Grindstone.

"If you want to keep your boy at home, don't 'bear too hard on the grindstone when he 'turns the crank.'"

This aphorism, uttered by a farmer, we find in an exchange. It involves a philosophy not sufficiently regarded by parents, and is applicable more especially to farmers, because with them, more than with any other class, the "boys" remain at home during their minority. In cities and towns the sons usually go to trades or professions earlier in life, and are subject to control other than that of their parents.

No doubt in other avocations as well as farming boys who have a native taste and talent for the particular employment, and who under favorable circumstances would like it more and more, become proficient. find it congenial and profitable, have their tastes revoked and their likings turned into disgust because they are too long and too continuously kept at the lower and least attractive branches, where there is more mere manual toil and less variety than in the more advanced departments. They are kept at the grindstone too long; it is borne on too heavily while they are turning the crank.

The honest wish of the farmer should be to leave, when he dies, the farm he has cultivated and the appointments he has gathered, not to and for the advantage of strangers, but rather to and for sons who will intelligently and lovingly continue the improvements he has begun, and in succession

pass the broad acres down to his posterity.—The poet has said :

"Princes and kings may flourish and may fade,
A breath destroys him as a breath has made,
But a bold peasantry, its country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

By what process can the worthy peasantry—the agriculturists of this country—be depreciated so positively as by that through which our young farmers are sent abroad to till foreign soil, or to seek employment in the stores and warehouses of the cities? On the other hand, how more surely may the future grandeur of this as an agricultural country be assured than by fostering in the minds of the young a love of agriculture, by presenting it, and its attendant labor, in the most encouraging and pleasing forms? How better than to lead them to see with the eyes of increasing intelligence new and still newer beauties in it and to regard it, as it is, the source of truest independence, of most robust physical vigor, of healthiest mental development?

Bear too hard on the grindstone; make the boy only a machine for the accomplishment of the largest amount of muscular labor; let it be all work and no play; give him no time for recreation, no encouragement to read useful books, or to stimulate his mind by travel or by association with communities for mental improvement, and you will assuredly succeed in provoking discontent and driving the boy at the earliest opportunity to desert his home and employment.

Adopt the opposite course. Bear lightly on the grindstone; make the present pleasant and the future promising, and then the father, in his old age, may repose under his roof-tree himself, while the farm is cared for well and faithfully by the sons, upon whose life the father's example and forethought has invoked the genius of content.

Work and Play.

And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a newspaper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it's because they quit at 6 p.m. and don't go home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumber; it gives you perfect and graceful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who can make a living by sucking the end of a cane; whose entire mental development is insufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, but who will go to the sheriff's office to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the street commissioner for a marriage license. But the world is not proud of them, son. It does not know their name even. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great busy world doesn't even know they are there. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be, and do this; take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—*Hawkeye.*

Purity of Character.

Over the outer coat of the plum and apricot there glows a bloom more beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate powder that overspreads its rich colors. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is at once gone, it is gone for ever—it only appears once. The flower that hangs in the morning empearled with dew—arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell gently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes and trees, blended into a fantastic picture.

Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of a finger, or by the warmth of the palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost work, which, when torn and broken, will never be repaired. When a young lad or girl leaves the parents' house, with the blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon the cheek, if earthly purity of character be once lost, it is a loss that can never be made up again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effect cannot but be in some way felt, though by God's mercy it may be forgiven.

Hints for Young Ladies.

If any young woman wastes in trivial amusement the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they thereafter regret the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever become mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let this animate industry, and let not a modest opinion of their capacity be a discouragement to them in their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well-directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling, insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement; by this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasure, which would remain when almost every other forsakes them, of which fortune or age cannot deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation of life.—*Vermont Messenger.*

Contentment.

Why is it that men are apt to prize most what they do not possess, and to undervalue what they have? The rich man rides in state along the avenue, and the poor man trudging along on foot exclaims, "Ah! if I had only that man's money!" At the same moment, perhaps, the millionaire looks through the French plate glass of his carriage window and says to himself, "Ah! if I had only that man's health!" So we go through life, each envying the other and discontented with what we have. It is equally curious that an actor whose forte is comedy always wants to act tragedy. He is unwilling to do what he can do well, and insists on doing what he can't do at all. Even Milton got out of patience with every one who praised his "Paradise Lost" and preferred it to "Paradise Regained," and yet every one reads the first, and only the curious scholar ever reads the latter. There is a good story told in Vienna which illustrates this strange truth:—

"What do you think of my new poem?" said a young author to an old critic. "Well," was the reply, "to be perfectly plain with you, I like parts of it exceedingly, but as a whole I think it lacks imagination," "Lacks imagination?" said the irate author, who could not see himself as others saw him, and didn't wish to, "why, it seemed to me that the one thing I do possess is the imaginative faculty, and the one thing in my life that proves it is that very poem." Then the aged critic quietly looked over his spectacles into the face of the aspiring youth and calmly replied, "Well, my young friend, I retract my criticism. If you think that, you certainly have a very remarkable degree of imagination; indeed too much of it," and then walked on.

THE KEY.—A young man was telling of "a glorious time," which was wound up by singing "We won't go home till morning," when a comrade asked, "What key did you sing it in?" "Well, really, I don't know, unless it was whiskey," was the reply. The young man's employer overheard him, and not feeling that the key to his money-bill would be safe with such a clerk, he told him he'd better go home at once, and not wait till morning any more.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

TOO MUCH DRINK.

While pure water is incomparably the best drink under all ordinary circumstances, it is quite possible to take too much even of it, especially at meal time. Saliva and the gastric juice are the proper food solvents, provided, in the wisdom of the Infinite, by the human laboratory for that express purpose, and therefore not to be improved upon by the exercise of human sagacity, but, while it may have been a part of the divine arrangement that these liquids should be diluted with nature's own beverage, yet it is manifestly injurious to dilute them so far as to impair their solvent qualities and so prevent perfect digestion; and to men of business there is a temptation to do this by washing down imperfectly masticated food in the hurry to get back to business. And the imperfect salivation of the food is not the only evil that results from such a course: the food is taken into the stomach insufficiently comminuted or divided; and in consequence the gastric juice acts more slowly from want of immediate contact with the interior portions of the undivided pieces. Digestion is on this account often imperfect, the nutritive qualities of the food are not thoroughly extracted, and the fluid absorbed by the lacteals is diminished in quantity if not deteriorated in quality, and the blood is consequently impoverished. And the mischief is still greater when, in consequence of a deficiency of saliva and gastric juice, or in consequence of the food not being acted upon by them with sufficient promptness, effervescence or natural decomposition begins to take place, for then foreign matter is introduced into the circulation, the blood becomes vitiated, the vital resources are

severely taxed to expel the intruder, and millions of avenues communicating with the outside world and its forces are insufficiently guarded, inviting the entrance of disease, and weakening the normal powers of resistance of the system. All these evils may arise out of the injudicious use of water in hastily washing insufficiently masticated food into the stomach. And if this be true in reference to the use of pure water, what shall we say of the too prevalent practice of drinking large quantities of tea and coffee.

These beverages, though grateful to the taste and therefore liable to be freely indulged in, not only dilute the digestive juices too much, but they also act injuriously in consequence of their chemical properties; the tea by the tannic acid which it contains opposing the solution of the food, and the coffee inducing torpidity of the liver, impeding the secretion of the bile, thus tending to produce constipation, headache, and all the horrors known under the comprehensive name of biliousness. And all these evils are greatly aggravated by the too common habit of eating too much. Truly it is no wonder so many suffer from dyspepsia and biliousness, the wonder is there are so many exempt.—B. A. Z.

THE TIME TO GO TO BED.—Truth thinks that it is really full time that the conventional prejudice against late hours should be exploded. When people went to bed early it was to rise early, because business commenced at an early hour. Persons who have nothing particular to do in the morning have no reason for rising at some unearthly hour. Nor do they. The early to bed means with them a great deal too much bed. There is nothing in itself more objectionable in being up at 3 a. m. than at 3 p. m. A person in good health requires a maximum of seven hours' sleep, and at what period of the 24 hours he takes this sleep is, provided that it does not interfere with his avocations, a matter of absolute indifference.

A GOOD WAY TO TAKE MEDICINE.—An anecdote is told of a physician who was called to a family to prescribe for a case of incipient consumption. He gave them a prescription for pills, and wrote the directions,—“One pill to be taken three times a day in an convenient vehicle” The family looked into the dictionary to get at the meaning of the prescription. They found “cart, wagon, carriage, buggy, wheelbarrow.” After grave consideration they came to the conclusion that the doctor meant the patient should ride out, and while in the vehicle take the pill. He followed the advice to the letter, and in a few weeks the fresh air and exercise secured the advantage which otherwise might not have come.

A GOOD RECOMMEND.—A London physician gives to a “sample” of whisky, submitted for his examination, the following “first-class” certificate: “Gentlemen, I have tasted your whisky, and, having tried various vermin-killers in my time, believe yours superior to them all. You are at liberty to make use of this.”

CURING SICK HEADACHE.—A Vermont correspondent writes that after suffering from sick headache for twenty years, with frequent attacks of diphtheria, quinsy, and erysipelas, she has discovered the cause of all her troubles. Eight months' abstinence from meat has cured her of dyspepsia and all the ailments she has suffered from, and her health is better than it has been for many years. On a diet of vegetables and cereals, with fish and eggs occasionally, she is well and strong. Happy are they who find out their limitations, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, and do not ruin health and happiness in a vain endeavor to digest something beyond their powers.

CURING SMALL POX.—Mr. Edward Hine, in the *Liverpool Mercury*, asserts that the worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days by the use of cream of tartar—an ounce dissolved in a pint of water, to be drank at intervals, when cold. He pronounces it “a certain, never-failing remedy.”

TO CURE LOCKJAW.—Take a red-hot coal from the fire and pour sweet oil (olive oil) on it; then hold the wounded part over the thick smoke, as near as possible without burning. It will be necessary to repeat the operation two or three times a day. This remedy has been known to cure after the jaws had commenced to get stiff.

COUGH DROPS.—Take tincture of blood root, syrup of ipecac, syrup of squill, tincture of balsam of Tolu, and paregoric, of each one ounce. Mix. $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm to 1 drachm, to be taken when the cough is severe.

TO MAKE LIME WATER.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pound unslaked lime; put it in an earthen pot; pour two or three quarts of pure water on it; let it stand one day; skim off the top and take the clear water for use. Keep in close corked bottles. A useful antacid, which should always be kept in the family.

FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.—Mix in a wide-mouthed bottle 3 ounces olive, or linseed oil, and 4 ounces lime water. Apply to the part burned five or six times a day with a feather, or spread on a cloth and bind on the part affected; changing occasionally.

A GOOD EYE WATER.—Take 2 scruples white vitriol, 2 scruples sugar of lead, 1 teaspoonful laudanum, mix in half a pint of rain water.

Fifteen Follies.

- 1st. To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.
- 2nd. To believe that the more hours children study at school the faster they learn.
- 3rd. To conclude that, if exercise is healthful, the more violent or exhaustive it is the more good is done.
- 4th. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.
- 5th. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.
- 6th. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is "good for" the system without regard to more ulterior effects.
- 7th. To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that some how or other it may be done in your case with impunity.
- 8th. To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried on yourself, without making special enquiry whether the conditions are alike.
- 9th. To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.
- 10th. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.
- 11th. To remove a portion of the covering immediately after exercise, when the most stupid drayman in New York knows that if he does not put a cover on his horse the moment he ceases to work in winter he will lose him in a few days by pneumonia.
- 12th. To contend that because the dirtiest children in the street or highways are hearty or healthy, therefore it is healthy to be dirty; forgetting that continuous daily exposure to the pure out-door air in joyous, unrestrained activities is such a powerful agency for health that those who live thus are well in spite of rags and filth.
- 13th. To presume to repeat, later in life, without injury, the indiscretions, exposures and intemperance which in the flush of youth were practiced with impunity.
- 14th. To believe that warm air is necessarily impure, or that pure cold air is necessarily more healthy than the confined air of a crowded vehicle. The latter at most can only cause nausea, while entering a conveyance after walking briskly and lowering a window will, by exposing to a draught, give a cold infallibly, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which will cause weeks and months of suffering, if not actual death within four days.
- 15th. To "remember the Sabbath day" by working harder and later on Saturday than any other day in the week, with a view of sleeping late next morning and staying at home all day to rest, conscience being quieted by the plea of not feeling very well.—*Hall.*

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHICKEN PIE.—Stew the chicken until done, then make the gravy, make a crust same as for soda biscuits, line the pan with part of the crust, dip in the chicken and part of the gravy, (setting the remainder where it will keep warm,) put some pieces of dough around over the chicken, roll out the remainder of the dough, cut a hole in it, for cover, after dampening the edge with a little water, and place on the pan. It will bake in fifteen or twenty minutes.

CHICKEN SANDWICHES.—Ingredients: Chicken and ham, four eggs, one tablespoonful of olive oil, mustard, vinegar. Chop the chicken (not too fine), also a little nice ham; then braid together the yolks of the eggs (boiled very hard) with the oil; when smooth add a little made mustard and vinegar, should it not be salt enough from the ham, add a little, stir this mixture well, and add the meat. Have ready some thin slices of bread buttered, and put some of the mixture between two slices; very nice.

HAM BALLS.—Take what is usually left and otherwise lost of boiled ham, chop fine, add as many eggs as you have persons to eat, and a small amount of flour, and beat together and make into balls. Fry in butter.

OYSTER STUFFING.—Make your stuffing of bread-crumbs, sage, summer savory, pepper, salt and a little chopped pork and celery. Chop finely, and fry in butter some onion and add to the stuffing, which should be well amalgamated, and bound with one egg beaten. This stuffing is better if the pork is omitted and the bread-crumbs are first mixed up with the best fresh butter. Stale bread finely crumbed with the hands and mixed with butter makes stuffing so much superior to soaked and squeezed bread that it seems another thing altogether. The clammy stuffing of the average cook is a thing which cannot be eaten; the stuffing made with crumbs and butter as above, and seasoned to the judicious taste before it is put into the bird, is a thing which may be rich and unwholesome, but assuredly delicious. For oyster-stuffing add oysters cut in halves or quarters to the above.

POTATO PIE.—A common-sized tea-cup of grated raw potato, a quart sweet milk; let milk boil and stir in grated potato; when cool add two or three eggs well beaten, sugar and nutmeg to taste; bake without upper crust; eat the day it is baked. This recipe is for two pies.

OYSTER SAUCE.—Set a basin on the fire with half pint oysters, from which all bits of shell have been picked, and one pint boiling water; let boil three minutes, skim well, and then stir in half a cup butter beaten to a cream, with two tablespoons flour; let this come to a boil, and serve with boiled turkey.

HOLLAND SAUCE.—Put into a saucepan a teaspoon flour, two ounces butter, two tablespoons each of vinegar and water, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and salt to taste; put over the fire and stir constantly until it thickens, but do not allow it to boil, or it will curdle and require straining through a gravy strainer; add the juice of half a lemon, and serve with baked fish.

BREAD SAUCE.—Half pint grated bread crumbs, one pint sweet milk, and one onion; boil until the sauce is smooth, take out onion and stir in two spoonfuls butter with salt and pepper; boil once and serve with roast duck or any kind of game.

CREAM PIE.—Beat thoroughly together the white of one egg, half teacup sugar, and tablespoon of flour; then add tea-cup rich milk (some use part cream), bake with a bottom crust, and grate nutmeg on top.

DELICIOUS PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut a pumpkin into thin slices, and boil until tender in as little water as possible, watching carefully that it does not scorch; set the stew-kettle on top of stove, mash the pumpkin fine, heaping it against the sides of the kettle so that the water may drain from it and dry away; repeat this process until the water has all evaporated

A doctor should know whether his patient is rich or poor before he writes a prescription. In one case a dose of common salts will do, in another a trip abroad and German baths must be recommended.—*New Orleans Picagune.*

and the pumpkin is quite dry. This will require from half an hour to an hour. Mash and rub through a sieve, adding, while warm, a good-sized lump of butter; to every quart of pumpkin, after it is mashed, add two quarts of milk and six eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, sugar to taste, one teaspoon salt, tablespoon ground cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, a teaspoon ginger; bake in a hot oven until well set and a nice brown. It is as well to heat the batter scalding hot, stirring constantly until it is poured into the pie-dishes.

CHESSE PIE.—Three eggs, two-thirds cup sugar (half cup milk may be added if not wanted so rich); beat butter to a cream, then add yolks and sugar beaten to a froth with the flavouring; stir all together rapidly, and bake in a nice crust. When done, spread with the beaten whites, and three table-spoons sugar and a little flavouring. Return to oven and brown slightly. This makes one pie, which should be served immediately.

CREAM PIE.—Pour a pint cream upon a cup and a half powdered sugar; let stand until the whites of three eggs have been beaten to a stiff froth; add this to the cream, and beat up thoroughly, grate a little nutmeg over the mixture, and bake in two pies without upper crusts.

WHIPPED CREAM PIE.—Sweeten with white sugar one tea-cup very thick sweet cream, made as cold as possible without freezing, and flavor it with lemon or vanilla to taste; beat until as light as eggs for frosting, and keep cool until the crust is ready; make crust moderately rich, prick with a fork to prevent blistering, bake, spread on the cream, and to add finish, put bits of jelly over the top. The above will make two pies.

CRUMB PIE.—Soak one tea-cup bread crumbs half an hour, add three table-spoons sugar, half a teaspoon butter, half a cup of water, a little vinegar, and nutmeg to suit the taste; bake with two crusts, made the same as the other pies.

PRESERVED FRUITS.—Roll out puff paste very thin, cut into round pieces, and lay jam on each, fold over the paste, wet edges with white of an egg, and close them; lay them in a baking sheet, ice them, and bake about fifteen minutes.

PARAGRAPHICAL.

Think, Speak, Live Truly.

Thou must be true to thyself;
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy words
Shall bear the fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

A tight place—a bar room.

A vain fowl—A weathercock.

Ireland is now a land of Ire.

A striking tale—The whale's.

Old maids' laughter—He! he! he!

Are bits of advice presents of mind?

"Young Love's Dream" depends largely upon the amount of mince pie Young Love ate at dinner.

One man can kill another, but it takes twelve men to make a murder of it.

A man who is always hunted by the sheriff may be chased although not always virtuous.

The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times in twenty-four hours.

If you starve a cow you get only poor cream and but little of it. Just so in the treatment of your minister.

A lover will often take a whole year to press his suit, when any smart tailor would do it for him in less than an hour.

The girls have a new scheme of flirting with their parsons. The boys return with their canes. Sometimes the old gentleman takes a hand in the game; he flirts with his boot.

The average age of a hog is only fifteen years. This always consoles us when we see a man spreading himself out over four seats in a railway car.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"All things will come to him who will but wait." Not much. The fellow who borrowed twenty dollars of you last summer will not come to you, if you wait five hundred years.

They met, they smiled, they wept, they loved;
He called her Jane, she called him Thomas—
A richer man rode down the lane,
And Tom brought suit for breach of promise.

"Have you ground all your tools, as I told you this morning?" said a carpenter to his apprentice. "All but the saw, sir; I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."—*Ancient Etruscan Jest*, 206 B. C.

A mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one:—"It is to shake at the ladies in the street. That is what papa does with his."

A gentleman in a draper's shop had the misfortune to step on a lady's skirt. She turned around, her face flushed with anger, but seeing the gentleman was a stranger she smiled complacently saying: "I beg pardon, sir; I was going to be in a dreadful passion. I thought it was my husband."

An old-fashioned minister, possessing a fashionable church, not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much higher in that direction."

THE HUMAN BODY.—Only one-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing one hundred and twenty pounds was dried in an oven until all the moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to twelve pounds. Egyptian mummies' bodies are thoroughly dried. They usually weigh about seven pounds.

CITY MISSIONARIES.—The total number of city missionaries in New York city may be set down at 266, who probably make 800,000 visits a year. Besides these are hundreds of tract visitors and hundreds of poor visitors, and other voluntary agents of various churches and societies who are going about continually doing good.

AT A COUNTRY-HOUSE in the suburbs of Boston, a young man was one day sitting in the morning-room, when he heard steps in the hall. "Is that you, mother?" he asked. The answer came in the gruff voice of the Irish cook, who with a most deliciously Hibernian mingling of personalities, replied, "No, it's not me, my son?"

INDIAN SUMMER.—When the Massachusetts colonists first came from England, the cold days of September made them believe that winter was at hand. The Indians, however, assured them that there was yet to be a "summer," or warmer weather. When it came later, the colonists called it the "Indian's summer," and the name has been retained ever since.

An old gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him:—"You will find the font at the opposite end of the church." "What do I want with the font?" asked the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought the child to be christened."

HUMOROUS.

Willing to Give Way.

An amusing incident occurred on a street car the other day. A woman of fifty, made up to look about twenty-five years old, got aboard at a crossing to find every seat occupied. She stood for a moment, and then selecting a poorly-dressed man about forty-five years of age, she observed:

"Are there no gentlemen on this car?"

"Indeed, I dunno," he replied, as he looked up and down. "If there hain't, and you are going clear through, I'll hunt up one for you at the end of the line."

There was an embarrassing silence for a moment, and then a light broke in on him all of a sudden, and he arose and said:

"You can have this seat, ma'am. I am allus perfectly willing to stand up and give my seat to any body older than myself."

That decided her. She gave him a look which he will not forget to his dying day, and, grabbing the strap, she refused to sit down, even when five seats had become vacant.

Taking Him at His Word.

The inhabitants of the north of England are a matter-of-fact people. The following incident illustrates their shrewdness and ready resource. In a village in one of the dales lived a kind-hearted but somewhat hot-headed woman who entertained the minister when he came to preach there. On the occasion of the first visit of one of this fraternity, she deemed it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so, as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stairfoot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly she waited a while, and then, repeating her call, she was answered by, "What do you want?" in any thing but a gentle tone of voice.

"I want to know whether you'll have tea or coffee to your breakfast."

"I'll have either, or both," was the odd and stinging reply.

"You've got out on the wrong side of the bed to morn," said the irritated dame to herself; but I'll fit up yer order, my man." So saying, she went to the cupboard, took thence another teapot, and putting therein equal quantities of tea and coffee, she made a strong decoction thereof for the preacher. Presently he felt that he had a strangely-flavored beverage before him; so, pausing, he asked, "What's this, missis?"

"It's both, sir; and you shall either sup it or gang without."

A Father Who Melted.

The other evening, a citizen of Detroit, says the Free Press, beckoned to his twelve-year-old son to follow him to the wood-shed, and when they had arrived there he began:

"Now, young man, you have been fighting again! How many times have I told you that it is disgraceful to fight?"

"O, father, this wasn't about marbles, or any thing of the kind," replied the boy.

"I can't help it. As a Christian man, it is my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat!"

"But, father, the boy I was fighting with called me names."

"Can't help it. Calling names don't hurt any one. Off with that coat."

"He said I was the son of a wire-puller."

"What! what's that?"

"And he said you was an office-hunter!"

"What! What loafer dared make that assertion?"

"It made me awful mad, but I didn't say any thing. Then he called you a hireling!"

"Called me a hireling! Why, I'd like to get my hands on him!" puffed the old gent.

"Yes, and he said you was a political lick-spittle!"

"Land o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old man, as he hopped around.

"I put up with that," continued the boy, "and then he said you laid your pipes for office, and got left by a large

majority. I couldn't stand that, father, and so I sailed over the fence and licked him bald-headed in less'n two minutes! Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by one of the malignant opposition!"

"My son," said the father, as he felt for half a dollar with one hand, and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go out and buy you two pounds of candy. The Bible says it is wrong to fight, but the Bible must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk to you, and now you can put on your coat and run along."

Many years ago some poverty-struck Scotch college sold literary degrees, after the fashion of the bogus medical colleges in Philadelphia, to any body who would pay for them. A country parson ambitious to shine as a D. D., mounted his horse and, attended by his servant, rode to the college, was duly dubbed "D. D.," and returned home with his parchment. "Now, Hodge," he said to his servant, "I am a D. D., and when people call, you must say, 'The doctor is in his library; the doctor is studying his sermon; the doctor is not at home.'" "I will," said Hodge, "provided you will do the same by me, and say, 'Dr. Hodge is cleaning out the stable; Dr. Hodge is shovelling a muck-heap; Dr. Hodge is blacking boots in the kitchen.'" "What do you mean, you impudent puppy?" cried his master. "I mean," said Hodge, "that when I learned that a D. D. cost only two pounds, I got the president's name to a diploma, and I am as good a D. D. as you, or the most learned scholar in the land."

NO HYPOCRITE ABOUT HIM.—The other Sunday the Sabbath schools had a lesson which involved an explanation of the term hypocrite. In one of the infant schools a teacher labored very earnestly to give her class a correct idea of the word. One little girl said she always thought it was a great big animal, and she guessed she had seen one at a show. "Oh," the teacher said, "a hypocrite is a man who makes believe to be real good when he isn't. Sometimes a man will give a lot of money to a church just to make people think that he is better than anybody else." "Well, my papa ain't a hypocrite," spoke up a little girl back in the corner of a seat, "for he only gives a penny every Sunday."

The Emperor Alexander, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates were handed round for contributions, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. A plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his louis-d'ors he whispered, "Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." She courted, and presented the plate again. "What!" said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she; "I now want something for the poor."

Grief has its unalterable laws, which must be obeyed, and when we are compelled to do a thing it is generally easy to do it. A French lady went through the terrible trial of her husband's burial without a tear. She bowed her head in grief, and used her handkerchief in the most becoming and fascinating manner, but refrained from weeping. When congratulated by a friend on her ability to bear up under the most trying circumstances, she said, with a sigh:—"Yes, mon ami, you know well enough that I would like to cry, but the doctor has positively forbidden it, and says it will utterly ruin my complexion."

A Cambridge mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before; it is a very nice place to have fun. A fellar and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out, and I was so full of water I didn't know nothin' for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother comes from Chelsea and she cries all the time. A boss kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixin' my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some mud turtles, and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get them in my trunk."—*Zion's Herald*.

A Southern gentleman has recently wedded Miss Lizzie Dollar. If he husbands his fortune well, he ought never to be without a dollar in the house.—*Rome Sentinel*. Wrong again. After he married her she hadn't a Dollar to her name.—*New Haven Register*.

A young man with an umbrella overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance in a rain-storm, and extending his umbrella over her, requested the pleasure of acting as her rain-beau. "Oh!" exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm, "you wish me to be your rain-dear. Two souls with but a single umbrella, two forms that stepped as one.

Old Mrs. Cair says, she has always noticed that in the summer time, when it is not needed, the sun is always hot as an oven, while in the winter, when a warm sun would be very agreeable, it is as cold as an ice-house. We have noticed this, too. It must be the fault of the almanac-makers.—*Norristown Herald*.

A saloon keeper having started business in a place where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "Oh," said the friend, "just change the 'T' to 'D' and it will suit you exactly."

Somebody says that at some time "Fortune taps at every man's door." Oh, yes, that's all very nice, but when a man opens the door in response, nine times out of ten he finds it's the old man's daughter Miss Fortune, who is waiting for him.

In an out-of-the way town in New Hampshire lives an eccentric old farmer who found his cellar stairs hard to climb on account of the height of the steps. After careful consideration he hit upon the device of nailing a piece of two inch plank on each, in order, as he said, to "bring 'em nearer together;" and contended that he noticed "a leetle tetch of improvement."

A story is told in Edinburgh of Professor Blackie, who became distinguished in the chair of Greek, that, being prevented from lecturing one day, he caused to be posted on the class-room door this notice: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his classes." A waggish student scratched out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence. The keen-eyed old man quietly erased another letter, and left the following to be read: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his asses."

"The sweetest voice I ever heard," said the bishop, "was a woman's. It was soft and low, but not precise. We were on a steamer, and she murmured some commonplace words about the scenery. I do not remember what she said, but I can never forget the exquisitely tender, musical voice." "The sweetest voice I ever heard," said the professor, "was a man's. I had been out fishing nearly all day, and got back to the hotel about three o'clock. The man came out on the front stoop, opened his mouth like a sea cavern and roared, 'DINNUR,' till it soured the milk in the cellar. I have heard other voices since then, but I never —" But the bishop, with a look of intense disgust all over his face, had already, walked out of hearing and was lighting a fresh cigar by himself.—*Hawkeye*.

The Rev. Dr. — is responsible for the following: In the early part of his ministry a very eminent clergyman of his own denomination visited him and spent a Sabbath with him. Of course he invited him to preach for him, and to his great satisfaction he consented. The Rev. Dr. — is rather tall, and the pulpit was rather high to accommodate his manuscript to his sight; his visitor was short, rather stout, and had a shining bald head. The Rev. Dr. — proposed to lower the pulpit a little, but his friend declined, and, on the contrary, desired that it should be raised higher. It seemed that he was near-sighted, but for some reason preferred not to wear spectacles. The desk being raised, he proceeded to pile upon it the closed pulpit Bible, two hymn-books, a pile of about a dozen sermons, and finally his manuscript, and then, his bald head just glimmering over the top of his extemporaneous fortification, he announced his text: "Thou shalt see greater things than these."—*Harper's Magazine*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIFE.

When ardent souled, in spring-time hours,
We watch life's huddling prospect grow;
Young fancy sees but summer bowers
Where roses ever breathe and blow.

When summer comes we pluck the rose,
And if perchance we miss the thorn,
But clasp at evening's perfumed close
Frail joys that wither ere the morn.

When disenchanted oft and long,
The early vision fades and flees—
We travel now with chastened song,
And ask of earth but passing ease.

When from some friendly Autumn rest
We harkward view the devious road,
We find not ease nor pleasure best,
But duty, leading on to God.

W. H.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN :

Several Notable Cases of Courage.

Man, as a rule, has little admiration to spare for Amazonian dames. Even those who profess to believe that the only natural difference between the sexes is that of gender, would never dream of condemning a woman for wanting valor. Excepting that form of it which consists in endurance of suffering, courage is scarcely yet recognized as a feminine attribute, and examples of bravery in womankind are still held worth the noting. so we shall hardly do amiss in setting down a few modern instances not generally known.

An American authoress tells of an Arizonian matron who, upon her house being attacked by a band of Indians, while her husband was absent doing duty as a legislator, deeming

Where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rattist is the wisest course,

shot down six of the red men with her own hand, and next day wrote to her lord :

"Dear John:—The Apaches attacked the ranche. I have won the fight. You need not come yourself, but send some more ammunition"

When the lives of those she loves are at stake, then, if ever, a woman will prove valiant; but even then, it is odds that she breaks down as soon as the danger is past. Lady Cockrane readily put her life to the hazard for her husband's sake, to shame his faltering crew into sticking to their guns; but, although it is not so recorded, it would have been nothing surprising if she had indulged in a good cry when the end was accomplished and the victory achieved.

In October, 1877, the brigantine Moorburg left Foochow in China, for Melbourne, carrying four seamen, the captain, mate, and last, but by no means least, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone far on their voyage ere the crew fell sick, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much, while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they needed nursing no longer, had looked well to her baby's needs, had done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seaman's work beside. To make matters worse, the ship sprung a leak, which the captain, luckily, was able to stop; and eventually the Moorburg got into Brisbane harbor, half full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew all told, and a woman at the helm, the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safe into port.

Some time in 1871, a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd-boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and, directed by the lad, climbed to a high

place, and, looking eagerly around, descried the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it and pelted it with stones, so infuriating the wolf that it left its meal unfinished, and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to keep his throat closely infolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him.

Meanwhile, the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks, and stones, meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood, from terrible wounds in her face, arms, and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where, pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterward, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! for the shepherd boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

A poor servant girl of Noyou, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near, to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men, returning home from work, stepped on the planks, which, being frail and rotten, gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men, by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of seventeen, stepping to the front, said, quietly, "I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows;" and the creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearful mission.

Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but unconscious men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran.

This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening a rope around one prostrate form, Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope round her own waist had become unfastened; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient to pull it down.

Dozed as she was, she still had her wits about her, and loosening her long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up, and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her brave endeavors had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.

A Sporting Adventure.

It was many years ago, and some of the numbers of our little party have slept their last sleep since the adventure occurred which I am about to narrate.

There were five of us in the party, and we had provided ourselves with fishing apparatus as well as guns and ammunition, intending to vary the sport as well as supply our larder with a variety of edibles for the gratification of the palate and the comfort of the inner man.

We arrived at the outskirts of our hunting ground, and took possession of a deserted lumber shanty on the bank of a beautiful lake some distance north of the city of Kingston, where we prepared our supper, provided a bed of green boughs, and after spinning a very creditable number of yarns, which such an occasion is sure to bring out, we made our scanty preparations for repose and resigned ourselves to "nature's sweet restorer."

At early dawn we arose (for human backs, unused to such rough fare, rest quicker on coarse boughs, than on the soft beds we choose to dream on) and made our lines ready to capture some bass for our breakfast. We concluded that as in that unfrequented region our guns would be quite safe in the shanty, and we were not likely to meet with any game worth waking the echoes for, we would leave them there; all but one; Mr. B—— declared that where he went his gun should go, and accordingly he shouldered his rifle and we marched down to the boat, and after rowing to a favorable locality, were soon in the midst of choice anglers' sport.

We had been but a few minutes so engaged when, at a point nearly opposite where we were I thought I discerned a slight ripple on the surface of the calm water. As the shadows of early morning were fast passing away, the movement in the water became momentarily more distinct. I soon became convinced that the agitation of the water was caused by some living animal, and that it was moving towards us. I therefore called the attention of my comrades to it and cautioned them to keep quiet, believing that it was a deer that was crossing to the other side, without noticing that a boat containing five men aching for sport lay directly in its course. As it approached, however, we had occasion to change our opinion: the head was not that of a deer; and as it was making directly for us, it evidently had reasons of its own for acquiring a more intimate acquaintance with our party.

What was our surprise when it approached near enough to discover in its glaring eyes, short ears and round head, those of a large wild cat. We were not sorry, then, that Mr. B—— had brought his rifle with him, for, while we might and doubtless would have dispatched him with our oars, we had no pressing desire for very close contact with such tool-hardy courage, and such formidable teeth and claws; so when he came within a few feet of the boat, Mr. B—— quieted his ambition with a bullet in his brain.

The skin of the animal was after our return purchased by a prominent hatter and furrier in Kingston, and stuffed and placed as a sign over the entrance to his store, where, for aught I know, it still remains. B. A. Z.

SAVE THE BABY!—A beautiful story of a heart sublime in the strength and magnitude of the renunciation of self is thus recorded in one account of the disaster to the steamer *Narragansett*:

An old lady, Margaret Muir, of Brooklyn, about sixty years of age, was picked up while floating in the water, holding high above her her infant grandchild, fifteen months old. She besought the men in the boat which came to her rescue to save the child at all hazards, saying:

"O, for God's sake, save the baby. Don't mind me! I am an old woman, whose life is of no account! I'm done for, any way. Save the baby, and if there's room for me, I'll come too."

THE LATE JOHN CROSSLEY ON HIS MOTHER.—The late John Crossley once entertained the Prince of Wales, and a number of other titled people, at his magnificent house of Manor Heath. One evening, after his guests had been shown over the beautiful place, some of them sat conversing with him respecting his earlier days. And concerning his mother he answered thus:—"Oh, my mother was a remarkable woman; she was once a farm servant; she lived fourteen years in the same family; she had to milk the cows and churn the butter, and carry it to market; she had for a long time only £6 a year wages, and yet she managed to save a nice sum; and her leisure hours were filled up with spinning wool, her mistress allowing her a fourth of the profits for herself." "Ah," said a friend who was present, "perhaps you are indebted to your good mother for some of your success in the spinning world?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "under God's blessing I owe everything to my mother."

Tired of It.—"Well, I'm getting about tired of this 'ere life," said an ultra specimen of the genus tramp. "Going half-starved one day, and drenched to the skin another; sleeping one night in a barn, the next night under a hedge, and the third in the lock-up; this life isn't what it used to be. Tell yer what 'tis, boys, if 'twasn't for the looks of the thing, I'd go to work."

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.—A short time ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cow-catcher. A moment later the fireman saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and he stopped the engine. On going back to where the dog was killed, it was discovered that not only the dog but a little child had been killed. It was then seen that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge.

Praise for the Young.

As a general thing we are too chary in praising and encouraging the efforts of the young; too free in criticising and depreciating them. Many a child's powers in various directions are thrust back into inactivity by the cold inappropriate reception they meet with. Children quickly adopt the sentiments of their elders, and soon learn to put the same value on their own powers that others do. The parent, the teacher, and the employer, can easily teach lessons of self-depreciation which may cling through life and forever prevent the development of powers that under more favorable auspices might have proved a blessing to the community; or, on the other hand, by cheerful encouragement and commendation, they may nourish many a tiny germ of ability and talent that may one day come to be a mighty influence, a perceptible power in the world.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.—Dan Watson, who is known to the police throughout the country as an expert and bold burglar, is now in the penitentiary of Philadelphia. Being asked why his gang did not make an attempt on the Northumberland Bank while operating in that neighborhood several years ago, he said, "Three times we went to do it, and each time we were frustrated, and by what, do you think?—a terrible bulldog? the watchman's revolver? or the strength of the safe? Neither; but by a little child. You see, the watchman generally came down to the bank from his supper, leading his little child by the hand. We had it all arranged to pounce upon him, gag and bind him, and then rob the place; but, somehow, when I saw that little one, I hadn't the heart to give the signal and hurt it, so he escaped. I am a bad man, and I ain't afraid of the best man living, but I could not bear to see the little thing hurt."

Smoking in Public Conveyances.

The question has been asked, have the managers of public conveyances the right and power to put off from their vehicles people who persist in smoking? The answer is that the right and the power generally exist in such managers to make and enforce reasonable regulations for the comfort of the general public, and the prohibition of smoking comes within the rules, until it can be proved that tobacco smoke is not noxious nor offensive, and that the great majority of persons are smokers. Smoking is an indulgence, not a necessity, and no man has a right to procure his personal pleasures at the cost of inconveniencing and annoying others. But underlying all this the point of gentility comes up.

Will any gentleman insist upon smoking in a public conveyance when he cannot help knowing that in doing so he is annoying both women and children, and often causing them serious trouble and nausea? Some flippant reasoners try to draw the line at a cigarette or a mild cigar; but the offence against good manners is the same, differing only in degree. Tobacco smoke is tobacco smoke, though some may only make a lady sneeze, while some is strong and rank enough to upset a delicate stomach entirely. A gentleman is known, not by his style of dress but by his consideration for the feelings and comforts of others. The same applies to tobacco chewers, who distribute their saliva in public places to the injury of women's dresses and the annoyance of all people of delicate sensibilities. The difficulty, however, in talking about these matters with an eye to the public comfort lies in the fact that persons who are guilty of these habitual breaches of decorum are not likely to heed any remonstrances, no matter how pointed and emphatic.—*Baltimore American.*

Discoveries Made by Accident.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Valuable discoveries have been made, and valuable inventions suggested, by the veriest accidents.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly-enlarged appearance of a neighboring church-spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident, a few drops of aqua fluorica fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew.

The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum.

The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper.

After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure.

A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The composition of which printing-rollers are made was discovered by a Salopian printer. Not being able to find the pelt-ball, he inked the type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of a glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundy-foot was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins, he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma.

It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand.

The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, while Mr. East was highly incensed over what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened that she would not confess her agency in the matter.

After storing the damaged paper for four years, Mr. East sent it to his agent in London, with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "purposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advance over market price.

Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order from his agent for another large invoice of the paper. He was without

the secret, and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife, she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint far exceeded his ability to supply it.

A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his show window with piles of writing-paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use; and, to finish his pyramids off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point.

Taking these cards for diminutive note paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern.

As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he, after much thought, invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates made for the purpose.

The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes fast enough, so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.

Good Interest.

A capital story was long current relative to the prices charged for goods in Galt in its early days. As Mr. Shade began to grow rich, and rumors prevailed that he made profits of at least forty or fifty per cent. upon his goods, he was one day visited by a well-known, honest shopkeeper in the southern part of Waterloo township, who could not understand, but was extremely anxious to learn, how that gentleman obtained such handsome prices. "Mr. Shade," said he, "I am come down to ask how it is you can get forty or fifty per cent. profit upon your goods when I have hard work to get one per cent. for mine? Will you tell me the secret?" "Only one per cent.!" replied Mr. Shade; "why you must charge more than that." "O no, I don't," returned his Waterloo friend, deeply in earnest. "When I pay \$1 for an article, I never charge more than \$2 for it, and I want to know how I can get forty or fifty per cent. like you?" Mr. Shade explained as well as his risibility could permit, when his interlocutor departed a wiser if not a happier man. The joke, however, was too good to keep, and there is fun to this day over the Dutchman's one per cent.—*Young's Reminiscences.*

The Revival of Learning.

After the fall of the Greek Empire in 1453, numbers of Greek scholars left their homes in the Imperial City of Constantinople, where the barbarous Turks had established themselves. They carried with them all their worldly wealth—their precious manuscripts concealed under the folds of their robes. The poor exiles found a warm welcome and a congenial home in Italy, where a taste for classical literature had lately been awakened. We cannot help thinking how Petrarch, who had died three quarters of a century before, would have enjoyed the society of these learned Greeks—he who had loved learning intensely, and had done so much to cultivate a taste for it in others. He died as he had lived—among his books—for he was found dead with his head resting upon an open volume. Now everyone seemed smitten with a desire for learning, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of profiting by the instruction of these "wise men from the East." Princes, ladies, and courtiers were alike enthusiastic. Like a boy with a new toy, they were filled with delight over some newly-discovered fragment of an old Greek or Latin author. Now the lately invented art of printing came into requisition. Paper had been made from rags since the year 1800, and with these few facilities copies of the classic authors began to be multiplied, and came into the possession of those who had never dared to hope to own one. Aldus Manutius set up a printing press in Venice in 1483, and sent forth editions of those splendid classics, called after him, the Aldine editions, which are to this day the delight and envy of all lovers of rare and costly books. It was not long before the results of this revival of learning were plainly to be seen. New ways of thinking had come into fashion; a more correct and refined taste had begun to prevail, and thus was effected a complete revolution in the arts of printing, sculpture, and architecture. The new learning was called the "Humanities," and those who cultivated it were called "Humanists;" and rightly, too; for the new

learning worked a reform in morals, and so a refinement of manners. The Greek studies of the Humanists led to the translation of the Bible into many of the modern languages, and a purer and more enlightened Christianity was the result. And so on this movement, the Renaissance, went on. New ideas of religion, new ideas of politics, and of government came into being, and prepared the way for what is called the Modern Epoch. All that is best, and sweetest, and noblest; all that is most worth having in the life of the present day we owe to it—the "new birth" that came in the fifteenth century.

The Missing Link

A writer gives a singular instance of forgetfulness on the part of a very distinguished preacher, to whom, he says, we loved to listen in our boyhood—a preacher with a wonderful command over every faculty that could give brilliancy and beauty to pulpit exercises. He always preached without notes, and always broke his discourses into divisions; but once, to our amazement and that of the congregation, having traveled, so far as we remember, two departments of the discourse, he caught himself up and said;

"I—I forgot the third division!" He turned round to the organist:

"Organist, strike up a verse."

He gave out a line of a hymn, and while the organ was playing and the people singing he leaned in deep thought over the pulpit; the singing over he announced the missing link.

A similar anecdote has often been told of the late Thomas Binney. Dr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," had begged his services for some anniversary, and Binney declared his utter inability to prepare a sermon—in those days he was a strictly extempore speaker.

O, come and preach such and such a sermon; that is ready to your mind!"

So Mr. Binney promised that he would take the service; but he also, having got through two heads of the discourse, became bewildered. "Thirdly—thirdly—I've forgotten what was thirdly!" he said, and he looked over the pulpit to where Dr. Harris was sitting.

"Brother Harris, what was thirdly?"

Harris looked up, and said, "So and so."

"Exactly," said the discomfited preacher, who pursued his way with ease and happiness to the close.

The Salem Oak.

In the old Friends burying-ground on the principal street of the city of Salem, New Jersey, stands a magnificent white oak, which looks as if it had a millenium of vigorous life in it yet, although it must have been a tree of majestic proportions when John Fenwick landed there one fine October day, two hundred and five years ago, and founded the first town on the east bank of the Delaware. The Salem oak is not so remarkable for the size of its trunk, which is scarcely more than twenty feet in circumference at six feet from the ground, as it is for its amplitude of shade. In one direction its branches have a spread of 112 feet, and in the direction at right angles to its greatest diameter its branches extend more than 100 feet. At about fifteen feet from the ground the trunk swells into a great mass, and then diverges into at least twenty main branches, each of which would make a large tree. Taken altogether in altitude, volume, and expression, it is one of the grandest specimens of its kind to be seen in this country. It seems quite natural that the placid and substantial old Quaker town, whose very name signifies Peace, should have slowly gathered about the great tree, with its "tranquil aspect of venerable continuance through centuries," and it was almost a necessity that the reverent pride and good taste of the Salem people should have led them to select a likeness of the oak for the device upon the City Seal.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathise with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused, saying:—"I've lived long enough to know that one woman is as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is as bad as another, if not worse."

Potatoes for Animals.

It is said "a goose will thrive better, and the flesh will be more gratefully flavored, upon raw potatoes sliced, than upon any other article; while sheep will more speedily thrive on raw potatoes than turnips; but, and especially in the beginning, raw potatoes will scour cattle and horses, and not unfrequently cause death, while there is no danger of either from boiled or steamed potatoes. It may be true they are excellent for geese, and that they are excellent for sheep is well known. Of all animals they like a change from dry to green food in the shape of roots; and that they should thrive upon them better than the turnip, for the reason that the potato contains a larger fat substance and flesh producing element than the turnip. The chief advantage obtained in feeding the potato is realized in mature animals; if bony structure is to be formed, the turnip is fully equal to the potato. That an excess of potatoes fed to cattle and horses produces ill results, cannot be doubted, if the diet was exclusively potatoes; but that a small quantity, fed with dry hay produces injurious results is unsupposable. The boiling or steaming, which generally means an addition of more or less mild feed, would be much more satisfactory. Pigs will not always eat, and never can be fattened upon raw potatoes, while if they are broiled, next to boiled peas, perhaps, will bring them to the greatest weight they are capable of attaining, and to greater perfection than anything else that may be continuously used with safety, admitting that three or four weeks' feeding upon corn, oats or barley is necessary to make the pork firm and impart flavor.

Too Much Drinks.—A minister with a rather florid complexion had gone into the shop of a barber, one of his parishioners, to be shaved. The barber was addicted to envy bouts of drinking, after which his hand was, in consequence, unsteady at his work. In shaving the minister on the occasion referred to, he inflicted a cut sufficiently deep to cover the lower part of the face with blood. The minister turned to the barber, and said, in a tone of solemn severity, "You see, Thomas, what comes of taking too much drink."

"Ay," replied Thomas; "it mak's the skin verra tanner."

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many a kiss has been given, how many a caress, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a heart has been wrecked, how many a loved one has been lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday held the rarest of all treasures of the heart. A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow or gladness of which people never have heard. Go home to thy family man of business! Go home, you heart-erring wanderer! Go home to cheer those who await you, wronged waif of life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by! Leave your book with complex figures, your dirty workshop, your busy store. Rest with those you love; but God only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you. Forget the world of care and the battle of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man.

A Wonderful Watch.

Mr. W. C. Potter, the well-known dealer, of 90 Madison street, Chicago, has been exhibiting for a few days a wonderfully constructed watch. It was made by his brother, an old Chicagoan, Mr. Albert H. Potter, of Geneva, Switzerland, and is thus described:

Its workmanship is elegant, and shows the master hand of its constructor. How so much elegant machinery can be put into the compass of an ordinary-sized watch, and be made to perform its functions with perfect exactness as this watch does, puzzles the brain of the average watch-wearer.

This watch gives the hours, minutes, and seconds, the day of the week, the day of the month, the lunar month of twenty-nine days, and the phases of the moon at all times, it provides for the thirty and thirty-one day months, twenty-eight days in February, and every fourth year twenty-nine

days in February for leap, making all its own changes at 12 o'clock night. It is a chronograph for timing horses to the fifth of a second. And lastly it strikes the hours, quarters, and minutes. We understand that Mr. W. C. Potter has sold the watch to H. Lee Borden of Elgin, Ill., for \$1,500.

A DEAD LIMB.—A curious thing happened a few days ago in the township of Hope. A farmer's son had his leg so seriously injured by a machine, that amputation was necessary. The foot was taken away and buried. Some days after the operation, the patient was very uneasy. He said he was pained by something between the toes of the foot that had been taken off; persuasion was of no avail, and the family had at length to yield to his entreaty to have the limb exhumed. It was dug up, and, sure enough, between the toes were three kernels of corn, while three more were embedded in the heel. On their return home they found the patient perfectly easy. Can any psychologist or physiologist account for it.—*Northern Advance.*

AN ENORMOUS EGG.—In the Government of Cherson, Russia, in the bed of a river a peasant found an egg of unusual size. It is equal to forty hen's eggs, whereas the ostrich egg is equal only to twenty-four. It is of yellowish colour, and being found between the clay and gypsum layers, is supposed to belong to the tertiary formation. The purchaser of this egg offered it to the Imperial Academy of Science, St. Petersburg, for 1,000 roubles. The Academy failed to buy it on account of lack of means, but asked permission to take a mould from it. The British Museum has now bought this unique egg to the grief of the Russian students of natural science.

COATING METALS.—Prof. J. E. Reynolds, of Dublin, has patented a process of coating metals without the aid of the electric current. Specimens have been exhibited at a meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, of brass and glass coated by this process, which is said to consist simply of immersing the article in a solution of the metal.

A CHURCH TOWER.—The Episcopal church just built in Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Washington Territory, has the oldest tower on this continent. The building is of rude logs, and was put up in less than three weeks. The tower is an immense fir-tree, which has been cut off forty feet from the ground and surmounted with a bell. The rings on the tree show that it is at least 275 years old.

A writer in the *Scientific American* tells how he cleans his premises of rats by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters with a thick coat of it. He says:—In every crevice where a rat might tread we put the crystals of the copperas and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been about the house. Every spring a coat of yellow wash is given the cellar, as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family.

A Ship Railway for the American Isthmus.

A gigantic project for the construction of a railway for the transportation of loaded ships across the isthmus at Panama is seriously discussed in the *Scientific American* of November 13th, for which it is contended that in comparison with a canal for the same purpose, it would be more effective, perfectly safe, the cost of construction would be only one quarter, or at most one-half, as much as a canal; that the cost of construction could be definitely determined in advance; that the cost of maintenance and operation would be less, and that it would be necessary to charge four or five times as much per ton on a canal to make it pay as well. The scheme may strike us as a wild one, but probably only because it is novel. The idea of transporting great ships with their freight undisturbed across the country is a startling one; but the scheme is no doubt feasible. It is discussed in a lengthy article in the *Scientific American* and beautifully illustrated by suitable cuts. It is not a matter of surprise that a scientific journal so well filled with novel and interesting scientific information, and so profusely illustrated as this is, should have reached a circulation of 50,000 weekly.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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(Written for the Family Circle.)

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Once again the festal season,—
Season best of all the year,—
Comes with joy and with good cheer;
Flow of soul, and feast of reason,
Converse sweet and friendships dear,
Glad we welcome Christmas here.

At such times how memory turneth
To the days of long ago,
Like the tidal waters flow;
And the light undimm'd yet burneth,
Though the shadows longer grow
As the seasons come and go.

Christmas days, that satisfied us
With the fare that Christmas brings,—
Later days, with later things,—
Those we love perchance beside us,
Christmas carols sweetly sing
While the merry sleighbells ring.

Still of love the season speaketh,—
Love of God yet half untold,—
More revealed as we grow old.
And the light, that dimly burneth,
Shines at last like burnished gold,
When we gather in the fold.

Festive season, then we hail thee!
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
Angels chant the song again!
Christ, our love shall never fail thee,
Till we taste the bliss that waits,
Just beyond the pearly gates.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

They were a merry party that at length set off. For Mollie acting the part she had set herself laughed and chattered with the best of them. Sybil and Macdonald were laughingly discussing the follies and foibles of society, whilst Neal, the only silent one of the party stalked along on her other side; listening to the conversation going on between the quartette behind, and savagely gnawing his innocent moustache at the ever-recurring sound of a mirthful, musical laugh, following closely upon the tones of a deep bass voice, which undoubtedly belonged to Paul Halliday. And Mollie watching the trio in front, saw only that he was at Sybil's

side, knew only that he had sought that place when they first set out, without even so much as addressing her—Mollie. She felt all the bitterness of it, but resolved that none of the others should have occasion to suspect that she did feel it. She had plenty of pluck, had this gently nurtured spoil child of fortune. There are few women brave enough to face the world with a cheerful smiling front whilst all the time the poor crushed heart is breaking with a world of woe.

Perhaps, placing Sybil O'Brien and Mollie Stuart in exactly similar circumstances; the latter would, when tried have been found the stronger, braver, nobler of the two. Many a man and woman in whose nature lay dormant the germs of a pure and true nobility have gone to their graves unknown and unappreciated, because untried. Surely in every, in each human soul created by the God above us, there is some good; some little seed implanted, which is hindered from growing, by the weeds, and neglect and waste desolation all around it.

After a walk of about ten minutes, they reached the boat house where, entering a small row boat they were pulled, three at a time to the yacht, "Fairie Queen" which lay at anchor a little way from shore. She was a graceful little skiff; though scarcely worthy of the ambitious title of yacht. Soon they were skimming along before a stiff, steady breeze; the rippling, murmuring sound of the water at the bow, was soothing in its gentle monotony, and the clear, calm-faced moon shining down made it light enough for them to see each other's faces distinctly.

Neal sat at the helm steering; whilst the others grouped themselves in accordance with their various inclinations. Arthur Macdonald, as was now always his wont, established himself on a rug at Miss O'Brien's feet. Tom had asserted his right to Katie, and after wrapping her carefully in a shawl, stretched himself at full length on the deck with his curly head on her lap, and was all the time surreptitiously kissing the wee brown hand that rested so softly on his brow. Mollie found herself somehow or other placed close to Neal with Paul on the other side.

"This is what I call folly!" exclaimed Tom gazing up at the moon; whether he was addressing that luminary or his companions is doubtful. However Katie took it upon herself to answer.

"Yes; is it not quite too sweet; Neal you are a— a—"

She stopped and looked with a lurking smile at Tom.

"A what?" asked Neal, rousing himself.

"A darling!" finished Katie defiantly, "to think of giving us this exquisite treat." They all laughed and Tom affected anger with but poor success.

"Well now I appeal to you all if he is not. Is he not Mollie?" turning suddenly to her.

"I fear it would be treason to say no, therefore I say yes," she replied gaily. Her answer irritated Neal and caused him more pain, than the plain, out-spoken "no" would have done. I almost believe, reader, don't you, that Mr. Despard was—was—but we will not be precipitate, else we might regret it.

"I'll tell you what would make it follier than ever" proceeded Tom energetically.

"What?" asked several voices.

"Songs" was the laconic reply.

"Oh! ah! yes! of course; I daresay we should all have thought the same thing presently," said Macdonald languidly, who ever liked another to be before-hand in suggesting anything.

"You sing, Sibyl, there's a dear."

"What shall I sing then Kate?"

"Let us have the dear old song 'What are the Wild Waves Saying?' I know Tom always declares it is as old as the hills; but I do like it so much; it will sound so sweet out here with the water all around us."

So Sibyl sang; and Kate was right. It did sound exquisitely sweet; and Sibyl had a good voice though not so powerful, nor yet as tender and sweet as Mollie's.

"That is lovely. Thank you."

"Splendid! Do sing something else" exclaimed several voices; and without more ado she complied; singing, "Maid of Athens" and the "Three Fishers."

"There's a song you used to sing Sybil; don't you remember? I was always so fond of it. I have not heard it for a long time. Ah! I cannot remember exactly. Let me see. In the—in the gloaming."

"Oh! I know the one you mean Neal; but indeed I have forgotten the words myself. Yes, I remember it was a dear little song, but so sad."

"In the Gloaming"—Mollie sings it" exclaims Katie. Do you not Mollie?"

"Yes, I sing it sometimes. Perhaps if I repeat the words Miss O'Brien will remember."

"But I would so much enjoy hearing you sing it Miss Stuart" said Sybil gently.

"It is a great favorite of mine also" asserts Paul unflushingly. "So you will sing it Mollie won't you?"

Mollie would have preferred *not* to sing this song which Neal had asked Sybil to sing; but she could not very well refuse. Neal might have joined the others in requesting the song from her. But he did no such thing; he had taken no notice when Katie had said that Mollie knew it. She felt hurt, and half stung by his indifference. So, when Paul said;—"You will sing it Mollie? won't you?" she smiled and gaily replied that she would with pleasure. Then on the night air, with the placid moon shining down upon them and the tender, murmuring swish of the water rose and fell the sweet voice singing with an indescribable pathos.

"In the gloaming, oh! my darling

Think not bitterly of me,

Though I passed you by in silence

Left you lonely, left you free!

For my heart was crushed with longing

What had been, could never be!

It was best to leave you thus dear—

Best for you and best for me."

There was a perceptible quiver in the girl's voice as she sang the closing words. And Neal furtively watching her face, saw, or fancied he saw a tear glistening in her eye.

"Oh Mollie! how sadly you sang that, dear; and yet it was very beautiful." Cried impulsive Kate.

"It is a sad little song," said Neal softly.

"What had been, could never be," murmured Sybil. What a world of tender pathos there is in those words!"

A silence fell upon them all. Each one was feeling in different ways and with more or less depth the influence of the words of that tender little song.

"Come! let us have something cheerful now" said Macdonald presently. Then, Neal bending forward so as almost to touch her, half whispered to Mollie,

"Sing 'Comin' thro' the Rye.'" And before her eyes rose the old garden of Fernside; the bright sunshine, the nodding flowers, the singing of the birds; and Neal standing beside her, holding her basket the while she fastened into his button-hole the rose-bud he had asked her to give him. How happy she had been that morning! For did she not then dream that he was hers; her lover? Ah! now she knew better. He is Sybil's now. Without answering him, she commenced to sing.

"If a body meet a body, comin' thro' the rye
Gin a body kiss a body; need a body cry?"

Every lassie has her laddie; nane they say hae I;

Yet a' the lads they smile at me, when comin' thro' the rye.
Among the train, there is a swain

I dearly loc mysel; but whaur his hame
Or what his name, I dinna care to tell."

The others expressed their thanks, when she had finished, but Neal uttered no word. He was thinking, as Sybil had done before, how wondrously like this girl was to her sister. It was not the first time the likeness had struck him. He had seen it often, and had himself told her of it.

"How very like Alice she is to-night" he murmured to himself "With that half sad expression in her face; even in the moonlight I can see what a sad little face it is."

"I often tell Mollie that if ever she were forced to earn her own living, she would easily make her fortune with that voice" Katie was saying. And two, of those who heard the laughing words, inwardly exclaimed "God forbid! She never shall whilst I live."

They were speeding homeward now; after being out for two hours.

"Here we are" cried Tom, and the sails were lowered and they entered the row boat to be pulled ashore.

So the long Summer days passed by. And each day saw the young people together; either yachting, or riding or walking, or gathered in the evenings at Fernside or the Hall. Impromptu dances were got up; and enjoyed with a zest. Music and singing never failed, and as most of them had good voices, and musical tastes many a pleasant evening was idled away in this manner. But notwithstanding this daily intercourse Neal and Mollie were still playing at cross purposes with each other and neither would give the other opportunity for explanations.—

I was too proud the truth to show;

You were too proud the truth to know;

And so, we parted long ago."

Neal jealous of Paul, though he scarcely knew himself that he was so; angry with Mollie without knowing why, stood aloof, moodily watching whilst the girl smiled and talked and laughed with Paul, cruelly if unconsciously leading him to hope that his love was returned. Neal saw it all; Paul's infatuation, Mollie's apparent encouragement, and the approval of their elders; for Mr and Mrs Stuart wished for no better fate for their darling than that of being Paul's wife. And his father as well as his sisters rejoiced to think that Paul would at last give up his unsettled, roving life, and remain at home; if not in Buxly at anyrate in Canada somewhere. For Paul was a wanderer by nature.

Neal Despard had been suddenly awakened to the fact that Mollie was no longer the child he had deemed her, but a woman. Perhaps the near approach of Katie's wedding had had something to do with this, for Kate was but a year older than Mollie. But Paul's love, his attentions to the latter had been chiefly instrumental in opening his eyes to the truth that Mollie Stuart was no child but a woman, and that he—Neal Despard loved her! Yes! at last he loved; and acknowledged to himself that Sybil had him right when she told him that his feeling for her was not love. Oh no! not love, if this was love. He had never been madly jealous when Sybil had been literally surrounded by admirers, as he was now when Paul Halliday's tall form appeared daily at Mollie's side, when he hung over her chair, turned her music for her, or rode by her side. It maddened him to see Paul greeted with a bright smile and a merry word whilst to him her manner was cold and distant by contrast. He thought she loved Paul, and therefore kept aloof from her. He sought Sybil's society, thereby confirming in Mollie's mind the report of his engagement to Miss O'Brien. So they played, at cross purposes all the long Summer days. And Kate's wedding near, and little else was thought or talked of, at least by the feminine part of the community. Mollie was to be first bridesmaid and Paul groomsmen while Sybil was second bridesmaid and Neal was to stand up with her.

It was the evening before the wedding day and Sybil and Mollie were alone in the latter's bedroom. They were sitting each on a low chair by the open window; and were talking of many things, all bearing upon and verging towards the all-important topic, the wedding.

"It grieved me that your friend Mollie Stuart should have taken a dislike to me; I wonder why it is; you know I liked *her* from the first, I wanted so much to make her my friend; for I shall lose you to-morrow Katie."

"Not so," answered Kate warmly. "If I were married fifty times over, I should still be your friend, Sybil."

"I hope we shall always be friends indeed; but, ah! dear Kate we can never again be *quite* the same; you will have your husband, he will be first as a matter of course, you will have your home, and the social duties of a married woman, and by and bye dear there will be others to claim your love, your attention, your time. Do not think that I reproach you or feel hurt, dear. It is all right, all just and natural. They say 'when a man marries he is lost as a friend,' how much more truly may the same be said of a woman. Her life is bound up in her husband, her children, her home, while the friendships of her girlhood fade into little else than a memory, tender and sweet, 'tis true; but still only a memory."

Her voice trembled, and a sob half-choked her utterance; there were tears in Kate's eyes also, as she knelt down by Sybil's side and put her arm over her friend's shoulder.

"Sybil! dear old Sybil! you are cruel to say such things to me; how can you imagine that my friendship for you and Mollie could ever, ever fade into a pale, shadowy, colorless memory. I tell you when years and years have passed away and we who now are young and gay and just commencing to climb life's long steep hill, have reached the summit, and old, weary and white-haired are descending the other side; our friendship will stand out from our lives, not a faint memory, or dim dream of the past; but a living bright reality clear and strong as—as now—" She broke down with a sob and clinging to Sybil laid her head upon her breast and cried like a little child.

"Hush dearest! what will Tom think if he finds that you have been crying when he comes; and this the eve of your wedding day; come dry your tears else I shall reproach myself as the cause of them."

Gradually the sobs ceased, but the bride-elect still knelt by her friend's side.

"I am sure you exaggerate when you say that Mollie dislikes you Sybil. I am sure she does not. I cannot help seeing that she is cold in her manner to you, and I am sorry for it, I cannot account for it in the least; but I trust that even yet you two will become dear friends."

"I hope so."

"Do you know it may only be a fancy of mine, but I sometimes think that she and Neal have quarreled they used to be such friends and allies and now they rarely address one another, and when they do one would imagine them to be mere acquaintances."

"Yes I have remarked the same thing" answers Sybil musingly. "Did it never strike you, Katie, that Neal is *jealous* of Paul? I may be wrong but I confess the thought has entered my mind more than once."

"I certainly never dreamed of Neal as Mollie's lover" says Kate, looking surprised; and half-curiously at her friend. "Forgive me dear, but—but I always thought he cared for you."

"He fancied he did once; but it was only a fancy, we are friends, nothing more." They were both silent for a moment each intent on her own thoughts.

"I wonder" says Katie presently, "if it is so; Poor Neal!"

"Poor *Paul*" inwardly ejaculates Miss O'Brien. "There is the tea bell says Kate rising, and stopping in front of the mirror to smooth her hair. "If you are ready we shall go down; Tom will not be here now till the late train."

The wedding day dawns bright and clear, and the family at the Hall are astir at an early hour. It is not my intention to linger long on the subject of Kate Halliday's wedding. It resembled most other weddings.

Friends gathered about bride and bridegroom. Some laughed and joked with genuine merriment; others smiled through the mist of gathering tears; and one and all wished joy to the newly married pair. There was the sumptuous breakfast laid in the long dining room at the Hall, at which the customary toasts were given, the customary speeches made, while the bride was borne away by the customary phalanx of attendant female friends; for the purpose of changing the snowy bridal robes for the pretty, tasteful travelling suit. When this had been donned and Katie was

about to descend, Sybil touched her arm and whispered—"Come with me, dear Katie, for a moment; I have something to tell you; come to my own room; tell them we will be down stairs in five minutes" she added, turning to the others, and Kate and she passed out of the room.

"Katie I would not let you go without telling you of something that has happened since we were together last evening," said Sybil when they had entered her own apartment. "I have had no opportunity of speaking to you. O Katie!" and the glad head drooped and the deep violet eyes were suffused with tears; even whilst they sparkled with a joy as sweet as novel.

"Oh! Katie! I am so happy dearest. Arthur MacDonald has asked me to be his wife."

"Sybil! Oh Sybil!" the words came from Katie more like a cry than anything else. Reproach, sorrow and keen disappointment were expressed in her tone. She had no time to say more for Paul's step was heard in the hall, and his voice calling, "Katie, Katie you must hurry or you will miss the train."

"Kate, Kate! say but one kind word to me."

"Sybil darling! God bless you and make you happy."

Then with a kiss and a parting embrace; the bride hastened down. But we will not linger over the farewells that had to be gone through ere the bridal pair were fairly away. The guests went their several ways and quiet reigned once more at the Hall where Katie's blithe presence was missed by all; but particularly by her father whose pet and darling she had ever been.

We have hitherto omitted to mention the fact that Miss Staunton was one of the wedding guests, but the omission was assuredly not occasioned by the insignificance of that lady's presence; for she had been most profuse in her congratulations, and officious in her attendance upon "our dear, sweet bride" and had moreover attracted to her side two fashionable young wags who affected extreme admiration of Miss Marjorie's youthful charms, and were secretly in the wildest delight at her absurdities.

In the evening Paul sauntered over to Fernside. He had got into the habit of going there, and had unconsciously taken the place there, held by Neal, before Paul's return to Buxly.

"I intend to speak the very first opportunity I have," he said to himself as he walked along. "There is Kate 'wooed and married an' a' and Miss O'Brien and Arthur engaged; so I suppose that accounts for my being so impatient to possess my pretty darling. God bless her! she was the sweetest and loveliest of them all this morning. If she will be my wife, I shall stay at home for two or three years at anyrate, and settle down to the law; it will please Father and the girls." When he reached Fernside he found that there were visitors before him; and no opportunity occurred for speaking alone to Mollie. He thought, as he watched her talking to her guests, that the young face looked pale and weary and the dark eyes a trifle sad. As he bade her good night he lingered for a few moments by her side.

"Oh! by the bye," he said, "I am almost forgetting to tell you a stupendous piece of news. Miss O'Brien is engaged to be married to a mutual friend of ours; whom do you think?"

"I do not know; tell me," she said slowly.

"To Arthur MacDonald; are you not surprised?"

CHAPTER VII.

Sybil's Invitation.

She started, and a deep crimson flush suffused her pale face; raising her startled eye to Paul's face, she said in a low quick tone:

"Arthur MacDonald!"

"Even so" answered Paul laughing "wonderful is it not? strange that none of us saw what was going on under our very noses."

"Miss O'Brien—when is Miss O'Brien going away?"

"On Thursday; she spoke of calling here to-morrow; she will call at anyrate before she leaves. Good night and go to bed soon little one; you look pale and tired; I want to find the roses in those cheeks when I see you next."

"Good night Paul" she replied smiling and holding out her hand. "I think I will take your advice and go to bed soon; this has been a long day, and scarcely a happy one—"

for us who are left; dear dear Katie! I hope she will be happy."

"They are happy never fear" answered Paul smilingly. "And now good night dear"

When she re-entered the drawing-room, her father and mother exchanged smiling glances, whilst Aunt Janet, who was spending the evening at Fernside, sat bolt upright looking more grim and unapproachable than usual. Evidently some conversation, pleasing to her parents, displeasing to her aunt had been going on in her short absence from the room, and Mollie had but small doubt that *she* had been the subject. As she came in by the open window her mother looked towards her with a tender loving smile, and her father who was sitting in his favorite arm chair, held out his hand to her and drew her down upon his knee, stroking softly the wavy brown hair.

"And so, little woman, you have lost your old friend Katie, how will you get on without her, eh?"

"I don't know papa."

"We shall all miss Katie very much," said Mrs. Stuart, "she was always so bright and cheery; Mollie will have the pleasure of writing to her and receiving her letters to look forward to, which although not the same as seeing and speaking to a friend is the next best thing to it. Poor Ruth will miss her most, she has been like a mother to little Kate ever since their own mother died."

"Dear Ruth," murmured Mollie, "so kind and unselfish in everything, mamma we must persuade her to come here often when Miss O'Brien leaves."

"Yes dear."

"Ruth Halliday is a good woman; but I think it was extremely unwise to leave in her hands the sole management and bringing up of a girl like Kate, when she—Ruth herself was so young and inexperienced; I warned Mr. Halliday at the time that he was doing a very injudicious thing, but he would not listen to me; as a natural consequence of her training Kate has turned out exactly as I foretold, an idle frivolous girl, bright and charming enough I have no doubt but for the practical purposes of life utterly useless, I tremble when I think of her in the position of a wife, with all the heavy responsibilities and cares pertaining to that position; it is to be hoped however that marriage will sober her and change her from a mere butterfly into a staid and sensible woman."

"Oh Aunt Janet! how can you say such unjust things of Katie, she is not a mere butterfly; indeed indeed she is as good a housekeeper as Ruth herself, and knows far, far more than I do and —"

"Humph! that is not saying much," interrupted Miss Stuart with a shrug; she and her niece generally had a passage of arms when they met, and Aunt Janet was frequently the vanquished one; but on this occasion Mr. Stuart gave his daughter's arm a gentle squeeze as a hint to let the matter drop.

"I do not quite agree with you sister Janet" he said. "To my mind Katie could not have had a more tender or judicious bringing up than her sister Ruth's. She is an innocent, happy girl, with a mind and heart as pure and guileless as a child's, and as far as womanly accomplishments are concerned, I believe that events will show that she is as fit to fill the responsible position of wife as many a woman of double her age; for my part I trust marriage will never rob her of the sweet, happy singing bird spirit of her girlhood."

"Well, if men prefer singing birds to women for their wives I have nothing more to say; in my young days girls were trained with graver views of life than walking, driving, dressing and idling away the time in every other conceivable way."

Mr Stuart did not answer, and Mollie gave his hand a little grateful squeeze for so valiantly taking her friend's part.

"And when is some venturesome knight coming to carry off our singing bird? eh pet?" with a half mischievous glance in the direction of his grim sister.

"I am sure I do not know daddy dear; he would need to be a very venturesome knight if he undertook to storm the stronghold of Fernside with you and mamma for garrison, you would stand a pretty long siege, eh papa dearest? for you are in no hurry to get rid of poor little me are you?"

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it; but may be some day little lady you will turn traitor, betray the garrison and open

the gates to the besieger, then we shall have no choice but to surrender."

"Josephine I must be going home now; if you will excuse me. I shall go up and put on my bonnet."

Miss Stuart arose and swept majestically from the room with a withering glance of mingled pity and contempt at her brother and niece. Mrs Stuart followed her and father and daughter were left alone. They looked at one another and began to laugh.

"Oh! papa I fear you are very naughty," says Mollie, with both arms around his neck and her laughing face close to his.

"We routed the enemy that time at any rate; did n't we pet?"

"Yes, with tremendous slaughter; but my poor papa I pity you; yes, from the bottom of my heart I pity you."

"Why?"

"You will get such an awful lecture when you are taking Aunt Janet home to-night."

"Will I? Ha! ha! ha! Yes, yes I daresay; well, I must bear up under it somehow or other."

They remained silent for a moment and then softly, pityingly she murmured:

"Poor Aunt Janet"

"Poor Aunt Janet" echoed her father, then drawing her to him he said—

"I thank God for you my little merry singing bird; and dearest, whatever your aunt may say to the contrary a woman finds her heart's deepest joy, her life's sweetest content in her husband's love."

Mollie did not reply but lay still with her head upon her father's shoulder, her brown eyes gazing dreamily before her.

"There's your aunt coming down, run dear and get my hat and cane, and go to bed my little white rose, your mother will wait up for me"

"Are you ready Allan? I regret having to trouble you; but George declared it was impossible to come for me to-night as he would be busy at the bank till after eleven; it is a pity I did not leave directions with one of the servants to come for me"

"Nonsense! my dear Janet; it is not trouble I assure you."

"Good night Josephine; good night Mary" Miss Janet scorned the familiar pet name name of Mollie; to her, her niece was always *Mary*.

"Mamma" said Mollie when they were gone. "Do you know that Miss O'Brien is engaged to Arthur Macdonald?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed her mother. "Did Paul tell you?"

Yes; he had almost forgotten it, but just remembered as he was bidding me good night. You look surprised mamma."

"So I am my dear; you know Mr Macdonald was never a favorite of mine; I do not think he is a good man, but I trust he will make Sybil O'Brien a kind husband."

"They will make a decidedly handsome couple at any rate"

"Yes."

"Well now good night mamma dear; are you quite sure you would not like me to wait up with you till papa returns?"

"Quite sure; good night darling."

It was with a strange feeling of happiness, that Mollie entered her own little room that night. The thought uppermost in her mind was,—*"It was all a mistake, all a mistake he is not engaged to her at all."* What a difference is often made by a few words carelessly uttered. Making the heart light again which before has been oppressed with some intolerable weight of sorrow or apprehension. And when our hearts have thus been lightened, how does the aspect of everything around us become changed. The sky which before seemed dull and overcast is now bright and blue; the glorious sunshine so irritating to our eyes, we now rejoice to see flooding every nook and corner. The people around us whom we deemed cross and exacting or fussy and over-officious in their attentions are now the very kindest and most loveable creatures in existence. We take up the neglected piece of work, and labor with astonishing energy to make up for our idleness of the past few days, and bestir our memories to recall half forgotten schemes of usefulness; and in fact strive in every way to find some safe outlet for the renewed spirits and gladness within us. It was in just such a frame of mind that our heroine laid her head upon her pillow that night, she longed, with a fever of half suppressed excitement for the morrow to arrive; it was an effort to lie still with that great gladness filling her whole heart. She did not sta

to question herself as to how and in what way the tidings she had heard that evening would affect herself. Although Neal was free, and supposing that Sybil cared nothing for him, as of course she did not; might it not be possible—nay; most probable that *he* cared for her. Mollie thought of this and in her kind little heart pitied Neal. "Poor Neal" she murmured "but he will get over it; he will not love her always; certainly not when he sees her the wife of Arthur Macdonald, and loving Arthur as she most assuredly does or she would not marry him. But still—poor Neal!" With these half tender words on her lips she fell asleep peacefully as a little child with one hand under her cheek, and a contented smile upon her half parted lips. Happy girlhood that can enjoy such innocent, blessed sleep! The next morning as she was in the garden listening idly to the rambling conversation of old Michael the gardener she caught a glimpse between the trees of a lady advancing up the gravelled walk toward the house, and guessing instantly that it was Sybil, went forward to meet her.

"Good morning, Miss O'Brien; Paul told us you were coming this morning, so I stayed at home on purpose to see you; mamma is in the house will you come in?"

"What lovely roses!" cried Sybil, stooping to examine them. "They are the finest I have ever seen; what a beautiful garden you have here; I suppose you spend a great deal of your time amongst your flowers; do you garden much?"

"Well no" laughingly "Michael is very jealous of his authority, and will permit no one to tend the flowers but himself; they are his children he says, and boasts that no one has such beautiful children as he; the roses and lillies and all the large flowers are his full-grown sons and daughters and the daisies, violets, pansies etc are his babies; not a bad idea; is it?"

"No indeed; Michael must be a very interesting character and he certainly is to be pardoned for the pride he takes in his children; exceedingly lovely they are."

"I hope Mollie—I may call you Mollie, may I not?"

"Oh yes! please do."

"I hope you did not deprive yourself of any pleasure this morning by staying at home on my account?"

"No; I assure I did not; I was going for a ride, but I can just as well go this afternoon, and I have really enjoyed myself out here listening to old Michael talking about his children. Besides I wanted to see you; Paul says you leave Buxly on Thursday."

"Yes, I do; and I shall be very sorry for I have spent an exceedingly pleasant summer, and shall always retain pleasant memories of Buxly."

They had reached the veranda by this time, and now entered the sitting room by the open window. Mrs Stuart was not in the room and Mollie went away to call her. She appeared presently and expressed her pleasure at seeing Sybil.

"You have not come to Fernside as frequently as we have wished, Miss O'Brien; but of course Katie's wedding kept you all along busy at the Hall; I hear you are going to leave us this week; we shall be sorry to lose you."

"Thank you Mrs Stuart you are very kind; I was just telling Mollie how sorry I felt at going away; everybody has been so kind to me."

"Poor Ruth will miss you sadly."

"She will indeed be lonely, now that Katie has gone; I would remain for a week or two longer if I possibly could; but my dear friend Alice Despard is growing weaker every day, Auntie writes, and longs for my return, therefore I feel that it is my duty to go to her."

"Yes you are right; poor little girl she has a sad life; Neal has often spoken to me of her; and you say she is growing weaker?"

"Yes; I had a letter yesterday from my aunt; she says that Mrs. Despard is becoming very anxious; I fear dear Alice will not be with us very long; you do not know all she has begun to me Mrs Stuart; no two sisters could love one another more dearly than we do."

"I think I understand that dear; and she is a sweet girl they say; does Neal know that she is worse?"

"Yes his mother wrote to tell him and asking him to come down as soon as he possibly could."

"He gets his vacation some time this month I think but I do not know exactly when; do you Mollie?"

"No mamma" she felt the tell-tale blush mounting to

her brow, and knew that Sybil had observed it; she bit her lip and turned her head away. Sybil certainly had seen the blush and it told her a great deal; she had more than half suspected for some time past that Mollie did not return Paul's love; and that Neal loved her as dearly as Paul, but she had never been able to determine whether or no the young girl cared for Neal. Now she was sure of it, else why should she remain so silent during the conversation about Alice, and blush when Neal's name was mentioned?

Mrs Stuart delicately broached the subject of Sybil's engagement and warmly congratulated her. As she arose to go she extended a cordial invitation to Mollie to spend two or three weeks in Toronto.

"I should like to go so much Miss O'Brien if papa and mamma will consent."

"Your papa and I will have no objection dear."

"Then I will go with pleasure Miss O'Brien."

"Oh! I am so glad; then suppose you come when Neal does this month; he will be your escort down; I know how unpleasant it is to travel alone if you are not accustomed to travelling, in any case. What do you think of the idea Mrs Stuart? will you let her come with Neal?"

"I see no objection" she answered slowly, "but I shall speak to Mr Stuart to-night, and see what he says."

"Perhaps" interposed Mollie with another quick blush "perhaps Mr. Despard would prefer not to act as my escort."

"Neal would be only too well pleased I am sure" answered Sybil, "however, if only to please you he shall have the option of refusing; but I do not think there is the smallest possible chance of his doing anything of the sort." And as she spoke Sybil gave Mollie a kindly but searching look; which had the effect of once more driving the blushes over face and brow.

"Will you drive with me to the Burtons' this afternoon Mollie?" asked her mother when their visitor had departed.

"Yes mamma, certainly; I was thinking of riding over myself this afternoon, I did not know that you intended going; Miss Staunton told me yesterday that Burton was going to resume his work on the farm to-morrow."

"Yes; but poor man! I fear he is not fit for farm work; your papa is going to try and get him something to do here in the village; in some shop perhaps; and meantime I have a plan for the eldest girl; I was thinking that as Sarah is going to leave us next week we might take Christy Burton in her place; she seems to be a nice quiet, steady girl; she is rather young to be sure but—"

"Oh! dear mamma how kind and thoughtful you are! Christy Burton will make a very good housemaid I am sure; and if she is rather young she makes up for it by being just the quietest and sensiblest girl in all Buxley, there, there never mind my grammar; let us go right after lunch and engage her; poor Mrs Burton will be so glad, she was saying to me the other day how she wished Christy would get some employment; and now if papa could only succeed in getting Burton some suitable employment, they would do very well."

"Well dear we will do what we can for them they are very worthy people I am sure."

When luncheon was over the phaeton was brought round and the two ladies started on their charitable mission; when they reached their destination they alighted and were preparing to enter; to their surprise the cottage door opened and Neal Despard came out.

"Mr Despard!" exclaimed Mrs Stuart and held out her hand. Mollie said nothing but merely bowed, and he raised his hat:

"A pleasant day Mrs Stuart; I have just been looking in on my worthy friends here; I see Mrs Burton is waiting for you to enter so I will not detain you; good afternoon" He raised his hat once more and left them. With a heart that sank like lead Mollie watched him striding away—gone!—without one word to her! Then came a hot angry feeling, and biting her lip, she followed her mother with a flushed face into the cottage. It was a poor place, though beautifully neat and clean; the floor was bare and the furniture was scanty and of the very poorest description. Three little children were playing on the back door step which was visible from the room into which they had entered; Mrs. Burton, a pale faded woman with a thin wan face, held an infant in her arms. She curtsied as the two ladies came in, and with her one disengaged hand brought forward a chair for

each. After a little preliminary conversation Mrs Stuart informed the poor woman of her scheme for the girl Christy. Mrs Burton listened with a gradually brightening face, and when all was explained she burst out with her thanks.

"Oh! ma'am indeed and its only too good you are to us, an' we'll be right glad to let Christy go; it was only the other day that I was a sayin' to Miss here, that we would think it a blessin' if we could get something for her to do, I'm very grateful to you, ma'am an' so'll my husband be when he hears of it."

"Where is Christy?" asked Mollie looking round. "She's in the yard Miss I'll call her; here Christy," she cried going to the door. Presently a tall thin girl entered she was poorly but neatly dressed, she courtesied to both ladies, and stood waiting shyly for them to speak.

"I am in want of a housemaid Christy," said Mrs Stuart, "and Miss Stuart and I have come this afternoon to ask your mother to let you take the place; would you like to come?"

"Oh! yes ma'am, if you please" answered the girl, her face flushing with surprise and pleasure.

"Then come this day week to Fernside; you can try the place for a month any way; but I scarcely think you will find the work too hard."

"Oh! no ma'am I'm sure not to."

This pointsettled Mrs Stuart commenced talking on other matters to Mrs Burton, and Christy with another courtesy withdrew.

Mollie had taken the baby from its mother, and sat with it on her knee listening to all that went on, and bending every now and then over the little thing to smile at it, and smooth back the tiny ringlets on the little white brow, while the child laughed and crowed in her face. Presently the conversation between her mother and Mrs Burton turned on Neal's visit to the village. "'Deed ma'am an' he's been that good to us, ever since Burton was took with that illness, Mr Despard he's sat up with him many a night when he was at the worst of the fever, an' he's come an' read to him many a time. Burton, he thinks as there's no one like Mr Despard."

Whilst this was being said, Mollie remained with her head bent down over the baby; but the bright color came and went and her eyes glistened with grateful gladness at this poor woman's praise of Neal. It is always sweet to a young girl to listen to the praises of her lover. "How good, oh! how good he is," she murmured to herself, and the baby on her lap cooed and smiled and doubled up his little fists as much as to say that he quite agreed with her and was ready to do battle with any person who ventured to disagree.

Mrs Stuart now arose and after bestowing a kiss on the baby's face Mollie returned him to his mother and both ladies wishing Mrs Burton good bye, entered the phaeton and drove homeward.

It was about five o'clock when they reached home; and were told by one of the servants that "young Mr Halliday was in the library with the master"

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

"'TIS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND:"

A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

Man! does some passion enslave you,
 Degrading your body and soul?
 Some devil's lure master and brave you,
 The siren, the dice, or the bowl?
 O! pause for a moment and hearken,
 And take the advice of a friend,
 Ere life's day in death's night shall darken—
 'Tis never too late to mend.

It may be that sin has enthralled you
 Through many a long misspent year;
 That conscience has pleadingly called you
 Till her voice yon no longer can hear;
 That day after day you are going
 The road that in ruin will end,
 Besotted and blinded—not knowing
 'Tis never too late to mend.

No brave man is he, but a coward,

No freeman is he, but a slave,

Who yields, by his passions o'erpowered,

No blow strikes his manhood to save.

Come, rouse up your heart, if within it

There's one longing your fetters to rend!

Man! fight the good fight, and you'll win it—

'Tis never too late to mend.

With your body, your soul, and your spirit,

Fight constant and instant 'gainst sin;

Long and sore though the fight, never fear it,

Fight on to the end and you'll win.

Each lure you resist makes yon stronger,

Each struggle some fetter will rend,

Till at last you're a sin-slave no longer—

'Tis never too late to mend.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

The Power of Sympathy.

In the Sunday-School Times we find this pretty illustration by Rev. C. S. Robinson:

Once I knew a working man, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of crimson glass, indeed anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give a color in the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental Scotchman, but never went he home at nightfall without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in. I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick child so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down the sides before they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning-time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them! so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery full of men of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Everybody did a piece of work for him, and put it on the sauded plank to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right around the corner out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.

Hearts Overworked.

No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine and his blood rushes through its reservoir faster than was intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these "excitements" is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a "sinking" or "emptiness," as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from this central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member; but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly, if it be "put upon," as the unselfish mem-

ber of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganization which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganization begins too often nowadays in the hearts of very young children.

If in the schoolroom some young hearts are broken from mental strain, in the play ground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. "It is no object of mine," says Dr. Richardson, "to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud."

The symptoms of failure of the heart from overwork are unusual restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food; and meals, which have probably been taken at irregular intervals and in haste, become objectionable. Stimulants are now resorted to; but these nourish a workman as little as a whip nourishes a horse. They give him an exciting flip; but the best medical men tell us that in nine quarts of alcohol there is less nourishment than could be put on the blade of a table-knife. The patient—for he is a patient by this time—is conscious of a debility which he cannot shake off, and sleep now, even if it come, does not refresh. Occasionally, as the man is pursuing some common vocation, he is struck with the fact that thoughts are not at this moment as clear to him as they ought to be. He forgets names and events that are quite familiar; or he is seized for a moment with a sudden unconsciousness and tendency to fall.

But, indeed, it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety that our hearts are disorganized. "Laborious mental exercise is heathy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety. New work gives time for repair better than attempt at complete rest, since the active mind finds it impossible to evade its particular work unless its activity be diverted into some new channel." Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.

We speak now of the heart-breaking effect of passion; and first of anger. A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute blood-vessels, and "white" rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances can not often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain.

Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature, and particularly upon his heart, as they do upon his moral character. To say that sorrows "grieve the heart" is more than a metaphor. Cromwell hears his son is dead, and "It went to my heart, that did," is his physiologically correct description of his experience. Whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the result is disease; the heart empties itself into the brain; the brain is stricken, and both are ruined.—*Chambers' Journal*.

Beautify Your Homes.

How little mankind enjoy this life, compared with what they might enjoy, by simply expending a little labor and care, around and within their homes; they might become paradises as far as it is possible for anything on earth to become a paradise. One great incentive to making home pleasant, is the untold influence which it has in moulding the character of the young, and they who have children cannot value their character too highly. Children and youth require pleasure and must have it, and if there is no pleasure at home, they will seek it elsewhere, and it is a lamentable truth that they too often seek it in the exciting scenes of a ball room, the horse race, the gambling table, the whiskey saloon and the scenes of other fashionable resorts, which they frequent just because they there find gay company and plenty of fun. But what is the result? It is not long that a youth leads such a life before he becomes reckless and dissipated, home is forgotten in the more exciting scenes in which he mingles; soon reputation and character are gone, next fortune and

happiness go, and last, but oh! not least, the soul is ruined, and rained forever!

Oh, friends, above all else in the world, try to make home pleasant and attractive, do not by the repulsive and cheerless appearance in and around your homes, and your own selfish morose and sullen temper, destroy all pleasures and enjoyments, besides driving your children to misery and ruin; but surround your homes with neat and tasteful yards and gardens; plant evergreens, shrubs and flowers profusely by every walk, at every door, and arrange them in picturesque and beautiful groups over the entire yard; have a cage of sweet little canaries to claim a place on the veranda and a share of your love; decorate the walls of every room with portraits and landscapes, procure a library of choice and useful books; drive every selfish and angry word or look from your home, and let true love rule over all, and my word for it, you will soon be surprised to see how peaceful and pleasant life is. And then those children of yours, how they will love and cling to such a home! no foolish ideas of running away will ever enter their heads. And in after life with what sweet memories will they look back upon the days spent in and around its hallowed influence!—*Ohio Farmer*.

Hibernian Courtship.

Galway is one of the few towns of Ireland that still clings to its primitive simplicity in dress and customs. The "love matches of Connaught" are spoken of by the more civilized provinces with supreme contempt. "Love in a cottage," or rather in a hovel, is a real everyday occurrence there. It is usually supposed that the Irish are very susceptible to the "tender passion," but we doubt this being the case, especially among the peasantry of the present day, who are too wise to let their heart get the better of their head. No man of sense will allow himself to fall in love with a girl, however charming she may be, unless he has ascertained that she has some worldly advantage to recommend her besides her face. Consequently the same bartering goes on about marriage as about other matters. In a certain village we know of it used to be the custom to employ a confidential friend, considered suitable for the purpose, to look out for a wife for anyone desiring to settle in life. The usual stipulation was that she should have "three F's," namely, family, face and fortune. These requirements were not easily obtained, as may be imagined. A man would remain a bachelor all his days sooner than marry a penniless girl. Indeed, to do these wiseheads justice, we must own that there are very few cases on record of men who have so far forgotten what was due to themselves as to fall in love with a penniless girl of obscure family. No, the bride-elect must have either cattle, or a farm, or something to recommend her, or, be she a very Venus for beauty, she may remain all her life unsought for, and "waste her sweetness on the desert air." The pioneer sent out on this delicate matter of investigation must be a man of experience, prudence and judgment, who will go about his work cautiously. But even the most experienced in this line of commerce are liable to err, as the following anecdote will show: A father wishing to get his daughter, who was portioned, married to a wealthy man, sent out the village oracle to investigate. After some little time the pioneer returned with a brilliant account of his success; he had heard of just the man that would do. Accordingly on a given day the father went to the desirable personage to inspect matters. True enough, there were plenty of cows grazing in the meadows, carts full of hay, ready for sale, a sty full of pigs, flocks of geese, &c. No sooner was the marriage accomplished than all the bridegroom's possessions melted into air, and it was discovered that he was as poor as a "church mouse." He had gained a rich wife, and had nothing to give in return; the cattle, geese, hay, &c., had all been borrowed from neighbors, and set out for inspection on the day that the bargain was to be completed. It must be owned that one's sympathies go with the improvident Connaught "boy," who marries the girl he loves without thinking of her portion, even though love in a hovel in the midst of a bog, and a swarm of healthy bare-footed children, be the result.—*Leisure Hour*.

There are in the United States 343,888 miles of postal routes, which, together with the expenses of railway, post-offices, salaries, &c., costs annually about \$22,000,500.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Alphabetical Hints on Your Health.

As soon as you are up, shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes, than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light.
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keeep your rooms always both tidy and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;
Now to open your windows be ever your care.
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are all swept.
Quick movements in children are healthy and right,
Remember the young cannot thrive without light.
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue,
Xerxes could walk for full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep.
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

RESTING.—I met a student toiling up a mountain. His face was flushed, and the perspiration was starting from his brow.

“What are you doing here?” I said.

“Resting,” was the reply, and he was not jesting with me.

He meant what he said. He was brain-weary. He was tired of books and of the narrow walls of his study. He wanted to be in the open air, to develop his muscles and rest his nerves. The very toil of climbing relieved the pressure on the brain. Physical exercise stilled the throbbings of thought and care, and gave him an exquisite feeling of relief.

Insufficient Air.

No matter how perfect are all other hygienic conditions, good health cannot be maintained if the air supply is insufficient. The purest air will become vitiated, resulting in disease especially in consumption, unless there is a constant means of supply.

When the mortality from all causes among the Metropolitan police of London was only 90 in 1,000, that of the Foot Guards was 141 from consumption alone. The barracks furnished the latter only about one-fourth as much air per man as is allowed in prison-cells.

The armies of Europe generally are, from a similar cause, characterized by a large mortality. During the Crimean War, the rate in the English army was 23.2 per cent. of the total strength; that of the French 30; while in our civil war with its open-air life it was less than 6. Camp-fever may be almost banished by cleanliness and fresh air.

In 1760, Dr. Brocklesby, having built a large shed as a hospital for wounded soldiers, and the mortality proving wonderfully slight, though the treatment was otherwise the same as elsewhere, said, “I candidly ascribe their fortunate escape more to the benefit of a pure, keen air, which they breathed therein every moment, than to all the medicine they took.” Thus, over a century ago, he stumbled on a law of hygiene now universally acknowledged by experts.

No expense was spared in the erection of a new house for monkeys in London Zoological Garden, to make it as much as possible like an English gentleman's drawing-room. These animals had been wintered in England several years, and were healthy on entering their new house. But in one month fifty of the sixty were dead, and the rest were dying, of consumption. The whole trouble was that the room was not properly ventilated.

Before 1836 the loss of horses in France by death was from 180 to 197 per thousand. Enlarged stables reduced the loss to 68—nearly two-thirds. In England the loss is reduced to 20; in Germany to 15.

Let it not be forgotten that where the lack is not such as to produce fatal results, it may variously impair the health.—*Youth's Companion*.

Clean Beds.

It must be a false idea of neatness which demands that beds should be made soon after being vacated. Let it be remembered that more than three-fifths of the solids and liquids taken into the stomach should pass off through the pores of the skin, and that this escape is the most rapid during the night, while warm in bed. At least one-half of this waste or putrid matter must become more or less entangled in the bedding, of course soiling it, and that part of this may become re-absorbed by the skin if it is allowed to come in contact with it on the next night, as it must if the bedding is not exposed for a few hours to the air and light. We may well imitate the Dutch example of placing such bedding on two chairs near the window, in the sunlight; or in the window, that the best purifier known—the light of the sun—may dissipate their impurities or neutralize them. It is also desirable that the air should pass through open doors and windows, and that as much sunlight be admitted as possible to the room in which about one-third of the time is spent. In addition to these measures it is well to have the attic windows wholly or partly open, and the door open leading to it, so that a free current may pass through all the rooms, up the stairs, and out into the outer world, to become purified by vegetation, etc., before being again respired. Clothes thus aired and sunned will not demand more than half the usual washing, though they can scarcely be washed too often. Another means of promoting personal cleanliness is by an absolute change of all clothing, morning and night wearing nothing by night that is worn by day.—*Sel*.

Beds and Bedrooms.

The best kind of bed, taking everything into consideration, is one of two kinds. A fairly soft feather bed laid upon a soft horsehair mattress, or a thin mattress laid upon one of the elastic steel spring beds which have lately been so ingeniously constructed of small connected springs that yield in a wave-like manner to every motion. It is against my intention to write out the time-honored old feather bed and mattress, but I am forced to state that the new steel-spring bed is, of necessity, the bed of the future. It fulfils every intention of flexibility; it is durable; it goes with the bedstead, as an actual part of it, and it can never be a nest or receptacle of contagion or impurity.

On the subject of bed-clothes the points that have most to be enforced are that heavy bed-clothing is always a mistake, and that weight in no true sense means warmth. The light down quilts or coverlets which are coming into general use are the greatest improvements that have been made in our time in regard to bed-clothes. One of these quilts takes well the place of two blankets, and they cause much less fatigue from weight than layer upon layer of blanket covering.

As to actual quantity of clothes which should be on the sleeper I can lay down no rule of numbers or quantities, because different people require such different amounts. I can nevertheless, offer one very good practice which every person can learn to apply. It should be the rule to learn so to adapt the clothing that the body is never cold and never hot while under the clothes. The first rule is usually followed, and need not be dwelt on; the last is too commonly broken. It is a practice too easily acquired to sleep under so much clothing that the body becomes excessively heated. This condition gives rise to exhaustion, to disturbing dreams, to headaches, to dyspepsia, and to constipation. It is so injurious that it is better to learn to sleep with even too little than too much clothing over the body. This specially is true for the young and the vigorous. It is less true for the old; but in them it holds good in a modified degree.

The position of the bed in the bedroom is of moment. The foot of the bed to the fire-place is the best arrangement when it can be carried out. The bed should be away from the door, so that the door does not open upon it, and it should never, if it can be helped be between the door and the fire. If the head of the bed can be placed to the east, so that the body lies in the line of the earth's motion, I think it is the best position of the sleeper.

The furniture of a bedroom, other than the bed, should be of the simplest kind. The chairs should be uncovered, and free from stuffing of woollen or other material; the wardrobe should have closely fitting doors; the utensils should have closely fitting covers, and everything that can in any way gather dust should be carefully excluded.

In a word, the bedroom—the room for the third of this mortal life, and that third the most helpless—should be a sanctuary of cleanliness and order, in which no injurious exhalation can remain for a moment, and no trace of uncleanness offend a single sense.—*Good Words*.

The Rest Needed by Head-Workers.

Head-workers need more rest than hand-workers. The old saw precisely inverted the proprieties of the case, so far as it involved them, declaring that "seven hours sleep suffice the student, eight the laboring man and nine the fool." Three hours of hard brain-work destroy, as before observed, more nervous tissue, and cause a greater abstraction of phosphates from the system, than an ordinary day's work at mere mechanical labor, the proportion in grains (of weight) being as 86:77. Above everything else brain-workers need sleep, early sleep and late sleep, and enough in the middle to feel "real stupid" at the end of it. Stupidity is precisely the condition into which this class of toilers should manage and devise and strive to get themselves for a time longer or shorter in each twenty-four hours. Nothing rests the brain and the whole working system like it. Narcotic stupidity is not the thing referred to—though in emergencies this may perhaps be had recourse to as a medicine—but the quiet, reposeful readjustment of the nervous conditions and the recharging with vital force of the nerve batteries, the contacts not yet closed, the galvanic currents not yet set in motion,

but only filling up the system with a blind, diffused feeling of healthy sensations and reserved efficiency.

In particular, it is believed that all workers, both men and women, in all departments of labor, and especially in the department now in debate, will find it greatly to their advantage to lie down, for a time longer or shorter, during the day, preference being given to the hour after dinner, and to lie long enough, if possible, to just fall asleep. Every other working animal than man, if let free, will, after having eaten at noon, lie down for a nap, or if from any cause it fails to get it, shows decided abatement of efficiency for the rest of the day.

In a recumbent posture the pulse is slower by eight or ten beats a minute than in standing, and four or five slower than in sitting; the breathing is also less rapid and deeper; digestion begins sooner and progresses more rapidly. Accordingly, the worker can recuperate faster in the recumbent than in any other position; and if in a quiet place his nerves get composed more speedily and thoroughly in a given time. Working-people understand this well enough, but "not feeling tired," they hate to camp down on a bed or settee, it is such dull business. Dull enough truly when the head is swarming with plans, work is ready to go on, and the worker feels ready to go on with it. But it pays well—this is our argument—it pays well by the day, month, year, or life-time, and for the great majority of workers.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

THE HAIR.—The hair is, of all parts of the human body, the most abused in its relations to healthfulness and growth. Pulled, twisted, torn, burned into a friz, and besmeared by all sorts of unguents and lotions, it is a wonder that baldness is not really the rule instead of the exception among those who most prize its beauty,—the female sex. And it is equally neglected, if not indeed abused, by most physicians, many of whom, while heartily condemning the thousand and one preparations well known to be not only injurious to the hair, but dangerous to the general health, show their total neglect of this part of their cure by relinquishing it to barbers and quacks.—*The Sanitarian*.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

OYSTER PIE.—Make a paste as for pie-crust, line a shallow pan with it, put in a layer of oysters, season with crumbs of butter and salt, add a layer of bread or cracker-crums, and so on; then add the liquor and a little milk; cover with crust and bake.

OYSTER PIE, No. 2.—Same as above, only with the addition of two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine and mixed with the bread-crums.

TAPIOCA CUP PUDDING.—This is very light and delicate for invalids. An even tablespoonful of tapioca, soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk; stir into this the yolk of a fresh egg, a little sugar, a grain of salt, and bake it in a cup for fifteen minutes. A little jelly may be eaten with it.

KING GEORGE'S PUDDING.—One pint of bread-crums, half pint of flour, teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in flour, a little salt, half a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, coffee-cupful of milk, one egg; tied tightly in a bag, and boiled three hours; to be eaten with hard sauce.—*From Miss M. Parlow's Recipes*.

INDIAN SUET PUDDING.—One-half pound suet, chopped fine, one cup molasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thin batter, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Sauce.

CHEESE SOUFFE.—This dish must be sent to table direct from the oven in the pan in which it has been baked, as it falls if kept standing. Beat separately the whites and yolks of two eggs, add to the yolks one tablespoonful of sifted flour, two of grated cheese, a pinch of cayenne, one of salt, and one cup of milk; when well mixed, add the whites beaten to a froth, and stir briskly; pour into a buttered, shallow pan, and bake in a quick oven until a rich brown—about fifteen minutes.—*Hints to Housewives*.

POTTED BEEF.—Take about seven or eight pounds of beef and half a pound of fat; add pepper, salt, ginger and mace; put into a stone jar with half a pint of cold water; stand the jar in a deep stewpan of boiling water, to boil slowly for eight hours, taking care that the water does not reach to the top of the jar; when it is done, take it out and mince it fine; when it is smooth and like paste, mix in some of the gravy and some fat; press into the pots and pour on top clarified or melted fat; tie it down tightly, and keep it in a cool place.—*Jewish Cookery Book.*

CHICKEN CHEESE.—Boil two chickens till tender; take out all the bones, and chop the meat fine; season to taste with salt, pepper and butter; pour in enough of the liquor they are boiled in to make moist. Mould it in any shape you choose, and when cold turn out and cut into slices. It is an excellent travelling lunch.

A **DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CAKE** may be made by taking enough bread sponge to make, when risen and baked, a cake about two inches thick; knead into it a piece of butter about the size of half an egg; after it is in the tin, put on the top little lumps of butter, and then cover it with fine white sugar and ground cinnamon; when baked there will be a sort of crust over the cake. This is very nice with coffee.

PINEAPPLE CONSERVE.—Buy small pines, and grate or chop them fine. Take three quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pound of pineapple, and wait till the sugar is naturally dissolved. Put it all on the fire, then stir repeatedly, and when it comes to a boil take it off the fire, for it is done. It wants skimming. Put in jars.

GINGER-SNAPS.—Boil together one pint of molasses and teacupful of butter. Let it stand till cool; add two tablespoonfuls ginger, and one teaspoonful soda, flour to roll. Bake quick, in thin rounds, on a flat sheet.

COOKIES.—Three and one-half cups flour, one cup sugar (a little heaped), half cup butter, one-third cup rich milk or cream, two eggs, half teaspoonful soda; work the butter until creamed, and beat the sugar smoothly into it; then add the soda dissolved in the milk; let the whites of the eggs be beaten to a stiff froth and added the last thing before the flour.

TEA ROLLS.—Half a cake of compressed yeast in three half-pints of lukewarm water; add a quart of sifted flour, and mix well to a thick batter. Let it stand six or seven hours in a moderately warm place till well risen. Then add two eggs, an ounce of butter, four ounces of sugar and a tablespoonful of salt; add flour (about a pint), and work well with the hands till it is a soft dough. Make into rolls; put them in the pans they are to be baked in, and set near the stove to rise; as soon as they rise, bake in a quick oven.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Use two ounces of the prepared cocoanut, which allow to soak in water for a half hour, and mix with one-fifth of a pound of fine sugar; beat up the whites of three eggs, and work all into a paste; butter some linen paper and put in a baking-pan to warm; when warm take it from the oven and with a spoon put on the paper the mixture, building it up, not letting it be too flat; in a fairly hot oven ten minutes will cook the cake. If you want the cocoanut cakes red use a little cochineal.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

A youth went forth to serenade
The lady whom he loved the best,
And passed beneath the mansion's shade
Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
Came dancing o'er the hill-tops' rim;
But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze

He drew much nearer than before,
When, to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

A "great composer"—Chloroform.

An Irishman knows how to wittily overcome all difficulties. "What shall I do with this unsightly heap of rubbish, Pat?" "Dig a hole and bury it," answered the man of invention. "Ah, yes, Pat, but what am I to do with the dirt I dig out of the hole?" "Well, sir, I would advise you to dig a hole big enough for the whole of it."

In the following anagram, which was contributed by a lady to one of Dr. Muhlenberg's publications, is to be found a happy specimen of the art, and it teaches a valuable lesson;—
Pray tell me where is Christianity?
Transpose the letters: it's in charity.

One of our wholesale dry goods houses has a new clerk, whose father from the country went in to see him the other day, and was surprised to learn that all the salesmen had nicknames. He asked the floor-walker why his son was called "Jury." "Oh," was the reply, "he's always sitting on cases."

Russian ladies, it is said, always wear in winter time fur next to the skin, as in consequence of the intense cold no ordinary merino or flannel is sufficient. Lynx is most frequently used, and every young Russian bride has one or two undergarments in this fur, and then is considered set up in life.

It is said that a firm in Pittsburg is engaged in the manufacture of materials for a glass dress for Sarah Bernhardt. The articles are as flexible as cotton or silk, and can be washed and tied in knots. The material is not fragile, and is unflammable. The exact mode of manufacture is a secret, and will be kept so for some time yet.

Dr. Siemens' electrical train has been running constantly every day at the Brussels Exhibition during the summer. It shoots under bridges, and whisks round curves, at the speed of a fast-trotting horse. The engine is no bigger than a tea-box; and draws three carriages, each carrying six passengers, sitting back to back, after the manner of an Irish jaunting-car.

England alone annually imports 200,000 pounds of ivory, to obtain which quantity it is necessary to kill annually 30,000 elephants. The ivory supply of the world probably causes the destruction of 100,000 elephants annually, and as males and females are killed indiscriminately, this animal will before many years become extinct.

JUST HERE.—"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer, the other day; "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?"

"Five dollars apiece!" was the prompt reply, as the attorney extended his hand.

A mother propped up her baby in a chair in a photograph gallery in Columbia, Ohio, to have its picture taken, and then excused herself for a moment. She has not yet returned.

A MAN having been served with a writ went to Arlequin the lawyer, and asked him to defend the action for him. "Certainly," said Arlequin, and calling his clerk on the instant he told him to bring a large sack. When the sack was brought the lawyer told his client to deposit the writ in it. "What," said the client, "put this small slip of paper into that large sack?" "Never mind its size," replied Arlequin, "I know what I am about; before your suit is decided the sack will be too small to hold all your papers."

It was a talkative Englishman who was bragging of what superior things they had in the "hold country" to every thing here, and it was a serious-faced Yankee who said, "Well, I will admit there is one thing in England better than we find here—there is a much better class of Englishmen there." It took the Englishman half a day to discover that the remark didn't convey a personal compliment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

A DREAM.

From a terrible nightmare I suddenly started,
 When the wildest delusions of sleep passed away,
 And I lay on my bed with the fright of the vision,
 Till my fears were dispersed by the dawning of day.
 'Twas a wondrous relief—'twas a burden uplifted,
 The transition from grief with the morning's bright gleam,
 And I whispered a fervent thanksgiving to heaven;
 From my heart I was glad it was only a dream.

Thus in life our troubles—our deepest felt sorrows—
 Our crosses that oft change the daylight to gloom,
 Shall be lifted at last—our lives be unburdened;
 Grief's image must fade ere we enter the tomb.
 As we waken to life in the night of a death-bed,
 Ere the light that's before us hath shed its first beam,
 We may view with afright what hath passed in our vision,
 But on the day dawning, thank God, 'twas a dream.

FRANK LAWSON.

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE.

"I cannot wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is very hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine; you might then know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could, only in imagination, put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Mr. Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his house. True, Mr. Merton had waited one year when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in his family, and he had felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for seven months, during which time he could earn nothing, and all his savings were then needed for the support of his family. Again he failed, and now he would again be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had Heaven forsaken him, and given him over to the tender mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts the remark to which the poor man in grief gave utterance. "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place" intruded.

Once after it had crossed his mind he laid down his pen, saying, "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon, and see how it fares with his family; that man has roused my curiosity."

About 5 o'clock he put on a grey wig and some old cast-off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop, and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman opened it. The poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded. She then began to make preparations for tea.

The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered, her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveller noted it all, and he was forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to

eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and, as they discussed the frugal meal, led them without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and, instead of waiting as I ought to have done until I saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow a few hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be near as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the money; but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year if I would pay the interest, which I did. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and, of course, when pay-day comes—and that will be very soon—I shall be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year if you make all the circumstances known to him?"

"No sir," replied Mr. Bishop; "I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money and should be obliged to foreclose."

"He must be very hard-hearted," remarked the traveller.

"Not necessarily so," replied Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had but the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb,—'When a poor man needs assistance he should apply to the poor.' The reason is obvious. Only the poor know the curse of poverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the heart of man, and (to use my favorite expression) they can at once place themselves in the unfortunate one's place and appreciate difficulties, and are therefore always willing to render assistance as far as they are able. If Mr. Merton had the least idea what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal, he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them, and said, "I will trespass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much farther on my journey."

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night; he lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance in intelligent sympathy and real politeness, of the exquisites and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage, and left a package in a large blue envelope addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from his work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said frequently, "Thank Heaven."

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied John; "such news as I have never hoped for or even dreamed of."

"What is it—what is it? Tell me quick?—I want to hear it if it is anything good."

Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage—released me from the debt, both interest and principal—and says any time I need further assistance if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad!—it puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked of me yesterday morning. I will go right over to Mr. Merton's and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you," he asked, "to show us so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place. I expected that it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveller to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true? How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised, after all; but you could not very readily associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor wayfaring man—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Merton.

"Well, it is a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I suppose I had greatly the advantage over you in means and education; yet how cramped and narrow-minded have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honor to any man. I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich—rich beyond what money could make you; you have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning. I have got into a new world. What I learned at your house is worth more than you owed me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter, I shall take as my motto, 'Put yourself in his place,' and try to regulate my actions by it."

(Written for the Family Circle.)

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve, and the snow fell softly on hill and vale, covering everything with its fleecy flakes. Through the deep drifts waded a poor woman carrying in her arms a child, of about four summers, crying bitterly, whom she was vainly trying to soothe. She had travelled many a weary mile that day, and was now in hopes of finding some friendly farm-house where she might obtain shelter for herself and child.

At last, she spied a house and hurried towards it as fast as her weary limbs could carry her. On reaching the door, she stood still for a moment to summon courage to knock; but the sound of happy childish voices within, reassured her and she rapped timidly at the door which was opened by the farmer's wife who, on seeing her exhausted looks, invited her to enter, when she immediately sank into a chair and overcame by fatigue fainted away.

A hush fell on the merry party when they saw the miserable plight in which the poor woman was, and all hurried forward to render what assistance they could. Their united efforts soon restored her to consciousness, and her first words, uttered in low tones were, "Where is Willy?"

"There mammy," answered the little fellow from the farmer's knee where he was contentedly sitting enjoying the warmth and a bowl of bread and milk which the farmer's daughter Jane had prepared for him. The mother's eye beamed with gratitude as she murmured her thanks.

"No need of thanks, my good woman," replied Farmer Bent in his hearty voice. "We would do this much for any one on this evening above all others; but pray tell us how you came to be abroad on such a night as this?"

After partaking of some refreshments, the woman thus began:

"Kind friends, I will give you a short sketch of my life, since my marriage, and then you will understand why I was forced to be travelling in such weather. About five years ago, I married a very estimable young man, and we lived very happily together but, while engaged in roofing a house, he fell and was so seriously injured that he died a few weeks after the accident.

Before his death, he told me that he had quarrelled with his father, a farmer, and run away from home, and had never heard from his relatives since. Knowing that he was dying and feeling anxious on my account, he wrote a letter to his father, begging his forgiveness, telling him of the new ties he had formed, and asking him to care for his wife and child; but receiving no answer he gave me his father's address, and bade me go to him and, perhaps, he would not refuse to receive me.

After his death and burial, I sold what little household furniture I had, the proceeds of which amounted to a small sum, not sufficient to carry me to my destination. I therefore had no alternative but to walk. I will not weary you with all the details of my toilsome journey, suffice to say, that I had reached thus far, when, seeing the light in your windows, and being very weary, I determined to seek shelter for myself and little boy. I think from my directions I must be near my journey's end, and, if you will kindly allow me to remain under your roof to-night, I will go my way in the morning."

During this narrative, the farmer had manifested deep emotion, and scarcely had she finished her tale when he gasped "What was your husband's name?"

"William Bent."

"Then you must be indeed my son's widow, and this little lad, my grandchild. We saw the notice of his death in the paper, but never received any letter from him; and the least I think I can do as an atonement for my harshness to him, is to provide for his wife and child."

The farmer's wife, who had been weeping silently all this time, now hurried forward and clasping her newly found daughter-in-law's hand, said "Welcome my daughter."

The poor woman overcome by the unexpected turn of events could only weep for joy.

Mrs. Bent then brought forward her daughter, saying, "Jane, this is your brother's wife, be kind to her for his sake."

The children, who had stood during this strange scene in amazement, were now told that Willy was their cousin, and his mother their aunt. With which piece of news they were delighted and crowded around their grandfather's chair to kiss the little stranger, who was, as one of them said, "A dear little Christmas Box."

The next morning, a happy united family gathered in that pleasant farm house where Christmas was celebrated right merrily; and the farmer and his family never forgot, nor regretted that memorable Christmas Eve on which Willy and his mother became members of their household. M. P.

A Wine-Taster.

A gentleman who had once been a member of the legislature came to New York to fill a place in the Custom House. One part of his business was to taste the samples of liquors which passed through his hands. By degrees a taste for drink grew upon him, and he drank largely and deeply. He soon lost his situation, and went rapidly down from bad to worse. If he could have gone down in his wretchedness alone, it would have been sad enough; but not half so sad as to take with him a lovely, talented wife, who had once been an ornament in the circle in which she moved, and a little daughter he once loved so fondly. But every drinking man is almost sure to bring misery on half a dozen others, at a low average.

This former senator took with him to a single room of a wretched tenement-house his poor wife and child, and then one day, in a frantic mood which rum had caused, he felled to the floor and left nearly lifeless the wife who had clung to him through all his degradation. He was seized by two policemen and dragged away to prison.

What a downfall of a man once talented, well educated, and manly, and all through *tasting* strong drink! When he began, he had no dream of how it would end. Neither has the lad who engages as errand boy in a liquor-store. He thinks only of the wages he is to get, and the comfortable meals three times a day. He does not know how unsate it is even to handle poison.

If times are hard and work scarce, boys, better sell papers, black boots, sweep crossings, anything honest, rather than take a situation where you must deal out draughts of death to others. Yes, better starvation, with God's blessing on your course, than a full purse and His curse on your employment. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" is the only safe motto.—Banner.

RUDE.—Clergyman—I wish to complain, Mrs. Diggins, of the conduct of your daughter at the Sunday-school to-day; it was rude in the extreme. Mrs. Diggins—Ah, it's what they teaches her at that their public school as dun it; yesterday she come home, and she says, "Mother, they are a-teaching of me vulgar fraxshuns." What can you expect after that, sir?

HAVE A CARE, AND BEWARE!

There's a boy full of joy, seldom coy, has a toy
Which consists of a quiver and bow;
By repute he's acute, rather mute, but can shoot,
And his aim is at random, I trow.
It is clear he's a queer little dear, and I hear
That his arrows are swift in their flight.
Have a care, and beware how you dare anywhere
Meet the youngster by day or by night.

Now he brings 'neath his wings silken strings, pretty things,
And he calls them his true lovers' knot,
Which he tries to disguise, as he ties up his eyes,
Then he's blind as a bat, every jot;
But I find, though he's blind, he's inclined oft to bind
Maidens' hearts with his gay "cords of love;"
So beware, have a care how you fare when you dare
To commune with this boy as you rove.

With a glance of romance he'll advance, and enhance
All the virtues that he may possess;
On his knees he will please; by degrees he will tease;
Then he'll flatter, and soothe, and caress.
So again, to be plain, if you deign to retain
In your service this cherub, I say,
Have a care, and beware, or he'll dare e'en to bare
You in triumph to Hymen one day.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY ERNESTINE IRVING.

Last summer cousin Helen from Northcourt paid us a visit. We live on a farm, what is known as the "Upfold Farm." In the large orchard joining our house is one particularly shady tree with a grassy plat surrounding it. To sit beneath the shade of this wide-spreading tree is a favorite resort of ours. Seated thus one beautiful mid-summer afternoon, with our sewing, my sister Kate turned to Helen, with, "Now for a story, cousin, a really true story."

Helen's sunny eyes became for the moment grave and serious. After a little pause she said, "Well, Katie, you shall have a story, and a true one."

We settled ourselves against the trunk of the big tree, and prepared to enjoy it, for we knew cousin Helen to be a prime story-teller. She began:

"For nearly three years the church of the first parish in Northcourt was without a minister. Since good Mr. Simpson, we had no settled preacher. Occasionally a neighboring divine, taking pity on our unrighteous condition, would preach a half day; but the orthodoxy of Northcourt was fast ebbing out, when we younger portion of the flock were startled by the intelligence we were to have a new minister.

He was young and unmarried, consequently would need a boarding place. Here was a fresh subject for debate. The pros and cons of at least a dozen families in the village were discussed, as to where the new minister had best be sent. Old Mr. Waters said, in his thin, squeaky voice, 'Mebbe Eliza Ann would take care on him, but 'twouldn't do to put too much dependence on her.' Good Mrs. Goodhue, 'To be sure she could do for the new minister, if no one else would, but it would be a most inconvenient season just now, the twins were down with the measles, and 'Lisha's' rheumatism was so bad. One family was too far from the church, another from the post office. The vexed question was finally settled by choosing Deacon Gray to entertain him at his house the first week, and let him choose a boarding place for himself. 'For,' added one, 'with that pinching, scrimping Rachel, and Aunt Hannah, he would never think of boarding there.'

"Now," continued cousin Helen, "You have heard me speak of Rachel Gray, Deacon Gray's daughter, before. You know how delectably mean and meagre she was in matters of dress, and everything else for that matter; didn't buy more than one new dress the year around, and that a ten-cent print. In the spring she would furbish up her last summers' but with a bit of new lace or ribbon, and it was ready for service another season. It was precisely so in winter. Her gloves and shawls she deferred till the winter

to come. Her gloves were darned; her shawl colored; her dresses turned, until, in the course of five years, I don't believe that girl had expended more than twenty-five dollars on her wardrobe. And during this time she was at work earning twelve and sometimes fifteen dollars per week. She would never meet with the young people at any social gathering. She had been, years before, a very gay, sprightly girl. No sleighing party, apple-paring, or husking was considered complete without her, and many an envious glance had been thrown her, as with sunny, laughing face, her long curls tossing about, she would lead a country dance with the handsomest beau of the evening. Rachel was considered a beauty in these days. But for five years she had shone at none of these happy country gatherings; not even that time honored institution, the village sewing circle! Only in church she kept her accustomed place, wearing, as I have said, faded dresses and darned gloves. Deacon Gray was considered a very well-to-do farmer, and why his only daughter should conduct in this seemingly niggardly manner we could not understand. Instead of quietly attending to our own affairs as did she, we must needs make her a subject of comment. Wondered if Rachel was hoarding up to buy a new farm; wondered if she was going to the city to invest her funds there; and wondered many other things, very unjust and very unkind. And we were not always careful, I am sorry to say, that these remarks should be kept from her hearing. But sooner or later justice comes to all; and it came to Rachel Gray.

When the new minister had been at Deacon Gray's about a month, Mrs. Smoothly, well-meaning mother in Israel, said to him, 'Brother Armstrong—his name was Richard—of course it has been a great trial for you to remain at Deacon Gray's this length of time, to put up with their peculiar ways,' here she gave a meaning sigh, 'So I've done you the service to engage board in an exceptionally fine family. To be sure Mr. Smoothly said, 'Since you were to choose your own boarding-place, why did I interfere?' but I thought you might be rather diffident, so have helped you out of your difficulty. When shall I say they may expect you?'

Then Mr. Armstrong electrified her by saying, 'Not at all.' He thanked her for the interest she had taken in his behalf, and told her he had engaged permanent board at Deacon Gray's. There was nothing more to be said, and the village of Northcourt settled down to the fact.

After Mr. Armstrong had been with us about a year he proposed a Literary Club for the young people, a sort of combined lyceum and reading club, with an occasional instructive talk. Any one could become a member by paying one dollar. The idea 'took.' Almost every young person in Northcourt joined the club. Some even from the corners, four miles away, drove over to our weekly meetings.

One evening as we were leaving the building where these meetings were held, Sue Benson remarked, 'what can be the reason Rachel Gray absents herself from our gatherings.'

'Oh, don't you know,' chimed in May Fletcher, 'She can't afford the dollar. She's the stingiest girl I ever knew. She is earning almost as much as the minister himself, and can't afford to join a society like ours.' So with light word and laugh concerning Rachel's meanness we passed on.

At our next meeting, Mr. Armstrong was to give what he called an 'Instructive talk.' When he arose he said, 'My dear friends, I had intended to speak upon a far different subject from this; but from a little conversation which occurred at the close of last meeting, to which I was an unintentional listener, I have decided upon the following: Several years ago a friend of mine I will call Alice Gray, visited her aunt in the city. She was a country girl, considered quite a beauty, and only daughter of a prudent, fore-handed farmer. She was but seventeen and had never been so far from home before. This visit to the city was the great event of Alice's life. While there she met a gentleman I will call Mr. Harcourt. I will not dwell upon the acquaintance. Suffice to say, when she returned to her country home she was accompanied by Mr. Harcourt as her accepted lover. He pictured to Alice how very dear she was to him, and how desolate his home must be without her; and she yielded to him the full worship of her young heart. Mr. Harcourt was clerk in a mercantile house at a moderate salary; but he was ambitious to procure capital that he might begin business for himself, his main object he pleaded, that he might the

sooner have a home in readiness for Alice. He talked this matter with Alice's father, and so cunningly did he argue, setting forth in such a clear light the gain that must accrue, this good man was actually led to mortgage his farm for five thousand dollars and invest in a city business with Mr. Harcourt as active partner. It is not improbable the business might have proved profitable had the man been what the farmer believed; but he was a thorough rogue, and no sooner obtained the money than he absconded, and to this day no clue has been obtained as to his whereabouts.

But how now at the farm, and with Alice? She not only found her idol clay, but their home, their dear old home, had been swindled from her father, now in the decline of life. Something must be done! Day after day, she thought and planned. Farmer Gray said but little, but she could see this trouble was aging him fast. This slight, inexperienced girl resolved that in some way, she knew not how, she would save their home. Several months before, she had learned telegraphy, and now the nearest office, two miles away, desired an operator. She obtained the situation at four dollars a week. Her two brothers, intelligent, promising scholars, were taken from school that together they might save the expense of a hired man on the farm. Every dollar that could possibly be saved must be laid aside. The dear mother, never very strong, worked and saved, denying herself needed help, that she might thereby add to the little fund. Alice was so diligent that at the end of six months her pay was increased to six dollars per week. She clung to her purpose of saving her money towards paying off the mortgage. No fine dresses for Alice now; none of the fine apparel the heart of woman so delights in, and she was no exception in this respect. Every dollar of her hard-earned money was laid aside, and at the end of the first year she had nearly three hundred dollars.

At the time the farm was mortgaged none knew of the transaction but those connected with it, and they kept their counsel, so the village folks knew nothing about it, and just put their own construction on the Grays' doings. Called them mean, and that sort of thing, you know. At the end of the first year the father with help of his two sons was able to pay the interest of the debt and add a little to Alice's sum toward the principal. Alice worked on at the office, and found by copying for a lawyer during the evening, she could obtain another six dollars per week. This day and night work both, of course, precluded her visiting any social gathering. She had only the Sabbath now as a day of rest to body and mind. She worked on four years, and as the result of untiring labor and rigid economy on the part of herself and the family, but one thousand dollars remained unpaid.

The next year she received fifteen dollars per week for her work, and at the end of that time the debt was cancelled and the dear old home theirs. But think you she had no heartaches during this time? Ah, many! Dear Mrs. Gray was laid away to rest, worn out before her time, at the end of three years. How gladly now would Alice have remained at home, comforting father and brothers by her presence and care. But she must stand by her post, though her heart were breaking, so a maiden cousin, acted as housekeeper, and Alice worked on bravely until the last dollar was paid. Then, I suppose, you think she rested. She did nothing of the kind. When her brothers left school they did not wholly neglect study, and as the minister boarded in the family a portion of the time, he encouraged and helped them so that, at the end of five years, the oldest was fitted for college. But funds were needed, and as Alice felt her brother's birthright to an education had gone toward paying the mortgage, she is working on, even now, to assist that brother through college. She is so busily at work she cannot even attend a Literary Club in her own village, as much as she would enjoy a treat of that kind. Now my young friends, said our minister, with a smile, 'with these facts before you would it not be unjust, unkind, even, to accuse this girl of meanness? Does not this brave, unselfish sister present a type of highest womanhood? Learn from Rachel Gray, then, for I see you understand she is not Alice Gray, but pure love, how true a devotion may exist where only mercenary motives are imputed.'

"When the minister had finished," continued cousin Helen, "the room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. I think we were all glad Rachel had been justified at last, at any rate I was, and I arose and told Mr. Armstrong so. And

Rachel still telegraphs and copies and practices economy, but her faded dresses have a new significance now. And now, Katie, isn't it about tea-time?" added Helen as she folded her sewing, whereat we left the shade of the wide-spreading tree, thinking her "true story" well worth remembering.

This, as I told you in the beginning, was last summer, and now, when the snows of winter lie deep upon the earth, cousin Helen writes, "Rachel Gray has left her business for a different kind; that a beautiful, sheeny silk has been made for her, and she is soon to become the wife of Rev. Richard Armstrong, who is not a poor man at all, even in this world's goods. Dear, patient Rachel is rewarded at last, and she richly deserves it."

Brother Andrew.

The wife of a seafaring man, who makes his home in Boston, a few weeks ago received a visit from a shabbily-dressed stranger. "Does Captain Jones live here?" asked he of the girl who answered his vigorous pull at the bell. "Yes," was the reply, "but he's away at sea now." "Can I see his wife?" was the next question. The answer was in the affirmative, and the lady in question soon made her appearance. "I am your husband's brother Andrew," said the man, after a little preliminary conversation. "Indeed," replied the lady; "I did not know he had a brother!" "Yes," rejoined the man musingly; "I was but a child when he left England, and I think he would hardly recognize me if he saw me now."

The upshot of the dialogue was that the unexpected caller was invited in, and speedily provided with a handsome suit of clothes and other things necessary for his appearance in genteel society. Finally, after two weeks of hospitable entertainment, the morning papers announced that Captain Jones's vessel was in port, and Andrew, as he was called, stated his intention of going down to the wharf to meet his brother. He was told that there was no necessity for that, as the Captain would soon be at home. He persisted, however, and has not been seen since, though Captain Jones has been making anxious inquiries for a long-lost brother of whose existence he was totally ignorant until he was opportunely discovered by his wife. Mrs. Jones says the next time she admits a stranger to her house it will not be a brother Andrew.—*Sunday Courier.*

A Thought for the Middle-Aged.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business has begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the day of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half-sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter and the light fainter, and the feeble shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than the first, if he will look on and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

An Unsanctified Smell.

A Christian worker from Boston was holding some evangelistic services in a neighboring town. At the conclusion of one of the meetings a deacon of the church came to him and said,—

"So you think you are sanctified, do you?"

"Well, yes, I rather think I am."

"Then you think that you can't sin any more?"

"Oh, no! I do not think that; I am afraid I shall."

"Well," said the deacon, "I don't think I am sanctified."

"No," replied the brother, with a little hesitation and deliberation, "I should not think you were; you do n't smell like a sanctified man."

The deacon was soaked with tobacco from head to foot. The conversation closed; he went home and thought. For

the first time in his life the idea dawned on him that there was any difference between the smell of a sanctified man and an old tobacco-user. He could not readily dismiss the matter from his mind. The words stuck to him, until at length he renounced the filthy weed, and now it is to be hoped smells more like a sanctified man. Surely when men lay apart "all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness," pipes and tobacco will be quite likely to be discarded with the other abominations.—*The Wayside*.

A Shrewd Old Valet.

The greater part of the stories which relate to the gains and the losses of gamblers are tragic rather than comic. One which belongs to the category of the latter is reported from Monaco. A certain German baron, belonging to one of the best families in Mecklenburg, was one day so lucky as to gain three hundred thousand francs. He left the tables, hastened to his hotel, and at once locked up his enormous sum in a cash-box. On awaking next morning, what was his dismay to find that it had disappeared, as well as his old valet Jean, who, on a hundred occasions, had given proofs of his fidelity and his affection for his master. As it was, the baron found himself short of money, and telegraphed to his father for assistance, acquainting him, at the same time, with his adventure. This was the answer he received: "Don't disturb yourself. Jean is here with all the money which you think you have lost. He feared that your lous would go the way they had come, and, little liking the anticipation, he has come here to keep the treasure safe. You come, too."

A Case of Somnambulism.

The Lewiston, Me., *Journal* tells the following story: The night of the recent fire at North Turner bridge, Mrs. Albert Winship aroused Mr. Winship, and cried: "Husband, Mr. Starbird's house is all on fire! hurry up!" He did so, dressed on the double quick, and with pails ran to the fire, and did valiant service in saving surrounding buildings. When the fire had burned down he quietly went to bed. Sunday morning he rubbed his eyes and said to his wife, "I feel dreadfully. I am lame, and feel completely exhausted." "Well you may," said the wife, "after working so hard at the fire last night." "What do you mean?" said Mr. Winship. "Why the Starbird House was burned last night, and you worked like a hero, saving the other buildings." Mr. Winship looked dazed for a moment, then took his hat and looked over the premises and came back. "Well, Marcia, the buildings are surely gone, but I never would have believed even you, when you say that I went to the fire, if they were not gone. I don't know a thing about it." He had been through all the excitement in a state of somnambulism without being awakened.

A Pathetic History.

One of the most interesting and pathetic of volumes could be prepared from the newspaper reports of colliery explosions in England. The searchers in the Seaham colliery, after the recent terrible disaster, came upon several effecting memorials of the doomed men shut up in the fiery mine. On an old ventilation door was chalked, "All alive at three o'clock. Lord have mercy upon us. Together praying for help Robert Johnson." In another part are written with chalk on a plank the words, in a bold, clear hand, "The Lord has been with us. We are all ready for heaven.—Richard Cole. Half-past two." Another poor fellow, Michael Smith, had scratched with a nail upon his water-bottle the following message to his wife, "Dear Margaret—There were forty of us altogether at 7 A. M. Some were singing hymns, but my thoughts were on my little Michael. I thought that him and I would meet in heaven at the same time! O! dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife, farewell! My last thoughts are about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. O, what a terrible position we are in." "Little Michael" was the child he had left at home ill. It died on the day of the explosion.

An honest Galveston shoemaker was strolling down the avenue when, peering into a restaurant, what should he see but one of his fashionable customers seated at a table covered with

all the delicacies of the season, including a large bottle of green seal and two canvas-back ducks! Rushing in, the irate Galveston tradesman exclaimed, "You have n't got money to pay me for the boots you have got on, but you can afford to pay for all manner of delicacies." The young man wiped his moustache, and, looking around to see that he was not overheard, responded, in a whisper, "Don't be deceived by appearances, You must not lose confidence in me. I don't expect to pay for this little banquet any more than I expect to pay you for the boots.—*Galveston News*."

A Funeral Procession of Ants.

One day a little boy of mine, about four years old, being tired of play, threw himself down on a grassy mound to rest. Shortly after, I was startled by a sudden scream. My instant thought was that some serpent had stung him. I flew in horror to the child, but was at once reassured on seeing him covered with soldier ants, on whose nest he had laid himself down. Numbers of the ants were still clinging to him with their forceps, and continuing to sting the boy. My maid at once assisted me in killing them. At length about twenty were thrown dead on the ground. We then carried the boy in doors. In about half an hour afterward I returned to the same spot, when I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started from the rest toward the hillock, a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others and so on until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs. And the procession moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and, laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now labored on until they had filled up the ants' graves.

This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back when they were at once killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug; and they were all dropped into it.—*Frank Buckland*.

A Wonderful Invention.

An inventor of this city gave an exhibition a short time ago of a discovery which he had made by means of which all substances can be made water-proof and moth-proof. The decoction which he uses does not, it is said, injure the finest fabrics. "What I claim," he said, "is this, that by being subjected to my process all fabrics whatever, all carpets, broadcloths, silks, satins, velvets, laces, leather, feathers, furs, and everything that is woven or worn can be rendered absolutely water-proof and absolutely moth-proof at the cost of a cent a yard, in such a way that none of the senses can detect the presence of the solution in the material, and it will not be injured in texture or lustre in any way."

"There," said he, taking from a table a hat, "is a hat which I have worn through all the storms of the week without a particle of protection. It has been rained and snowed on for hours, and when I came to the house I merely knocked off a few drops of water that stood like shot upon the brim, and brushed it with a handkerchief. It has received no other attention." The hat was smooth and glossy, as if it had just come from the hatter's shelf. It is said that Prof. Doremus pronounces the discovery a very valuable one.—*Sel.*

—An Irishman looking at a set of mourning jewelry declared that it was just what he would buy for his wife if she were a widow.

Another Cliff Town.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY OF A CANYON FULL OF CAVES IN NEW MEXICO.

James Stephenson, of the United States Geological Survey, District of New Mexico, arrived here last night, bringing news of an important discovery he has made recently in the course of his labours. While near Santa Fe, N. M., recently, he was informed by Indians that there were within a few miles some ancient caves that he would find interesting. Guided by them he found, forty miles from Santa Fe, ten miles from the Rio Grande River, a cliff town composed of caves in the rocky side of a canyon thirty miles long, never before visited by a white man. He was so much impressed with the greatness of his discovery that, for a moment, he could scarcely speak. When he did it was in terms of wonder and admiration. This town, or succession of excavations in the solid rock for thirty miles, is one of the largest, if not the largest, ever discovered. The houses are dug out of the rock side to a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet. Apparently they were excavated with stone implements. They are almost inaccessible from the plains. Mr. Stephenson, however, managed to clamber up the rocky precipice and entered and excavated several of the houses. He found in them a number of articles that he thought remains of their first possessors. He will probably prepare a report upon the cliff town, as he calls it. A scientist who has travelled in that region and visited other caves and excavations of a similar kind says he is disposed to believe that they have been tenanted within modern times by Indians at war with other tribes, seeking safety and advantage over their enemies. He thinks the remains found there are the remains of the things these belligerents have used, eaten or worn, and not the relics of the first owners of the rock houses.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

NEW WONDERS IN WEARING APPAREL.

Glass Fabrics of Brilliant Colors and Cheaper than any Other.

New York, Dec. 4.—The ingenuity that led to the manufacture of articles of clothing from paper has been eclipsed, as similar articles are now made from glass. An uptown dry-goods house has on exhibition a glass table-cloth several feet square of variegated colors, with ornamental border and fringed edges. The fabric is flexible, and only a little heavier than those woven of flax, while it is claimed that it can be washed and ironed like the ordinary table-cloth. Glass has been spun and woven in Austria for some years, but it is a new undertaking in this country. A prominent glass-manufacturing firm of Pittsburg, Pa., recently engaged in the manufacture of this brittle substance into fabrics, which they claim are as perfect, delicate and durable as the finest silk. A representative of this firm said yesterday that they can spin 250 fine threads, each ten miles in length, in one minute. The weaving is done with an ordinary loom, but the process is more difficult and much more interesting than the spinning of cotton and other threads.

"We can duplicate in glass any costume," said this gentleman, "and can make it just as brilliant in color, elaborate in finish, perfect in fit, and equal in its smallest details, even to the buttons on the original. The fabric is very strong, cannot be ripped or torn, and can be sold at a less price than linen, cotton, or silk, or other fabric imitated. It is also very warm, easy-fitting, and comfortable, whether worn as dress, shawl, or other garment in ordinary clothing."

Among the articles already manufactured of glass are beautiful feathers, which resemble those of the ostrich, towels napkins, and table-cloths.

That the hardest steel is not the most durable for railroads appears from an examination of the wear of some of the steel rails on the Great Northwestern line, England. Seven of the rails, which lay side by side on this road, were taken up and tested, and it was found in one instance, that a hard rail had been worn away one-sixteenth of an inch by traffic amounting to 5,251,000 tons, while soft rails for the same amount of wear had withstood 8,402,000 tons for the hard rail and 31,061,000 tons for the soft rail, the wear being the same—one-sixteenth of an inch. Analysis showed this last rail to consist of 99.475 per cent. of iron, and minute quantities carbon, phosphorus, silicon, manganese, sulphur, and copper.

Why and When Do Lamps Explode.

All explosions of coal oil lamps are caused by the vapor of gas which collects above the oil. When full of oil, of course a lamp contains no gas, but immediately on lighting the lamp, consumption of oil begins, soon leaving a space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up, and, after burning a short time, sufficient gas will accumulate to make an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always the most dangerous. The following shows that many things may occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp.

1. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or sudden opening of a door, may cause an explosion.
2. It may be taken up quickly from a table or a mantel and instantly explode.
3. If taken into an entry where there is a strong draught from the doors, an explosion is likely to ensue.
4. If taken up a flight of stairs, or raised quickly to place it on the mantel, it is likely to explode. In all these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draught or forcing the air down the chimney against the flame.
5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light, is a frequent cause of explosion.
6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unsteady.
7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small-sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space along the edge of the wick.
8. An old burner, with its air draughts clogged up, which by right should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is explosion.

Near the camp of the workmen on the new toll road, near Yankee Forks, Nevada, quite a curiosity was recently found. It was a mountain ram's head deeply imbedded in a pine tree, and about six feet from the ground. The right horn is outside, and curls partly around the tree, while the front of the skull and most of the left horn is covered with the growth of wood. The three is a thrifty pine, fifteen inches through. How that ram's head came there will always be a mystery to scientists.

An Italian fisherman recently discovered a petrified woman at Cascade Lake, Nevada. He was going out to fish, and when pushing off his boat, struck his oar against something which attracted his attention. Upon investigation a petrified hand protruded from the sand on the beach. In a short time he had unearthed a woman in a complete state of petrification. It was small in size, brown in color, scrawny and emaciated.

A NEW HELP FOR THE DEAF.—Dr. Thomas, of Philadelphia, describes an instrument to aid the deaf in hearing, which he claims is much more effective than either the audiophone or the dentaphone. This instrument "consists simply of a small rod of hard wood—a convenient size being about two feet long and a quarter of an inch thick—one end of which is placed against the teeth of the speaker, the other resting against or between the teeth of the person hard of hearing. If the speaker now articulates in a natural tone of voice, the vocal vibrations will be transmitted in great volume through the teeth and thence to the ears of the deaf person. Later observations show that it will also convey the voice distinctly when placed against the forehead or other portion of the skull of the bearer. It will also convey perfectly audible speech from the skull of one to that of the other, or in its absence such sounds may be conveyed by simply bringing the heads themselves in contact."

Japanese paper air cushions are said to have some advantages over those of rubber. They may be rolled into a package of smaller dimensions, when not in use; they will not stick together as rubber does after it is wet, and for pillows they are better because they have no odor. Their strength is marvellous; a man weighing four hundred pounds may stand upon one without bursting it. They are said to be water-proof, and to make excellent life-preservers.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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COMING BACK.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes; but this I know,
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone,
Ofttimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone;

Have slowly learned, from day to day,
In all life's task to bear my part;
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blest my way,
And friends are round me true and tried;
They have their place, but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine!

I dare not dream the blissful dream—
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold, white marbles gleam
She still must slumber. God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered, every day,
Through years and years, for one dear face.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued).

CHAPTER VIII.

"What Have I Done."

At this moment Mr. Stuart's voice was heard calling:
"Josephine; Josephine; is that you? Come here; will you, for a moment?" Mrs. Stuart went at once, leaving Mollie to wonder what mystery was brewing now; however she did not trouble herself long with vain conjecture, but

taking off her hat and gloves, she substituted for the former a broad-brimmed garden hat which hung on the stand in the hall; and then went singing into the garden with a book of poems in her hand; making her way to the summer house, she entered and seated herself very snugly in one of the rustic arm chairs, and opened her book, with a view to a nice quiet read before tea-time. The book she had chosen was a volume of Tennyson; she opened it at the story of Lancelot and Elaine and commenced to read; it was one with which she was familiar, having read it and wept over it with true girlish sympathy many times. She made a fair picture as she sat, just where the slanting rays of the afternoon sun played lingeringly with the waves of her brown hair, tinting it with gold. Her eyes were bent on her book, the dark curling lashes almost sweeping the flushed cheek; her chin rested on the palm of one small hand, whilst the other trifled unconsciously with the pages. Presently some one approached and stopped at the door of the summer house; she looked up and smiled as she saw Paul. For it was he.

"Oh! good afternoon Paul" she exclaimed. He came in and stood beside her, without answering.

"So the secret conclave in the library is ended," she went on playfully. "I feel terribly jealous because I was not admitted also. Jane informed us you had been with papa in the library for more than an hour before our return; there must have been some conspiracy hatching; come tell me all about it, I am consumed with curiosity."

"I came here on purpose to tell you, Mollie."

"Good, kind Paul! Did you really?"

"I was asking your father for something which he prizes very much."

"Oh! indeed!" exclaims unconscious Mollie, with rapidly deepening interest. "And what did he say?"

"He said—and your mother too—that I might have it if—if I could win it—if—oh! Mollie my darling, is you I want; will you be my wife, dear? For I love you."

With a low cry, she clasped her hands tightly together and the book fell to the ground.

"Oh! Paul, Paul! What is this?"

"I love you; I want you for my wife; Mollie! don't you hear? don't you understand? You love me Mollie? You surely do?"

"No; no; no!" she cried, wrenching her hands from the clasp of his.

"You—do—not love me," he repeated slowly forcing his white lips to speak the words.

"No, no; oh! what have I done? what have I done?" she moaned, covering her face with both hands and sobbing. "Paul!" she cried, starting from her seat and standing before him. "Paul I never dreamed of this, indeed I never dreamed of this; ever since your return home I have regarded you as I have always done ever since I was a little child and you a boy at school, as my friend, my dear brother; your attentions your many, many kindnesses I have attributed to that friendship and nothing more. You believe me Paul?"

"But others saw—others guessed the truth; and I—thought that you did too."

"If I unconsciously gave you any encouragement, will you forgive me Paul? I—I never meant to, I—would never have done such a thing."

"I am sure you would not; but oh! Mollie! is there no hope for me; none at all?"

"None."

He turned away and stood with folded arms gazing from the door. His face wore a stern expression and deep pain filled his eyes. He loved her dearly; so dearly that to give her up would cost him the severest agony he had ever suffered in his life. But he would bear it like a brave man; he would not upbraid her for misleading him as she had unconsciously done into hoping that his love was returned. He knew that she too was suffering at this moment; undergoing all the pangs of self-reproach mingled with pity and sorrow for him. Faugh! He would be a coward indeed if he added to her pain by uttering one word of reproach.

"You cannot help that which has happened Mollie," he said going back to where she stood trembling with downcast eyes. "You have given me pain. God knows! but I will bear it like a man. Do not fret yourself dear; it was not your fault."

She did not speak, but nervously clasped and unclasped her little hot hands; while endeavoring to choke down the sobs that were fastrising.

"Good bye, dear."

"Good bye" she contrived somehow to articulate, and when she looked up a moment after he was gone.

Stepping out into the garden she looked cautiously about; no one was near; she wanted to slip up to her own room without encountering anyone; it would drive her wild to be questioned just now; she got into the house unseen and had her foot on the first step when the drawing-room door opened and her father came out into the hall; he stared when he saw her there. He had imagined her at this moment to be in the garden with Paul.

"Why, Mollie," he ejaculated; but Mollie did not wait to hear more; she flew up stairs, and into her own room, where she locked herself securely in. Meanwhile, the old gentleman stood at the foot of the stairs gazing meditatively into vacancy, with an air little short of idiocy.

"Why, what the deuce!—Bless my soul! she cannot have—dear, dear! tut! tut! It is perfectly absurd, of course she has accepted him; I'll go and see Josephine about it." With which laudable purpose he returned to the drawing-room.

"Josephine" he said, entering— "it is most extraordinary but do you know, I am half inclined to believe that Mollie has refused Paul Halliday."

"Refused Paul Halliday! What do you mean, Allan?" Mr. Stuart then explained his reasons for supposing such a thing.

"It certainly is very strange," said she, "and if it is indeed the case that she has refused him, I consider that her behaviour to him has been most reprehensible. She has received and encouraged his attentions openly all summer; I cannot believe it of Mollie. Perhaps they have had some slight disagreement, in which case matters will soon right themselves again."

"Humph! It's rather soon to begin to quarrel; why it is scarcely three-quarters of an hour since he went to her with the express intention of proposing."

"I will go up to her," said Mrs. Stuart rising and leaving the room as she spoke; whilst her husband continued to pace up and down, with a perplexed frown upon his brow.

"Mollie," cried Mrs. Stuart knocking at the bedroom door.

Mollie, Mollie it is I my dear; may I come in?"

In a moment or two the key turned in the lock and Mollie opened the door for her mother to enter which she did at once.

"My, dear, what is the matter." There was no answer, while the girl sobbed bitterly.

"Come; tell me darling; is it anything about Paul? Have you and he quarrelled?" She shook her head.

"You saw him this afternoon?"

"Yes." Her mother drew away the arm she had placed around her waist; and her features settled into a cold, stern expression.

"It is not possible"—in stately measured tones—"it is not possible that you have rejected Paul Halliday?"

"But I have. Oh! mamma I did not love him."

"Very well; of course if you did not care for him you did right to refuse. But I regret exceedingly that a daughter of mine could so far forget herself as to carry on a paltry and heartless *flirtation* with a gentleman whose attentions were honorable and sincere. Not only your father and I but others have witnessed your open encouragement to Paul, and be assured that your conduct will be viewed by all as heartless in the extreme."

"Mamma, mamma, hush! do not speak so; for pity's sake hear me." And clinging to her mother's arm she explained, as she had previously done to Paul; how she had mistaken his attentions for those merely of a friend or brother.

"Mamma, believe me, I never thought, never dreamed that he cared for me in any other way. I did not, I did not indeed." She continued to sob so bitterly that Mrs. Stuart relented and drawing her to a sofa made her sit down beside her.

"Hush! my dear; if you say so of course I believe you. I am grieved at what has occurred; and so will your father be; but it is done now and cannot be helped. Come dry your eyes darling; you will be ill if you cry any more. You had better lie down and rest; I will send your tea up to you, and you need not come down stairs again this evening if you do not wish."

"Oh! thanks dear mamma, that will be so nice. I—I am very tired."

Her mother kissed her when she had lain down; and with a promise to tell her father all about it she left the room; and returned to her husband.

"Well?" he exclaimed as she entered. "What is wrong?"

"She has refused him," answered she quietly.

"Ah! I feared as much; and pray what reason does she give?"

"It seems she mistook his attentions as being purely friendly; and declares that she had no idea of his caring for her in any other way than that of her old friend and play-fellow. I scarcely thought it possible that Mollie would degrade herself by flirting."

"Well, well, well; I'm sorry, very sorry; I hope it will not have the effect of sending the young fellow wandering about the world again."

"That is just what I fear; Paul is a man of great depth of feeling: if I mistake not it will be a long time ere he recovers from this disappointment. With his roving instinct unchecked as it has been, his first desire now will probably, be to wander abroad again. Oh! how I regret Mollie's exceeding thoughtlessness."

"Nay, nay wife; do not blame the lassie; it was her simplicity and innocence which made her blind to Paul's feelings for her; let us rather be thankful that she is not as too many of her sex are; prone to imagine that every man who pays them some slight attention must, forsooth, be in love with them. I am very sorry for our young friend; very, but I cannot feel it in my heart to blame our Mollie. Paul must bear it like a man."

"It grieves me to think of the trouble Ruth and Mr. Halliday will be in, should Paul leave them now, when there was some prospect of his settling down in earnest to his profession."

"Humph! well, well; what the deuce he wants to go tramping about the world for passes my comprehension; he has seen enough of it by this time surely; now why cannot he stay at home and do his duty like a man and a Christian?"

"He may not go dear; you know; we are only supposing it."

Two or three days passed without any communication between the inmates of Fernside and those of the Hall. However, on Thursday afternoon, Ruth came in, having just returned, she said from seeing Sybil off. Mollie not being present at the time Mrs. Stuart anxiously enquired for Paul, and was informed that he had gone down to Toronto the day before.

"I cannot express, my dear Ruth, how grieved I am at what has happened; I fear that Mollie has been very thoughtless."

"It was certainly a severe disappointment to us; for we have always looked upon Mollie as destined one day to be Paul's wife. But you must not blame her dear Mrs. Stuart."

The latter sighed and did not answer; as Mr. Stuart and

Mollie entered the room at this moment; and Ruth on being pressed by all, consented to remain for tea, and a pleasant but quiet afternoon and evening followed.

One afternoon, about a week later, Mollie started out for a ride on horseback. Going along the lake-shore road for several miles, she turned to the right and struck off across the country. As it was getting late by this time, she resolved not to return as she had come, but to go straight on as she was doing, and then take the leap which she and Paul had taken that night when Neal had warned her of its being dangerous. She had performed the feat several times since then, and felt quite secure as to her ability to do it now. Accordingly, she rode on, and as they approached the fence the mare took the leap, but somehow or other her hind foot caught on the rail of the fence, and although it was free in an instant it was sufficient to cause her to stumble as she reached the ground, and throw her rider rather heavily to the earth, where she lay stunned and helpless. But help was at hand; and Neal Despard, who happened to be on the road, but a few yards distant, sprang over the fence, and in a moment was kneeling beside the prostrate girl, with her head upon his arm. Pulling off her gloves, he chafed the little hands, but as this produced no effect he laid her down again and looked about to see if there was anyone near whom he could send to Fernside for assistance. Seeing no one, he commenced once more to vigorously rub her hands, and called her name in low, tender tones, his voice trembling in spite of himself, "Mollie, Mollie, my darling, my little love." Scarcely knowing what he did, he pressed her close to his breast and kissed her over and over again. Whether this mode of procedure brought about the desired effect, or whether she would, in the natural course of events, have recovered at this identical moment, in any case, is a question on which the writer is unable to throw any light. But, at any rate, recover she did, to find herself in the close clasp of Neal Despard's arms, and his hot, passionate kisses raining down upon her face and brow. He laid her upon the ground again instantly, but still kept his arm beneath her head.

"You are hurt, I fear, Miss Stuart. You—you had an accident. Tell me where you are injured. I see no cut or bruise."

"I am not injured in the least, thank you, Mr. Despard; only stunned a little, that is all. Pray let me get up."

"Are you sure you will be able to stand?" he inquired anxiously.

"Quite. Give me your hand for a moment, please. Thanks." She stood up and looked anxiously around. Bessie! I hope she was not hurt."

"Not in the least. See, there she is, behind that clump of trees, munching grass as though nothing had happened. I am thankful you are safe. I feared at first that you were dead, you lay there so white and still." He colored hotly while he said this, at the remembrance of those stolen kisses. She also became embarrassed, and with low voice and downcast eyes thanked him for coming to her assistance. "But how are you to get home?" he asked after a moment's pause, during which Mollie had been very industriously engaged in drawing on her gloves, and Neal stood with one hand plunged into his pocket, while with the other he savagely lashed his boots with her riding whip; both feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

"Get home? Why, I shall ride back, of course."

"Ah!—Do you really mean it now? Are you not too much shaken by your fall to ride?"

"Not at all. I feel quite as strong and steady as usual," which was not strictly true, for she had hardly ceased trembling even yet.

"I beg your pardon, but I do not think you are," he said, smiling and laying his hand quietly on her shoulder.

"Why, child, you are trembling, actually shaking yet, and you talk of riding home."

"Indeed, I am quite capable of judging whether or no I am able to ride home, Mr. Despard. May I trouble you to bring Bessie here?" She spoke with considerable *hauteur*, but Neal was not to be put out. "Come," he said, "listen to reason. It is impossible that you can mount and sit firmly on your saddle while you are trembling like this. See, there is a log yonder; sit down and rest a few minutes. Indeed, I think it would be better for you to remain there till I go to Fernside for the carriage. I would not be gone more than half an hour."

"I shall permit nothing of the sort, nor do I require any rest. If you will not bring Bessie to me, I will go to her and mount myself." She started off, but had not gone far when she stopped and put her hand to her head. In a second Neal was beside her, had drawn her to the log, and forced her to sit down before she could resist or utter a word of protest. She sat very still where he had placed her, feeling weak and helpless, and with the angry tears welling up in the dark eyes, which she kept stedfastly fixed upon the ground, so that he might not see the tell-tale drops. He smiled tenderly as he looked down on the little figure. But, taking a seat on the log beside her, this audacious young man coolly put his arm around her waist, and, drawing her to him, kissed the sweet, tremulous lips.

"Little sweetheart, do you love me?" No answer, but lower and lower drooped the head.

"Look up, sweet, and tell me if you will be my wife." Then slowly the great dark eyes, still swimming with tears, were raised to his face, and well, I fancy, was he satisfied with the answer he read in them, for sure I am that no other answer was given; and that when, an hour later, they were on their way back to Fernside, Mollie seated on Bessie and Neal walking briskly alongside, no two lovers were ever more perfectly happy than these two, my hero and heroine.

CHAPTER IX.

Forebodings.

Ten days later saw Mollie and Neal in Toronto, the former as Sybil O'Brien's guest whilst Neal, of course, went to his mother's house. It was a sad coming home for him, for Alice was slowly sinking. The gentle life which had lingered so peacefully for thirty years, was ebbing to its close. Sybil, although much occupied with her sick friend was unfeignedly glad to welcome Mollie, particularly as Alice longed to see the girl whom Neal loved; the little Princess of whom he was never weary of telling in his letters home. So, the day following their arrival in town Sybil and Mollie drove over to the Despards'. It was a quaint old rough-cast house at which the carriage drew up. A two-storey house long and low, with green trellis work reaching from the veranda to the upper windows; it stood a little back from the street, and in front was a small plot of ground. The Despards were not rich, but possessed an income sufficient to maintain them in comfort. Neal lived almost wholly upon his salary.

Mrs. Despard, who had seen the carriage stop at the door, stood on the veranda waiting to receive them.

"My dear Sybil; good morning. And this is Mollie, I suppose; my dear girl I am glad to see you," and the old lady possessed herself of the girl's two hands and kissed her warmly. "Neal has described you so often that your face seems familiar; my dear pardon me if I appear rude; but I have been so anxious to see the woman whom my son loves; I do not wonder now that he has given you the best part of his heart, reserving only a small portion of it for his mother; but I am not jealous my dear," said the old lady with one of her winning smiles.

"What a sweet, pretty old lady she is," thought Mollie as she replied:

"Indeed Mrs. Despard you are mistaken, Neal reserves a very large part of his heart for you and for—Alice and I—I would not have it otherwise, I like him all the better for loving his mother and sister so well."

"That is right dear; but here he comes, I suppose," he heard your voice." Mollie turned to the door with a blush and a smile as a quick, firm step descended the stairs, and crossing the hall entered the room. "Ah! so here you are," he exclaimed. "How do you do Sybil; it was very good of you to come round so early. I was just on the point of starting for your house." He shook hands with her coolly and in a perfectly friendly manner, then held out his hand to Mollie keeping hers in it for a moment and looking down at her with a smile in his eyes as well as on his lips.

"Who would dream, seeing these two together, that Neal was my lover a month or two back," thought Sybil to herself; "But I am glad—oh! so glad that matters have turned out so; for I could never have loved him and Mollie does; I would not change places with her," and MacDonald's dark, handsome face rose before her mind's eye, causing the perfect lips to part in a half tender, wholly happy smile. She aroused

herself from this brief reverie and turned to the others who were talking pleasantly together."

"How is Alice this morning?" she enquired.

"She seems better than you; but I fancy the change is owing to the excitement of Neal's arrival, and the expectation of seeing Mollie."

"Will you come up and see Alice, my dear?" turning to Mollie who was speaking to Neal at the moment.

Yes certainly Mrs. Despard, and she arose, but Neal laid his hand upon her arm. "You and Sybil go up first mother; I will bring Mollie up in a moment."

"Very well" was the reply and they left the room together.

"Are you tired after your journey? little one" added Neal drawing her over to a sofa and sitting down beside her."

"Tired! what an idea! It would take a great deal more than a three hour's journey to tire me."

He said nothing, but laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"Neal" she said presently, "I like your mother so much she has the dearest, sweetest old face I ever saw. You are the very image of her, I declare."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Neal—"so I have a dear, sweet face also I presume."

"I did not say so"—poutingly.

"Nevertheless you think I have a very nice face don't you, eh?"

"Hum! Sometimes."

"Indeed, and when is it not agreeable, Miss Stuart?"

"When Mr. Despard happens to be in a bad temper" she answers with a saucy upward glance.

"But I am never in a bad temper with you; am I?"

"No; not now."

"When was I ever cross with you, Princess?"

"Oh! long ago when Sybil was in Buxly"

"Oh! then; and had I not reason to be angry? when I saw you flirting every day with Halliday?"

"I did not flirt with him"—indignantly.

"I am afraid you did dear," he answered dryly.

"I have already told you, how it was, you know I never meant to flirt with him."

"You are very young Mollie" he said presently, "Paul Halliday would have suited you better than I, do you know that I am fourteen years older than you."

"Neal"—reproachfully—"you know, or ought to know that, that does not make any difference to me. If you were fifty I would like you just the same."

"Like! that is a very mild expression; do you only like one little Princess eh?"

"I—I love you dearly, Neal; but oh! come, let us go to your sister; she will think we are never coming. Tell me, Neal, is she much worse? and is there no hope of her living?"

"She is very much weaker than she was at the beginning of the spring. The doctors say that she may live through the summer, but we cannot hope to keep her much longer than that. He turned away his head for a moment, and his voice trembled a little. Mollie silently slipped her hand into his in token of her sympathy.

"She has missed Sybil very much, all the time the latter was in Buxly. Poor Alice."

"Why did she not write, or get your mother to write, and ask Sybil to come home? I am quite sure she would not have hesitated for a moment, for she loves Alice so dearly."

"You are right about Sybil, but you do not know Alice, or you would not fancy she would be selfish enough to let her own feelings or inclinations interfere with another's pleasure."

"But she is so ill, it would not have been selfishness in her."

"We would not deem it so, but Alice herself would. The love between her and Sybil is wonderfully strong and deep. I never saw two real sisters love so long and well as they have done. Alice now is fretting about Sybil's future. You know what sort of man MacDonald is—cold, sneering and selfish to the core. Well, of course, I had no idea that Sybil O'Brien would ever be anything to him, and so in speaking to Alice of MacDonald I did not altogether conceal his real character. Then the other day Sybil showed her his photograph. Alice is remarkably quick at reading faces, and the cold, sinister expression on Arthur's face, visible even in the

picture, confirmed all the reports she had chanced to hear of him. She is grieved that Sybil should have chosen this man above all others, and says she feels a presentiment that sorrow will come of the marriage. She has not, of course, ventured to remonstrate with Sybil, as she feels that even she has not the right to interfere in such a matter after Sybil has declared her intention to marry him. It certainly is strange that she should love him when so many better men have been sent away with a cold refusal. Well, you women are strange creatures, decidedly."

"I wonder," said Mollie, slowly, "I wonder if Mr. MacDonald really cares for Sybil, or if he is only marrying her for her money."

"Well, to do him justice, I think he does, though her wealth is an added attraction. Sybil O'Brien is not a woman to be easily deceived by any man. She has got far too much knowledge of the world, and as for marrying a man who she knew cared only for her money, I know her well enough to feel sure she would never let her pride stoop so low. No Arthur certainly cares for her as much as it is in him to care for anyone."

"I am so glad you think so, Neal, for it must surely be a terrible thing to marry without love. Does it not comfort Alice to think that he cares for Sybil?"

"Yes, certainly; but she says, and truly, too, that he is not a man calculated to make the happiness of any woman's life; and to think that Sybil, with her great, loving, generous soul, should condescend to love a man of his type! I tell you Mollie, Alice is right; he will make her wretched in a year."

"Perhaps," said Mollie, "perhaps her pure love, her goodness and sweetness will ennoble him and make him more worthy of her. Let us hope, at any rate, dear Neal, that he has some merit, else a woman like Sybil could never have learned to love him."

"Said like yourself, little Princess; come let us go up to Alice now. You will may be feel surprised to see my sister so bright and happy, but she is never otherwise. Not even the knowledge that she is dying has power to make her gloomy or unhappy, and we try in her presence to be cheerful also."

They had reached the door of Alice's room by this time. Neal turned the handle after knocking, and they entered together.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

There Shall no Evil Happen to the Just.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

The world is full of trouble—God has willed
For some wise purpose that it should be so,
And every word of his must be fulfilled,
Whether it square with our ideas or no.
And we should take whatever he may send
Without complaint, in humble faith and trust,
Feeling all confidence that in the end
There shall no evil happen to the just."

Dives, hard and selfish, knows no touch of good,
And revels in his palace home secure,
While famished Lazarus pleads in vain for food,
And begs his wretched way from door to door.
But there is danger in possessions vast,
And blessings wait not upon greed and lust;
Time renders all things equal, and at last
"There shall no evil happen to the just."

Courage, poor toiler on life's rugged way!
Gird up your loins, nor falter in the race!
Be strong, for surely there will come a day
When tears to joy ecstatic shall give place,
Life's but a span, and shortly will be o'er,
When dust must mingle with its kindred dust.
Yours is the prize when time shall be no more—
"There shall no evil happen to the just."

MR. NORTH'S DREAM:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

The house stood in the midst of extensive grounds in one of the many suburbs of southern London, a green lawn dotted with shrubs lying before the front entrance. Land was plentiful there in the old days, and Mr. North had bought the place cheap. He was a man of some consideration in the city, of high commercial and private character, well regarded by his fellow-merchants.

The lawn lay steeped in the lovely twilight of a midsummer evening. The moon glittered on the leaves of the laurels; the night flowers, closing their petals, threw out their sweet scent, so that the air was rich with perfume. It was wafted to the open glass doors of a small sitting-room, where stood a young girl; and her heart, as she inhaled it, grew more rapturously joyful than it had been before, if such a thing were possible.

It was Millicent Carden, the niece of Mr. North's wife, and his ward. A merry, guileless, loving girl of seventeen, gay-natured, careless-mannered, sweet-tempered. Her face was fair and refined, with a bright bloom just now on the delicate features; her light brown hair, unconfined by comb and fashion, fell in a mass of silken curls. Mrs. North had gone out that night, taking her daughters, Frances and Amy. Mr. North, his son and nephew, Archie, were in the dining-room, for they had been delayed in the city, and came home very late. The glow on Millicent's face was but a reflection of the glow that illumined her heart; nay, her whole being. For she had learnt to love one with a strange fervor; and in such a nature as hers, deep, silent, ardent, love changes the whole current of life, and is a very ray of heaven snatched from Eden.

The room door opened, and some one came in. Millicent did not turn; she stood where she was, and began to hum a tune carelessly; while all the while her pulses leaped up with a bound, and the cheeks' glow increased to a hot crimson.

"Why, Millicent! I thought you were going with the rest."

Ah, she could turn calmly now. The color faded. The pulses became sober again. It was only John North.

"I did not much care to go, John. And your mother thought we should be so many."

"Then I hope my mother made an apology for leaving you. Francis or Amy might have stayed."

"Frances and Amy are ages older than I. Don't look so solemn, John; it was my own wish to stay; I proposed it myself. Is my uncle not going?"

"Yes. Later. He has some—matters to settle first with Archibald. I'll go out this way, I think. Good-night to you, cousin mine."

John North had made the pause, as above put, in reference to the matters his father had to settle with Archibald. Miss Carden thought nothing of it; if she had momentarily deemed anything odd in the words, it was the name of Archibald—for she had never heard him called anything but Archie. She watched John North cross the lawn in his evening dress; he was a well-grown man of three-and-twenty, and had just been made a partner with his father. The young lady stepped out on the gravel and executed a dancing step in silent glee.

"You good old Johnny! As if I should want to go when they did not invite *him*! As if I would have gone unless they'd made me! I fancied John suspected something last week, though," she pursued, more thoughtfully, bringing her dance to a conclusion; "he looked so hard at us that evening when he came up and saw us in the laurel walk. O, how beautiful the night is! how lovely everything is in the whole world!"

Stooping down, she plucked one of the sweet June roses, and put it within the folds of her light summer dress, her hands and arms looking so fragile and faultless in the moonlight. Then she stepped back indoors, and stood with her face against the pane, gazing out on the fair scene, touching now and again the blushing rose. Things were so still! Not a sound broke the solitude; and railways, with their

shrieks and turmoil, had not quite cut up the place then. As the light in the west grew darker, and the moon brighter, the nightingales began their songs in the neighboring trees, the twinkling stars came out of their heavenly canopy, the light on the laurels turned to silver. Insensibly the girl herself broke softly into melody. Six months before, Archie North had given her "Lalla Rookh;" she had soon learnt its seductive songs by heart.

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemere's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long:
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses, and hear the bird's song."

The striking of the clock interrupted her. Ten. Ten! Why, what could they be about so long in the dining-room? With a light step she went along the gravel walks, and so round to the dining-room window.

It was closed. Closed that hot summer night; and her uncle, Mr. North, was so fond of air, having the windows open always, except in the dead of winter! Millicent looked into the lighted room, and what she saw caused her heart to cease beating.

Archie North stood against the wall, his arms folded, his head bowed, his good-looking face inflamed with tears, his whole aspect one of humiliation—of intense shame. He was as well grown as his cousin John, but younger—only twenty. Only twenty! And exposed at that age, without a home (save lodgings), to the snares and temptations of a London life! On the table lay some papers; they looked like bills; and Mr. North stood opposite Archie, with his right hand outstretched, and an awful look of severity upon his face. Millicent turned sick with undefined fear, and crept back to the little room. What could the shame be?

The dining-room opened, and voices were heard in the hall. Millicent, trembling from head to foot, looked out of this room cautiously. Archie had taken up his hat and a light overcoat that he wore to protect his clothes from the summer's dust.

"Never you attempt again to cross my threshold," Mr. North was saying, in the cold, stern tone of an irrevocable decree. "You are a disgrace to the name of North, and I cast you off forever from me and mine."

Archie went out without an answering word, and Mr. North shut the hall door upon him. Then he crossed the hall and went up the stairs, his boots creaking. Mr. North's boots always creaked; it had a pompous sound, like himself. He was a dark, upright, portly man, with a head well thrown back; eminently respectable, eminently self-important; doing his duties strictly, as respectable men like to do; a large subscriber to charities, a good husband and father; but, in the midst of it all, very hard.

Millicent went back to the open window, and saw Archie North crossing the lawn, the light coat swung on his arm. Was he going away forever? With a heart sick to faintness, with a confusion of mind that seemed to put everything into a tumult, she ran after him, conscious of nothing but the moment's impulse.

"Archie! Archie!"

Archie North turned short round. He was not her cousin—not in fact related to her. If he had begun to love her, however deeply and enduringly, he knew it must be all at an end now.

"What is the matter, Archie?"

"I thought you were out to-night, Millicent."

"No. The others went; I did not care to go. My uncle is angry with you; what is it?"

"Angry!" he repeated, as if the word were a perfect mockery to illustrate Mr. North's state of feeling towards him. "Yes; he is angry."

"But you have not deserved it."

"I have deserved it all, and worse."

With his hand upon her shoulder, he went back across the lawn to the room she had quitted. Standing just within the open window, he looked down upon her while he spoke. The moonlight played upon his troubled face, hard now almost as his uncle's, and lighted up the blue eyes that seemed filled with nothing but a dogged obstinacy.

"I am going away, Millicent. London can no longer hold me, so a distant quarter of the globe must. I have been upon the wrong track this long while. God forgive me! I never meant it to come to this."

She tried to speak, but not a word came in answer. Her lips were white, her throat beating.

"On my soul, I had resolved to do better—to set about redeeming the past. It was for your sake, Millicent—for your sake; and I should have carried it out, Heaven helping me. When I am far away, my darling, when they tell you wicked stories of me—and yet not wicked in one sense, for they are true—remember this: it was *you* who awoke me to better things. It has been just one faint glimmer of intervening light in a dark career; dark before, doubly dark after, for that's what it will be. God bless you, Millicent."

He clasped her to him with a pressure of iron, and kissed her unresisting face, down which the tears were flowing. What Millicent said she did not fully know at the time, and never remembered afterwards; some confused words they were of redeeming the past, of allowing her fortune to help him redeem it.

"No, no," he said with a kind of harsh laugh. "I am a great blackguard, Millicent, but not quite so bad a one as that. Thank you for the thought," he added, holding her two hands in his, and looking down into her eyes as she stood before him. "Thank you, *my darling*, for all; thank you, above all, for your love. I do not suppose—bear with me one moment—that we shall ever meet on this side the grave. If I can redeem things over yonder, but I'd better say nothing of that. My lot will probably be down, down, downwards; you will become the wife of some happy man, and the mother of his children. Fate deals out her prizes unequally. Fare you well; fare you well forever."

With his coat on his arm as before, he went swinging across the lawn again, leaving Millicent fit to die of the moment's agony. And yet it all seemed so unreal! At the gate, lingering amid the clusters of shrubs that surrounded it, and looking out for him, was John North.

"I couldn't go, Archie, in the uncertainty," he said, coming forth into the moonlight. "How has it ended?"

"How should it end?" returned Archie. "There was only one way."

"You are discarded?"

"Of course I am discarded; sent adrift. Your father is a harsh man in anything that touches his respectability or his name. Nine city magnates out of every ten might have done just the same."

"What shall you do?"

"What I can. He has not been all hardness. He said something about giving me a fresh start in life: paying my passage to Australia, and transmitting fifty pounds, to be touched on my landing there. I am to meet him to-morrow. I don't grumble, John; I've deserved all I've got, and more. I shall see you, old fellow, once again before I start."

A late omnibus passed. Archie North hailed it, and got upon the top. And John North went away quickly to the neighboring house, that evening keeping festival.

Poor Millicent! She was dragging herself and her misery up stairs when her uncle came suddenly out of his room in evening dress. She turned swiftly into a niche in the wall, and stood there until he had passed. * * *

Archibald North set sail for Australia. There was no mystery made about him or his ill-doings, and Millicent heard what the rest heard. He had not been guilty of any crime; had not robbed his uncle's cash-box, or forged his name; but he had been an excessively prodigal sinner on his own score, and come to general grief; he had made an ocean full of disreputable debts, and altogether gone to the bad.

"And he had the opportunity of doing so well!" cried Mr. North, making severe comments in the bosom of his family. "I gave him a stool in my counting house, I invited him here frequently; and this has been my reward! What he might have gone on to, but for my providential discovery of his sins, I shudder to think. Henceforth let his name be unto us as though we had never known him." And it was so.

(To be Continued.)

How he was Caught.

The Rev. Jeremiah White, domestic chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, had the ambition to aspire to the hand of Lady Frances, Cromwell's youngest daughter. The protector was informed of it, and having no inclination for such an alliance

was so much concerned that he ordered the person who told him to keep strict look-out promising if he should give him any substantial proofs he should be well rewarded and White severely punished.

The spy followed his business so closely that in a little while he followed Jerry White—as he was generally called—to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to acquaint the Protector. Oliver in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and going quickly in found Jerry on his knees, kissing his daughter's hand, Cromwell in a fury, asked what it meant. White with a great deal of presence of mind said:

"May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young woman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail. I was therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

Oliver turned to the girl, and cried:

"What's the meaning of this hussy? Why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such."

My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a low curtsy replied:

"If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him."

"Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell. "Call Goodwyn (one of the preachers); this thing shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."

The Rev. Jerry had gone too far to recede from his proposal. His brother parson came and my lady's woman and he were married in the presence of the protector, who gave the bride £500 as portion, to the secret disappointment and indignation of the enraged dupe of his own making, but to the entire satisfaction of the fair Abigail, who obtained a husband far above her most sanguine hope of pretensions. After the Restoration White remained quiescent. He died in 1707 aged 78. When the story of his marriage was mentioned before Mrs. White (who survived her husband) she always simpered her assent to its truth.

Useless Studies.

A young lady of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the printed curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up the next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over a list of text-books on science, language, literature and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: "I'll tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician and practice, but only to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I am sure that it would be more useful to me than"—and she turned to the prescribed course of study—"than spherical trigonometry and navigation. What is the use of my studying navigation? But we can't run for the doctor every time anybody sneezes or coughs, and I would like to know what to do for anyone who is a little sick."

Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem in algebra, and give the technical names of all the bones in the body; but if the baby brother, left in their charge burns his hand or is seized with croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the every-day experience of accidents and illness which are inevitable in every family?—*Harper's Bazar.*

Household Training.

Rev. Washington Gladden considers the neglect of practical household duties as one of the worst features of modern life in this country. He says: "It is not in the wealthier families only that girls are growing up unpracticed in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthier families than in the families of mechanics and of people in moderate

circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while."

"The habits of indolence and of helplessness formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice; the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness, or even justice, a girl must be who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household!"

"And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. 'Oh, Hattie is so absorbed with her hooks or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her.' As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary housework! The mother is the drudge; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter; and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose."—*Sel.*

What Four Women Did.

Four sisters the daughters of a Vermont farmer, were left orphans. They had a farm up in the mountains, which, at least, yielded but a scanty income. Their only brother was a young boy, for whom they were ambitious. With a little money, and a great fund of energy they came to Boston. Not to put their names on the hook of some "Women's Union," or semi-charitable institution as "highly-educated young ladies" who wanted lady-like employment and sit about for something to turn up, finding fault, meantime, with a cold, unfeeling world. They took a house in the business part of the city; took what hoarders they could accommodate, but made the *piece de resistance* of their enterprise—day board. They opened two parlors which were for a dining-room. They are carpeted, draped, picture-hung and made generally refined, and people like to come to them. The tables are arranged with the most scrupulous neatness. The linen is dainty and always fresh; the silver is bright; the details in every respect are those of a refined home. The meals are not elaborate but everything is excellent of its kind, perfectly served. With the aid of one servant these four young women manage their establishment. In dainty, white-ruffled aprons they serve the guests at their table in a graceful, lady-like way that attracts people. They have placed their young brother in a good school: they are making a comfortable support, and have their own pleasant home all together. Now when women can attain to this manner of common sense in their lives, which is quite as needful as "common sense in the household," we shall not see "thirty highly educated young ladies," advertised in the morning papers of Boston, at a loss to know what is going to become of them.

Evading a Fare.

The stealing of a pin is apparently a slight offence. Yet it may reveal character as clearly as the theft of one hundred dollars. Some years ago there lived in New York a shrewd old merchant named Aymar. He used to receive cargoes of mahogany and logwood, which were sold at auction.

On one occasion a cargo was to be sold at Jersey City, and all hands started from the auctioneer's store to cross the ferry. When they were going through the gate, Mr. Aymar noticed one of the largest buyers slip through the gate without paying the five-cents fare. He told the auctioneer not to take a bid from that man.

"Why," said the auctioneer, with an expression of surprise. "I thought he was good."

"So did I," answered Mr. Aymar; "but I have changed my mind, and I will not trust him one dollar."

A few months proved the accuracy of the judgment of Mr. Aymar, for the slippery merchant failed, and did not pay five cents on the dollar. It does not by any means follow that business disaster will come as a retribution to a dishonest trader; but this is certain, that a man who will steal even so trifling a sum as would pay his fare in the horse-car or the ferry-boat, will cheat you out of a larger sum if he finds a safe opportunity.

A Practical Lesson.

The good King Louis XII., of France, was styled the father of the people. An old chronicler relates that when he died even the little children wept bitterly for his loss. The following anecdote shows that these regrets were not unmerited: An officer in his household had in a fit of anger, ill-treated a poor laborer; when the king heard of the offence he ordered that the noble who had committed so great an injustice should only have his table served with meat and wine. The next day Louis met the officer, and asked him if he had fared well. "Sire," he replied, "I had no bread to eat." "What!" said the King, "Cannot you do without bread?" "No, truly, sire," answered he. "You jest," said Louis, bread is not necessary to sustain life." "Your Majesty will excuse me, but we should feel the loss of it a great deprivation." "Why, then," answered the King sternly, "did you beat the poor laborer? It is to them we are indebted for the bread we eat. Remember this in future; a repetition of the like fault will be punished more severely."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—A London newspaper tells a curious story about a gentleman who proposed to the lady who is now his wife, at a dinner-party. He had been a lover some time, but never quite persuaded himself up to the point of popping the question. During the eventful dinner he learned from the person sitting next him that a rival intended that evening to make an attack upon his *Dulcinea's* heart. She was sitting some distance from him at the table, and the rival was at her side. He was equal to the emergency, however, for, tearing a half leaf from his note-book, he wrote upon it:

"Will you be my wife? Write your answer, yes or no, upon the paper, and return it to me." Calling a waiter, the ingenious lover sent the missive "to the lady in blue at the end of the table—be very careful." The servant did as directed, but the lover in his anxiety forgot to send his pencil. The lady had presence of mind, however, and tucking the note into her bosom, said to the waiter, "Tell the gentleman yes."

The following story is told by a gentleman who is intimate with President Hayes and President-elect Garfield, and whose personal truthfulness is vouched for by the Cleveland (*O.*) *Herald*:—

"In the little village of Bedford, only twelve miles distant from Cleveland, there lived, some thirty years ago, two charming and attractive girls. To one of these President Hayes had become an ardent suitor; but the parents of the young lady had vigorously opposed their courtship, on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughter's future. The match was broken off, and the lady is to-day married and well known to Cleveland people. The other young lady had received some attentions from young Garfield, and was well disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as the reason of their opposition the poverty of Garfield and the anything but bright prospects of his future. The most remarkable coincidences of the courtship were that both young ladies lived in a village of not more than five hundred inhabitants, and both refused two future Presidents of the United States; because of their poverty."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THOUGHTLESSNESS.—In general, I have no patience with people who talk about the "thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decision? A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances, or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now—though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.—*Ruskin.*

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As we were unable to procure the engraving we intended to give in the January number, we are obliged to defer it till next month, but as it is intended as a frontispiece to the volume, it will do as well then, and parties binding the volume can have it placed in front if they choose. It will appear in the February number.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Let in the Air.

Let in the air, to whose fairy-like wing
Treasures of health and of happiness cling.
Let in the air, whose life-giving breath
Will chase from your chamber the odors of death.

Let in the air, where the sleepers are bound
In unnatural spells by the vapors around.
Let in the air, for its presence will shake
Each poisonous gas, and the sleepers awake.

Let in the air to the church and the hall,
Lest the words of the teachers unheeded may fall.
Let in the air, whose pure fiat forbids
The closing unseemly of somnolent lids.

Let in the air, with the welcome of glee,
Through palace and cot both unfettered and free.
Let in the air where for pleasure you roam;
But far above all in your "House and your Home."

—MRS. J. M. O'CALLAGHAN in *House and Home*.

How TO CURE SORE THROAT.—"One who has tried it" communicates the following sensible item about curing sore throat: Let each one of your half million readers buy at any drug store one ounce of camphorated oil and five cents' worth of chloride of potash. Whenever any soreness appears in the throat, put the potash in half a tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly; then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel. This is a simple, cheap and sure remedy.]

Consumption.

Consumption usually begins with a slight, dry cough in the morning, then on going to bed, getting more and more frequent, with more and more phlegm, increasing debility, thinness of flesh, shortness of breath and quickening pulse. In fatal cases, its average course is about two years; hence the importance of arresting the disease at as early a stage as possible, and the sooner rational means are employed for this purpose, the greater the chances of success.

The disease is owing to an irritation commencing in the throat and extending to the lungs, so that their action is interfered with, and the blood does not receive sufficient oxygen to purify it. The first thing to be done is to remove the obstruction, which is the irritation or congestion of the lungs. Four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of water and one grain of morphine make an excellent mixture for relieving the cough. It should be taken in doses of two teaspoonfuls every two hours until the cough is relieved.

The chest, just below the neck, should be rubbed with tartar-emetic ointment every morning over a space as large as the hand, until a thick crop of sores is brought out; then rub the ointment between the sores to bring out a new crop. Meantime the patient should take regular and vigorous exercise in the open air. There is nothing that equals horse-back riding as a remedy for this disease. If a consumptive were to "live in the saddle" and sleep out of doors, taking care to keep the feet dry and warm, and to live upon good, nourishing food; in short, to "rough it," he would recover his health in a few months, even if the disease had made considerable progress. The trouble is that it requires a strong will to carry out so severe a course, in spite of the languor and debility which disposes an invalid to quiet dependency.

The most marked sign of lung disease is emaciation; and the most positive indication of returning health is increase in weight.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

Taking Cold.

Probably the most pernicious practice of all in regard to clothing is that of over clothing parts of the body, and allowing other parts to be insufficiently covered, which is an almost universal practice in the case of young children, and too common amongst women. The object of clothing in cold weather is to prevent the escape from the body of animal heat generated in the body. Heat is generated in all parts of the organism but a little more in some parts than in others—more in the brain, muscles and liver, and it is distributed and the temperature of the body equalized by the circulating blood. Uniformity of temperature and of the circulation of the blood is one of the first essentials of health. Heat is being continually given off from the entire surface of the body. Too little clothing permits the too rapid escape of heat, whether from the whole body or only from parts of it, as the extremities, and the skin and parts beneath become cold, and the little blood-vessels in and beneath the skin contract and get smaller, as everything does when cold, and will not contain the normal quantity of blood; while the inner organs are, at the same time, forced to contain more than the normal quantity of blood; colds, congestions and inflammations follow as a consequence. On the other hand, over-clothing leads to accumulation of heat, and to relaxation, distention and debility of the vessels of the skin and other tissues, and when confined to parts of the body, the vessels in these parts become relaxed, distended or congested with blood and hence the body is rendered more susceptible of cold, and less able to resist sudden changes in the weather.

CLIMATE.

It is sudden changes that try the health of men and women, rather than absolute heat or cold. The dry, pure, sunny air of the Arabian deserts makes the climate of these deserts one of the finest in the world. It is healthfully stimulating. This is the case, too, with the climate in some of the regions in the Rocky Mountains, and in parts of California. Even the heat and the moisture of the tropics are favorable to health—provided one guards against the malaria resulting from vegetable decomposition.

Above a height of eight thousand feet in the Peruvian Andes—essentially the same is true of other kindred eleva-

tions—consumption is unknown among the natives, and remarkable cures of consumptives from abroad occur there. Along the coast lines the disease is common and speedily fatal. In such climates as that of the Andes, to which we have alluded, the favoring hygienic conditions are the dryness, low atmospheric pressure, clear sky, abundance of sunlight, and equability of temperature.

Somewhat similar conditions prevail in our dry Western plains, where exposure to the atmosphere can be endured night and day with impunity. There is a stimulation which shows itself in improved digestion and blood-making, and in an increase of muscular vigor. Diminished atmospheric pressure—such as is always caused by increased elevation—quickens the respiration and pulse, and enlarges the capacity of the chest.

Nearness to water promotes equability. In one of the Hebrides the mean difference between July and January is only eleven degrees; in Moscow it is over fifty-four. Low grounds surrounded by high hills are moist, and exposed to chilly blasts which rush down from the latter, and are, therefore, unhealthy.—*Youth's Companion*.

St. Vitus' Dance.

This disease is sometimes described as "insanity of the muscles." In its worst form it is very distressing, and often fatal.

At first there may be only a twitching of the eyelids, or the muscles of the face; but at length, for days together, or until the person, utterly worn out, is relieved by death, the limbs are fearfully convulsed, being dashed perhaps against the bedpost with tremendous force; or the body is suddenly forced upwards to its extreme tension, and as suddenly thrown in the opposite direction! or the head is rolled from side to side incessantly. A strong linen bed-covering will be completely destroyed by the violent movements in a single day. The body becomes bruised and excoriated from head to foot.

It most frequently attacks children of from ten to fifteen years of age. Says William Smith, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Medical and Surgical Society, London, "I consider the disease one of increased nervous action, deriving its source directly from too much stimulation of the nervous system and the brain capacity."

During childhood the great object aimed at by nature to overcome the disease is nutrition and growth. Play, pure air, good food, and freedom from mental excitement, are what the child should have at the expense of everything else.

In case a child shows incipient chorea, let all attempts to excite its intellect or its sensibilities be wholly avoided. Secure, without fail, the normal activity of the stomach and bowels. Sponge the body daily with cold water, for its general tonic effect. Bathe the feet with warm water every night before retiring, for its quieting effect. Guard constantly against all frights. Shun wines, beers, and every form of spirits.—*Youth's Companion*.

CHARCOAL AND ITS USES.—Charcoal, laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial. And charcoal is valuable for many other purposes. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is so very porous in its "minute interior," it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores, often corroding away dead flesh, reducing it to one-quarter in six hours. In cases of what we call proud flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache; it absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach pressing against the nerves, which extend from the stomach to the head. It often relieves constipation, pain, or heartburn.

Desserts, of every description, if well made, are as healthful and as nutritious as other articles of food if taken at the beginning of the meal, because they would take off the "edge of the appetite," and we would not overeat of plainer things; but presented after an ordinary meal, when we have already taken enough, the appetite is tempted to excess, nausea or indigestion, or discomfort of some kind follows, which we attribute to the last thing eaten, when in reality the error has been in quantity and not quality.

SCIATICA.—Three drops of sulphuric ether, mixed with a few drops of water and injected under the skin with a hypodermic syringe, is said to permanently cure this distressing complaint. The remedy should be used every twelve hours till a cure is effected.

Many a family mansion has been built with the savings of a life-time, to make the graves of half the household within a few months, by neglecting to secure a thorough drainage and a supply of good water for drinking and cooking.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BREAD FOR DYSEPTICS.—Take $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. wheat meal or 4 lbs. white flour, half an ounce muriatic acid, and half an ounce carbonate of soda, and about a quart of water. Mix flour and carbonate of soda by rubbing thoroughly together in a dry pan; then pour the acid into the water, and stir well. Then pour it gradually into the flour and knead until the dough is fit for forming into loaves. Bake in a hot oven immediately. This will make about six pounds of the best unfermented bread, and is said to be good for persons suffering from indigestion.

JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, one teacup sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls milk, one teacup flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

WHITE CAKE.—One egg, one cup sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoons butter (butter put in last); flour to make the consistency of sponge cake.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, whites of four eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven.

NO NAME CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one of flour, two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, two spoonful cold water. Beat eggs separately, also beat butter and sugar together, then add the eggs. Put powder in flour. Very nice.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one-half teaspoonful extract of orange; beat the yolks and sugar together ten minutes; add the flour with powder sifted in, and the extract last; add the eggs (whites) beaten to a froth; bake in a well-buttered tin in a steady oven thirty minutes.

BATTER PUDDING.—One cup of suet, one cup of molasses, one of raisins, chopped, two cups of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Steam three hours, and serve with sweet sauce. This needs no eggs.

TO MAKE BISHOP PUDDING.—Butter some thin slices of bread, without crust, and over the butter spread a good layer of jam. Cut the slices into convenient pieces. Line and border a deep pie-dish with puff paste, arrange the slices of bread and butter in the dish until half full. Make an ordinary, rather milky ground rice pudding, flavor the milk with which it is made with the rind of a lemon. Sweeten to taste, and add to it two or three beaten-up eggs, according to the size of the pudding. Pour this mixture into the pie-dish; bake in a brisk oven.

YEAST.—One pint mashed potatoes, water and all, one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of salt, one cup strong hop tea, four quarts boiling water. When nearly cool add a pint of good yeast. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, occasionally stirring it; strain and put in a jug and set in a cool place.

ANGEL PUDDING.—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of powdered sugar, two ounces of butter melted in a half pint of new milk, two eggs; mix well. Bake the above in small patty pans until nicely browned, and send to table on a dish covered with a serviette. A little powdered sugar should be sifted over each pudding, and slices of lemon served with them. The eggs must be well beaten before they are added to the other ingredients.

Each particle of pulverized charcoal absorbs one thousand times its bulk of deleterious gases; hence a ham well smoked and covered with it will keep for years, and butter put into a clean pot will keep sweet for twelve months, if well surrounded by it.

HAIR STIMULANT.—Take a bottle of glycerine, into which drop slowly tincture of capsicum, until after thoroughly shaking up, a few drops poured into a spoon perceptibly smart the tongue when tasted.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM INJURING PICTURE-FRAMES, GLASSES, ETC.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water; then with a gilding brush do over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not alight on the article so washed. 'This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

A GOOD BLACK INK.—Half a pound extract of logwood, half an ounce bichromate of potash, two drachms prussiate of potash and three gallons of water. Pulverize the ingredients, and heat boiling hot and stir thoroughly, then strain through a thin cloth and bottle.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Pat's Question.

"I'm after axin', Biddy dear—"
And here he paused awhile
To fringe his words the merest mite
With something of a smile—
A smile that found its image
In a face of beauteous mould,
Whose liquid eyes were peeping
From a broiery of gold,
"I've come to axe ye Biddy dear,
If—" then he stopped again,
As if his heart had bubbled o'er
And overflowed his brain.
His lips were twitching nervously
O'er what they had to tell,
And timed the quivers with the eyes
That gently rose and fell.
"I've come—" and then he took her hands
And held them in his own,
"To ax"—and then he watched the buds
That on her cheeks had blown,—
"My purty dear—" and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart,
That told how love had entered in
And claimed its every part.
Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,
With just the faintest sigh,
"I've sinse enough to see you've come,
But what's the reason why?"
"To ax—" and once again the tougue
Forebode its sweets to tell;
"To ax—If Mrs. MULLIGAN
HAS ANY PIGS TO SELL."

To make superb soup use the proper soup herbs.

A shoemaker has perhaps more interest in woman's rights—and lefts—than any body else.

"My work's dun," remarked the collector, as he started out in the morning.

A printer's wife always puts the baby in "small caps."

A little girl, one Christmas Eve, seeing the sun setting said, "Mamma, I know what makes it so red over there; Santa Claus is baking."

The Tribune feels called upon to remind steamboat captains that rocks have the right of way.

It was not a bad comment on what some men call "business" that an old German made in New York. He said, "Der beeples go round der streets all day sheating each odder, and dey call it pizziness."

A man threw a couple of superannuated eggs at an actress in a Philadelphia theatre, and he was fined \$500 for his little diversion. This is \$3,000 a dozen for eggs, and not very good eggs at that. We seem to be getting back to war prices.

"What decoration is that you are wearing?" said an Austrian sergeant to a new recruit. The man blushed deeply, and responded, "It is a medal our cow won at the cattle-show."

An amateur punster informs us that some houses have wings, and he has often seen a house-fly. We thought no part of a house save the chimney flue.

"A blighted life" is the title of the latest English society novel, but the name of the lady who failed to get the sealskin sacque is not given.

"I am satisfied with my lot," said a real estate owner who held a piece of city ground worth five hundred dollars a foot.

Somebody notes that love is more interesting than marriage, for the same reason that romance is more enticing than history.

It requires only two ounces of force to the square inch to convince some men that it is too hot to go to church when it is not too warm to row a boat five miles.

The late Dr. Bethune asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied, "What business is that of yours?" Said the doctor, "O, sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

DIRTY-TEA.—Little Boy (on receiving a cup of weak tea from his mother). "Mamma, the milk you have given me is quite hot and dirty."

"That's the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade, now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him."

An Irishman, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.

Said the angry judge to the lawyer: "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better!" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.—*Boston Post.*

AN IRONICAL REMARK.—"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance" said the judge to the sheriff, "Yes," said the sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

A BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL, who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her governess what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the reply.—*Pottery Gazette.*

THE BRIDLE SCARCE WAS OAR.—At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridle to de new one or not."

SHORT SIGHTED IRISHMAN (who meets a gentleman in Liverpool whom he thinks he knows). "I beg your pardon, sorry, but at first I rally thought it was you, thin I thought it was your brother, and now I see it's nayther of yez.—*Judy.*"

"DOWNY" ADVICE.—Never hit a man when he is "down." It is so cowardly to do so, and besides, it would pay you so much better to make a "quib" of him.—*Judy.*

A LAZY BOY was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied:—"That is because you are too long in it, sir."

No man has a right to say what he pleases, even although it may be the truth, if it can hurt the feelings of another, unless stern justice requires it. But a noble nature can scarcely be persuaded to take that responsibility—would rather suffer wrong.

BARBERS AND SHAVING.—The idea that shaving is a duty is older than the invention of steel or even of bronze razors. Nothing is more remarkable in savage life than the resolution of the braves, who shave with a shell or with a broken piece of glass left by mariners. A warrior will throw himself on the ground, and while one friend holds his arms and prevents him from struggling, another will scrape his chin with the shell, or with the broken bottle, till he rises bleeding beardless. Macaulay must have shaved almost as badly with the razor of modern life, and when he went to a barber, and, after an easy shave, asked what he owed, the fellow, afraid of charging too little, replied, "Just what you generally give the man that shaves you, sir." "I generally give him two cuts on each cheek," said the historian.

A tombstone in South Carolina bears the following :

Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,
Mouth almighty, and teeth accordin';
Stranger tread lightly over this wonder :
If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by thunder.

The smartest things are often said by maniacs. A resident physician, who was making his rounds in a lunatic asylum found an adult patient riding a hobby-horse. "Riding your hobby are you?" he said. "No," said the lunatic, "I am riding my hobby-horse." "What is the difference?" said the doctor. "There is a great difference," replied the crazy man : "any one who is riding a hobby-horse can stop when he chooses ; but any one who is riding a hobby can't."

An English servant-girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home was told that she "looked really aristocratic ;" to which she responded, "Yes ; in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

An eloquent divine, in the course of his sermon, was comparing the state of the unconverted sinner to that of a man in a boat away from land, and with only one oar. He was suddenly brought up with a severe round turn by an old sailor, who jumped up and asked, "Couldn't the old fool scull?"

"Are you a Home Ruler?" was asked of one of the candidates at the late English election. A voice from the back seats answered, "No, but his wife is."

Numerous are the anecdotes of the late Father Taylor of the Boston Seamen's Bethel. A prayer-meeting had been prolonged one evening beyond the usual hour of closing, and Father T. had been pretty well warmed up. Just then a few restless spirits in the rear of the audience took occasion to leave. The old man rose, and swinging his arm in his peculiar way, shouted out, "That's right, brethren ; the tide's rising, the drift-wood is beginning to float!"

During the last session of the court at——, Wisconsin, Lawyer Blank had been trying for two long hours to impress upon the minds of the jury the facts of the case. Hearing the dinner-bell, he turned to the judge, and said, "Had we better adjourn for dinner, or shall I keep right on?"

Wearied and disgusted, his honor replied, "O, you keep right on, and we will go to dinner."

The Rev. Dr. Broadus, an old Baptist parson famous in Virginia, once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in.

"Have you two barns?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sah," replied the darkey ; dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes build a new one."

"Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?"

"Well, sah, if dey's Methodist's or Baptist's, we gen'ally put 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals, we puts 'em in de new one."

"Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn ; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

THE ARTISTIC TRAMP.—There is a tramp who haunts the east end of Galveston who has got it down fine. He has reduced it to a perfect system. He has his regular customers, so to speak. He knocked at the door of a house. The owner came out. As soon as he saw the tramp he said, "Now, look here, last week I gave you a nickel to stop away for ten days, and here you are back again." The tramp put his hand to his forehead and was lost in thought for several minutes. Then he said, "You are right, colonel. Your regular assessment is not due yet for a week. When I get back to my counting-room I'll pay off my head book-keeper and discharge him. He has neglected to give you the proper credit on the ledger." "Well, go on, now." "All right, colonel. This is not a professional call ; it is only complimentary. No extra charge."

A Lawyer Cornered.

Not even a lawyer, however skillful in cross-examination, can make a witness tell the truth provided the witness wishes to evade it. It is impossible to put a question in such exact language that it will demand the desired answer. It was necessary on a certain occasion in court to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to draw all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

The witness looked up innocently and replied :

"Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe."

The lawyer asked again :

"But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

The imperturbable witness answered : "He never rides any gate at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gate on the farm."

The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar and his next question was very insinuating.

"How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer."

"Well, sir, said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest, if his horse is able to, and if not, he falls behind."

The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself and asked, "And how does he ride when he is alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply ; "I was never with him when he was alone," and there the case dropped.

THERE WAS ONE.—An Englishman at a hotel in New York asked the clerk if there were "oysters in the hotel." "O, yes," was the reply ; "step right in the restaurant ; we don't keep them in the office." "Egad!" said Mr. John Bull, "I think you misunderstand me, you know ; I mean a 'oyster, don't you know ; a 'liit—a hellevator, may be you call it in this country."

"The church in the world," says a recent writer, "is like a ship on the ocean. The ship is safe enough in the ocean, so long as the ocean is not in the ship. The church is safe enough in the world, so long as the world is not in the church."

The Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, hit the nail on the head recently when he quoted the remark of a gentleman who was speaking of the inferior quality of much of our modern preaching. After listening to a sermon, he said, "I went to hear about the way to heaven, but I only learned the way from Jerusalem to Jericho."

MISCELLANEOUS.

HE DID N'T SELL.

"I b'lieve I'll sell the farm, Jane Ann, and buy a house in town;
Jones made an offer yesterday—he'll pay the money down. He said he was n't anxious, but he had the cash to spare, And reminded me that nowadays cash sales are very rare.

The farm ain't worth much, anyway, the soil is mighty thin, And the crops it yields are hardly worth the puttin' of them in; Besides, the pesky railroad that they're puttin' through this way Will cut the place right slap in two—Jones told me so to-day.

I ain't afeard of work, you know—my daddy allus said, "There ain't a single lazy hair in Nehemiah's head." There wasn't no lazy hairs, I know, in that old head of his, For he did the work of three hired men in spite of rheumatiz.

No, no, I'm not afeard of work, you know—of that I don't complain—
I've tried to work with willin' hands in sunshine and in rain; And I've allus wore a cheerful face, except at times, maybe, When them giddy, head-strong steers o' mine would 'haw' when I yelled 'gee!'

Perhaps it may be sinful for a mortal to find fault With toiling hard both day and night, if he only makes his salt,
But I've thought while cradlin' rain-lodged oats on the side-hill over there,
That my cross was most too hefty for a small-boned man to bear.

It's allus been my custom when a-plowin' stumpy soil To hum some good, old-fashioned hymn—it sorter eased my toil;
But I tell you what 't was pretty hard to smother words of sin When'er a springy root 'ud break and whack me on the shin.

I mention these 'ere things, Jane Ann, because I'd like to lead A peaceful, blameless kind of life, from all temptations freed, But as long as Hessian flies exist and tater-bugs abound There'll be some tall profanity at times a floatin' round.

So I hope if you're agreed, Jane Ann, I'll sell the farm to Jones—
He'll find that what it lacks in soil is well made up in stones— And we'll move into the town next week—what's that you're sayin' wife—
You'll never leave the good old place, as long as you have life?"

Well, there it goes again, I vum? Go on and have your say— Your bound to wear the breeches—in a figgerative way;
But you'll find I'll have my way this time, old girl, as well as you,
So if you're bound to stay right here, by grannies—I'll stay too!"

WATER.—Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance and combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in clouds—then, as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modeled into symmetry, and its crags chiseled into grace;—then, as in the form of snow it robes the mountains it has made with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen;—then, as it exists in the foam of a torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep, crystalline pool with its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea—what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element for glory and beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.—*Ruskin.*

"He's Comin' A' Awa' in Bits."

Before the erection of the new pier at the Castle Rock, passengers from Dumbarton had to be conveyed down the Leven to the Clyde steamers by a ferry-boat rowed by two sturdy and generally elderly ferrymen. On one occasion an English commercial traveller had seated himself on the gunwale at the stern. One of the ferrymen, aware of the danger to anyone so placed, when the rope of the steamer should be attached to the bow of the boat, took occasion to warn the man of his danger. "Noo, ma man, come down aff that or ye'll coup over." The bagman only replied by telling him to "mind his own business, and trust him to take care of himself."

"Weel," said the ferryman, "mind I've telt ye; as sure as ye're sittin' there, ye'll coup over."

"No sooner had the rope been attached, and the boat got the inevitable tug from the steamer, than the fellow went heels up over the stern.

"Gowk, I telt him that." However, being in the water, it behooved that every effort should be made to rescue him. So the ferryman made a grab at what seemed the hair of his head, when a wig came away. Throwing this impatiently into the boat, he made a second grip at the collar of his shirt, when a front came away. Casting this from him with still greater scorn, he shouted to his companion, "Tummas, come here, and help to save as muckle o' this man as ye can, for he's comin' a' awa' in bits."—*Harper's Monthly.*

Exactness.

Chambers's Journal gives the following illustration of exactness in the English civil service: An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for travelling expenses put down as one of the items, "Porter, 6d." It was struck out by the War Office.

Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him, he must have taken a cab, which would have cost 18d. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "portage" instead of "porter." He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "portage," but for the future would do so, and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."

A motor yacht without steam now makes her way about Boston harbor. It illustrates the working of a compressed air petroleum engine. No smoke pipe is visible, for there is none; nor any need of any, for there is no smoke, and not so much fire as the flame of an ordinary kerosene lamp. The whole engine and running machinery are contained in a long, low box in the bottom of the boat, occupying scarcely more room than would be required for the ballast of a sailboat of its size. The peculiarity of this engine is that a common match brings it instantly into full working order.

A SHOWER OF RAILROAD SPIKES.—The great demand for railroad spikes has called into existence a remarkable machine, now in successful operation at the establishment of Dilworth, Porter & Co., Pittsburg. It is the invention of the late Mr. James Swett, and comprises a series of "continuous" rolls handling the material automatically. The material, in the form of billets two and a half inches in diameter and three and a half feet long, is taken in by the machine, and in thirteen seconds reduced in diameter and increased in length to a rod thirty-six feet long and nine-sixteenths of an inch square. In forty seconds more this rod has to be cut in two and passed through two spike machines, from which finished spikes shower at the rate of forty tons every ten working hours. By working "double time" five of these machines have turned out eleven hundred kegs of railroad spikes per day, each keg containing one hundred and fifty pounds, or thirteen kegs to the ton. The product of ordinary rolls and machines is from two to two and a half tons of finished spikes per workin' day of ten hours.

What unthankfulness is it to forget our consolations, and to look only upon matters of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.

An affectionate uncle was informed by telegraph "Mary is to be buried on Wednesday. Come, sure." Mary, who lived in Chicago, was his favorite niece, and, as he had not heard of her illness, the sad intelligence gave him a severe shock. He dressed himself in deep mourning, and made a hurried journey to the West to find a jovial party at Mary's wedding. The wires had arranged for her to be "buried" instead of "married."

SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritation of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The Good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveller's gash more of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battlefields. Take it out into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a vial full, not a cupful, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for failing fortunes, for melancholy.

REMOVAL OF STAINS AND SPOTS.

Matter Adhering Mechanically.—Beating, brushing, and currents of water either on the upper or under side.

Gum, Sugar, Jelly, etc.—Simple washing with water at a hand heat.

Grease.—White goods, wash with soap or alkaline lyes. Colored cottons, wash with lukewarm soap lyes. Colored woollens the same, or ammonia. Silks, absorb with French chalk or fuller's earth, and dissolve away with benzine or ether.

Oil Colors, Varnish, and Resins.—On white or colored linens, cottons or woollens, use rectified oil of turpentine, alcohol, lye and then soap. On silks, use benzine, ether, and mild soap, very cautiously.

Stearine.—In all cases, strong pure alcohol.

Vegetable Colors, Fruit, Red Wine, and Red Ink.—On white goods, sulphur fumes or chlorine water. Colored cottons and woollens, wash with lukewarm soap, lye or ammonia. Silk the same, but more cautiously.

Alizarine Inks.—White goods, tartaric acid, the more concentrated the older are the spots. On colored cottons and woollens, and on silks, dilute tartaric acid is applied, cautiously.

Blood and Albuminoid Matters.—Steeping in lukewarm water. If pepsine, or the juice of *Carica papaya*, can be procured, the spots are first softened with lukewarm water, and then either of these substances is applied.

Iron Spots and Black Ink.—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid, with little fragments of tin. On fast dyed cottons and woollens, citric acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible.

Lime and Alkalies.—White goods, simple washing. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks are moistened, and very dilute citric acid is applied with the finger end.

Acids, Vinegar, Sour Wine, Must, Sour Fruits.—White goods, simple washing, followed up by chlorine water if a fruit color accompanies the acid. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks are very carefully moistened with dilute ammonia, with the finger end. [In case of delicate colors, it will be found preferable to make some prepared chalk into a thin paste, with water, and apply it to the spots.]

Tanning from Chestnuts, Green Walnuts, etc., or Leather.—White goods, hot chlorine water, and concentrated tartaric acid. Colored cottons, woollens, and silks, apply dilute chlorine water cautiously to the spot, washing it away and repeating it several times.

Tar, Cart Wheel Grease, Mixtures of Fat, Resin, Carbon, and Acetic Acid.—On white goods, soap and oil of turpentine, alternating with streams of water. Silks the same, more carefully, using benzine instead of oil of turpentine.

Scorching.—White goods, rub well with linen rags dipped in chlorine water. Colored cottons, redye if possible, or in woollens raise a fresh surface. Silks, no remedy.

CHAMOIS SKINS are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheep skins. The skins are soaked in lime water, and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

Prof. Bencke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is doubled in size, and during the next five years it is again doubled, after which its growth is much slower, though from the fifteenth to the twentieth year its size increases two-thirds; then a very slight growth is observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, the hearts of men are decidedly larger than those of women.

Doctor (looking learned and speaking slowly): "Well mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it the molar or incisor?" Jack (short and sharp): "It is in the upper tier on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster!"

When Old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the paper an account of the last fire, she turned her spectacles from her eyes to the top of her head, and remarked, "If the city firemen would wear the generwine hum knit stockings such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a bustin' of their hose at every fire."

MARKING TOOLS.—Much trouble can often be saved by marking tools with their owners' names, which can be easily and inexpensively done in the following manner: Coat over the tools with a thin layer of wax or hard tallow, by first warming the steel, and rubbing on the wax until it flows, and let it cool. When hard, mark the name through the wax with a graver or any sharp-pointed instrument, and apply nitric acid. After a few moments wash off the acid, and wipe it with a soft rag, when the letter will be etched into the steel.—*Sel.*

CHEAP PAINT FOR THE FARM.—Take a barrel, put in a peck of unslaked lime, a pail of boiling water, cover tightly and let stand two minutes; then add four quarts of gas tar and let stand two minutes longer. If the tar is thoroughly warmed put in more boiling water and stir thoroughly till the mixture is about as thick as paint; add four quarts of fine salt and the paint is ready. Take four or five quarts of this in about the same quantity of water, or what is better, skim-milk, and apply two coats to fences and posts. The color will be light lead but it can be made any color desired.

Charcoal.

If we wish for some substance which will catch fire from the smallest spark, we find that among thousands of bodies simple and compound, that exist in nature or are produced by art, the most suitable for our purpose is pure carbon in the form of tinder. On the other hand, when we want a crucible that will bear without taking fire the flame of the hottest furnace, we make it of pure carbon in the form of plumbago.

The wax mould of the electroplater is a non-conductor of electricity, and it is, therefore, necessary to cover its surface with some good conducting material; it is found that the best material is finely pulverized plumbago; but this same element when crystallized, as in the diamond, is the most perfect of all non-conductors!

Carbon in one state is as soft as lampblack, in another it is the very hardest substance known; in one it is brilliantly transparent, in another it is perfectly opaque; in one it is the most costly ornament in the crowns of kings, in another it is shoved out of the way as worthless!

In all these changes in the condition and properties of carbon no law can be discovered, with the single exception that the temperature at which various kinds of charcoal will take fire are in fixed relation to the temperature at which the several kinds are prepared. This is of the utmost importance to the manufacturers of gunpowder; they have caused it to be investigated with great care.—*Monthly Magazine, London.*

"I assure you, gentlemen," said the convict, upon entering the prison, "that the place has sought me, and not I the place. My own affairs really demanded all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit. And he submitted.

For cheaply gilding bronzes, gas-fittings, etc., the following mixture has been commended: $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of cyanide of potassium, 5 oz. of carbonate of potash, 2 oz. of cyanate of potash, all dissolved in five pints of water, containing in solution $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of chloride of gold. The mixture must be at boiling heat, and after it has been applied the gilt surface must be varnished over.—*Jour. of Chem.*

In these days, when hygienists are beginning to make us feel that where "ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise," the following may bring a restful suggestion of its own:

"Judge H., of New York, being ordered to a mild winter climate, took refuge in Florida, and sitting one day in front of his hotel on the St. Johns, seemed to furnish a study to the knot of idlers under the live-oaks of the yard.

"I expect, stranger, they have right smart of consumption where you were raised," began the most curious at last.

"More or less. How is it on the St. Johns?" answered the judge, with a quiet whiff at his pipe.

"Well, they do a powerful heap of *chilling* in some spots, that's a fact, but right about here they dry up and blow away." And then followed an enumeration of the ill's flesh might fall heir to in different regions not so far removed. In Upper Florida it was possible to die of bronchitis; in New Orleans there were the snares of Yellow Jack; and in the pine lands a thunder-bolt sometimes fell with even swifter stroke. At last the laziest of the group pushed back his sombrero and gave his hair a slow and thoughtful rub.

"Fact is, stranger," with a meditative look at the judge, "I don't reckon it makes so much difference, after all. Fact is, it's *rather dangerous livin' anyhow*."

Tea Two Hundred Years Ago.

An English writer in 1686 thus eulogizes the Chinese herb:—

'THE QUALITIES AND OPERATIONS OF THE HERB CALLED TEA, OR CHEE.

"It has, according to the description (being translated out of the Chinese language), these following virtues:—

- "1. It purifies the Blood, that which is grosse and heavy.
- "2. It vanquisheth heavy Dreames.
- "3. It easeeth the brain of heavy Damps.
- "4. Easeeth and cureth giddinesse and Pains in the Heade.
- "5. Prevents the Dropsie.
- "6. Drieth moist humours in the Heade.
- "7. Consumes Rawnesse.
- "8. Opens Obstructions.
- "9. Clears the Sight.
- "10. Cleanseth and Purifieth Adust (*sic*) humours and a hot liver.
- "11. Purifieth defects of the bladder and kidneys.
- "12. Vanquisheth superfluous sleep.
- "13. Drives away Dissines, makes one nimble and valient.
- "14. Encourages the heart and drives away feare.
- "15. Drives away all paines of the Collick which proceed from wind.
- "16. Strengthens the inward parts and prevents Consumptions.
- "17. Strengthens the memory.
- "18. Sharpens the will and quickens the Vnderstanding.
- "19. Purgeth safely the gaul.
- "20. Strengthens the vse of due benevolence."

The above reminds one very strongly of the recommendations of the virtues of patent medicines with which the newspapers abound. In the one case, as in the other, the truth is as nearly as possible the very opposite of what is claimed. There is at least room for the suspicion that the Chinese had an eye to business in recommending so highly one of their staple productions.

A clerical friend at Hornellsville, New York, mentions a little girl who was amusing herself by jumping from one to another on some flagging stones that were being laid on the sidewalk. Her mother, fearing she might hurt herself, forbade this pastime, but, suspecting disobedience, looked through the window, and seeing her do the same thing, called her in and told her she was not only disobeying, but breaking one of the commandments. The little one felt badly at first, but soon brightened up, and said, "Mamma, those commandments break awful easy." And that, generally is what's the matter. They are so easy to fracture.

Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at a middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother. *Beriah Green.*

TIME'S PROGRESS.—Alas! it is not till time with reckless hand has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the early pages of that book was written a story of happy influence which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began.

How a Man Goes to Bed.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange says:

"There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hairpins out and her shoes untied."

That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is in reality: "I am going to bed my dear. It's half-past ten." No reply. "Now, John, you know you're always late in the morning. Do get to bed!" "Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article headed "The New Syndicate." Fifteen minutes later she calls from the bed room: "John come to bed, and not keep the gas burning here all night," and murmuring something about "the bill being big enough now," she creeps between the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By-and-by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and seizing the shaker proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake! ain't you ready for bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming! Why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?"

Then he discovers that there's coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment, dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When that is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns his skin resembles that of a pickled chicken, and once more he sets himself before the fire for a last "warm up." As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas, and with a flop of the bed clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door is locked, and another flop of the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious! if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!" Setting her teeth hard she awaits the final flop, with accompanying blast of cold air and then quickly inquires "if he is settled for the night," to which he replies by muttering: "If you ain't the provokingest woman!"

Find Something to Do.

Though you oft may be busy with fancy's gay flowers,
Don't sit down with hands folded and waste the bright hours.
To make life the fairer and pleasure pursue,
In all times and places find something to do!

Though you may not be gifted in language or song,
Though you may not be able to move the great throng,
You may lighten some spirit whose pleasures are few,
And find your life better for something to do!

You may dig in the highway or sail on the sea,
For to labor is honor, what'er the work be.
You will value the sunshine and love the shade too,
My son or my daughter, with something to do.

If wealth be your portion, then give and be glad,
Then make it your life-work to succor the sad.
If poor, then, my brother, you never will rue
That you, 'mid life's trials, have something to do.

Then the way to be happy and foster good health—
Though one may not go far on the high road to wealth,
While striving to banish the false from the true—
Is to have a clear conscience with plenty to do!

Cobbett on the Excellent Effects of Sobriety.

Since my turnips were sown I have written a great part of a grammar, and have sent twenty *Registers* to England, besides writing letters, amounting to a reasonable volume, in bulk, or an average of nine pages of common print a day, Sundays included. Besides this, I have been twelve days from home on business, and about five on visits. . . . Yet I have not written a hundred pages by candle-light. But then I have always been up with the cocks and hens, and I have drunk nothing but milk and water. It is said that "wine inspires wit," and that "in wine there is truth." These sayings are the apologies of drinkers. Everything that produces intoxication, though but the slightest degree, is injurious to the mind—whether to the body or not is a matter of far less consequence. My letter on the paper money, which seems to do much of that sort of reasoning which is the most difficult of execution, and consisting of thirty-two full pages of print, I wrote in one day, and that the 11th of July, the hottest day in the year. But I never could have done this if I had been guzzling wine, or grog, or beer, or cider, all the day—surely this is proof of the excellent effects of sobriety. It is not drunkenness that I cry out against—that is beastly and beneath notice. It is *drinking*; for a man may be a great drinker and yet no drunkard.—*"A Year's Residence in the United States," by William Cobbett, 1818.*

A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY FOR TEMPERANCE.—A number of young men were one day sitting round the fire in a waiting-room at the Normantown station of the Midland Railway, talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. McDonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said: "Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?" The policeman replied: "Why, all that I've got to say is that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle [prison] in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction, either."

The other day an Englishman went over to Ireland to see a friend of his, who is an Irish landlord. He said that he should like to meet one of the most ardent opponents of landlords, and his friend referred him to the village blacksmith, who, he said, was a good enough fellow, but who, he believed, contemplated shooting him shortly. To the forge he betook himself, and the blacksmith explained the wrongs of Ireland. "Are we not," he said, "suffering from absentees taking from Ireland all the money that we earn, and do you suppose that we mean to continue to pay this tribute to the Saxon?" "But," replied the Englishman, "here there are many resident landlords." "You are mistaken," answered the blacksmith. "I know the country and I tell you it is full of absentees."

Presence of Mind.

John Wilkes, says an English paper, was not a great general, but he might have been one had his tastes led him into military life. His presence of mind never deserted him. He held many places of trust and responsibility. He was alderman, chamberlain of London and member of Parliament, and no man was more outspoken and daring in his criticisms upon the government. Once upon a time when Wilkes had been more severe than usual, and had reflected keenly upon the king and his chief ministers in the *North Briton*, a warrant was issued from the Court of King's Bench for his apprehension, and for the apprehension also of the poet Churchill (Charles), Wilkes' bosom friend and supporter. The chief culprit knew that the warrant was out, and that his friend's name was in it, but he had not thought to speak of it. The king's messenger, with the warrant in hand, found Wilkes in his chamber, Churchill being at the time with him.

"Ah, Mr. Wilkes, I must arrest you—in the king's name!"

"You have a warrant!"

"Yes; here it is."

"And you have got Charles Churchill's name down also."

"Yes."

"Thomson, my dear fellow," said Wilkes, turning to his companion, "do you run round to Churchill's rooms and tell him what's coming. Tell him to be off for a few days and I'll have it all right for him."

Churchill nodded to his friend and at once hurried out, the officer of the law little dreaming how the fish was slipping away from his net before his very eyes.

AVOID HURRY.—A collector of "old saws" was in the habit of jotting down anything new he heard, on the back of cards, letters, &c., and thrusting them into his pocket. On one occasion he had an altercation with a stranger at a friend's house, which ended in the collector excitedly handing the other (as he thought) his card. On the next morning the gentleman's thoughts turned on the necessity of vindicating his honor and it occurred to him to learn the name of his antagonist. On looking at the card he found no name, but in place of it, traced in good legible characters, "Naething should be done in a hurry but catching fleas." The effect of this was irresistible, and the result was an immediate reconciliation.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—During a recent performance at one of the Paris theatres a man and his wife had to quarrel on the stage, the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her that she was too suspicious, and too passionate. Both were acting with great spirit, when the wife moved her arm too near a candle, and her muslin dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors, however, preserved their presence of mind; the husband extinguished the fire, and, proceeding with his part, interpolated, "You see, my dear, I was right; you are ready to flare up for the least thing."

The late George Peabody said that he owned his money, and would not allow it to own him. In this distinction lies all the difference between freedom and slavery, where money is master the man is down. We have known instances, not a few, of Christian gentlemen and women who gave away all or large portions of their annual incomes from certain sources, preferring to be executors of their own wills, and they had the satisfaction of being benefactors. We have also known others who heaped up riches, not knowing who should gather them—whether lawyers, or speculators, or strangers, or heirs unfitted for the proper use of wealth. Which is the more excellent way?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Telegraphic Blunders.

Probably the worst blunder ever made was one that occurred in the case of a St. Louis merchant, who, while in New York, received a telegram informing him that his wife was ill. He sent a message to his family doctor, asking the nature of the sickness and if there was any danger, and received promptly the answer: "No danger. Your wife has had a child. If we can keep her from having another tonight she will do well." The mystification of the agitated husband was not removed until a second inquiry revealed the fact that this indisposed lady had had a "chill."

Regarding Bathing.

The Seneca Falls Reveille says: "As the warm season advances, and bathing will form a very desirable recreation and enjoyment to a great many, it may be well to recommend to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim a few plain directions which may be found advantageous in preserving life. Men are drowned by raising their arms above the water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Animals have neither motion or ability to act in similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water he will rise to the surface and continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water any way he pleases, his head will raise as high as to allow full liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking, or rather, walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water. The weight of the human body and the weight of the water differ so little that the least exertion in the proper direction, and, above all, presence of mind, is sufficient to meet an immediate danger from drowning.

Entertaining a Bishop.

Elijah Hedding was a bishop of the Methodist Church. Being a plain, humble man, he called himself a preacher, preferring to be known as such, rather than a bishop. Once, while travelling, he reached a village about Saturday noon and concluded to remain over Sunday. The Methodist preacher and his wife being absent, Mr. Hedding inquired of the landlord of the hotel who were the principal Methodists of the place, as he intended to seek the hospitality of a private house.

The landlord gave him the name and pointed out the residence of one, who, he said, was the principal man in the church, and also in the village. The bishop immediately walked over to the house and made known his wish to the lady. Instead of giving him a reply she sent for her husband. When the man came in, he introduced himself to him as a Methodist preacher on a journey, and said that, as he knew of no other place he could reach before the Sabbath, he would like to pass it in that place, if he could be entertained. The man treated him coolly, and gave him a very sparing hospitality.

The house of his host was large and elegantly furnished; but at the hour of rest they sent the bishop to a small, remote chamber—far from being clean. Here he had three apprentice-boys for his companions. One occupied the same bed with himself.

In the morning, his host, in a half-inviting, half-repelling manner, remarked that there was to be a love-feast, and inquired if he would go.

"O, yes certainly," said the bishop.

Soon after he had taken his seat in the congregation, the preacher came in. At the request of the preacher, Bishop Hedding took charge of the love-feast, and then preached for him. He also engaged to accompany the preacher and officiate for him at his afternoon appointment—almost glad to escape from his host at this juncture.

As soon as the service closed he left the church to get his horse. His host soon came up with him, took his arm, and half mad, half gracious, and quite thoroughly confused—said, in a quick impatient manner:

"Why didn't you tell me you were a bishop?"

"O," said the bishop, "I am a plain Methodist preacher."

Both the man and his wife seemed completely overcome with mortification, and it was a relief to the bishop to get away.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER.—The indestructibility of matter can be readily demonstrated, says the Scientific American, by preparing a couple of glass tubes of equal weight, each being filled with pure oxygen, and containing a few particles of carbon, free from appreciable amount of ash; that prepared from fine loaf sugar gives very good results. The tubes are of precisely equal weight, and are hermetically sealed. By heating one of them the charcoal is caused to burn, and ultimately to disappear; the tube and contents, however, are, of course, found still to balance the other tube (which has not been heated), being of precisely the same weight as it was at first.

Comedian and Highwayman.

Shuter, the comedian, in the prime of his powers, was not to be excelled in his delineation of the characters he was wont to assume. Even in his evening dress, at a gentleman's dinner-table, he could instantly appear, for entertaining purposes, the veriest clodhopper, with transformation of the whole man so complete that the garb of the gentleman seemed to disappear from view entirely.

Shuter was once engaged to appear in several of the principal places in the north of England, in the days before the advent of railways, and, while passing through Nottinghamshire, on the road between Newark and Doncaster, only one other passenger besides himself occupied the stage-coach, the said passenger being a gruff, red-faced, gouty old man, from whom Shuter could not get a word of cheerful conversation. It was verging towards evening, the sun had gone, and the shadows were deepening, and they were very near to the confines of Yorkshire, when the stage-coach was suddenly stopped, and the voice of a man was heard as though threatening the driver. Instantly the gouty old man stowed himself away in a corner pulled the cap of his cloak up above his face, and pretended to be fast asleep. He knew very well what was coming, and hoped, perhaps, that, if his travelling companion was first robbed, help might come before the highwayman could get around to him. Ay, it was a highwayman! The knight of the road threw open the door and presented a pistol at Shuter's head, with a significant hint that a speedy handing over of his valuables would save his life.

"Money! Watches! Me, zur!" drawled the comedian, in a manner so excessively stupid and clownish that a Drury Lane audience would have howled with delight thereat. "O, lud, zur! Oncle don't let me carry nothink worthsome. There he be to gab for hisself!"

Upon this the highwayman turned to the man in the corner and gave him a tremendous slap on the face.

"Come, old seventy-five, wake up and pass over your purse! Come out here! Let's have a clean sweep while we're about it."

Suffice it to say that the old Yorkshireman was robbed of over a hundred pounds in money, beside his watch and seals and a few other trinkets, while Shuter got off with a simple cursing for his stupidity.

The rabbi teacher of a Sabbath-school in Washington was very anxious to secure a full attendance at his confirmation class on the then approaching *Shebout* (Pentecost) festival, and requested that none be absent without good and sufficient cause. After the holiday the rabbi accosted a bright, black-eyed little "daughter of Judah," with the inquiry "Why were you not in synagogue yesterday?"

After twisting in her month for some moments the end of a dubiously-clean apology for a pocket-handkerchief, Rebecca, with downcast look, replied, "Because my hat was not clean, sir."

"Not clean?" said the rabbi, somewhat sternly. "Don't you know that God cares not for outward appearances? that he looks to that which is of infinitely more importance, that which is within?"

"But," quickly interrupted the seven-year-old matron, as a perfect solution of the difficulty, "*the lining was dirty too.*"

And that settled the controversy without further argument.

Nervous exhaustion is often attributed to over brain work but it ought to be known that thought, which is legitimate brain work, strengthens the mind as body work strengthens the body; bodily power, capability, is limited, the power of thought is without limit or boundary. Nervous exhaustion is the result of brain worry, that is mental or moral causes, or of brain starvation. The nervous system must be fed; must be supplied with nutriment derived from the perfect digestion of sustaining food; dyspeptics cannot furnish that, and the nerves are thrown into the irritability of starvation; they complain for the want of something to eat; hence a starving brain and a starving man have symptoms in common with one suffering from nervous exhaustion, commencing with exhalation, like that from liquor; then comes exhaustion and failure.

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IN THE LONG RUN.

In the long run fame finds deserving man,
The lucky might may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretence, unnoticed, goes its way.
There is no Chance, no Destiny, no Fate,
But Fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

In the long run all godly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous pain;
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
In the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known;
The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light.
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years and stand confest
In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal Government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its worth.
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

BY ELSPETH CRAIG.

(Continued).

CHAPTER X.

Alice.

"What a pretty room!" was Mollie's first thought; and it certainly was a pretty room. Everything in it was soft and pretty and harmonious. The carpet was woven in soft neutral tinted shades, the wide, low windows were draped with snowy lace curtains looped back with pale blue cord and tassels, the toilet table also was hung with pale blue and spotless white; the walls were tinted a delicate pearl gray, and a few choice paintings hung upon them; the remainder of the furniture was in keeping with all this, and certainly no one could imagine a lovelier apartment than this which the loving hands of Mrs Despard and Neal had fitted up for their dear invalid. The pretty bed with its snowy counterpane and pillows was unoccupied, for Alice was still able to be dressed every day. She lay upon a sofa near one of the

windows from which there was a splendid view of the park and the University. I do not know how to describe Alice Despard. She was not beautiful; long years of illness had robbed her of the beauty which might once have been hers. Her face was almost transparent in its thinness and pallor, and her great dark eyes seemed all the larger and darker by contrast. Perhaps the great charm of her face lay in its expression of sweetness and happy content. She was a woman of thirty though not looking more than twenty-five.

"Did you think we were never coming Alice?" asked her brother as they entered, and then without waiting for an answer to his question he led Mollie to her couch and said: "This is Mollie, Alice; you must forgive me for keeping her from you so long."

"How do you do dear? I am so glad to see you; Neal has described you so often that you do not seem like a stranger at all."

"Do you not think my powers of description do me credit?" he asked playfully.

"Yes indeed; but she is even prettier than you said"—and Alice smiled up into Mollie's blushing face. "You will make her vain," said Sybil smiling. "Was I not right in saying that they were much alike, Mrs. Despard?"

"There is a wonderful likeness between them; they have the same dark eyes, and waving brown hair."

"Ah! I was never so pretty as Mollie, I am sure," said Alice.

"Oh! you must have been; I think you are now," returned Mollie eagerly. Strangely alike, yet strangely unlike they were, these two; one in all the glory of youth and health and buoyant spirits; the other wan, wasted—dying! and yet with the light of a great peace shining full and bright in her pale patient face. "Like unto the angels" murmured Mollie to herself, and then she fell to wondering whether, if this woman had been as others are, able to go out into the world and face the world's temptations, would her soul have remained as pure, her life as sinless and saintly as now?

Would it? Ah! Who can answer? There have been, there are and there always will be saints in the world, but they are few, alas! very few; they are lost in the multitudes of sinners; perhaps once in a life time we may come across one. It may be that Alice Despard would have been a saint had she lived her life in the world, even as she was one now; lying on her couch with only a view from the window as her share of the outside world. Be it as it may, she was saved from temptation, she was sinless as a little child, and looking at her one might say: "It is good to be afflicted," and feel as we feel when a little child dies—"He is safe; his purity was never marred by the tainted breath of the world."

"By the bye, have the Howard's returned from their wedding trip yet Sybil?" asked Neal.

"Yes, they came home the day before yesterday; I saw Katie; she is as happy as possible, and thinks Tom is the dearest and most wonderful man in the world; she is just the same little chatterbox as ever, I do not think marriage will ever sober her."

"I hope not I am sure," exclaimed Mollie with a little

triumphant recollection of Aunt Janet.

"So do I" said Neal—"It would be a shame to see merry Kate subside in a sober, jog-trot, methodical little matron."

"I do not think there is much fear of that for Tom is such a careless, merry, light-hearted fellow himself; they will never take the ills of life otherwise than lightly."

"You are right I'll vouch for Tom at anyrate, it would need something out of the ordinary run to disturb his equanimity; he is the easiest, best tempered fellow going."

"I have often noticed," said Mrs. Despard, "that these slow, good tempered men usually get brisk, quick-tempered wives."

Katie is quick tempered, without being bad-tempered; she is as brisk as a bee and as cheery as a cricket," said Mollie eagerly.

"Mrs Howard is a great friend of yours is she not?" enquired Alice.

"Yes; we have been friends ever since we were babies," was the laughing reply.

"I suppose you miss her now that she has left Buxly."

"Miss her! yes indeed; I shall never become reconciled to her absence; I try to console myself with the thought that she is happy; but I fear I am very selfish for I find myself wishing very often that Tom had not taken her away from us."

"It is indeed difficult sometimes to make our own feelings and desires subservient to the happiness and good of others, but I think that in doing so we are really happier than when we seek our own joy alone. To esteem others better than ourselves is a hard lesson to learn nevertheless."

"I do not think you had much trouble in learning it Allie," said her brother tenderly. "You have always thought more of others than yourself; now if you want a specimen of pretty, piquant selfishness, take this young woman before you." He laughed, laying his hand caressingly on Mollie's shoulder.

"I don't believe you really mean it," she retorted, with a bewitching little pout of the rosy lips.

"No indeed he does not" said Alice, "for I have heard him say just the contrary with his own mouth."

"You are convicted," said Sybil, laughingly.

"Place not your faith in woman" quoth Neal. "Alice I never thought you would have betrayed me; I am afraid Mollie has bewitched you."

"Perhaps, but I daresay you have experienced her spell once yourself," answered Alice. "I have heard of your wonderful voice Mollie," she added, turning to her. Will you come and sing to me some day soon? Sybil tells me you sing exquisitely."

"She flatters me too, I am afraid."

"Indeed, I do no such thing. You have the most beautiful voice I have ever heard off the stage, and even on it you would meet with few rivals."

"Your voice has been carefully cultivated, I suppose, my dear," said Mrs. Despard.

"Yes. Papa had the best masters for me. A professor came twice a week from Toronto to give me lessons. It is only within the last six months that I have left off. Prof. Murney left Canada then, and I have never had another master."

"Well, we are fond of music here, so you will have an appreciative audience when you come to sing for Alice. Neal sings well, but I daresay you are aware of that, she added with a smile.

"Mollie and I have sung many duets together," said Neal.

"Do you remember the night we went out sailing in the Fairy Queen?" asked Sybil. "That was the first time I ever heard you sing."

"Yes," said Mollie, absently. She was thinking of all that had happened since that night.

"It is half-past twelve," said Sybil, glancing at her watch. "If we are to take that drive down town before luncheon, Mollie, we had better start."

"Will you not stay and join us at our early dinner?" asked Mrs. Despard.

"No, thanks, Mrs. Despard, not to-day, if you will excuse us. We have a few purchases to make down town, and, besides, we told aunty to expect us back. Neal, you will be around this evening, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, you may depend upon seeing me."

"Very well; we will have some music."

"You will come soon again, dear?" asked Alice a little wistfully, as Mollie kissed her good-bye.

"I will come to-morrow."

"Thanks, oh, thanks. But we must not monopolize you too much, and you must not deprive yourself of any enjoyment to come here. Promise."

"I would rather come here," answered the girl, simply.

"How do you like Neal's little princess?" asked Sybil when the others had left the room, while she lingered to say a few words to Alice.

"She is a dear little thing. I am so glad she is to be Neal's wife. And yet—and yet, dear Sybil, I had always hoped that you—"

"Hush, dear, that could never have been. Believe me, I was not suited to him; and, besides, he never really loved me, though he thought so. Mollie Stuart is the right wife for him. She is a noble, pure-hearted girl."

"Yes; and there is something in her face which tells me that if trouble comes to her she will bear it bravely."

"I hope she may never be tried."

"God grant she never may," murmured Alice. "Sybil, my dear friend, my dear sister, if I could only know that you would be happy."

"You mean in my marriage with Arthur MacDonald? I love him. Why should I not be happy as well as Mollie and Neal. It is because you do not know Arthur that you have these doubts. Banish them, I beg of you, dearest Alice. I am happier now than I have ever been. As Arthur's wife I shall be happier still."

"I hope so, darling. Perhaps it is only because I am ill and have nothing else to think of that I allow these morbid fancies to trouble me."

"Of course, that is it, and you must not allow them to trouble you any more. We will get Mollie to charm them away with her wonderful voice. Now, good-bye, dear; it is getting late." The dark, beautiful eyes of the sick woman followed half wistfully the tall, graceful figure of her friend as she left the room. A sort of undefinable yearning, mingled with fear, surged up in her heart. She felt like one who stands by and sees a stately, beautiful ship going swiftly, steadily to destruction, without the power to utter a word of warning or put forth an arm to save it. If only she could save Sybil from this marriage. The fear and dread in her grew stronger and deeper every day. As she lay on her couch thinking of it, her pale face would flush and her dark eyes glitter with the intensity of her fear. Strange that she, usually so prone to think the best of everyone, should have taken so strong a prejudice against a man whom she had never even seen. True, she had heard rumors of him from others, and her brother himself, in speaking of his Buxly friends and acquaintances, had let fall remarks which threw light on Arthur MacDonald's real character. "And to think that Sybil should have spurned so many true and generous hearts, only to love such a man as that at the last," Alice would murmur in the nearest approach to discontent and rebellion to which she had ever come in her life. She loved Sybil with a depth and intensity which even the latter herself did not dream of. To see her happy was her one earthly desire, and the undefined dread that this contemplated marriage would bring, not happiness, but misery, to Sybil, brought a cloud over these latter days of her life—days which her friends would fain have made bright and happy as possible. Often when thinking of the subject, or in talking of it to her mother and brother, as she sometimes did, she would rebuke herself for encouraging so deep a prejudice against a fellow-creature whom she had never even seen, and who might, after all, have a brighter and better side to his character, which the influence of Sybil's love would gradually draw out. "Who am I that I should judge another. God forgive me. I have distrusted thee, and have feared to trust my darling's future in thy hands," the dying girl would cry in a fit of repentance at her want of faith, and then with her thin, white hand crossed upon her bosom she would pray earnestly for Sybil's happiness, or, if sorrow was to be her portion, for grace to sustain her through it.

The day following that on which Mollie had paid her first visit to the Despards, Neal, according to a previous agree-

ment, walked over to the O'Brien mansion to take his betrothed for a walk. He found her ready equipped and waiting for him, it being past the time he had promised to come; want of punctuality being Neal's greatest fault.

"Neal," said Mollie suddenly, as they walked along, "Don't you notice a great change in Sybil since her engagement?"

"Change! Why, I don't know that I have."

"Ah! Well, men never do observe little things as women do. She is happier now, and there is a softer, sweeter expression in her face, while her manner has lost the coldness and indifference it once had, and is more gentle and earnest. She told me herself that before she had always felt as though she lacked something which other women had. Perhaps, after all, her marriage will prove a happy one. If only Alice could think so."

"After all," said Neal, a little impatiently, "Arthur is not a villain; in fact, I do not suppose he is much worse than the rest of us. He is selfish, sneering and extravagant, but for all that we may do him the justice to suppose that he really cares something for Sybil."

"Of course, none of us ever supposed for an instant that he was a villain, but—but still for Sybil, beautiful, high-souled Sybil he is *not* a fitting mate. Neal," she added, in a softer, lower tone, "I wonder why she did not love you." Neal had told her all about his early love. "Love me! Well I don't know, but I am very glad she did not *now*." Oh! the fickleness of men, and yet they talk of women. They were on King street now, and Mollie enjoyed immensely the hurry and bustle and noise of the business life about her. Strange to say, although living so near to the city, she had only been once in her life to Toronto, and that was when a mere child. She had visited Hamilton and other places, but this might be said to be her first visit to the Queen City.

"Neal, oh, Neal!" murmured the girl, "look, there is Paul. I forgot that he was here."

"Well, you need only bow to him. Why, you do not mind meeting him, do you?"

"N—no, not for myself, but for him."

Paul approached from an opposite direction. He did not see them till they were close together, and then, happening to look up, he saw them. This was his first meeting with the girl he had loved so truly since her rejection of his suit, and now he saw her walking by the side of her betrothed husband. He winced a little, and his sallow cheek flushed as he raised his hat in acknowledgment of her bow; and then they passed on their respective ways. "She is very happy," he muttered to himself. "What more do I want, fool that I am? love-sick idiot!" And he set his foot down with such savage force that more than one passer-by wondered.

When they were tired of walking about, Mollie and Neal betook themselves home, that is to say, to his mother's house, where Mollie had promised to take dinner and remain part of the afternoon.

As soon as dinner was ended, Neal went out on business, and Mollie ran up to Alice's room, where Mrs. Despard promised to join them presently.

"You are looking better to-day, Alice," said Mollie, as she seated herself on a low rocking-chair by the sofa.

"I feel better, too. I am always glad when I feel better, for it comforts my dear mother to know that I am not suffering."

"Do you suffer much?" asked the other gravely.

"Only at times. There are blessed intervals of rest from pain. God sends them to me, that I may gain fresh strength to bear the suffering when it comes again, so you see I have much to be grateful for. There are some people who suffer all the time till death comes to release them."

"I do not think that I could feel any gratitude if I were in your place," said Mollie slowly.

"Why not?"

"Why—why, to be ill, to have to lie still all day, to suffer pain; to know that there is a bright, glorious world outside, and yet you cannot enjoy it."

"But it is so easy." And the sick girl raised herself on her elbow, and looked at Mollie with a flush on her usually pale cheeks and an unearthly light in her dark eyes, while her lips parted in a glad, eager smile as she spoke.

"So easy," murmured the other in surprise.

"Yes, so easy to bear for Jesus. Think of all he has done for us—for you and me. Think of that day on Calvary, and then ask yourself if any amount of suffering or pain or sorrow be too great for us to bear for such love as that. God is good, so good. Such blessed peace he gives to us here on earth if we but trust him and love him and do his will. And then, you know, the Bible says: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man what God has prepared for those that love him.' So you see there is a bright and glorious world, to which I am going soon, very soon."

"I see now, but I never thought it could make anyone so happy, the love of Jesus."

"It will make you just as happy, Mollie dear. You are so now, of course, but it will make you happier, that dear love of his. Will you think of it, dear child?"

"I will, Alice, I promise." Then they clasped hands and were silent for a moment.

CHAPTER XI.

Fading.

"How still you both are," said Mrs. Despard's gentle voice as she opened the door and came in, and found the two girls as we have described them. "You are not tired are you Alice?" "Oh no mamma; not in the least; Mollie is going to sing to us; are you not Mollie?" "Yes, certainly if you would like; what shall I sing?" "Anything you like dear" answered Alice, and then rolled forth the rich, clear tones of that wondrous voice, and the two women listened spell bound.

"Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"Oh! well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh! well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
For the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Can never come back to me."

Grandly sounded the simple words pealed forth by that glorious voice; an absolute silence reigned in the room when it ceased; there were tears in Alice's eyes as she lay quite still; while Mrs. Despard had dropped her knitting in her lap, and sat with her thin, white hands clasped above it, and a far away, dreamy look in her blue eyes, as though the tender memory of a day long dead had come back to her, through the gathering mist of years gone by.

Mollie saw that her two listeners were affected, and without waiting for any words to be spoken she sang again; going back to the beloved Scottish songs. 'Auld Lang Syne' was the one that came into her head first and she gave it in a manner worthy the good old song. Then followed 'Within a mile o' Edinbro' Toun.'

"Oh! Mollie what a grand, grand voice you have; what an endless source of delight it must be to you."

"You would never want for bread, while you have such a mine of wealth in your throat my dear" said Mrs. Despard playfully, "but as Alice says it must prove to you an endless source of delight."

"I fear I do not appreciate it as I should; everyone tells me what a great gift it is; I suppose if I lost it I would learn its value; I'll tell you when I do really feel thankful for it, and that is when I see how much pleasure I can give to other people."

It is a good thing, truly to be able to afford so much enjoyment to others."

"Yes indeed, and I am sure I am glad that I have the power to give it."

"Shall I sing any more Alice?" she asked.

"Please if you are not tired."

"Tired! oh no! I am not tired." And without more ado, she sang the lovely and well-known Gospel hymn:—

"How much owest thou?
For years of tender, watchful care,
A father's faith, a mother's prayer—
How much owest thou?"

"How much owest thou?
For calls and warnings, loud and plain,
For songs and sermons heard in vain—
How much owest thou?"

"How much owest thou?
Thy day of grace is almost o'er
The judgment time is just before
How much owest thou?"

"How much owest thou?
Oh child of God and heir of heaven,
Thy soul redeemed, thy sins forgiven—
How much owest thou?"

Loud, clear and almost triumphantly rang out the words of that last verse. Never before had Mollie sung so grandly; she seemed absolutely inspired; the grand voice filled the little room and floated out from the open windows, so that passers by in the street below stopped to listen, and went away when it ceased, whisperingly; "It was glorious; it was grand" or "It was like an angel's voice; I wonder who she is."

"Oh! Mollie; I never heard anything like it before" cried Alice, breaking the intense silence that followed the hymn. "Your voice is more suited to sacred music than any other; but this room is too small, you need to sing in a church, or some large lofty place; what a grand power you have child."

"Do you know Mollie, I believe the great secret of your success as a singer, should you ever be obliged to sing in public, would lie in the fact that you *feel* the true spirit of what you sing. You seem to put your whole soul into your song," said Mrs Despard.

"If there is real depth of meaning in a song I do not see how a singer could help feeling the spirit of it; sometimes when I sing, my heart just aches and seems as though it would burst with the great rush of feeling that fills it to overflowing; joy and gladness, sorrow and pain; I have felt when singing, that scarcely anything else has ever made me feel."

"The power of music is wonderful certainly," returned Alice. "And sacred music, particularly."

"It is undoubtedly more up-lifting; but do you know there are many secular songs that have just as much soul-inspiring power as sacred ones; I mean that they have the power of inspiring one with noble, lofty thoughts, and yet do not awe as sacred music when grandly played and sung is apt to do."

"Yes," said Alice "that is true; and yet how strange that so many people can listen, unmoved and unimpressed, to the grandest music, either sacred or secular."

"I do not believe that anyone has ever listened to the strains of grand music, without experiencing some degree of awe or inspiration, but the trouble is the feeling vanishes as soon as the music ceases," said Mrs Despard.

"I suppose" said Mollie, "that is why the fame, or popularity, I should have said, of a public singer is so evanescent, so long as the voice they love rings in the ears of the people just so long will they bow before and worship and do honor to the singer; but when he is gone from them and his voice is silent, how soon, how very soon is he forgotten; an artist leaves his grand pictures as a memorial of his fame; the writer his books, teeming with the great thoughts of his brain; but the singer cannot leave his voice to remind the people of him when he is gone from their midst."

Mollie stopped, and blushed a little at her own unwonted enthusiasm; she was one of those people who do a great deal of quiet thinking, but are extremely chary of giving voice to

their thoughts.

Shortly after this Neal came in to escort Mollie back home; when they arrived there they found Katie sitting with Sybil and her aunt in the drawing room. The two girls greeted each other quietly enough; both felt a curious restraint in this meeting, which the presence of Neal did not serve to lessen. The thought of Paul filled the minds of both; although Katie had quite forgiven Mollie for her rejection of him; she had not altogether got over her sense of disappointment. Mollie on the other hand was undecided as to whether Paul's sister, blamed her for her unintentional encouragement of his suit. And so a shy, uncomfortable feeling took possession of her; which rather increased as she noted Katie's cool reception of Neal's friendly words of greeting, as he expressed his pleasure of seeing her again, and announced his intention of going to see Tom before his return to Buxly. Katie was inclined to be a little tart with this young man who had so unceremoniously taken possession of the girl she had set her determined little heart on being her brother Paul's wife. But she was not one to harbor resentment long, so before Neal had taken his departure from Sybil's drawing room, the little lady had resumed somewhat of her old friendly manner towards him. I cannot linger over the conversation that followed between the four ladies, for I must hasten on to the greater events which claim our attention; their talk was quiet and cheerful, but different from the merry, light-hearted chatter of the Buxly days, for over all in greater or lesser degree loomed the shadow of a coming sorrow. The thought of Alice's death weighed heavily on Sybil's heart, while her aunt and Mollie and even Katie were saddened by it.

"Will you come over to-morrow morning, Mollie?" asked Katie. "If you have no other engagement; come early and stay to luncheon; I am always doomed to take that meal in solitary grandeur; and I do not like it at all."

"I should like it of all things" answered Mollie "if Sybil has made no other arrangement for the morning?"

"I was thinking of spending the morning with Alice, so if you like to go to Katie's, do so by all means; I shall be home early in the afternoon; but if you should be back before my return; auntie will be in; and she I am sure will be charmed to entertain you."

"We shall find no difficulty in entertaining each other I am sure," said Miss O'Brien, nodding her head till the stiff, cork-screw curls thereon danced and shook.

The next morning, Sybil walked over to the Despard's. It was a bright, glorious morning, not a cloud in the broad, blue expanse of sky was to be seen, a cool breeze was blowing and counteracted the intense heat of the sun. Sybil, as she walked through the busy streets, felt a sort of quiet peace stealing over her; the sort of sensation which makes us *feel* how beautiful the world is, and how good is our God. Sorrow for her dying friend could not wholly obliterate the sense of deep joy and happiness which filled her heart when she thought of Arthur and of her future prospects in life. She loved him truly and unselfishly; not with the stormy, idealizing passion of girlhood, but with the strong, calm, unchangeable love of matured woman-hood. Strange that it should be so! Strange that she, with her high standard of truth and honor should give her wealth of affection to an unprincipled, base man of the world like Arthur Macdonald. Yet even so it was. True, she had only seen him at his best, and she knew nothing, absolutely nothing of his worst vices; for Sybil was a woman of whom gossiping tongues stood in awe. Not one person out of the hundreds who knew of Macdonald's dissipated life would have been bold enough to tell the story to the proud, haughty woman who loved him. The fear of being transfixed by the cold, repelling look in her violet eyes held them back. Not even those who knew her best and loved her, could approach her on this subject. Alice had been the only one who ventured to do so and had been met with the answer, gentle but decisive;—"I know his faults, but I love him notwithstanding, and I will be his wife."

When she arrived at the Despard's house she opened the door and went in; she met Mrs Despard in the hall; and after bidding her good morning, enquired for Alice.

"She is worse this morning; she feels very weak; I persuaded her not to get up; so she is still in bed. I fear we shall not have our darling with us long now." The old

lady's lip quivered as she spoke, and a tear glistened in her kind blue eyes.

"Ye sorrow not, as those which have no hope" whispered Sybil softly, as she laid her hand affectionately on the other's shoulder. "And she is happy that it should be so, dear Mrs Despard; think what a happy release it will be to her; we will all sorrow for our loss, but dare we murmur, when her departure is fraught with so much joy to her?"

"You are right; I will strive to bend to the will of God."

Sybil entered the sick room and softly approached the bed.

"Ah! there you are; I am so glad you have come; Mollie is not with you?" "No she is spending the morning with her friend Katie; she is coming to sing to you again to-morrow, if you would like it; but perhaps you will not feel strong enough to listen?"

"Oh! yes I will; it rests me to hear her sing."

"Rests you? Ah! you have been suffering from the old pain, and you never told us."

"No, I have not; at least, not until to-day."

"My poor Alice; is the pain very severe?"

"Yes, but I can bear it for the little while that remains; do not tell mamma; it hurts her so to think that I am suffering. Dear mamma! I wish she would not fret so about me. Oh! if she would only believe when I tell her how much better it is, and how to me it is simply a happy going home. Home where Jesus is." The sick girl ceased speaking and lay with closed eyes, and the expression of her face grew radiant. Was it the brightness of the Glory of God that shone in her countenance? Sybil felt awed and bowed her head without speaking.

"My mother will miss me, but I told her she would still have two daughters left, you and Mollie. Was I right, dear Sybil?"

"Alice, Alice," cried Sybil with a sob. "Have we not been as sisters all these years, and your mother, has not she been as a mother to me? She is dear to me, darling, as though she were in very truth my mother; but for your sake alone she would be so Allie."

"Thank you Sybil," faintly answered Alice; and even as she spoke a sharp paroxysm of pain seized her; it lasted but a few moments, but left her pale and faint and half sobbing as she gasped for breath.

"It is over now dear; do not be frightened," she whispered, looking up at Sybil with a smile on her quivering lips. Sybil bent and kissed her; smoothing the damp hair gently from off the hot brow. "Is there anything I can do for you dear?"

"The medicine over there on the table; just a spoonful; and please open the window a little wider; I want more air. Ah! how bright the sunshine is! Sybil, how nice it must be out to-day."

"It is a lovely day; a more perfect one I have never seen."

She noted how wistfully the sick girl's eyes turned to that open window, from which all she could see was a patch of blue sky, and a few tree-tops swaying gently in the wind.

"I can understand what Mollie meant when she spoke of the world being so bright and glorious. Dear little Mollie!"

"Where is Neal this morning?"

"He went out, just a few minutes before you came; he was reading to me; will you go on reading to me for a little while? there is the book; Neal marked the place where he left off."

Sybil fetched the book, and began to read in her full, rich voice; soft and low now, to suit the ear of the sick girl. In about half an hour she stopped and closed the book; for Alice, wearied by a night of ceaseless pain had fallen asleep lulled by the sound of the reader's voice.

As day after day passed on; Alice faded away with them; she never even attempted now to leave her bed, and mother and brother and friends resigned themselves to the inevitable decree which had gone forth. Alice was happy. Why therefore need they sorrow and grieve? Ah! Why? Why do we weep bitter tears and allow our hearts to ache so sadly when one of our loved ones have gone from our midst? When we have laid our darling away in that long sleep, have closed the kind eyes, and covered up forever the dear face; why do we moan and cry out because we can no more hear the loved voice that used to sound so pleasantly in our ears? We never dream of asking ourselves—Why?

When Neal's two weeks of vacation were over he was obliged to return to Buxly, as they were unusually busy at the Bank, one of the clerks having been suddenly taken ill. It had been arranged that Mollie was to return home with him; but Alice pleaded for her to stay; so a letter of explanation was written to her mother, and Mollie remained in Toronto. Neal went back to his work with a heavy heart; he knew that ere long the dreaded summons would come, when he would go to bid a last farewell to his sister.

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

REMEMBERING.

Like a mournful wail of music, a tender sad refrain,
The memories of other days are coming back again;
In slow, harmonious measures, in symphonies sublime,
The melody of music beats against the bars of time.

Down the aisles of long ago, with a slow and solemn tread,
Walking on the sacred ashes of the loved, the lost, the dead;
From the buried past, dear faces that I loved, with tender smiles,
Rise to bless me, and caress me, in these memory-lighted aisles.

Oh! the past, the dreams of passion, down the aisles of long ago,
Clasping hands and kissing faces that I loved and trusted so!
Some were false, and cold, and cruel, but their memories to-night
Shall not come to cast a shadow—shall not come to cast a blight.

Many a white-sailed ship has drifted o'er the ocean far and wide,
And compassless and rudderless, went down beneath the tide;
And many a ship that sailed the seas and drifted far away,
To-night in beauty lies at rest upon the moonlit bay.

I look far off across the blue, I see no mist, no tears;
I only see the shadow of swiftly coming years.
The past—oh! let the dead past rest, and hide the grave with flowers!
Strengthen my hand and nerve my heart to meet the coming hours.

A Wise Enjoyment of Life.

A wise enjoyment of this world can in no way unfit us for the next, and the soul is impoverished by just so much as we needlessly deprive ourselves of here. Whatever tends to make us better or happier here; whatever gives us broader, sounder views, or leads to greater love and sympathy for our kind; whatever makes us true and tender, brave and just in everyday life; whatever gives us sunnier, cheerier thoughts, or tends to keep the heart from growing old, or the face such as "a child would climb to kiss," enters into the riches which "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt," and which "fadeth not away." Why are we placed here, why have this life at all, if we are to gain nothing from it? To-day a little baby lay asleep upon my arm. As I looked down into its little face, so full of innocence and baby grace, I wondered what could be fairer or more lovable. But when the baby is a man; when he has met trial and temptation, and comes from it all strong and untarnished; when bearing the imprint of a noble nature, he goes out to the battle of life with armor firmly girded, ready to do and dare anything, for the right, will not his beauty be of a higher type? Though he be not as innocent as now (for innocence knows nothing of any wrong or evil), he will be virtuous and rich by all his knowledge of good and evil; for knowing the evil, he will know how to resist it. We love the baby, but not as we love the man. We rejoice in innocence, but not with the abounding joy and trust we feel in virtue. Innocence has yet to be tested; virtue has stood the test and been crowned triumphant.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

MR. NORTH'S DREAM: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

(Continued.)

Six years went by, and the seventh was quickly passing. Mr. North and his children prospered and prospered; the ill-doing nephew had never been heard of, and was quite forgotten. Mrs. North was dead; Amy had married; but with the exception of those two losses the inmates of the old home were the same.

It was Christmas Eve, and bitter weather; ice and frost without, ruddy warmth and comfort within. The dessert-table was drawn to the fire in the dining-room, and Mr. North and his son sat at it. John was deep in the pages of a review he had brought home from town, but Mr. North was only reading the faces in the fire, and sipping his port wine at intervals. He saw that of his dead wife, whom he mourned sincerely, if soberly; he saw that of his daughter, who had a happy home of her own; he saw that of his younger son, also married and flourishing. Mr. North's own face was smooth, after the manner of a man who has a calm conscience and a heavy balance-sheet—and he had both. His ledgers showed increase upon increase; and on the other side he had dispensed largely to Christmas charities, public and private. Had Mr. North's thoughts been laid bare, they would have been seen to ignore altogether a sense of sin, and to run very much after the bent of a certain Pharisee: "I am thankful I am not as other men are." Mr. North believed himself to be supremely good, and that's a fact; he fully thought he was going swimmingly on in the road that leads direct to heaven.

He saw other faces in the fire besides those mentioned: his son John's, who was sitting beside him, and Millicent Carden's. He was wishing they would form a union with each other, those two; he had wished it for some time. Millicent was of age now. In accordance with her father's will, she did not attain to her majority until she was twenty-four; and Mr. North had then formally resigned to her his trusteeship, informing her at the same time that she was worth twenty thousand pounds, well invested. Had he been John, he should have proposed to her years ago; times and again he had felt inclined to say a prompting word, but he knew how much better these things work when left alone. Millicent had been ill in the summer with fever, and she did not seem to have recovered entire strength.

"You will be thirty in a few months, John," suddenly observed Mr. North, breaking the silence.

John looked up from his review.

"Yes; getting quite a middle-aged man."

"Not that yet. It will come, though, for years creep on us imperceptibly. Why don't you marry?"

Mr. John North cut two pages of his book before replying.

"I don't know that anybody would have me."

"What nonsense, John! In your case it would be only to ask and have. But if you *don't* ask, why, of course—"

Mr. North did not finish the sentence. John laughed, but did not attempt to prolong the subject. His father looked at him.

"Yes, sir, you may laugh; many would answer 'Yes' to the asking of John North. But there's one, above all the rest, whom I should wish you to choose."

"Why, who's that?" returned John, in some surprise.

"You need not go far to find her. Millicent Carden."

John North returned to his review again with a slight smile. And it vexed his father.

"Have you no better answer than that to give me?"

"I should not care to marry Millicent. She is my cousin, you know."

"And what though she is your cousin?" indignantly spoke Mr. North. "She has twenty thousand pounds."

John cut his review.

"And she is one of the best and nicest girls that the whole world contains. Don't be a fool, John."

"She is a sweet girl, a charming girl," came the ready assent. "But I have not thought of her as a wife."

"Think now, then."

The silence and the impassive look on his son's face did not seem to promise well for the proposition. Was Mr. North going to be thwarted in his hope?—the doubt showed him how surely he had been indulging it.

"Make your mind up to marry, and take Millicent," urged Mr. North, impressively. "My blessing shall be upon it. John, I have hoped for this union a long while; cherished it, I believe."

John North grew serious then. He closed the book, leaving the paper-knife between its pages.

"I am sorry for that, sir; very sorry to disappoint you, if you have indeed cherished it. I had no idea you were doing anything of the sort. Putting myself entirely out of the question, I am sure Millicent would not have me. She would not have anyone."

"She is well again."

"Her health I was not thinking of, but her inclination. I have never exchanged a word with her upon the subject, but I am fully convinced her intention is not to marry. Millicent had her little romance years ago, and wore it out."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Mr. North. "Would you insinuate that Millicent was ever in love?"

"Yes; unhappily. With Archie North."

Mr. North stared at his son, as if he were unable at once to take in the words. There was scorn in his eye, contempt in his tone, when he answered:

"In love with Archie North! Why, she was a child when he went away."

"O, no, she was not; a girl of seventeen is as capable of love as a woman of thirty, perhaps more so. Father, I know I am right. And Archie was in love with her."

"Archie, the reprobate!" apostrophized the elder man; and the utter condemnation of the tone, the hatred it expressed, served to prove that the offending nephew had never been forgiven; no, not by an iota. "At any rate, if it be as you say, though I doubt it, she has had time to forget her fancy. I would rather say her folly."

"Quite time. But I do not think she has done it."

"And you would make this an objection to the asking her to be your wife? A child's passing fancy! I should have given you credit for more sense."

"Pardon me, sir, I did not say it. My own wishes, for or against, need not be brought into the discussion at all. What I said was that Millicent would not have me though I did ask her; and I am sure she would not."

John North opened the book again as he spoke, and went on to cut its leaves. For some little time he had been indulging a day-dream of his own, but it was not connected with Millicent. Mr. North tossed off the glass of port at his elbow, and said no more. He had never thought his clever business son so near a fool; and he intended to prove him one.

In the pretty garden room, where you once saw Millicent Carden, you may see her still. They often sat there. The window was closed now, the warm green curtain fell across its shutters in ample folds, the fire burnt clear and bright, the tea waited on the table, and Millicent sat ready to make it. Miss North had gone to a neighbor's, to help dispense to little children the prizes from a Christmas tree, which she had been for some days assisting to adorn.

She sat at the table, waiting for her uncle and cousin to come in. But ah! how altered! Scarcely a trace remained of the winsome, gleeful girl of seventeen, to whom her boy-lover had bidden so abrupt and miserable an adieu six years and a half before. She wore a soft dress of light grey cashmere, and a close net cap, very pretty, but simple, nearly, as a Quakeress'. No ornament, save a gold chain and some fine lace at her wrists. After the summer's fever her hair grew so thin that they had to cut it off close, and she had to wear caps; it was growing on now, but she wore the caps still. The features were delicate as of yore; the deep hazel eyes more thoughtful. She looked like one who had passed through tribulation.

For the first time the thought struck Mr. North. Proving how slow we are, for the most part, to take up indications of the familiar every-day life by which we are surrounded. In the subdued, meek manner, the quiet face, the unobtrusive attire, so void of fashion and frivolity, Mr. North saw cause

to think his son was right. His unobservant eyes, closed hitherto, were rudely opened.

"But she has had time, and to spare, to forget the folly," he thought. "Even its remembrance must have long ago passed away. John would get her for the asking."

John sat by her, just as usual. But as Mr. North noted their manners to each other, so entirely that of brother and sister, a slight doubt arose to Mr. North, or rather would have arisen, but that he drove it back again.

"You look tired, Millicent."

"Do I, uncle? I am not tired, although Frances and I have had a busy day, giving away the things. The poor people are all so grateful to you, uncle dear."

Mr. North received the gratitude as his due. He deemed himself quite an earthly angel, in the matter of charity. "All right," he said in answer; "I hope none have been forgotten."

"If Millicent's tired, it must be at our keeping her waiting tea so long," cried John. "It's half-past nine o'clock."

"Time you went for Frances, John," she said.

"I am going. Those little mites were to be put to bed at nine, and she said she did not care to stay after that. She is fond of children, is Frances."

He rose to go out as he spoke; but opened the door again and said a word to Millicent, who nodded an answer, "I shall be ready, John." Mr. North, buried in his own reflections, did not observe it. He was making up his mind to speak to Millicent, and get that absurd question set at rest that John had started. He could not believe it yet; the longer he thought of it the more ridiculous it seemed. And yet he hesitated, lest he might do harm—harm to John's remote chance of succeeding. The tea-things were sent away, and Millicent got out her work—some slippers she was working for John—and Mr. North sat on in indecision.

"Another Christmas Eve, Millicent!" he said, when he at length turned round to her. "The years steal upon us, my dear."

"They do that, uncle."

"I have been thinking to-night—one does get thoughtful at Christmas-tide—that it is time you were married."

Millicent looked at him, some wonder in her eyes; and a smile stole over her sweet face.

"You should say that to Frances, uncle. It is her turn first; she is ever so much older than I am."

"O, Frances," he slightly said. "My opinion is she does not think of marriage. She lets her chances slip."

"Neither do I think of it, uncle."

"Nonsense," he testily responded; "I shall insist upon your marrying. I mean I wish you to do it."

"No living person has the right to insist on my course of action; not even you, uncle; I am my own mistress. Pardon me for saying it."

Mr. North's face darkened. "A fable was whispered to me—as a fable I regarded it—that some—some—what shall I call it?—some love nonsense had lain between you and that miserable nephew of mine, who was a disgrace to his name."

A change passed over her face. The eyelids quivered, the mouth grew sad and pale.

Mr. North watched the signs.

"Millicent, was it so? Answer me, child. Surely you can. It must be a thing dead and buried now."

"Yes, I cared for him. And he for me."

"But you do not care still? You cannot."

"Perhaps not. I suppose not. I think he must be dead," she continued, a kind of weariness in her tone. "He would have been back ere now if he had lived."

"Back!" cried the scandalized man, "back! He'd know better than to venture back here. Why," looking condemningly at her, "you would not have countenanced him had he come."

"Yes I should. Stay a moment, uncle; don't be angry with me. But for believing him to be dead, I could not say this to you. I could not speak of him; I have thought he must be dead—O, for these three years past. But had he come back with his—his wrong-doings—redeemed, hoping, striving, purposing to do well for the future, why, I would have welcomed him, and helped him in it. Let it pass; why should the discussion arise?"

"And it is for this man's sake—dead though you admit he probably is—that you deliberately say you will never marry? Shame upon you, Millicent! I am thankful your poor aunt is not alive to hear it."

"I did not say I should never marry," she meekly returned, and her tone was full of pain and contrition, as if accepting as her due the shame cast upon her. "I would not marry now; no one living could tempt me to; but I cannot answer for what I may do in the future—in remote years to come. The probabilities are that I never shall; still I cannot answer for it. We all change so, uncle, as you must know."

It seemed so complete a check to any hopes for his son, that Mr. North was angered beyond repression. He set on and called Archie sundry hard names, recapitulating over his committed sins and offences in a far more comprehensive manner than Millicent had heard in the days of the trouble. She listened without comment, folding up the slipper and putting it away, until his wrath had expended itself and his tongue was fain to cease. She spoke then.

"Yes, uncle, I dare say it was all true, miserably true; but you know he might not have continued so. There is such a thing as young men awaking to the errors of their course, and entering on a better."

Mr. North would have answered that there was no chance of the young man under discussion awaking to the errors of his, but that his niece left the room. She came back with her things on; at which he looked surprised. She and Frances had wished to go to a Christmas-eve service at a church hard by, and John had promised to take them. Even while she was explaining this, they came for her.

Mr. North remained alone. Matters through life had gone so smoothly with him that he could not bear to be crossed. It tried both himself and his temper. He knocked the fire about, he paced the room, he walked into the hall in his restlessness. A good, domesticated girl like Millicent, and twenty thousand pounds, slipping through his son's fingers! Mr. North dashed open the front door, seeking for a breath of the cold fresh air on his hot and angry brow.

It was colder than he thought for; flakes of snow had begun to fall, and there was some ice on the doorstep; for Mr. North's feet slipped upon it, and he would have measured his length on the ground, but for the extended arm of some visitor, who had approached the door. Mr. North threw his own arm around the pillar, while he took breath and recovered his equanimity.

"Merciful powers! I was all but down!"

"It is my uncle!" cried an answering voice. I was not quite sure of it, sir, until you spoke. May I come in?"

To say that Mr. North recoiled in some terror; to say that he gazed at the speaker in alarm, would not be to say much. Was it his nephew, Archie, standing there, or was it not? With the past conversation turning on Archie North, with his mind full of him, Mr. North for one single moment fancied he was being deceived by some spectral vision, and backed into the hall.

Archie followed him and shut the door. It was not the Archie of former days, strong, active, buoyant, but a kind of broken-down man, who was lame, and walked by the help of a stick. Mr. North, seeming almost as if he really fled from a phantom, backed yet again into the parlor he had quitted; Archie and his stick went after him.

There ensued a scene—a scene little fitted for the blessed Christmas-tide about to dawn. When Mr. North had once taken in the fact that it was his nephew in real flesh and blood, and not a deception of fancy, his passion burst out. Archie had come at an unlucky time; but for his uncle's mind having first been freshly embittered against him, he might have met with a less harsh reception.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

HINT FOR MAMMAS.—An old lady who had several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

A Dog in Haverhill, Mass., met the newsboy every morning at the gate and took his master's paper. When the subscription was stopped and the boy attempted to pass the house, the dog threw the boy down and seizing a copy took it to his home.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

DISEASE GERMS.

Modern science has demonstrated through the aid of that wonderful little instrument, the microscope, that the most powerful of all the enemies to human life are those which are most insignificant in size. Through the researches of Pasteur, Tyndall, and other eminent workers in this field, it has been shown beyond a chance for question that the air which we breathe always contains in greater or lesser numbers minute living bodies known as germs. These germs are simply roundish bodies, mixed with other bodies of various shapes, which are particles of dust, as seen when greatly magnified. Wherever decay of either animal or vegetable matter has taken place, germs are developed and given off in great numbers. Mold from moldy bread, when placed under the microscope, may be seen to throw off into the air an immense number of minute particles termed spores, which are not only capable of giving rise to growths of mold, but are thought by scientists to be active in producing some forms of disease. Some so-called germs are animalcules, while others are germs of vegetable life. It is the presence of certain varieties of these little germs which occasions the fermentation of beer, the “rising” of bread, the “working” of cider, and the “spoilage” of canned fruit and other preserved products, the “souring” of milk, and all kinds of decay and decomposition. The conditions required for the growth and development of these minute organisms are warmth and moisture. In the vicinity of cesspools, vaults, barnyards, and other places where decomposition is going on, the air is laden with these disease-producing agencies. Their office in the economy of nature seems to be to destroy bodies possessing higher forms of life, or, at any rate, to assist higher forms of organization to return to the inorganic or unorganized state. When the body is kept in a healthy condition, all its tissues possessing a high degree of vitality, it is unaffected by these agents of decay and death; but as soon as the standard of vitality is lowered in any degree, or when the system is attacked by germs in great numbers, possessing unusually active properties, we become a prey to their ravages and subject to a variety of maladies of the most fatal character.

There seems to be at present little room for doubt that typhus and diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, malarial fever, all of the contagious diseases, and perhaps a large number of others, the causes of which have not been so carefully studied, are produced by these agents. The presence of germs in the air cannot be very readily detected by any test which relates directly to them, but it may be safely considered that whenever and wherever foul odors are present, germs are also to be found, since these two sources of disease are almost invariably associated together, having the same origin. It should be remembered, however, that germs may be present when foul odors are not, since they may be formed and given off before a sufficient degree of decomposition has taken place to give rise to offensive gases. This fact should lead to the prompt removal of anything which is known to be a source of germs, since these minute and invisible bodies are far more serious in their effects upon the human system than any foul gases with which the air is contaminated. The mold upon the wall should be regarded with the gravest suspicion, and measures should be promptly taken for a removal of its cause. A musty odor is evidence of the presence in the air of spores thrown off by mold, which may become the cause of serious disease.

MEASLES AND SCARLET FEVER.

It is important to be able to readily distinguish between these two diseases, which are in some respects similar. Measles presents the appearance of a patchy redness of a circular form, showing white between, with small pimples that feel like little hard points. The mouth and throat are red and inflamed, causing a cough and other symptoms of cold. About the third day the eyes become inflamed and watery. In spite of all remedies the symptoms do not abate. A day or two later the eruption appears upon the neck and head, and then extends over the rest of the body. At last it attacks the bowels, causing diarrhoea, and then the other symptoms quickly disappear. The essential point in the treatment is to avoid taking cold. There are few diseases that so readily and completely recover with perfect nursing, and few that entail such a series of misfortunes without it. Medicine is seldom necessary. A portion of the body at a time may be sponged with warm water and then carefully wiped dry before extending the operation. The room should be well aired, but no current of air should touch the patient. The food should be light and easy of digestion.

Scarlet fever is also red, but it has a smooth feel in the skin, and the redness is suffused like a blush, which deepens till it is very red. There is loss of appetite, pains in the limbs and sore throat; this is the dangerous part. In scarlet fever the rash comes out the second day; in measles the fourth. In scarlet fever there is sore throat, none in measles. In scarlet fever the patient seems to have no cold, as in measles. But little treatment is needed in mild cases. If the urine is not free, drink flax-seed tea or lemonade. Gargle the throat with red pepper, vinegar and water, or a solution of chlorate of potash.

The main thing is to bring out the rash and keep it out. Nothing can compare with frequent warm baths for this purpose; or, if there is much debility, warm sponge baths. Check thirst with lemonade, buttermilk, etc. Keep the room cool and well ventilated. Meat or poultry broth and soups may be given.

Scarlet fever is also a disease that must run its course, and the patient is to be protected by careful nursing from death, or some of the unfortunate complications that so frequently follow this disease.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LIVING WITH PART OF HIS SKULL GONE.

On June 20, 1878, F. Marion Davis, a heater in the rolling mills of the Philadelphia Iron and Steel Company, was struck by an iron clamp, weighing 14 pounds, which was thrown with terrible force from the shaft of a revolving fly-wheel. The clamp was in the form of the letter “U,” made of square iron, and one of the exterior angles of the iron at the curved part of the clamp struck Mr. Davis in the forehead, breaking loose, and partly forcing through the skin a crescent-shaped fragment of the frontal bone, measuring

three inches in extreme length and seven-eighths of an inch in width in the centre of the widest part, thus producing not only a compound fracture of the skull, but cutting through the longitudinal sinus or large blood-vessel of the interior of the top of the head, permitting an extrusion and loss of a considerable portion of the brain substance. This form of fracture, known as *ecrasement*, or "smash," consists not only of a crushing of the bone itself, but also of a separating of the neighbouring sutures. Besides the injury to the skull there was a loosening of the teeth and such injuries of the jaws that the patient was unable to open his mouth for more than three weeks. Mr. Davis was carried to his home, and Dr. I. G. Young, of Kensington, was summoned. On an examination of the wounds they were pronounced necessarily fatal. Dr. D. H. Agnew, Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, was called in consultation, and he agreed with Dr. Young that the wounds were of such a nature that there was no hope of saving the man's life, but that while there was life there was something to work for, and everything was done which the feelings of humanity and surgical skill could suggest. On the third day after the accident another consultation was held by Dr. Young and Prof. Agnew, but there was no new developments from which they could gather any hope, and it was not until the expiration of about the fifth week that any encouragement was given. In about nine weeks the wound was closed by soft tissue, and a few months later about one-half the cavity was closed by a new bony formation, and the remaining part is now covered by soft tissue, through which the pulsations of the brain are plainly visible. Notwithstanding the danger impending over Mr. Davis for so many months, he has entirely recovered his physical powers. His mental characteristics, although materially changed, are considered by the physicians wonderfully good when the facts of the case are taken into consideration.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Sleeping Under the Bed Clothes.

Now that the season of closed windows and deoxygenating furnaces has arrived, we wish to direct attention to a point connected with the management of children, apparently trivial, perhaps, at first sight, but which we are persuaded is of no small importance in certain constitutional conditions. We refer to the practice, very common among children, of sleeping with their heads buried beneath the bed-clothing, to the exclusion of such a limited supply of fresh air as even a close room might afford.

Even if we do not go quite so far as Dr. MacCormick, who asserts that phthisis never arises from any other causes than breathing "prebreathed air," and that it may be produced by this cause in persons free from any hereditary taint, there can be no doubt that the most certain way to insure the development of this and of other catching maladies in subjects having a constitutional tendency thereto is to permit the repeated respiration of air already vitiated by passage through the lungs. When we consider that to fill the best conditions of health a thousand cubic feet of new air should be supplied every hour to each person, we shall see how inadequate is our average indoor winter atmosphere at its best, and how important it is that every available atom of oxygen should be taken advantage of. To let a child sleep with its face under an impervious thickness of bed-covering is to reduce the interchange of air to a minimum, and to subject it to an atmosphere of very few cubic feet, loaded with carbonic acid and organic exhalations from its own body, and becoming more vitiated with every respiration.

We are convinced that many instances of "delicate health" are due to this circumstance. We are, at all events, sure that we have seen marked improvement in several cases from simply directing the mother or nurse to see that the bed clothes were so arranged that the child's nose and mouth at least should be exposed. It is needless to add that if popular prejudice can be so overcome as to have a small fire in the nursery grate, and an upper window sash drawn down, if only a quarter of an inch, so as to maintain a comfortable temperature while promoting ventilation, still greater benefit will be derived from the plan we have indicated.—*Medical Gazette*.

Equality is the soul of equity.—*Sensae*.

Sleep After Supper.

"Nothing is more absurd than to pretend it is unhealthful to sleep after the day's last meal. Is not man an animal? Do not animals, without exception, sleep immediately after eating? Do we not feel like sleeping after each day's last meal? Evidently the body yearns for sleep. Exercise immediately after eating is pernicious; rest is healthful. What rest can compare with sleep, which reposes the mind, the lungs, even the heart?"

See the peasants! No persons enjoy better health than they do. Supper is the best meal of the day. No sooner have they supper than they go to bed.

Look at the actors! There was Rubini, who dined at three; went to his dressing-room in the Italian Opera House, and slept until the theatre opened its doors. At midnight he supped heartily, and went straight to bed: he died of sheer old age.

You know Monsieur Thiers' habit. The moment his dinner was ended, he stretched himself out to sleep, and slept an hour.

The truth is, if you look around you, it will be found that the great majority of men go to sleep immediately after making their best meal; and you certainly never saw healthier, stronger women than those of the great markets. What is their life? Dinner, and to bed. Take another, the very opposite class—astronomers. They keep late hours: their best meal is when the stars say good-night; then they go to sleep. Do you ever hear of an astronomer dying under a hundred? The majority of mechanics and servants go to sleep immediately after eating their best meal. They are right: they obey Nature's voice, which always gives judicious counsel.

CAUSTIC AMMONIA IN RHEUMATISM.—Judging from an article in a recent German periodical, the Clinic thinks that Dr. Franz Zeller is an enthusiast in the administration of caustic ammonia in rheumatism. For several years he had been a sufferer from severe muscular rheumatism in the right shoulder; he had taken all the anti-rheumatic remedies with but little alleviation, when he began to reason that in rheumatism, as in gout, there may be a uric acid diathesis. He thought that liquor ammonia, on account of its rapid volatilization, would be the remedy most readily absorbed and the most prompt in action. In almost the same moment in which he took one drop, diluted with water, he felt a complete relief from the pain which had lasted for ten hours, and he was now able to move freely the arm which an instant before he could scarcely bear to have touched. The remedy, he claims, has proved a positive cure in all recent cases of muscular rheumatism that have fallen under his observation. He cites numerous cases in which relief, as instantaneous as his own, was experienced. He also observed its effects in several cases of acute articular rheumatism, in two of which six drops sufficed to subdue the pain and swelling within a period of twenty-four hours. In one case of chronic rheumatism of a finger joint, which had lasted for over half a year, the simple administration of the ammonia completely dispelled the inflammation and pain in the joint within two days. Dr. Zeller believes the effect due to the ammonia acting as a nerve.

A Hunting Adventure.

In the County of Meath, in Ireland, where the Empress of Austria resides on her hunting visits, there dwells a family of nine beautiful maidens, who are wont to amuse themselves by assuming the apron and mob cap of neat-handed Phillis, and making themselves all sorts of pastry in the garden. Not very long ago the horn of the huntsman was heard without, and one of the aforesaid nine, with her sleeves tucked up and her bare arms bled, rushed to the garden gate, which, opening on a lane, shut behind her just as a smart young Prince attached to the Empress's suite, attired in buckskin and pink, came trotting up, "Which way has the fox gone? I did not know such pretty wild flowers grew in the hedges about here before," said the youngster, "And what may your name be?" She bit her lip, blushed, and fairly bolted, but when the others came up he was rather surprised to learn that our heroine was no other than a granddaughter of the most noble Marquis who first announced to Queen Victoria her uncle's death and her accession to the throne.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

RICE MUFFINS.—Take one cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, two eggs, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and one tablespoonful of salt; beat very hard, and bake quickly.

PRESERVED LEMON PEEL.—Make a thick syrup of white sugar; chop the lemon peel fine, and boil it in the syrup ten minutes; put in glass tumblers, and paste paper over. A tablespoonful of this makes a loaf of cake or a dish of sauce nice.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One cup each grated chocolate, milk, molasses and brown sugar; a lump of butter about the size of a hen's egg. Boil until it drops hard. Pour into a buttered pan, and, before it cools, mark off in squares.

CRULLERS.—Three eggs, three table-spoonfuls of butter, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, half teaspoonful each of cream tartar and salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of milk; flour to roll; fry in hot lard.

FRUIT CAKE.—A cupful each of butter, sugar, and molasses, four eggs, a half-pound each of currants and raisins, a quarter of a pound of citron, a half teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, clove and nutmeg, three cupfuls of flour.

VERY OLD-FASHIONED CAKE.—A cupful each of sugar, butter and molasses; four well-beaten eggs, a cupful of butter-milk or sour milk, a good half teaspoonful of soda, different kinds of spices, according to your own taste; flour enough so that it will pour from your dish. Beat thoroughly, and bake, in two loaves.

MRS. FISKE'S MARLBORO' PUDDING.—Twenty large apples grated or chopped fine, or stewed; two lemons grated rind, and inside sliced; a quarter of a pound of butter, a cupful of sweet cream or milk, six eggs well beaten; sweeten and salt to your taste. Bake or steam till well done; very nice, and of the olden time.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Boil a fourth pound of ground rice in water till soft; add a pint of cream or milk, the yolks of four eggs, beaten, a half cupful of butter, two-thirds cupful of sugar; bake till done; beat the whites to a stiff froth, pour over the top, and brown in the oven. This also is an old-time receipt, and nice.

TO MAKE CRULLERS.—Mix well together half a pint of sour milk or butter-milk, two teacupfuls of sugar, one teacupful of butter, and three eggs well beaten; add to this a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in salt water, a teaspoonful of salt, half a nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon; sift in flour enough to make a smooth dough; roll it out not quite a quarter of an inch thick; cut in any shape you please and fry them in boiling lard.

BOSTON CREAM CAKES.—One cup of water, one-half cup of butter boiled together; while boiling stir in one and one-half cups of flour. Stir till it comes clean from the dish; take it off and add four eggs well beaten. Drop in a pan and bake half an hour. It makes sixteen cakes.—*Cream for the inside:* One and one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of white sugar, one egg. Beat egg, sugar, and flour together, and stir into the milk while boiling. Flavor with anything you please. When it is cold, cut open the cakes and fill with the cream.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Three-quarters of a cupful of chocolate, grated, to one quart of milk which has not been skimmed. Let it boil; then set to cool. Beat until very light and thick the yolks of four eggs, reserving the number of whites with which to make a meringue. Sweeten with half a pound of white sugar, and flavor delicately with vanilla. The chocolate being cool, gradually stir in the sweetened eggs, put it into a baking-dish and let it bake slowly, but not till overdone. To make the meringue, beat up the whites until they will stand alone; add by degrees four table-spoonfuls of sifted pulverized sugar, and flavor delicately with a little vanilla or lemon juice. When the chocolate portion is again cool, heap up the meringue upon it and brown slightly.

FEATHER CAKE.—Break two eggs into a tea-cup; beat well; fill the cup with cream; add two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, one teaspoon soda, two of cream tartar—if the cream is sweet, one cup of flour, two teaspoons milk; flavor with lemon. If you have no cream use milk, a small piece of butter, soda, &c.,—same quantity and more flour.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Butter a baking-dish well, and throw bread crumbs over it until they adhere on all sides; cover the bottom of the dish with oysters, sprinkle on bread crumbs, season with pepper, salt and butter; then another layer of oysters covered in the same way until the dish is full. Cover the last layer rather more thickly with crumbs, and bake a nice brown.

MRS. LANE'S TAPIOCA CREAM.—Take four table-spoonfuls of tapioca and a half-pint of cold water in a dish; set this in a kettle of hot water and let it soak, stirring it occasionally till it is soft; add a quart of milk, and let it scald. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a half cupful of sugar, and stir through your cream. When cold, beat the whites of the eggs stiff with sugar, and spread over the top.

AN EXCELLENT PLAIN CAKE.—One and one-half pounds of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound dried currants, 1 table-spoonful baking powder, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk. Mix the flour and sugar, dry. Flour the currants. Stir in all the milk excepting half a teacupful. Beat the eggs, and stir in; then the currants. Stir the baking powder into the half teacupful of milk, and add last. Beat all well together, and bake in a buttered tin one hour in a moderate oven.

Neuralgia as a "Warning."

The great prevalence of "neuralgia," says the London Lancet—or what commonly goes by that name—should be regarded as a warning, indicative of a low condition of health, which must necessarily render those who are affected with this painful malady especially susceptible to the invasion of diseases of an aggressive type. This is the season at which it is particularly desirable to be strong and well-furnished with the sort of strength that affords a natural protection against disease. There will presently be need of all the internal heat which the organism can command, and a good store of fat for use as fuel is not to be despised. It is no less essential that the vital forces should be vigorous, and the nerve-power especially in full development. Neuralgia indicates a low or depressed state of vitality, and nothing so rapidly exhausts the system as pain that prevents sleep and agonizes both body and mind. It is, therefore, of the first moment that attacks of this affection, incidental to and indicative of a poor and weak state, should be promptly placed under treatment, and, as rapidly as may be controlled. It is worth while to note this fact, because, while the spirit of manliness incites the "strong-minded" to patient endurance of suffering, it is not wise to suffer the distress caused by this malady, as many are now suffering it, without seeking relief, forgetful of the condition it bespeaks, and the constitutional danger of which it is a warning sign.

BEARING EACH OTHER'S BURDENS.—Life teems with unnecessary pain. For every living soul there is work to do, effort to make, sorrow to alleviate. No day in the short time allotted to us here should pass without some attempt, however feeble, to lessen the load of suffering pressing so unequally on the lives of those around us. All can do a little, and if each soul that has suffered would take a share in removing or lessening the burden of another, life would be other than it is. An old writer beautifully says: "All can give a smile. How few value a smile as they should; yet who does not know the brightness which some faces bring whenever they appear? The smile of kindly recognition, the acknowledgment of existing suffering, the free masonry of endurance,—all are conveyed by a glance, and none can tell how often the effort to be cheerful has helped a weaker sufferer to endure."—*Social Notes.*

A far greater courage is it to silently endure a groundless defamation, than to march up to the cannon's mouth.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

An awful swell—a cheek after toothache.

How to put a horse on his mettle—shoe him.

The most popular woman's paper—a paper of pins.

Notwithstanding the N. P. our paper-maker says that trade is stationery.

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.

A Western paper has this delicate personal item: Those who know nice old Mr. Wilson of this place personally, will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a cruel manner last week, but was not killed.

"Every tree is subject to disease," said a speaker in a fruit-growers convention.

"What ailment can you find on an oak," asked the chairman.

"A corn" was the triumphant reply.

A MINISTER overtook a Quaker lady, and politely assisted her in opening a gate. As she was a comparative stranger in town, he said: "You don't know, perhaps, that I am Mr.—. Haven't you heard me preach?" "I have heard thee try," was the quick rejoinder.

One of the latest discoveries made by the latest Arctic explorers is that the length of a Polar night is 142 days. What a nice place that would be in which to tell a man with a bill to call around day after to-morrow and get his money.

THE MISSING SAW-MILL.—The other day T. G. met an old friend, who was formerly a prosperous young lumberman up North, but whose habits of drinking resulted as they often do, though he has since reformed, and is trying to do better. "How are you?" said T. G.

"Pretty well, thank you, but I've just been to a doctor to have him look at my throat."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least he couldn't find what I wanted him to find."

"What did you expect him to find?"

"I asked him to look down my throat for the saw-mill and farm that had gone there."

"And did he see anything of it?"

"No but he advised me if I ever got another mill to run it by water."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Tobacco-Chewer Silenced.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* states that on board a railroad train in Ohio, the other day, a man with a quid of tobacco in his cheek became very indignant because a lady gave her pet dog a drink from the tin cup attached to the water-cooler. In reply to his remonstrance, the lady asserted that the "dog's lips were cleaner than those of any tobacco-chewer," the truth of which the devotee of the filthy weed was unable to deny. It is the evident duty of railroad authorities to place upon car water-coolers a placard prohibiting the use of the common drinking-cup by tobacco-users, dogs, and other animals. Until this much needed action is taken by the railway officials, we would advise the traveling public to protect themselves by each carrying his own cup, which we have for years been in the habit of doing.

BICKLES' BREAK.

WHY A MAN WOULD HAVE GIVEN A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO SEE MRS. BICKLES.

Mrs. Bickles talked a great deal of her early opportunities. "To think, Mr. Bickles," she would say, "that I could have married rich."

"I suppose you could have married Rich," was Bickles' stereotyped rejoinder. "Bill Rich would have married any one."

"I don't mean that. I mean that I could have married well enough."

"But I suppose you choose to follow the kind admonition to let well enough alone."

"You never could understand anything. I can count twenty men who would have given the best part of their lives to have married me."

"And they would have given the best part of their lives to have married you?"

Then the conversation would cease, Mrs. Bickles reflecting of course that she was not appreciated, and to say the least was imposed upon by her husband.

The other night when Bickles went home, he found his wife particularly prospective. She talked of the past with a tear, and talked of the future with a sigh.

"Oh, by the way," said Bickles, as he sat on the side of the bed, pulling off his boots, "I saw a gentleman down town to-day who would have given a thousand dollars to see you."

"Who was he? Does he live here?"

"I don't know his name."

"I'll warrant that it was Oliver Gregg."

"No."

"Then he must be George Weatherton."

"Guess again. I might know his name if I was to hear it."

"Oh, I do wish I knew!" said the lady, exhibiting excitement. "Was it Oscar Peoples?"

"Guess once more, I remember his name now."

"Harvey Glenkins."

"No, his name is Lucus Wentwing."

"I don't know a man by that name. Why would he give a thousand dollars to see me?"

"Because he's blind."

It was well that Bickles had removed his boots, for thus divested, he was enabled to move around with more alacrity.

Wide-Awake Boys.

General Grant is reported as having told a story lately to illustrate how much luck or chance circumstances had to do with making a man's fortune. When a boy, he stated, his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent him to borrow some from a neighbor. Going into the house without knocking young Grant overheard a letter read from the son of his neighbor, who was then at West Point, stating that he had failed in examination, and was coming home. He got the butter took it home, and without waiting for breakfast ran down to the office of the Congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No, — is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail, will you send me?"

"Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he don't go through no," use for you to try Uly."

"Promise you'll give me the chance, Mr. Hamar anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised.

The next day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman laughed at Uly's sharpness, and gave him the appointment. "Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me General and President."

But he was mistaken. It was his own shrewdness to see the chance and promptness to seize it that urged him upward.

Another instance, where the success was not so great, occurs to us.

A lad of sixteen, shop-boy in a Western town, had saved three hundred dollars in 1860. Going down the street one day during the winter, when the Southern States were seceding one by one, he heard a passer-by remark, "North Carolina has gone out." At the same moment his eye fell on a barrel of turpentine, exposed for sale. "No North Carolina, no turpentine," thought he. He ran to the bank, drew out his precious three hundred dollars, and invested it all in turpentine. Before the year was out he realized enough to give him a good capital with which to embark in business. But how many boys in the place of the two would have moped sluggishly along, gaining nothing but the butter and the news!—*Companion.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

In Memory

OF MARY MILLS, WHO DIED, AT OTTAWA, APRIL 11TH, 1880.

"And thou art gone, as young and fair,
As ought of mortal birth."—BYRON.

Even as a modest flower
Peeps forth in the early year,
So thy young life, in its springtide,
Bloomed light, and the sky was clear.
But as the flower decays,
Ere the days of summer dawn,
So did'st thou die, and the world grew dark,
For the light of our home was gone.

'Twas a deep and sad farewell
That was spoken above thy tomb,
And a blast swept over the darkling sky,
And the earth was wrapped in gloom.
The deep, half-smothered sigh
Broke forth in wild despair;
For the morning star of hope was set,
And we left thee lonely there.

But off in the dreamy night
Thy spirit hovers near,
And speaks of a brighter and better world,
In words we love to hear.
Yet a few more days, and we
Shall meet on the other shore;
And the world and its cares that know us now,
Shall know us again no more!

WILL.

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great,
All things give way before it, soon or late.
What obstacle can stay the mighty force
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?

Each will-born soul must win what it deserves
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction, serves
The one great aim. Why even Death stands still
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.
ELLA WHEELER.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."

"It's such a pity," said Mrs. Lee, and she turned her eyes from the window. A man had just passed, and it was of him the lady said, "It's such a pity."

"A greater pity for his wife and children," said Mrs. Lee's sister.

"Oh, dear! It's a pity for all of them," said Mrs. Lee, in quite a troubled voice. "Why doesn't the man drink cold water when he is thirsty, and not pour burning liquor down his throat? I've thought more than once of meeting him with a cool glass of water as he came by, hoping he would turn back to his shop, and not keep on to Huber's tavern."

"That would be too pointed," said the sister.

"It might do good," Mrs. Lee went on. "Suppose he did feel a little annoyed, he would hardly refuse the cool drink, and once taken he might not feel so strongly drawn toward Huber's tavern. The next time I saw him coming, I'd offer the drink again, and with a pleasant word. I could ask about his wife, and children, and show that I felt interested. I'm sure, sister, good would come from it."

The sister did not feel so hopeful. "It will take more than a glass of water to satisfy his fiery thirst, and then, you know, Barclay is easily offended. He would understand just what you meant, I fear, and grow angry and abusive."

Little Kate, who had been listening to her mother and aunt, said quite earnestly, "I don't believe it would make him angry to offer him a cool drink of water."

The two women looked at each other, but did not answer her.

Mr. Barclay was a carpenter. He had been very well off, but would take a glass of liquor now and then. This led him into the company of those who visit taverns, and by them he was often drawn away from shop and home. So neglect of business was added to the vice of drinking, and the carpenter's way in the world turned downward.

Mr. Barclay had several children. The youngest was named Fanny, and she was just four years old. He was very fond of her, and often struggled with his appetite on her account. Many times had he gone backward and forward before the tavern door, love for Fanny pleading against love for rum, and urging him to spend the few pennies in his pocket for a toy, or some candies, instead of for beer. But the dreadful thirst for beer had always got the mastery. Poor man!

On the morning after Mrs. Lee and her sister were talking about him, it happened that Mr. Barclay was without a penny in his pocket. What was he to do? Not a single glass of liquor could be had at Huber's tavern, for he was in debt there, and they had refused to trust him until the old score was paid. But how was he to go through all that day without drink? The very thought quickened his craving thirst.

He opened a bureau drawer to get a handkerchief, when something met his eyes that made him pause with a strange expression of face. He stood gazing with an irresolute air, and then, shutting the drawer quickly, turned away to the other side of the room. For some time he remained there, his back to the drawer. A bitter struggle was going on in his mind. Alas! he was not strong enough for this conflict.

Slowly, step by step, listening, looking just like a thief, Mr. Barclay returned to the bureau, and opened the drawer.

What did he bring forth? It was a little wooden box, only a few inches square; he had made it himself of fine dark wood for his dear little Fanny. The pennies were few, but all she had received for many months were in this box. She was saving them to buy a present for her father, Christmas.

A desperate look was in Mr. Barclay's face as he clutched the box. Hurriedly he took from his pocket a small screw driver, and in a minute the lid was off. Half the pennies were emptied into his pocket, and then the lid replaced and the box returned to the drawer.

He had scarcely taken breath while the box was in his hand. Now he sat down, like one suddenly robbed of strength, and panted. The dark flush went off his face, and he looked pale and guilty.

"Papa!" It was Fanny herself. The loving child came in and put her arms around his neck. It was as much as he could do to keep from pushing her with strong arms away.

"Are you sick, papa?" The child had caught a glimpse of his pale, disturbed countenance.

"I do n't feel very well," he answered. His voice had so strange a sound to his own ears that it seemed as if some one else were speaking.

"I'm so sorry," and Fanny drew her arms tighter around his neck, kissing him.

This was more than the wretched man could bear. Rising hurriedly, and almost shaking off his child, he left the house and started for the shop. He did not go to work immediately, but sat down on his bench. He had no heart to work just then.

"Oh, Jim Barclay! he cried out at last, in a tone of mingled shame and anguish, "that you should come to this."

He got up and walked about like one bewildered. Just then a man rode up to his shop. "Is that shutter ready for me?" he asked.

"It will be done to-morrow," answered the carpenter, hardly noticing what was said to him.

"Just what you told me yesterday," said the man roughly. "The fact is, Jim Barclay," the man added, "there's no dependence in you any longer, and I shall take my work somewhere else."

He was in no mode to bear patiently a hard speech from any one; so he replied as roughly, and the customer rode off

in anger. Barclay stood looking after him, his excitement gradually cooling until the blindness of passion was gone.

"Foolish every way," he muttered, turning slowly to his work-bench and taking his plane. "It was n't so once. No dependence in Jim Barclay."

He was hurt by the accusation. The time was when no mechanic in the neighborhood could be more depended upon. If Barclay promised a piece of work, it was sure to be ready. Alas! how changed! He was just as fair in promise now—just as sincere, perhaps, when his word was given—but in performance, how slow! He would start in earnest every day, and get on very well until the desire for liquor grew strong enough to tempt him off to Huber's tavern for a drink. After that, no one could count on him.

Some panels of the unfinished shutter lay on Barclay's bench. He began to grow worried,—just as it had been with him many times. But where to begin his day's work, which of his customers to serve first, he did not know. His hands were unsteady; a sense of heaviness weighed down his limbs; in body and mind he felt wretched. He thought of Huber's tavern and a refreshing glass. Just one glass, and his shattered nerves would be steadier for the day's work. Then he thought of the pennies in his pocket, the treasure of his dear little Fanny, stolen from her that morning; and such shame fell upon his heart that he sat down upon his work-bench and groaned in pain.

"I'll get one glass," he said, starting up, for I must have something to put life into me. The pennies are only borrowed, and I'll return them two for one. Just one glass to make me all right," and off he started for the tavern.

Between the shop and the tavern was a pleasant cottage. Mr. Barclay was nearly opposite this cottage, when out ran a child, holding in her hands a small glass pitcher of water, her golden hair tossing in the wind. She was about Fanny's age, and beautiful as a cherub.

"Won't you have a cool drink, Mr. Barclay?" said the child, stopping before him and offering her pitcher, while her earnest, tender eyes, blue as violets, were lifted to his face.

Surprised and startled by this sudden vision of innocence and beauty, Mr. Barclay did not hesitate for an instant, but took the pitcher and drank almost at a single draught every drop of the pure cold water.

"Thank you, my dear," dropped from his lips as he handed back the empty vessel, and then he stooped and kissed the child. She did not turn from him and go back into the house, but stood between him and the little tavern gazing up into his face. He took a step forward. The child caught his hand. "Oh don't Mr. Barclay!" she cried eagerly, and in such a pleading voice that her tones went further down into his heart than human tones had gone for a long time.

"Don't what, little darling!" he asked, bending toward her in new surprise.

"Don't go to Huber's any more," answered the child.

Mr. Barclay drew himself up and stood still as a statue. The child looked at him with a half scared expression, but she kept firmly hold of his hand. Suddenly catching his breath, he stooped quickly and touched the child's fair forehead with his lips. He said not a word, turned resolutely and went striding down the road in the direction of his shop.

From the window of the cottage, mother and aunt looked on the scene in surprise. The act was her own. They had no hint of the purpose until they saw her cross the road with the pitcher of water in her hand. Her own act, did I say? Let me lift your thoughts higher. God's love and pity for the poor drunkard had flowed into the child's heart and moved her to do just what she did. So it was God acting through her just as he acts through every one of us when we try to do good to others. Think of this! God working mercy through us,—making us angels of mercy.

Mr. Barclay returned to the shop, took off his coat and went to work. The cool water, but more the good resolution the child had awakened in his heart, gave tone and refreshment to body and mind. His nerves, all unstrung when he started to the tavern, were steady now. No tremor ran through his hand as he grasped the mallet, chisel, or plane. He worked with a pleasure not felt for a long time.

After an hour this feeling began to wear off and the old heaviness and thirst for liquor returned. His thoughts went

to Huber's tavern and the tempting liquor there. But there was something in the way that he could not pass; no fierce lions, but a pure and innocent child. He felt sure that when she saw him coming along the road she would meet him with her sweet pleading face and pitcher of water, and to pass by would be impossible. "Go around by the old mill," said the tempter, "and the child will not see you."

He hearkened a moment; then, with an almost angry tone, he said,—

"No, no, no! God's angel met me in an evil path and turned me back. I will not go around by any other way."

There was a spring not far from his shop. He drank freely at this, and then, refreshed, took up his work again. How clear his mind was,—clearer than it had been for a long time. Like a beautiful picture was the image of that beautiful child meeting him in the road and offering her pitcher of water. It was always before him, and the longer he looked upon it the softer his heart became, and the stronger his good resolutions.

For the first time in months, Mr. Barclay came home that evening sober and in his right mind. What throbs of joy his pulse gave as he saw the look of happy surprise in his poor wife's face, and felt the delight of dear little Fanny's heart as she sprang into his arms and hugged him in a way that told what a new gladness was in her soul. Not until he had returned the pennies to her box did the red spot of shame fade from his manly face.

Mr. Barclay was never seen in Huber's tavern again, nor any other tavern.

"If," he said to a friend, years afterward, "the old desire came back, and my thoughts went off to Huber's tavern, it never got past the white cottage, for out from its porch I would always see coming to meet me, pitcher in hand, that Heaven-sent child, and to have passed her would have been impossible."

What Shall We Do with our Daughters?

Give them a good school education. Teach them to cook healthful food. Teach them to wash, to iron, to mend stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own clothes, and a well-fitting shirt. Teach them to bake; to know that good cooking saves medicine. Teach them that a dollar is worth one hundred cents; that only those are saving who spend less than they receive, and whatsoever more is spent tends to impoverish. Teach them that they are much better dressed in strong cotton garments than in silk, if they are in debt. Teach them that one round, full face is worth more than fifty beautiful ones. Teach them to wear strong shoes. Teach them to make good purchases, and to see to the reckoning of their accounts. Teach them that they spoil God's image when they lace tightly. Teach them good common-sense, self-defence, and industry. Teach them to do garden work and enjoy nature. Teach them likewise, if they have money enough, music, painting, and all arts, remembering always that these things are secondary. Teach them that walking is much better than riding, and that wild-flowers are very beautiful to those who observe them. Teach them to despise all make-believes; that one should say yes or no when one really means it.—*Sel.*

The Growth of Character.

Many people seem to forget that character grows, that it is not something to put on ready-made, with womanhood or manhood, but, day by day, here a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes a coat of mail. Look at a man of business, prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these qualities. Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at meals and late at school stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot! I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of things will never be a noble, generous, kindly mannered gentleman.

Punctuality.

Method is a very hinge of business ; and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it gains time. It is like packing things in a box ; a good packer will get in twice as much as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry ; he has no time to speak with you because he is going elsewhere ; and when he gets there he is too late for his business ; or he must hurry away to another place before he can finish it. It was a wise maxim of a former Duke of Newcastle, "I do one thing at a time."

Punctuality gives weight to character, and generates punctuality in others ; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual when they know that the heads of the family are so.

The Rev. S. Brewer was distinguished for punctuality. When a youth in college he was never known to be a minute behind time in attending the lectures of the tutors or the prayers, at which the young men who boarded in private families were expected to assemble. One morning the students were collected ; the clock struck seven, and all rose up for prayer ; but the tutor observing that Mr. Brewer was not present paused awhile. Seeing him enter the room, he said : "Sir, the clock has struck, and we are ready to begin ; but as you were absent, we supposed the clock was too fast, and therefore waited." It was found that the clock was actually too fast by a few minutes.

A punctual man generally has a quiet, leisurely way of going about things. There is no hurry and bustle, but the work is done in time ; so making good the old saying. "Make haste slowly," or, "Take time to be quick."

It is a good maxim : "That you may be always in time, take care always to be ready a little before the time."

King George the Third is said never to have been a minute behind any of his appointments. On the contrary, another English King by his dilatory habits fixed on his name the disgraceful stigma : "Ethelred the *Unready*."

The celebrated Lord Nelson said he owed all his success in life to being ready for every duty a quarter of an hour beforehand.

A Brave Young Sailor.

Years ago, a well-known New Yorker, crossing the Atlantic, and half way to Liverpool, was startled, while sitting in the smoking room, by the cry of "Man Overboard !" He ran out on deck just in time to see a young sailor hurry aft and spring like a deer over the taffrail into the sea. He just cleared the screw, and as the ship was making thirteen knots, his head was visible a moment only above the waves and then he was out of sight. The bell clanged ; a boat was lowered ; the passengers—men, women and children—rushed aft ; all was excitement and confusion on the vessel. In less than two minutes the boat was pulling off, all eyes were strained toward it and the crew, tossing as in a cockle shell on the swelling, receding waters. Half an hour, three-quarters crept by. The signal was given for return by a small red flag run up to the topmast. After a while the life boat was visible like a speck for a moment and in another moment she would disappear. "I see her ; I see her," went from lip to lip, and then the repeated question, "Is he saved ?" The boat came alongside in due season. Then it was found that the sailor who had fallen overboard had been lost, but the brave fellow that had gone after him had been discovered in an exhausted state. The latter had swam off for what he had supposed to be the man, but which proved to be a bit of floating spar. The men in the boat had missed his track and were returning when they chanced upon him, and pulled him in more dead than alive. As he was helped upon deck the passengers gave him three ringing cheers. While under the care of the surgeon \$500 was raised for him and a proportionate amount for the boat's crew. The New Yorker was selected to present the money when the gallant youth appeared on the deck. He simply said, "Thank you kindly. I'm sorry the poor, lost lad isn't here to share it with me." The brave sailor was Matthew Webb, since known as the champion swimmer of the world.

Honesty Rewarded.

George and Harry worked in the same shop ; but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them as they settled up on Saturday evening that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He said he was very sorry ; but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one he wished to remain. So the young men returned to their boarding house a good deal cast down ; for work was scarce, and neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he were the one to leave.

That evening, as they counted over their week's wages Harry said to his friend :

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has paid me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake ?" said Harry.

"Oh ! he was very busy when six o'clock came ; and, handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifle," said George, as he stuffed his into his pocket-book.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I go to the post-office, and hand the money to him."

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George. "What does he care about that trifle ? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted ; and I'm sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid them each a quarter of a dollar too much on purpose to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep.

He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for a few months while he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management, that when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent.

Five years afterward, Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner ; and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common laborer.

What Saved His Life

The way to stop the flow of blood from a bad wound has been so often pointed out that it is generally known, but it is best illustrated by an actual example. When people injured and bleeding are able to help themselves by so simple a process, they should certainly love their lives well enough to do so.

That Gen. Sickles is alive to-day is due only to his great presence of mind. When he fell on the field of Gettysburg, he fainted. Recovering consciousness, but half-dazed, he found he was completely away from the hope of immediate help, and that blood was gushing from his leg in jets, showing that an artery was served. Painfully raising himself until he found his handkerchief, he tied it around the wound in such a way as to stop the flow, and, in order to secure additional tightness, ran his sword-handle under the handkerchief, and with all his power twisted it around and held it so until the surgeon came on the battle-field. Like most persons, he had read directions of what was necessary to be done in such emergencies, but, unlike many persons, he was cool and collected enough to put his reading into practice when the emergency came.

Mecca is wholly dependent for its water-supply upon a small fountain some hours' distance from the town, and in ancient times the conveyance of it by means of camels was a very laborious business. A Mahomedan dame, named Zubeide, about six hundred and forty years ago, built an aqueduct to bring the element from its source to the town, and this construction has served the object of that pious lady until now, and has supplied the faithful frequenting the holy places with water. Latterly, the aqueduct has fallen out of repair, and subscriptions have been set on foot for its restoration. India has already remitted more than £40,000 for this object, and there are still considerable sums subscribed at Bombay and Calcutta which have not yet been remitted.

The Hardest Lesson.

The hardest lesson a human being can learn is that of self-conquest. That once learnt, all the rest is easy. Perhaps it is most difficult for a woman, for women are more impulsive than men. It is terrible for anyone to set aside all things else for the sake of duty; to say this hope, this joy, this thing that makes life beautiful, stands in the way of what ought to be first, and turn one's back upon it; but it can be done, and must be done by every one at some time. One must learn, also, the suppression of emotions which it is not wise to express. If they cannot be killed, then bury them alive, and say nothing. One almost dies in the attempt, but the proudest moment of any life is when it can be said with truth: I can do what I will with myself; I have no habit I cannot in an instant break; I have no thought I cannot refuse expression; I can forbid myself to be angry, to seek vengeance—to resent even uncalled-for insult and impertinence, I can take even love, the strongest of all human emotions, from my heart, and strangle it, when to love would be foolish. The men who drink to excess; the men who gamble, and who run away with other men's wives; the women who die of love for some fellow incapable of appreciating them, or who fall to the deeper depths of degradation are people incapable of self-conquest. Think of that, and learn to conquer your heart, your mind and your appetites.

Romance of Arithmetic.

Johann Angnst Musaeus, one of the most popular German story writers of the last century, in his story of "Libussa," makes the Lady of Bohemia put forth the following problem to her three lovers, and offer her hand and throne as the prize for the correct solution. "I have here in my basket," said the Lady Libussa, "a gift of plums for each of you, picked from my garden. One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall again have half and one more, and the third shall again have half and three more. This will empty my basket. Now tell me how many plums is in it? The first knight made a random guess at threescore. "No," replied the lady. "But if there were as many more, half as many more, and a third as many more as there are now in the basket, with five more added to that, the number would by so much exceed three-score as it now falls short of it." The second knight, getting awfully bewildered, speculated wildly on forty-five. "Not so," said this royal ready reckoner. "But if there were a third as many more, half as many more, and a sixth as many more as there are now, there would be in my basket as many more than forty-five as there are now under that number." Prince Wladimir then decided the number of plums to be thirty, and by so doing obtained this invaluable housekeeper for his wife. The Lady Libussa thereupon counted him out fifteen plums and one more, when there remained fourteen. To the second knight she gave seven and one more, and six remained. To the first knight she gave half of these and three more, and the basket was empty. The discarded lovers went off with their heads exceedingly giddy, and their mouths full of plums.—*Chambers' Journal*.

HISTORY OF ZERO.

"Zero" on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellation, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from Arabic and means empty; hence, nothing. In expressions 'ninety degrees Fahr,' the abbreviation 'Fahr,' stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic on the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year. And that day was the coldest day that the oldest inhabitant could remember. Gabriel was more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial.

He called the degree zero and constructed a thermometer or rude weather glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32—because as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water down to zero, and expanded one hundred and eighteen on being heated from the freezing point to the boiling point.

Time showed that the arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than from Dan to Beersheba expressed the exact extremes of Palestine.

But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted with its inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority. For Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to sciences.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are England, Holland, and America. Russia and Germany use Raumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is eighty degrees above the freezing point. France uses the Centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from the freezing point. On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is but 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or even if he had made this one of his improvements after the public had adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his would have secured to his invention, the patroage of then world.

How Dr. Guthrie Became a Temperance Man.

The great Dr. Guthrie long ago followed the custom of most Scotch ministers in his day of taking a glass of wine. But there was in Scotland a poor, ignorant driver, who was wise enough to prefer total abstinence. One day the Doctor rode in his cab or wagon over a wild part of the country in a pouring rain. When an inn was reached the Doctor took some whiskey in a glass to keep out the cold, and offered some to the cabman. "No, I thank you, sir, I'm a teetotaler." A very simple answer; not a word of argument, only example. I don't suppose that he ever knew that his refusal ever did any good. But the learned, eloquent divine remembered it. Soon after, when he was called to Edinburgh and went around among his poor parishioners, he found rum was the cause of much poverty. He could not say anything to them while he took his glass, and he thought of the poor cabman. He became a teetotaler and did what a man in his position could do. The good done by his sermons, addresses, books, schools and labors will never be known until the judgment. A few months ago I went through the ragged schools he founded in Edinburgh for poor children—temperance homes. In four kingdoms I saw no such joyful sight as that of these ruddy-faced, happy urchins. The cabman was not aware that by his modest refusal to drink he that day helped to tear away a habit in another that leads only to evil, and to start a great man in a course that was salvation to multitudes for whom he labored.

LIFE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the conscientiousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which made it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety which ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.—*James Martineau*.

Artificial Respiration.

In a paper recently read before the French Academy of Sciences, Professor Fort gave some startling instances of the efficacy of artificial respiration. A three-year-old child had apparently died, and was considered as having passed over to the majority for three and a half hours. At the end of that time Professor Fort set up artificial respiration and kept up the process for four hours, when the child returned to life. A person had been under water for ten minutes, and was evidently drowned. Dr. Fournol, of Billancourt, however, after four hours of labour, managed to make natural succeed artificial breathing, and so reanimated his patient. In some instances artificial respiration will be found of great efficacy in removing poison from the lungs and glands. In any case of asphyxia hope should not be abandoned until hours of trial of artificial respiration gives no encouraging result.

Preservation of Wood.

The improved French method of preserving wood by the application of lime is found to work well. The plan is to pile the planks in a tank, and to pour over all a layer of quick-lime, which is gradually slaked with water. Timber for mines requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated, and other wood more or less time, according to its thickness. The material acquires remarkable consistence and hardness, it is stated, on being subjected to this simple process, and the assertion is made that it will never rot. Beech wood prepared in this way for hammers and other tools for ironwork is found to acquire the hardness of oak, without parting with any of its well known elasticity or toughness, and it also lasts longer.—*Amer. Building News.*

To Remove Nitrate of Silver Stains.

Dr. Kraetzer, of Leipsic, proposes, as a substitute for potassium cyanide in the removal of stains made by lunar caustic or silver nitrate, the following mixture: 10 grammes ammonium chloride, 10 grammes corrosive sublimate, dissolved in 160 grammes of distilled water, and preserved in a glass stoppered bottle. He says that with this solution the black stains may be removed from linen, woolen, and cotton goods perfectly without injury to the goods. It will also remove stains on the skin, but, although less poisonous than the cyanide, it must not be forgotten that it is a corrosive poison. For the skin we prefer to apply tincture of iodine, or a solution of iodine in iodide of potassium, followed by strong aqua ammonia; if slower it is safer both to use and to keep in the house.

Old Bonny, the remarkable horse of Col. John H. James, of Urbana, Ohio, now dead, possessed wonderful intelligence. He disliked to be hitched. He would always break the strap and then stand half a day if required at the post. He never wore blinders, and when before the buggy would look to see who was to drive. He had a different gait for each person that drove him. With children he gave evidence that he considered himself responsible for their safety. It was church bells that kept Bonny informed on Sunday. On that day he would turn to the right and go to church, and on week days turn to the left to town. When he wanted shoeing an old shoe was shown to him. He went alone to the shop where he had been shod twenty years and returned shod.

A CURIOUS FACT.—Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large bridges of the world. A constant succession of sound-waves, especially such as come from the playing of a band, will excite the wires to vibration. At first the vibrations are very slight, but they will increase as the sound-waves continue to come. The principal reason why bands are not allowed to play when crossing certain bridges—the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, for instance—is that if followed by processions of any kind they will keep step with the music, and this regular step would cause the wires to vibrate. At suspension bridges military companies are not allowed to march across in regular step, but break ranks. The regular trotting gait of a dog across a suspension bridge is more dangerous to the bridge than a heavy loaded waggon drawn by a team of large horses.

Cheese Made From Potatoes.

A foreign paper says that cheese is made from potatoes in Thuringia and Saxony in the manner below. Possibly the process may be found worth trying, if not profitable, in this country. After having collected a quantity of potatoes, of good quality, giving the preference to a large white kind, they are boiled in a caldron, and after becoming cool they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a greater or mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added one pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together, and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and the cheeses are placed in little baskets, when the superfluous moisture escapes. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves. Three kinds are made. The first and most common is made as detailed above; the second, with four parts of potatoes and two parts of curdled milk; the third, with two parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over other kinds, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation and in well-closed vessels.

Habits of the Beaver.

I am well acquainted with the habits of the Northern beaver. Several years ago I bought up several hundred acres of mining lands near the south shore of Lake Superior, in Ontonagon County, Mich. On Carp river, a small stream that crossed a part of my lands, the beavers had built several dams, and formed extensive ponds, in which they built their houses or lodges, as the Indians call them. These lodges are built in water several feet in depth, and the entrance is several feet under water, but the floor of the lodge is built at least two feet above high water mark. The floor is built solid from the bottom of the pond except the entrance.

Although the beaver is warmly clad with warm fine fur, he is very sensitive to the cold, and rarely, if ever, leaves the pond or lodge during the cold weather. He lays in his winter supply of food, which mainly consists of the bark of a certain species of poplar. He cuts down small trees and cuts them into short pieces of one foot or a little over in length and takes them into the pond. These pieces of wood are dragged up into the lodge as often as food is needed, and the bark is gnawed off, and after being denuded of the bark they are by no means thrown away as useless, but are taken under the ice and carefully placed in the dam, to strengthen it.

They built once dam a little below the foot of Carp Lake, which raised the lake thirty inches. The lake is a small one—about one mile long and a fourth of a mile wide. I measured the stump of a maple that they had cut down, and it measured fourteen inches in diameter. There were no less than eleven dams on the stream, all in sight of our buildings, where we were mining for copper.

The beaver possesses great engineering skill, always building his dams in the form of an arch, giving it strength to resist the pressure of the water. The Indians used to tell me many singular traits of character that the animal possesses.—*Forest and Stream.*

HARD OF HEARING.—One of our Boston millionaire railroad kings, says the Courier, has a brother who is quite hard of hearing, while he himself is known from here to Burlington in Missouri as having a very prominent nose. Once he went to New York and dined at a friend's house, where he sat between two young ladies. The ladies talked to him very loudly and rather to his annoyance, but he said nothing. Finally one of them fairly yelled a little, commonplace remark at him, and then said, in an ordinary tone to the other, "Did you ever see such a nose in all your life?" "Pardon me, ladies," said our millionaire; "it is my brother who is deaf."

On some of the ocean steamers life-saving mattresses are used, and they are guaranteed to be perfect life-preservers in case of shipwreck.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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NO. 9.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away,—these sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long, golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love.
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

—National Repository.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XI.

"I PROMISE YOU."

"Mollie I am afraid you are having a very dull visit; but you see Alice's illness makes it impossible for me to go out anywhere or to entertain as usual; I am sorry for your sake."
"Oh! Sybil; do not speak of it; indeed I do not find it dull at all. I am glad I came in time to see Alice," she added softly.

"When Neal first came to Buxly, more than two years ago; Fernside was the first house at which he visited; he used to come there very often, and he would talk to mamma

of his mother, and his sister Alice who was always ill, and I used to sit by and listen while they talked, and I grew to wondering what Alice was like, and I could hardly believe that she was so good and patient and happy as he said she was, it seemed to me impossible that anyone could be happy, cooped up within four walls, away from the bright sunshine, the blue sky and the birds and flowers and all; and I used to feel so sorry for her. I love her dearly now.

"No one could help loving her; she is so unselfish. You do not know, Mollie, what she has been to me in the eight years that I have known her. I never had a brother or sister, my mother died when I was a baby, I lived a lonely childhood with only the companionship of papa and auntie; and in my early girlhood I was equally lonely, for I made no friendships; I began to go out into society at rather an early age, but even then I met no one whom I cared to call my friend; nor had I any lovers as other girls had—admirers perhaps but no lovers, I was hard to please perhaps, but I found it utterly impossible to care sufficiently for any one of them to marry; as friends I esteemed and indeed most heartily liked most of them.

"Then in Italy I met Neal; and when he returned home he brought me to see Alice and his mother; very soon I grew to love them both dearly; but Alice was my friend—my sister; we soon became more to each other than it is usual for two women to be; but in one respect our positions were similar, she had neither sister nor friend, neither as I have said had I; with love and marriage poor Alice had nothing to do; and the prospect of matrimony seemed to be equally far off in my own case.

"But she thought—she hoped that you —"

"Would marry Neal," finished Sybil smiling.

"A dream which could never have been realized; Alice acknowledges that now. Ah! I wonder who that is," as the door-bell rang rather loudly. "I hope not visitors, as I do not feel equal to entertaining. I would not mind Kate; why it is her," she added as Katie's quick, but musical tones were heard asking if Miss O'Brien were at home.

"Good morning" she said as she entered. "I was not sure that I should find you in."

"Why where have you been for the last five days Kate? You have quite deserted us; and how is that dear Tom?"

"Tom is quite well thanks; I have been rather busy lately; and now I must tell you that the object of my visit to-day is not wholly disinterested. Tom says I must really decide at once about the carpets we were inspecting the other day; but I am such a little goose that I really cannot make up my mind; and Tom very disagreeably refuses to help me choose; he says that my taste is sure to be better than his as he never has had any experience in these sort of things; but neither have I. Now I want you and Mollie to come with me and help to choose. Surely the judgments of all three combined should result in a good selection and if our opinions clash we shall abide by Sybil's choice. I am afraid it is making a great fuss about a little thing, but Tom wants to have the drawing room perfect in all its appointments; and I am such a little goose; not an atom of use

when it comes to the practical point of choosing a carpet I feel myself to be; to quote Miss Janet,—"a mere butterfly unfitted for the practical purposes of life."

"Poor Aunt Janet," laughed Mollie, "I am afraid she has a very poor opinion of the present generation of young ladies. Sybil alone was fortunate enough to win her approval. She thinks you a 'young lady, *par excellence*, Miss O'Brien."

"I feel duly flattered."

"And how is poor Miss Despard to-day?" questioned Kate when the conversation had drifted into a quieter channel.

"Just about the same," answered Sybil sadly. "She is too weak to talk much; Mollie and I see her everyday."

"Is there no hope at all?"

"Not the slightest; we are just waiting for the end; and expecting every day that we shall have to send for Neal."

"Poor Neal."

"I had a short note from him this morning," said Mollie. "He speaks of coming down on Saturday to stay till Monday morning."

"Oh! that will be very nice, and how are all at Buxly; I have not heard for a week or more."

"They are all well thank you; Neal says he and mamma walked over to the Hall together the other day, Ruth and your father were both well."

"Ah! he did not mention Paul I suppose?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"He is going away in a few days," answered Kate slowly, and keeping her eyes away from Mollie's face.

The latter did not speak, but her face flushed then paled and a grave expression crept into her eyes. "Is he going to leave Canada?" enquired Sybil.

"Oh! yes, he is going to Europe, and he said something about Africa and the Zulus; he is quite *too* tiresome for anything; I don't believe he will ever settle down at home; he is a born wanderer; he never will be a lawyer. Papa will be furious; I do not think he has heard of Paul's intention yet though, I only heard it yesterday. But come girls if we are to choose the carpet this afternoon we had better start. Sybil have you heard from Mr. Macdonald lately?" and Katie smoothed out an imaginary wrinkle in her perfect fitting glove and looked demurely at Sybil.

"The day before yesterday," she answered composedly.

"Ah indeed! is he not to have any vacation this Summer?"

"Not till October; but come upstairs with us whilst we dress, for this carpet expedition."

"And so Paul is actually going away," thought Mollie, as she rapidly dressed herself for her walk. "I am so sorry; and they will blame me for it; Ruth and Mr. Halliday and Katie; and mamma too; well! I cannot help it if they do; Paul is quite too foolish to behave so, just because he cannot marry the girl he wants; as if there were not heaps of others as good and better than poor little me; I am sure if I had refused Neal, he would not have gone off to Zulu-land, as Paul is going to do; breaking his father's and sister's hearts, and making things disagreeable all round. Heigho! what a queer, queer world this is!"

That afternoon, when they returned home, after having settled the vexed question of the carpets, the servant informed them, that about half an hour previously a messenger had come from Mrs. Despard to say that Alice was worse, and asking him to go over at once; Miss O'Brien had gone over, with the messenger."

"We must go at once," said Sybil, as with pale face and compressed lips, she repeated to Mollie what the servant had said.

"Oh! Sybil! do you really think she is—dying?"

"I — am afraid so, you know how very weak she was; but come, there is the carriage at the door."

When they reached the Despards', they found their worst fears realized. Alice Despard would not live to see another day! Miss O'Brien met them at the door and gave them the tidings; "the doctor and Mrs. Despard," she said, "were with Alice now, and Mrs. Despard had said to bring them right up, as soon as they came."

"Has Neal been sent for?" asked Mollie in a low tone.

"Oh! yes he had been telegraphed for; poor lad, poor lad," said Miss O'Brien tearfully.

"It will be eight o'clock, before he can get here," said Mollie slowly as they went up stairs.

The sick girl looked eagerly towards the door as they entered the room and her wan face brightened as Sybil came to the bed side and kissed her. Even in the half-shadow in which the room, was cast by the gathering twilight, the girls could see the impress of death in the sweet, pale face of Alice Despard. Her mother sat on one side of the bed; holding her daughter's hand in hers, her dry, tearless eyes scarce removed for an instant from her darling's face. Sybil and Mollie stood at the other side, Miss O'Brien had seated herself by one of the windows, whilst the doctor stood gravely at the other.

"Can I do anything for you darling?" asked Sybil.

"No—thank you. I want nothing now; only to wait till the end come. 'Till the morning break and the shadows flee away." A low sob from Mr. Despard broke the silence which followed the murmured words. Alice heard it and turned her face half tenderly, half reproachfully towards her mother. "Mamma dear, why do you grieve for me? I am so glad to go; and—it is only—for a little while; you—will all come—soon." Her voice grew weaker, and the words were uttered in short gasps. The doctor advanced to the bedside and felt her pulse, then administered a stimulant; Alice lay with closed eyes for some time, and when she again looked up her mother had left the room. She motioned to Sybil to come nearer.

"Remember, you promised to be a daughter to poor mamma—when I—am gone; you too Mollie."

"Yes I remember, and indeed I will try as far as possible to comfort her."

"And so will I Alice," said Mollie.

"Thank you," Alice replied, and then sank once more into a state of semi-unconsciousness which lasted for nearly an hour. The doctor left the room promising to return soon, and Mrs. Despard came back and resumed her position at the bedside. So in utter silence they remained, waiting and watching with sad and fearful hearts for the coming of that dread visitor, Death. Once or twice Alice moved restlessly on her pillow and murmured: "Neal; is he coming?" and Sybil would answer: Yes, that he was coming soon. So the minutes crept on. Miss O'Brien endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Despard to go down stairs and take some tea, but she firmly refused, saying she could not eat; so the others went, although none of them felt any inclination to eat either. When they went up again there was no change in Alice; she still lay with closed eyes, scarcely seeming to breathe. Wearily the time dragged on, until at length the hands of the clock pointed to eight. In a few minutes Neal would be here. Sybil went down and said,

"Alice, Alice, Neal will be here soon now." Slowly the dim, dark eyes opened, and fixed themselves upon the face bending over her, then wandered around the room as though in search of something. "Has he come?" she whispered.

"No dear, not yet, but he will be here soon, in a few minutes."

"Ah! thank God, he is — come in time. Give me some of that cordial; I am so weak — I must speak to him." Sybil poured out some of the cordial into a glass and held it to her lips, while Mrs. Despard raised her gently from the pillow.

"Thank you," she murmured, with her usual sweet recognition of any service rendered her. The medicine seemed to revive her, or perhaps it was the anxiety to see her brother which brought a pink flush into her cheeks and a bright glitter to her eyes, which wandered ceaselessly from the clock to the door. At length a carriage was heard driving up to the front door, and Mrs. Despard noiselessly left the room, and went down to meet her son.

"It is he? It is Neal?" asked Alice, nervously clasping her hands, and trembling all over with a strange excitement.

"Yes dearest, yes it is Neal, he will be up here immediately; be calm though, or else you will be too weak to speak to him."

"Yes, yes I will be calm, I must speak to him alone, I have something to say to him alone."

"Very well, you shall see him alone?" answered Sybil soothingly.

"Sybil," cried the dying girl, as with a sudden accession of strength she seized her hands. "Sybil dear, Sybil I fear for you; Arthur Macdonald is false, I know he is false, he

will not make you happy; but oh darling! promise me that whatever happens, you will be brave and strong; you will not lose your trust in God; I have prayed to Him for you my friend, my dearest!"

"Alice dear, I will never forget your teachings. When papa died, it was you who told me of our Heavenly Father, and taught me to trust in him. I will never lose my faith and trust in His goodness and wisdom, however sorely I may be tried."

"That is right, always trust Him," she murmured, as the door opened to admit Mrs. Despard and Neal. The others drew back, as he approached the bed, without appearing to notice anybody else in the room but Alice, who half raised herself and held out her hands to him; he took them both in his and bent over her to kiss her.

"I am so glad you've come, Neal," she murmured. "How do you feel now?" he asked tenderly.

"Better dear; oh! soon I shall be quite well; I am so glad to die, and you must not grieve for me, you and mother and Sybil and Mollie. See there is Mollie, you have not spoken to her yet, Neal dear." Neal looked round and holding out his hand, without moving away from Alice, drew his betrothed down beside him, as she came to him, then with a tender, half sad smile, put his arm about her waist and kissed her. "You must be loving and gentle with him always when you are his wife Mollie," whispered the dying girl, fixing her dim, loving eyes on the two as they knelt beside her bed.

"I will indeed Alice," answered Mollie choking down a sob, and softly stroking the pale, thin hand lying on the counter-pane.

"God bless you both." Her voice was getting weaker and the pallor of her face more ghastly. Mrs. Despard bent over her anxiously and felt her pulse, wishing the doctor would come, although knowing well that he could do no good even if he were there. "Sybil will you pour out some of the cordial and give it to her, it may revive her. They gave her medicine, but it seemed to have lost its virtue, for it failed to renew the waning strength."

"Neal, I — must speak to you — alone; you will not — mind, mamma will you?"

"No dearest, no, you shall speak to him alone if you wish." She kissed her and left the room, followed by the two girls and Miss O'Brien.

"What is it you wish to speak to me about Allie, dear?" Neal asked when they were alone.

"It is about Sybil; I cannot rest, I cannot die in peace because of the fear that fills my mind for her, I know you think me foolish and unreasonable, they all do, they try to reason me out of the nameless dread that possesses me, but it will not go, it is there still, it torments me so that I cannot rest; I have prayed for her night and day, I have striven to resign my darling into God's keeping and to trust wholly in His goodness and mercy and — and I know — that all He doeth is for our good, yet — yet Neal, Neal she may need an earthly friend to stand between her and — and whatever evil —." The words died away on her lips, her breath failed her and she lay gasping, and struggling to speak, with dark wistful eyes fixed on her brother's face.

"You want me to be her friend, is that it, Alice? I promise you most faithfully that I will be to her a friend — nay more — a brother, and that if any trouble overtakes her, I will shield her to the utmost of my power; I promise you most faithfully that if it is in my power to ward off any trouble from Sybil O'Brien, I will do it at whatever sacrifice to myself."

"You promise me that — come — what may?"

"I promise you come what may."

"Neal dear — I thank — God bless you."

So the sacred promise was made; the fulfilling of which would cost Neal Despard the bitterest sorrow of his life; and not him alone but also the woman he loved so dearly. An hour later Alice Despard breathed her last, her head resting on her mother's breast, but her eyes fixed upon Sybil's face, her last smile, her last word for Sybil.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO LITTLE STRANGERS.

Five months had gone by since Alice's death. It was February now, and the winter winds howled about the old

gray walls of Fernside, and drifted the snow in great banks against the garden fence and around the summer house. Old Michael in the green-house watched as tenderly as ever over his flowers, and bewailed piteously the numerous bouquets which Mollie always managed to coax him into giving her, to fill the vases in the drawing-room.

"It hurts me Miss Mollie darlint, to cut them; sure its like cuttin' the strings of me own heart; couldn't ye come in here ivery day an' look at him agrowin' so purty and happy like? arrah! but its murtherin' thim to cut thim off, miss, darlint."

The Fernside drawing-room presented a cosy and cheerful appearance, one cold, blustering afternoon. A bright coal fire blazed away in the grate, and near it sat Mrs. Stuart with sewing in hand; she was dressed in sombre black and her face looked sad and thoughtful, though it brightened as ever and anon a peal of childish laughter sounded through the room, quite drowning the gentle tones of Mollie's voice as she softly hummed the words of a song, running her fingers idly up and down the white keys of the piano. At one of the windows, with yellow curly heads pressed close together, were two small personages from whom the gleeful laughter evidently proceeded. They were the orphan children of George Stuart. Three weeks previously, a letter had come to Mr. Stuart from a lawyer in California announcing the sudden death of George Stuart, and asking for further directions with regard to the children; inclosed, was a letter from the dead man himself, and addressed to his father. In it he informed him of the death of his wife which had taken place a year previously. He did not ask forgiveness for having gone against his parents wishes in the matter of his marriage, for, he said he had loved his wife too dearly ever to regret having forsaken all else for her; but he expressed his sorrow at their estrangement, and longed to see them again ere he died, but as that was impossible, he begged them to take his little children and care for them for the sake of his own childhood when they had loved him, even as he now loved his little ones and "Mollie my dear little sister" he wrote; "you will love my babies and be kind to them for my sake, will you not?"

The news of his death fell like a blow upon Mrs. Stuart and Mollie, for both had hoped against hope that father and son would become reconciled. Mr. Stuart did not say much, but that he grieved for his son more than he wished them to know, was suspected by the household; for he would shut himself into the library for hours together, and no one felt at liberty to intrude upon his privacy also, there was now a wistful, melancholy expression in his eyes, which had never been seen there before, however he spoke but little on the subject, even to his wife; and generally contrived to change the conversation when anyone commenced to speak of his son. Immediately upon the receipt of the two letters mentioned he had started for California; taking Mollie with him, and when they returned to Buxley they brought with them Bertie and little Baby Lesley, George's two children. Before they had been at Fernside a week they had developed into two small tyrants, and grandpa and grandmamma were their obedient slaves and worshippers; Aunt Mollie alone retaining her authority over the wee rebels; and in their eyes Aunt Mollie soon became the perfection of human nature and they adored her accordingly. "Aunt Mollie" roared Bertie, with all the force of his hardy lungs. It was one of Bertie's pleasant peculiarities to roar out his words as though everyone in the house were afflicted with deafness. "There's a man comin' in at the gate, a big man with a big whisker and a cane-walker."

"A what?" asked Mollie, coming over to the window. "A cane-walker; don't you know what a cane-walker is? Papa always used to have one; so'm I going to when I'm a big man. Oh! dere, he's wingin' de bell."

"Who is it? I wonder," said Mrs. Stuart. The question was answered the next moment for Christie opened the door and ushered in Mr. Macdonald. He had left his hat and "cane-walker" in the hall, but still wore his overcoat, apologising for doing so; but he was obliged to catch the train for Toronto in half an hour; he had come to see if Miss Stuart had any message to send to Sybil, or a parcel perhaps which he would be happy to take down for her.

"You are exceedingly kind, I am sure," answered Mollie; "Yes, I think I have a small parcel to send, it is for Mrs

Howard, but if you give it to Sybil she will deliver it to Katie; are you going to remain in town any length of time?"

"No, I am sent down on business; I shall only be there two or three days."

"Could you wait till I write a small note to Sybil, Mr. Macdonald, I want her to get me several things, and I know men have a horror of being charged with a long list of feminine requirement, so I will write a list for you to give to Sybil, if you will be so kind?"

"Only too happy to be of service, I assure you."

"Then I will write it at once," she said, going to the other end of the room where there was a small writing table.

"These are your grand-children," I presume, Mrs. Stuart; I have only caught a glimpse of them now and then on the street.

"Yes; this is Bertie and this Baby Lesley. Bertie dear shake hands with Mr. Macdonald."

"Shan't," answered Bertie, putting his hands behind his back and scowling at Arthur with marked disapproval.

"Oh! Bertie my boy, do not be rude;" gently remonstrated his grandmother, looking horrified.

"Well, never mind, Baby Lesley will shake hands," said Macdonald, raising the little girl in his arms and kissing her; but Mr. Macdonald was evidently not a favorite with children; for Lesley raising her little hand, administered a sharp rebuke in the shape of a blow in the face; which was rather hard, considering that he had conquered his dislike to children in so far as to offer the advances so sturdily rejected by Bertie and Lesley.

"Oh, please forgive them, Mr. Macdonald; they are really very rude," cried Mollie who had been an amused spectator of the whole scene; and could scarcely forbear laughing at the sight of Bertie's still scowling face.

"Never mind Miss Stuart; pray do not apologize; youngsters never did take kindly to me; nor I to them either, I confess," he said, with his peculiar sinister smile. "Ah!" she said quietly; "if you were fond of them they would be fond of you; children generally know those who like them."

"I like Mr. Despern; I do," declared Bertie.

"Oh! so you like Mr. Despard do you? Why do you like him?" asked Macdonald.

"He plays wis us; sometimes he 'terds he is a hoss, and lets us wide on his back."

"Very accomodating of him I am sure."

"Y-yes," agreed Bertie doubtfully.

"Does he always pretend to be a horse?"

"No; he's a pig sometimes and he wuns aound de room and gwunts, and Lessie and I wuns after him and whups him up wid a stick."

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated Arthur, stroking his beard and gazing amusedly at the boy.

"Both children have taken a great fancy to Neal; but I fear he spoils them," said Mrs. Stuart. Arthur smiled. "Yes," he said; "when I witness Bertie's devoted adherence I am half inclined to envy his popularity."

"This is the parcel Mr. Macdonald and the note," said Mollie returning to the room, which she had left a few minutes before.

"Then I will take my departure, as I shall just have sufficient time to catch the train."

"You must not forget to tell Sybil that we will be so glad to see her at any time," said Mrs. Stuart as she shook hands with him.

"I shall remember to tell her Mrs. Stuart." He held out his hand to Baby Lesley and said; "Will you not say good bye Lesley?"

"Do Lesley darling; to please Auntie," whispered Mollie coaxingly; and Lesley put forth a tiny hand, and then hid her shy face in the folds of grandmamma's gown.

"Good-bye young man; I hope we shall be better friends some day; meanwhile shake hands," he said, turning to Bertie, who was gazing meditatively from the window, apparently lost in admiration of the landscape. "Good-bye," he answered calmly, and without moving his head an inch. Macdonald laughed coldly as he left the room. "I fear it will take me a long time to supplant Neal in Bertie's affections," he said.

"As if you could ever do it," thought Mollie indignantly, and acting on a sudden impulse, she bent and kissed the

boys' curly head, and was rewarded with a bear like hug from two little arms. "I doesn't like him a bit," he murmured. "I like Mr. Despern a vewey gweat deal though." Naturally Aunt Mollie bestowed an extra kiss or two after his declaration. Woman-like she grew tender at once to anyone who appreciated the good qualities of her lover.

On the day after this Neal came in after office hours, as his almost daily custom was, to see Mollie and have a romp with the children. Bertie espied him coming in at the gate and ran into the hall to meet him at the door.

"Halloa! Bertie," cried the cheery voice, as the child's face appeared at the open door. "How are you to-day, old fellow? and where is Aunt Mollie, eh?"

"She's in de dawning-room, and gwandma is gone out, and gwandpa is gone out and Auntie, and Lesley and me is alone, and—and I'm a gweat deal glad you comed, 'cause you'll play you was a tigaw won't you Mr. Despern?" and Bertie's face assumed its most alluring expression, as he raised his big blue eyes to Neal's face.

"Yes, yes I'll be a tiger or hippopotamus or any other beast your fancy may suggest." They had reached the drawing-room by this time and Mollie arose from her seat by the fire and came forward as they entered. "Well, my darling," said Neal, bending to kiss the sweet upturned face, "Bertie informs me that you and Lesley and he are all alone to-day."

"Yes mamma is spending the day with Ruth, and papa is out somewhere."

"How cosy it is in here," and throwing himself on the sofa he signed to Mollie to sit beside him. "I think Fernside is the most home-like house I have ever been in; ah! Mollie, little sweetheart, the time will soon come when we will have a home of our own, a little bright, domestic Paradise. Shall we be happy, think you *cara mia*?"

"Of course we will; you dear old foolish fellow," she answered laughingly, and stroking with one white finger the drooping brown moustache.

"Are you sure you will not grow tired of having to put up with such an old fogie as I am?"

"Counter question; do you think you will never grow tired of such a silly little thing as I am."

"My pet what a goosey you are, to ask such a question."

"She isn't a goosy, she's my auntie."

"That's right Bertie; be my champion; it was very rude of him to say such a thing."

"What's a champum," asked the enquiring Bertie throwing himself on his stomach on the hearth rug, and propping up his chin on the palms of his hands.

"Is it a kind of beast? 'cause p'raps Mr. Despern will 'tend *he* is one."

"Oh Bertie, you funny child!" cried his aunt laughing, whilst Neal shouted at the novel idea.

"Bertie you are an original genius;" upon which Bertie turned his solemn gaze upon the red coals in the grate and meditated in silence.

"Mr. Macdonald came in yesterday before he left for Toronto to see if we had any message for Sybil; it was really very thoughtful of him; but do you know Neal neither of the children liked him; and they were so horribly rude to him, I was quite ashamed; Lesley slapped him in the face because he kissed her."

"Did she? the little puss; Ha! ha! but I wonder he offered to kiss her at all, for he cannot endure children I believe."

"Do you know, I cannot like him, try as I will, he has such a cold sinister expression, and he has a fashion of averting his gaze when he is talking to you. Oh, dear me! what does make Sybil love him I wonder?"

"It is hard to say; truly. I fancy from some remark he let slip the other day, that he is put out by the long delay of marriage, consequent upon poor Allie's death; I would lay any odds he will pester her to consent to its taking place before the year is out, which she stipulated for after Alice died."

"But Sybil will not consent, even for him," cried Mollie indignantly. "He is very selfish and unfeeling."

"Well you see, Sybil is not a relative of ours; and I dare say Arthur does not quite understand how strong was the bond of friendship between my sister and Sybil."

"I can well imagine his not understanding," retorted she scornfully.

"You should not be uncharitable Mollie."

"I do not suppose he would appreciate charity if it were shown him," she answered tartly.

"It was strange that poor Alice should have had that morbid fancy of some evil going to happen to Sybil through him."

"Yes, poor dear Alice, and it clung to her so persistently too. It was a sort of prophecy; was it not? I wonder if it will ever come true."

"I do not think so. You see she had heard reports of Arthur's character, and she had seen the cold sinister expression on his face in the photograph Sybil showed her; she had always been very imaginative, and I suppose she conjured up all sorts of pictures of the misery Arthur would bring upon Sybil; she allowed her mind to brood over these fancies, till they seemed certainties; I believe she cared more for Sybil than she did for either mother or me."

"Neal, do you consider a promise given to a dying person sacred? do you think it would be wrong to neglect the fulfillment of it?"

"I certainly think, that the fulfilling of such a promise is a sacred duty; that is, if it be within the range of possibilities to fulfil it."

"Then if circumstances should necessitate your doing so, you mean to keep the promise you made to your sister regarding Sybil?"

"Certainly."

Mollie sighed. "I hope you will not be called upon to fulfil that promise; for your sake dear as well as Sybil's; you don't know what dreadful thing you might have to do in order to keep it."

"You must not let your fancy run away with your common sense dearest; it is not likely that anything out of the common will happen to Sybil; she will get married most likely, and live happily ever afterwards; just as we intend to do; eh darling?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I trust so; but I think I must have become infected with Alice's forebodings; for ever since I have had an *eerie* sort of feeling when ever I see Mr. Macdonald, as though—as though—oh! I cannot explain."

"Poor Arthur! you are rather hard on him, and on Sybil also dear; just fancy how you would feel Miss Mollie, if all your friends made a dead set against me, and prognosticated all sorts of miseries for you if you married me."

"Oh! but Neal you are different, no one would think of doing any such thing, still—still what you say is very true and I will try to think better of him for Sybil's sake."

"There's my darling," he said kissing her. "Well, what is it youngsters?" turning to the children who were teasing him to come and play."

"You promised you would play tigaw," roared Bertie.

"Play ti-ti," echoed Lesley's bird-like tones, as she patted softly with one wee hand, the sleeve of his coat.

"All right then, look out for yourselves." He gave a terrific howl and dropped on hands and knees on the carpet, while both children scampered away screaming and laughing. Around and around the room went the impromptu "tigaw," every now and then giving vent to fierce howls as he failed to capture either of his victims; he would lie down sometimes and make believe to sleep, when they would creep close to him, and Lesley would lay a timid finger upon his head whilst Bertie administered sundry kicks with the toe of his boot, and suddenly with a mighty roar the terrible beast would spring upon them, generally succeeding in the capture of one or both; after which a dreadful scene of slaughter was supposed to take place. Mollie sat and watched the fun, laughing and clapping her hands whenever the little ones were successful in eluding the grasp of the awful tiger.

"Oh! By Jove! I think we've had tiger enough for to-day, Bertie my boy; what do you say?"

"Will you play some more to-morrow?"

"Well I am not sure about that, I am going to take Aunt Mollie out to-morrow, Bertie."

"Oh! can I go too?"

"No, I am afraid not."

"You and Lesley may go out in the garden, and play snow-ball with Christie," Mollie hastily said, as she detected the signs of a coming storm in Bertie's face.

"O o-ee-ee! 'now ball, me too," cried Baby Lesley, clapping

ping her hands.

"Yes, darling, you too," answered Mollie, lifting the child on to her lap.

"Have you heard from your mother lately, Neal?"

"Oh! yes, I had a letter this morning; I brought it, to show you, and quite forget to give it you; here it is; poor mother; she is very lonely!"

"Dear Mrs. Despard! I wish she would come and visit Fernside; mamma is so anxious for her to come."

"Yes, I wish she could be prevailed upon to come; but she does not seem to like to leave home, just now."

"She will come in the Spring then perhaps."

"Most likely she will; I am glad she has made Katie's acquaintance; she is such a bright merry little thing; if any one can brighten mother up, it is Kate."

"Yes, I think so too; it does one's heart good only to look at Katie's merry face; I am so glad she is coming to Buxly soon. Oh! are you going Neal? Can you not stay to tea? Papa and I are alone this evening."

"No love; I cannot stay to-night; I have an engagement; I will come for you at half-past three to-morrow afternoon. Never mind getting up, you will waken Lesley," Neal looked admiringly at the pretty picture they made. Mollie leaning back in the low-cushioned rocking-chair with the sleeping child in her arms, the rosy, dimpled face nestling close up against her bosom.

"Good night; little Princess," he said kissing her, and smoothing her soft hair with a caressing touch.

She watched him as he left the drawing room followed by the devoted Bertie, and such a tender, lovely glow came into her brown eyes that no who one had ever doubted her love for Neal, would have doubted a moment longer.

When her father came in an hour later, she was still sitting in the fire-light with Lesley asleep in her arms. What happy dreams had wiled that hour away. Ah me! Ah me! how wistfully look we back to those pleasant dreams, when the awakening comes!

(To be Continued.)

MR. NORTH'S DREAM: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

(Concluded.)

The traveller strove to explain his appearance and a little of the past. For six years he had been working manfully in Australia, all his bad habits, his careless ways eradicated; he had earned his living, but not enough to put by anything of consequence—great luck did not attend him. A changed man, yearning for his home and friends, he had determined to return to the old country, where he could equally earn a competence; and he set sail. The ship, when she had arrived very near her destination, was wrecked on the coast of the Isle of Wight, and Archie had received an injury on the rocks from which he was but slowly recovering. It had detained him, and exhausted his available funds. He had written an account of this to Mr. North, which letter he supposed had been delivered that morning, and stated he was following close upon it.

All this he essayed to explain. Mr. North did not catch a word of it. He put up his hands and stormed at him, and for the first time for many years swore; he drove him forth, calling him very hard names in the process; he told him he did not know him henceforth, and never had known him since that wicked time seven years ago. Finally he closed and barred the hall door upon him, and the unhappy wanderer limped away across the lawn.

Mr. North sat down over the fire to recover himself. He believed he had done a righteous thing in discarding the once bad man, and his own passion he excused to himself. One cannot be always watchful, says the plastic conscience. Snatches of Archie's explanation stole into his mind, new imperfectly, though he had not seemed to hear any of it at the time; amidst them a confused reminiscence of his having said he had but eighteen pence in the world.

"And that's more than he deserves," quoth Mr. North,

savagely. "How dared he come back with his disgrace? How dared he show himself at my—?"

A tremendous ring at the hall-bell cut short the speech. Mr. North started up with an evil cry of rage; he thought the fellow had come back again, and hastened across the hall to drive him away, calling out to his servants not to come, that he'd answer the door himself. And he unbarred it.

But he was wrong. The postman stood there, and put a letter into his hand.

"You are late," growled Mr. North.

"Yes, sir," the delivery is heavy to-night, and the roads are so slippery one has to walk with caution."

The letter was from Archie; the one he had supposed would have been already received. Mr. North flung it on the table, in a climax of passion, and let it lie there.

The joyous peal of the church bells broke upon his ear, ringing in Christmas. It was a sweet melody, and Mr. North remembered how his wife in her last Christmas, when she was sitting in that very chair close at his elbow, had remarked that she could fancy they spoke the words, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

He heard his children entering, and, taking up the letter, thrust it into his pocket out of sight, unopened. The only wonder was that he did not put it effectively away from sight, on the fire. Spiced wine, cake and other good things were brought in, and they sat round the red coals talking pleasantly, quite unconscious that Mr. North's plumage had been ruffled. Milicent sat by her uncle; she put her hand on his elbow, that lay on the arm of his chair, as if she would intimate that the little rupture between them was over and forgotten.

"I wish you had gone with us, uncle; I think you would have liked it. The singing was so good, and the sermon beautiful. It only lasted ten minutes, but it was full of love and peace. He asked us how we could expect God's love to reach us if we did not love our fellow-creatures; he said this was the season for the putting away of evil passions and hatred, and for receiving the loving spirit of Christ into our hearts, who had done so much for us."

"What sort of a night is it?" responded Mr. North, his tone testy and impatient—as if there were something in Milicent's words that grated on his temper.

"Snowing," answered John. "We shall have a white Christmas."

Mr. North went to rest after the others, and by that time, what with the fire and the good things he had taken, was in a tolerably genial humor. But he could not get to sleep. Down deep in his conscience something sharp was stinging and pricking, and making itself inconveniently felt. Tossing and turning from side to side, it was four o'clock in the morning before he got to sleep. And he woke up at six. He awoke with a great horror within, and perspiration without. He sat up in bed and stared out into darkness, and only discovered by degrees that what he had been dreaming was a dream, and not reality.

It was a dream that shook him to the core; a vivid scene so like life, and the terror, the dismay, the remorse that overwhelmed him were so indisputably felt—felt still in all their agony, now that he was wide awake—that Mr. North for the moment verily thought it must have been a vision sent to him, like unto the visions of old in the days of the patriarchs.

He had dreamt over again the scene of the past night, or very much of it—of the return of Archibald North, and his thrusting him out. He further dreamt that he had gone forth to pursue him with his anger, and went stamping up hill and down dale, unable to find him. Suddenly he found himself in a road-side field, about half a mile from his own home, and there, by the pond, he saw Archie lying dead, his upturned face calm and serene, pale, but pleasant to look upon, as if its owner had passed to a blissful rest. All in a moment the most intense remorse took possession of Mr. North as he gazed; he thought he himself was also dead, and was about to answer for his sins. One that looked like an angel, clad in radiant white, stood there with a severe and pitying countenance; severe in its condemnatory anger—pity for the man who had forfeited peace forever. "Pardon, Lord, pardon!" he had cried out in his desperate anguish, knowing all the time that pardon was impossible. And a soft, sweet mournful wail had sounded in his ear the refusing answer:

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Mr. North awoke. Horror lay on his heart, sweat, as of the death-agony on his brow. It was some time before he could believe he was yet in this state of existence; it was much longer before he could in the least overcome the agitation that shook his soul.

In all reactions such as this the feelings necessarily run into exaggeration. The harshness of the previous night appeared to Mr. North in the worst light possible: a heinous crime; a sin that perhaps even yet, although the world was his still, he might never find forgiveness for. It stared him in the face in all the vivid coloring that newly-awakened remorse wears. Ay, and not only this last act, but the whole course of his doings by Archibald in the years gone by, came rolling before him as waves in a sea of fire.

"His own brother's son! his own brother's son!" were the words that kept beating their burthen on his brain. His brother, whom he had loved very dearly when they were boys together, and who, when dying, had asked him to take care of his boy Archie. How had Mr. North responded to the dying prayer? It is true he had given Archie a stool in his counting-house, and told him he'd get on if he took care, but he had not held out a hand to save him from sin. He had left him to get lodgings where he could, abandoning him (he saw it now) to the perils of a London life. And when Archie went wrong and his tribulations were laid bare, he had hurled him forth upon the world, unforgiven. Those tribulations of poor Archie's were as nothing to the dire tribulations that rent himself now. And the refrain kept on and on, repeating itself forever—His own brother's son! his brother's son!

So certainly did Mr. North appear to have seen the dead body lying by the pond, every little particular being as clear as a witnessed scene that, but for the sense of shame that lay in attending to a dream, he would have got up and gone to look at the spot. As it was, he lay till daylight. Drawing his blind aside, he saw that the ground was covered with snow, but not a deep snow, and the sky looked tolerably clear now. Perhaps a more miserable man than Mr. North when he dressed himself was not to be found that day in London. God had shown the self-righteous Pharisee his sin.

The children (he was apt to call them children still, as we all do, however old they may get) came up to kiss him as he entered the breakfast-room, Frances first. "Dear papa, I wish you a happy Christmas, and a great many, many of them!" And so they all followed, and Mr. North nearly groaned by way of answer.

What a room of luxury it was! A bright and blazing fire, a plenteous breakfast. Tea and coffee in their silver pots, savory meats, warm and cold, the *pate de foie gras*, sent to his orders direct from Strasbourg, forming the centre dish. All this for him, the hard, selfish man, and for his children; but where was his brother's son?

He could not eat. John asked him if he had a headache, and he answered yes, and when the breakfast was over, turned his chair to the fire. Where was he? With only eighteen pence in his pocket, how could he find shelter and food? That the calamity he dreamt of had not happened, Mr. North felt sure of now, since no news had come, for the pond was within view of the road, and any one lying near it could not fail to be seen.

When left alone he drew the letter from his pocket, and opened it. It contained an account of Archie's life in Australia, of his shipwreck and injury on the coast of the Isle of Wight: just what he had wished to tell the previous night. "Do not, my dear uncle, think I am coming back to be a burthen on you, or to disgrace you," it concluded. "Disgrace and folly, thank Heaven, I left behind in England, when that severe lesson was read to me, just six years and six months ago. I have a little money (it is a good thing I did not bring it with me in the ship) lodged in the hands of some Australian merchants, who have a branch house in London, and I shall soon be earning more. They have offered me a lucrative post in their London house, which I think I shall accept. I know how justly angry you were with me when I went away, but I hope you will forgive me and receive me, the prodigal son, and let me spend a happy Christmas day with you all in the dear old home. I

am not quite up to travelling yet, but I must come; I have set my heart upon it. Do you remember the cake that Amy used to make, to be cut after dinner on Christmas day, with a gold and iron ring in it? Do you remember the hopes and fears as to who should get the rings, and the laughing and the fun? I hope the cake is an institution still. I would not miss it this year for the world, and so I shall come, and send on this letter to prepare my way for me. Dear uncle, the random boy has become a steady man; the scapegrace has put away his sins for wisdom; the careless ne'er-do-well has changed to one of earnest purpose. You will not refuse to welcome him?"

Mr. North held the letter in his hand and gazed at its writing (that such a thing should have to be told of him!) until his tears dropped fast upon it. It was so different from what he had expected; it was no begging letter, this. And he had turned him out with harsh words. Where was he?—where was he? Mr. North put on his hat and went down the road, as if to take a little walk before service. No; the pond lay there still enough, but Archibald was not lying by it.

They went to church, and Mr. North did his best to hide from others that he could not attend to the prayers. Peace on earth, and good-will to all men! What had he to do with it now? O, he seemed very, very far from him whom the angels heralded in with those glorious words. It was as if a great gulf had sprung up between him and heaven. He did not dare to say the sacrament, and he wondered how worthy in God's sight he must have been in the Christmas days to partake of it. Not a single cry for forgiveness went up from his closed lips; his sense of sin lay too heavily upon him.

They dined at four; it had been the Christmas hour when the children were young, and it had never altered. There was no cake now; somehow sobriety in the later years had fallen upon them, and Amy, who was the cake-maker, had gone. She and her husband were to have dined there this day, but were prevented. The only guests were two young ladies, orphans, one of whom (she was but a governess) made John North's day-dream. And he meant to tell her so, though he foresaw it would bring disappointment to his father.

It was a well-spread board; the turkey a prize; the plum-pudding rich and radiant; but Mr. North could scarcely swallow a morsel; every bit seemed fit to choke him, every drop to chill him. Sitting by himself in the little garden room before dinner, he had lived over (O, worse than all!) the dream. A nasty superstition was beginning to creep upon him—he who had never been given to superstition in all his life—that the dream must have come to him as a foreshadowing of the truth, and that Archibald was really dead.

Perhaps he was *in* the pond, instead of beside it! The cold sweat broke over Mr. North at the sudden thought, just as it had when awaking from the dream. An awful dread that it was so took possession of him; a conviction so sure that he looked upon it as a provision. No wonder he could not eat any dinner.

But, if it had not been for his own preoccupation, he must have seen that some unusual emotion was stirring Millicent. She wore her little net-cap, but the cheeks it shaded were crimson, the eyes had a sweet light of expectation; her blue silk dress was nearly as gay as the dresses of yore. Little did Mr. North suspect that Millicent had read the letter. In his troubled state he had contrived to drop it in the morning, before going to the pond; Frances had picked it up, read it, thinking it no breach of faith, and shown it to Millicent. But they kept their own counsel, and concluded that the evident perturbation of Mr. North must be connected with this.

He could not sit there. His brother's son; his own, brother's son! Making some inaudible excuse of a headache of not wanting dessert, he left the table at the close of dinner, and stole out of the house by a side door, very much as though he were going to a funeral. That Archibald was in the pond seemed to have grown into a certainty—perhaps had thrown himself in, broken-hearted, after that cruel reception—and Mr. North could not keep from it. It drew him to it with a kind of fascination, just as surely and helplessly as he felt that he was drifting further and further away from heaven.

The snow was falling again; the air keen; and Mr. North had to walk slowly and carefully along the road because of the ice, until he turned on to the field. Crunching the snow beneath his feet, he paced round and round the pond, and strained his eyes into it; and saw nothing. But for the utter despair that lay upon him, the lively sense of guilt in the sight of God, a petitioning cry had gone up to heaven that there might be no one lying beneath its waters. With the morning he would confess to Archibald's visit, and have the pond dragged. How bear the suspense until then? How bear it.

He took the field way home; the snow was less dangerous than the ice; and by-and-by dragged his weary limbs through a gate in the remote part of his own grounds, into which the fields opened. Scarcely had he done this when a groan broke upon his ear. A groan, and then another; and then something like a faint voice, speaking faint words.

"Halloa! what's that?" called out Mr. North.

"Uncle! Is it you?"

With a rush as of burning heat coursing on through all his veins, Mr. North turned to the spot, and saw Archie lying in a kind of dry ditch, or dyke. He was not dead; but he would surely have died, left there another night. The explanation was simple. On his way to an inn up the road, where he thought he might sleep, when driven forth the previous night, he had taken the more sheltered and well-remembered path through the grounds, in preference to the slippery highway. Awkward from his lameness, deceived by the snow, he had wandered from the path, missed his footing at the edge of the dyke, and fallen into it. Upon essaying to rise he found he could not; he believed his leg was broken. Too far off to attract attention, though he had called at intervals until strength and voice were alike exhausted, there he had lain ever since.

Mr. North was not of a demonstrative nature, but there may arise moments in all men's lives where emotion has its way more or less. He could not get to Archie in the dyke, without stooping down in the most inconvenient fashion, but he held one uplifted hand between his, stroking it tenderly, as a fond mother may stroke her little child's.

"If you can find one or two men, uncle, just to carry me to the inn and to get a surgeon?"

To the inn! Mr. North bounded along the path to his home at a faster rate than he had tried since his days of youth and slenderness. The tears were raining from his eyes at the wondrous mercy vouchsafed to him, and in the glad thankfulness that his sin was not irredeemable, his mouth, like unto Daniel's of old, could once more open: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

They carried Archie in. The surgeon was there and did what was requisite, and said he would want good nursing. Mr. North gently answered that he would be tended as his own son. Millicent was admitted then. Their hands met together, their eyes looked straight into each other's, and they knew that the boy-and-girl love had lasted in all its brightness, that sadness and separation were now over.

"To think that he should have lain there for eighteen hours with nothing to eat!" lamented Miss North, who was of a practical turn.

"But I didn't, Frances," spoke up Archie. "I had by chance a hard biscuit in my pocket, and ate it this morning."

"After all, it has been a *blessed* Christmas Day," murmured Mr. North to himself that night in his bedchamber, as he put up his hands reverently. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

A GENTLE SPIRIT.—"Thy gentleness," said the Psalmist, "has made me great." There is true greatness in gentleness. Little minds, with little grace, cannot bear contradiction. But he whose heart is filled with love to God and love to man can bear with the weaknesses, the imperfections, and even the perverseness of others. If you find yourself tried with everybody, rest assured of one thing, that however much out of the way they may be, you are not right yourself. Glass imparts its own color to every object that is seen through it; so do the passions and prejudices of our own souls color the actions of others. To one absolutely deaf there are no provocations that disturb the equanimity of the soul.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

How to Keep Healthy.

Keep your head cool, feet warm and dry,
Protect your chest when winds are high;
When hot and flushed do not cool too quick,
Eat light when well, eat less when sick;
Keep your skin clean, and have a care
To deeply breathe untainted air;
Let no foul gas or mold or semill
Pervade your cellar, rooms or well;
Find good employ for mind and body,
Use no strong drink or wine or toddy;
Eschew tobacco; do not fret
At what you do or do not get;
Let reason passion's promptings guide;
Do right. In Providence confide.
And then, if yet you suffer ills
And need relief, I'll buy the pills.

Diphtheria and its Treatment.

Diphtheria generally commences with a slight feeling of languor and chilliness which may be continued for two or three days. Usually the first thing complained of is a little soreness of the neck with a pricking sensation about the roots of the tongue; then a slightly swollen and tender condition of the glands at the angles of the lower jaw; one or both of the tonsils become red and swollen. In young children the redness is of a rose color; in older persons from crimson to scarlet, and the inflammation extends over contiguous portions as the disease progresses. Swallowing is sometimes, though not always painful. The pulse is usually quickened and the warmth of the skin is generally above the usual standard, though it is not often accompanied with high fever. If not checked at this stage these symptoms are followed by exudation upon the surface of the tonsils or some neighboring part of fibrinous matter, which shows itself in white, gray or ash colored specks or patches which spread until they form one continuous pellicle. This membranous covering is thickened by fresh exudation underneath, until in some cases strangulation ensues, or the vital forces yield to the paralyzing

effects of the poison of the disease, and death is the result.

TREATMENT.

As this disease has a peculiarly depressing effect upon the vital powers, everything that would tend to reduce the system should be avoided, such as bleeding or severe purging. An alkaline aperient may be used with advantage, however in the early stages of the disease such as—rhubarb 10 grains, carbonate of soda 30 grains, or sweet tincture of rhubarb 4 ozs.; bicarbonate of soda, 2 drams, mixed; dose from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful according to age. As a local application gargle the throat with a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur in a wine glass of water. If after a few trials this does not arrest the membranous deposition, chlorate of potash, half an ounce, strong hydrochloric acid 80 drops, water one pint may be used as a gargle. To remove the diphtheritic membranous nitrate of silver has been relied upon as one of the most effective applications; from 60 to 100 grains of this are dissolved in an ounce of water, and applied with a bit of soft sponge fastened to a stick or a piece of whalebone. A mixture of chloride of zinc 6 grains, soft water 2 ozs., is a good remedy to be applied in the same way, but care must be taken not to swallow any of either of these last two, as it would be very injurious. A blister should also be applied to the chest, which will tend to draw out the poisonous matter and prevent its being deposited in the throat. Should there be much sinking of the system, the following may be given—muriate of ammonia 1 oz., soft water 9 ounces. Take one tablespoonful three or four times a day.

The patient should be kept comfortably warm, and the system well nourished with easily digested food.

While giving these general directions, which we think as good as can be given, we would not advise anyone to dispense with the services of the best physician they can procure, as there are in almost all cases of disease minor matters connected with the comfort of the patient, and peculiar phases of the malady that it requires the practiced eye of a physician to notice, and if it is necessary to apply caustics, a physician on account of practice will be able to do it better than an amateur could, and the patient will submit to it more readily from a regular practitioner.

We publish the above in response to a request for an article on the treatment of Diphtheria.—Ed.

HEALTH IN MIDDLE AGE.

At the age of thirty-five, says a writer in the Family Doctor, mankind, according to some eminent authorities, is said to have reached the meridian of life, while others name forty as the number of years of our earthly existence. But be this as it may, no one who has taken the ordinary means to preserve his health in youth and early manhood should feed other than young at the age of forty-five, from which period until that of sixty, if life be spared to us, we shall do well to consider ourselves middle-aged, and to adopt greater precautions for the preservation of health and consequent happiness than might have been deemed necessary when youth was on our side. And if this is done, the period of middle age should be one of the greatest activity, of both body and mind. What though the hairs are turning gray? that but shows one has suffered sorrow and survived it, or that, sorrow apart, he is a man who thinks And what though the limbs be not quite so nimble? Calm enjoyments foster thought and generate habits of that true temperance which conduce to long life and contentment more than any thing else in this world, and whatever some may say to the contrary, I maintain that the desire to live long is inherent in every healthy sane man or woman. To die of old age is the only natural death, and if death may ever be said to be pleasant, the only pleasant one. Though younger than some of my professional brethren still in harness, I have nevertheless seen death in very many shapes and forms, and in almost every case I have found the aged more resigned to the inevitable than those less advanced in years. For a well-spent life is like a well-spent day; at its close there is a wish for rest.

PAINLESS CURE FOR WARTS.—Drop a little vinegar on the wart and cover it immediately with cooking soda, or saleratus; put on as much soda as you can pile on, and let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day, and in three days the wart will be gone. A good remedy for corns also.

Taking Cold.

"If I could only keep from taking cold, I would get along well enough."

It is the discouraging lament of almost every invalid we meet. The doctor visits a convalescing patient, and finds him worse. To his inquiry as to the cause comes the half-expected answer:

"O, I've taken cold."

"How did that happen?" is asked.

And the patient answers, despondingly, "The fire went down;" or, "A draught of air blew over me;" or, "I can't tell any thing about it, doctor. No one could be more careful than I am; but I take cold so easily! If I only knew how to guard myself!"

But the doctor knows that there are seasons in almost every year when, from the existence of atmospheric conditions of which we understand little or nothing, it is almost impossible to avoid taking cold; when, to use a common phrase, "colds are epidemic." And he knows of no safeguard for his patient beyond the ordinary care which a prudent man or woman may exercise.—*Health and Life. (Phila.)*

THE WAY TO REST.—To understand this is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned easily; the former it takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simply a change of scenes and activities. Loafing may not be resting. Sleeping is not always resting. Sitting down for days with nothing to do, is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties and to turn the life into a new channel. The man who works hard finds his best rest in playing hard. The man who is burdened with care finds relief in something that is active, yet free from responsibility. Above all, keep good natured and don't abuse your best friend, the stomach.—*S-L.*

A distinguished physician, who has spent much time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases; but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the part thoroughly in weak soda water. I have known severe cases almost wholly cured by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rare cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and not exposed to draughts of air for a little while.

A remarkable case of surgery has been reported to the French Academy of Medicine. A carpenter nearly cut off the big toe of his right foot with an axe. The toe was held to the foot by a small thread of skin only. Dr. Ganey detached the toe completely, and having washed it and the wound on the foot, brought the surfaces together again and held them in place by strips of lint, soaked with collodion. When the collodion had set, another strip was wound round. An apparatus was used also to keep all parts of the foot immovable. Twenty-four days after the accident the cicatrization was perfect.

For Neuralgia in the Face, or other acute suffering elsewhere, the following remedy has been tried with good effect: Cut a thick slice of bread all across the loaf—fresh bread is best. Soak one side for a minute in boiling water, and rapidly sprinkle cayenne pepper over the hot side. Apply while still smoking hot to the painful surface. The bread retains the heat long enough for the cayenne to begin to act, and cayenne does not affect delicate skins as mustard does. It acts as a rubefacient, but not a blister. Another excellent remedy for congestion from cold is to apply a poultice of flaxseed meal and cayenne pepper. By keeping a bit of oil silk on the outside of the poultice-cloth it will retain both heat and moisture for a long time.

CURING BOILS.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

REMOVING WARTS.—Apply a common Irish potato, cutting it in two, and applying the juice over each wart two or three times a day. This is a sure remedy.

WORK.—There is no remedy for trouble equal to hard work—labor that will tire you, physically, to such an extent that you must sleep. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep—calm, sound sleep—and to eat your dinner with an appetite. But you can't unless you work.

INDIA RUBBER.

HOW IT IS PROCURED IN AFRICA.

Having passed fully three years on the south-west coast Africa, as trader for an English firm, I will endeavor to describe the manner in which India rubber is procured in that country, as India rubber formed the staple product of the district where I was located.

The natives are in a very rude, uncivilized condition. They have no currency, and do all business by bartering the native products for manufactured stuffs. Their wealth consists chiefly in the number of slaves they possess, who fish, hunt, and keep their plantations in good order.

When rubber has to be collected, from four to ten slaves get their flint-muskets in order, each carrying, in addition, a long, sword-shaped knife called a machete, a number of calabashes, or jars, to collect the juice of the rubber vine, and a little food that has been cured in smoke, as they can find plenty of sustenance in the bush without carrying it about with them from place to place.

The vines are in some cases near to the towns, but generally the natives have to go several days' journey into the bush before they can sit down and commence business. The vine itself is of a rough, knotty nature, about as thick as a man's arm, and grows to a length of fully two hundred feet. Its leaves are glossy, like those of the South American rubber tree; and a large fruit, much liked by the natives, is gathered from it. I have tasted it, and found it very palatable, being slightly acid. This vine (what its scientific name is I don't pretend to know) yields several grades of rubber, each of different commercial value, the best quality being from the highest part, and the poorest from the bottom.

With their knives or machetes the natives slash the vines in several places, and put broad leaves directly underneath the wounds for the juice to drop on, which, being of a strong adhesive nature, none of it gets lost. When the top part of the vine is bled, calabashes, or jars, are placed with their openings to the wounds, so that none of it may drop on the branches of the tree, and so get lost; but it is not often they trouble themselves climbing, unless the vines happen to be scarce in the vicinity.

The entire day they devote to cutting. Next day they gather what was cut the day previous, and so on. Each evening, after collecting, they put all the juice they have into several iron pots or earthen vessels of native manufacture, and boil it. At the same time, they can greatly improve the lowest quality by adding a little salt; and the more they boil the juice, the better it becomes. When sufficiently boiled, the water is poured off and the juice is allowed to cool, when it is fashioned according to the grade, —ball, flake, mixed, or tongue—and is ready for the market. In this way about twenty or thirty pounds a day are generally collected. It is then taken to the factory, and there exchanged for guns, cloth, rum, etc. When it is received at the factory, it is carefully marked, classed, weighed, and put into casks for shipment. It contains so much water that twenty per cent. is deducted from the weight of each cask, as that is about the amount of shrinkage on the voyage. This is, however, a loss to the native, as it is deducted from him when selling.

This vine, from my personal observation, is to be found from Sierra Leone in the north to Vunsembo in the south; but along the coast line it is rapidly becoming extinct, as the natives are so careless or rapacious that in many cases they completely sever the vine, thus killing it, instead of simply bleeding it.—*Rubber Era.*

Mrs. Partington says Ike has bought a horse so spirituous that it always goes off on a decanter.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, three cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, whites of eight eggs, one pound of raisins, and one-quarter of a pound of citron chopped.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of sweet milk, and three of sifted flour; one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda; two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped fine; one nutmeg and a scant wineglass of brandy. This will make two loaves, which will keep three or four weeks if properly covered.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Take a loaf of stale bread and butter the slices; pare and slice a dozen apples; take a lemon, grate the skin, and save the juice; place at the bottom of a stone-ware baking-dish a layer of apples; scatter brown sugar on it, some of the lemon gratings, and a little of the juice; then put in a layer of the buttered bread; keep on until your dish is full, having the crust on top; bake in a moderately hot oven. Do not make it too sweet.

POTTED CHICKEN.—This is an agreeable relish, and makes a pleasant luncheon when travelling. Take a roast fowl and carve off all the meat. Take two slices of cold ham and chop it with chicken; add to this one-quarter pound of the best butter; add salt and pepper to taste; now pound this all together to a paste; put the mixture in a jam-pot; put the cover on and fit it closely. It will keep in a cool place ten days, or long enough for any moderate journey.

IMPERIAL CAKE.—This is a rich cake and a very delicious one. Cream together a pound of the best butter and a pound of white sugar. Then add eight eggs—yolks and whites beaten separately—a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, one-half pound of blanched almonds, and one-quarter pound of citron—both thinly sliced—a little mace, two wineglasses wine, and a pound of sifted flour. Bake in a steady oven, and be sure the cake is thoroughly done.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Have ready a coffee-cupful of cold chicken, either roast or boiled, and chopped to the most complete fineness. Take a piece half the size of an egg of the best butter and let it heat to bubbling point over the fire. Stir into it a spoonful of milk and enough flour to make it of the consistency of drawn-butter sauce. Then when thoroughly cooked add a beaten egg and the chopped chicken and pepper and salt to taste. Spread it out on a platter to the thickness of a little less than an inch. Let it get cold. Then when wanted form the croquettes with the hands, dip them in cracker crumb, and fry in hot lard. A wire basket which can be dipped into the lard is good to fry croquettes in. This receipt can be used for any kind of cold meat or poultry; also for lobster. The mixture must be moist. The quantities given above will make enough croquettes for a moderate-sized family.

How to Cook Rice.—An American writing from Japan, says: "They do know how to cook rice here, though, and for the benefit of grocers and customers in the United States I have investigated the matter. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the pot, which has a close-fitting cover, and is set on a moderate fire. The rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover of the pot is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture are allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the soggy mass we usually get in the United States as a fine mealy potato is to the water-soaked article. I have seen something approaching this in our southern states, but I do not think even there they do it as skillfully as it is done here, and in the northern states but very few persons understand how to cook rice properly."

Bean-flour Bread.

It is well known that in England bean-flour is often used in bread-making "in order to give due tenacity and lightness to bread made from damaged wheaten flour. Boiled rice is also employed to increase the quantity of bread to be obtained from a sack of flour. A sack of 280 pounds should yield, according to Letheby, ninety-five four-pound loaves; but by adding three or four pounds of rice, boiled for several hours in as many gallons of water, to the flour, at least a hundred four-pound loaves can be got—a gain of twenty pounds of bread, or more than five per cent. By this use of rice or boiled potatoes, which, being nearly pure starch, are perhaps even more effectual than rice, the bread is indirectly adulterated with water." As adulteration of bread with water is a fraud which affects only the pocket-book, it may be useful to many to know that bread can often be improved in appearance and flavor by the above means. The addition of bean-flour might be especially advantageous, as beans are rich in nitrogenous and oleaginous elements, which are deficient in white or fine flour. A small proportion of oatmeal added to bread increases greatly its nourishing properties.

How to Soften Resin.—Melt the resin, and while in a state of fusion add tar. The proper degree of hardness can be ascertained by dropping a small portion of the melted mass into water.

How to Prepare Calcimine.

Soak one pound of white glue over night, then dissolve it in boiling water, and add twenty pounds of Paris white, diluting with water until the mixture is of the consistency of rich milk. To this any tint can be given that is desired.

LILAC.—Add to the calcimine two parts of Prussian blue and one of vermilion, stirring thoroughly, and taking care to avoid too high a color.

BROWN.—Burnt umber.

GREY.—Raw umber, with a trifling amount of lampblack.

ROSE.—Three parts of vermilion and one of red lead, added in very small quantities until a delicate shade is produced.

LAVENDER.—Make a light blue and tint it slightly with vermilion.

STRAW.—Chrome yellow, with a touch of Spanish brown.

BUFF.—Two parts of spruce of Indian yellow and one part burnt sienna.

BLUE.—A small quantity of Prussian blue will give a soft azure tint. Dark blue is never desirable.

Delicate tints in the foregoing varieties of colors are always agreeable and tasteful, and so great a care must be taken that they are not too vivid. The tints will always appear brighter than in the calcimine pot, and the workmen or workwomen, must keep the fact in mind when adding the colouring powders.

It is a good idea to give the ceiling a calcimine two or three shades lighter than that of the walls, so it may appear merely a delicate reflection of their deeper tones. The ceiling may be calcimined with the lighter tint, and then more coloring added for the walls.

For other walls than hard finish an excellent whitewash is made by slacking lime with boiling skim-milk and adding (for half a bushel of lime) three-quarts of salt, half a pound of whitening, and apound of white glue, previously dissolved in water. This is a hard and durable whitewash, does not easily rub off, and when tinted with any of the foregoing shades has about as good an effect as calcimine.

A beginner in the art of calcimining is apt to bestow half the material on the floor, which is a needless waste. By taking a small quantity on the brush at a time all splashing is avoided, and after a little practice barely a drop will fall on the floor.

A bright day should be selected for the work. The wash must be of the proper consistency (rich milk) or it cannot be applied evenly. The strokes should be straight and parallel with each other. After the first coat is dry, and never before, apply the second one across the first. An expert workman leaves no touch of the brush visible. When applying the first coat a round paint-brush should be used for thoroughly covering all corners and small spaces with the wash.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

THE CUTE FARMER BOY.

One of the parish sent one morn—
A farmer kind and able—
A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl,
And thus addressed the pastor;
"Blame me if I ain't tired! Here is
A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said: "Thou should'st not thus
Present the fowl to me;
Come! take my chair, and for me act,
And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The fowl the pastor took—
Went out with it, and then came in,
With a pleasant smile and look;

And to this young man, *protem*, he said:
"Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you his pastor."

"Good," said the boy; "your master is
A gentleman and scholar!
My thanks to him, and for yourself
Here is a half a dollar."

The pastor felt around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching;
And to the gobbler holding fast,
He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
And came back in a minute,
Then took the youngster's hand and left
A half a dollar in it.

Cannibals are captive eating creatures.

"How do you define black as your hat?" said a school-master to his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you did not attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

An impertinent fop made sport of an old farmer's large nose mouth and chin, but the old farmer silenced him by saying, "Your nose, month an' chin all had to be made small so 'at there'd be material left for your cheek."

A certain little Pharisee, who was praying for his big brother, had a good deal of human nature in him even if he was only six years old. He prayed: "O Lord, bless brother Bill, and make him as good a boy as I am."

"I wonder where dear Ichabod can be this evening; it's after nine o'clock now," said Mrs. Smiley as she shaded her eyes with her hand against the window pane. "Gone on some mercenary errand or other I believe. He's a real good charitable soul, and it's just like him."

AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING UP-TOWN, recently, quite a number of people congregated to view the bridal party on their exit from the church. A passer-by, recognizing one of the hackmen, said, "Waiting for a job?" "No," was the laconic answer, "I'm waiting for the tied."

A Chicago paper tells of a man who was complaining that he had invested a large sum of money in Wall street and lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a bull or a bear. He replied, "Neither; I was a jackass."

"My wife won't even hear of me going to the theater with another lady," said Gallagher. Ragbag didn't seem to construe Gallagher's remarks aright, for he said: "Won't eh? Don't be too sure of it. I thought mine wouldn't, but she did, and I had a fearful time about it."

A western town has a female sheriff. Recently she arrested a man, and he, hoping to flatter her into letting him escape, told her she was the handsomest woman he ever saw. And did she let him escape? No! she wouldn't let that man out of her sight, anyway, but wanted him around all the time. Trickery is sure to fail in the end.

AN OLD WOMAN, weighing about three hundred pounds, fell in crossing the street-car track, and landed in the mud and water. It sounded like dropping a custard out of a three-story window. The driver of the street-car held up his mule, and called out "I say, if you will get up and let me drive on, you can sit down again as soon as the car passes."

A TRAMP was being escorted by one of the most stylish police men on the force. "I hate to walk along arm in arm with a oli ceman, said the tramp. "You ought to be used to it by this time," replied the policeman. "I can't get used to hearing people on the streets say, 'Just look at that vagabond!' when I know they must mean one of us."

An English gentleman travelling through the county of Kilkenny came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any person was ever lost in the passage. "Never," replied Terence, "never; my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

COTTAGE-BUILT.—"I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich old uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps. That, settled it. Young Sweeps was left out of his uncle's will.

A man bought an estate in Ireland, the other day. He was of small stature, we are told, and very thin and wiry-looking. When he went down to look at the place the tenants turned out to inspect the new landlord, and after his departure began to discuss him: "Well, Pat, what do you think of the new landlord?" "Oh, begorra, not much. Why, that little gossoon would be as hard to shoot as a jack-snipe."

A DIVORCE.—Mr. and Mrs. —, of San Francisco, agreed that they were unsuited to each other, and that a separation was desirable; but how to obtain a divorce was puzzling, because neither had a grievance that would stand the test of the law. Their conclusion was that the husband should give the wife ground for complaint by whipping her; so he amiably knocked her down, and she obtained the desired divorce.

Dr. X. is an eminent physician of Philadelphia, and, as is often the case with eminent physicians, is brusque and overbearing in manner. Among his office patients one morning was a gentleman who, after occupying exactly five minutes of the great man's time, took a ten-dollar note from his pocket, and inquired the amount of the fee.

"Fifty dollars," said the impatient medical man.

The patient demurred a little, whereupon the physician rudely remarked:

"Well, what do you expect to pay? Give me what you have got," and on receiving the ten dollar bill, turned scornfully to his negro servant, and handing him the money remarked:

"That is for you, Jim;" but lost his temper still more when his patient coolly said:

"I did not know before that you had a partner. Good-morning, doctor."

When Theodore Parker preached at the Music Hall, writes the Boston correspondent of the Hingham Journal, he made, on Sunday morning, a remarkably touching prayer. In it he depicted with graphic power the situation of a person afflicted with some cherished sin which he found himself powerless to resist. "That's just my case!" shouted out an emphatic voice in the gallery, to the surprise of every body but the imper-
 turbable speaker.

An eminent Mathematician (Kirkman) made an exquisite translation of the well-known definition:—"Evolution is a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity, to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." As translated into plain English by Kirkman, it is "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable, all-likeness, to a somehowish and ingeneral-talkaboutable, not-all-alikeness, by continuous somethingelsefications and sticktogetherations."

THE TEACHER'S LAMENT.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is dismissed,
 And the little ones gather around me,
 To bid me good-night and be kissed,
 How I wish the same lovable spirit
 The whole of the school would imbue,
 And the big girls would gather around me,
 And do as the little ones do.

A saloon keeper with a practical jocular turn of mind bored a hole in his counter yesterday. Then he fixed a gas jet so that the flame shot up through the hole. Then he placed a silver half-dollar over the table, and waited. Twenty-two men came in. Each saw the half-dollar. Each watched till nobody was looking. Each reached for the coin. They did not use the same mode of expressing their feelings, but their remarks were all alike vigorous. And each concluded the coin was not his.

Our thoughts are the parents of our words, and our words are soon crystalized into deeds. Therefore our deeds are as our thoughts, as certainly as the sapling produces the tree, "each after its kind." He who talks vice will become vicious, so far as his courage will permit. He who loves impure thoughts will naturally illustrate these thoughts in daily life, while he whose heart-tablet is free from the impress of unholy thoughts and vicious desires, will naturally be kept from the out-cropping of sins.

A Cincinnati cat caught a mouse, and began a series of gymnastics with it prior to killing and banqueting upon it. Just then another cat came up. Tom instantly ran his nose under a tin can that lay in the yard bottom side up, and deposited his prey, and then attacked the intruder. After a lively battle Tom's adversary retreated, Tom pursuing him out of sight. He was gone possibly five minutes, when he returned to the yard, walked up to the inverted pan, again ran his nose under it, seized the mouse, and proceeded with the meal, the preliminaries to which had been so impudently interrupted.

SENDING A LETTER TO BROTHER TIM.—A Baltimore correspondent of a New York paper says—"The following actually occurred in the 'general delivery' of our post office: A genuine Irishman approached the window, and handing the clerk in attendance a letter, remarked in the richest brogue: 'Plase, sir, and will you send this lethur to brother Tim, who lives two miles beyant Relay House? The clerk, taking the letter, replied that he would send it to the post-office at that place. 'Sure, sir, how will brother Tim get the lethur if you send it there? Don't I tell you he lives two miles beyant Relay House?' The clerk smilingly answered that as there was no post office nearer to him than the Relay House, he would be compelled to send it there. The Irishman appeared to be bothered and dissatisfied, but after scratching his head awhile, a bright thought seemed to strike him, and approaching the window again with a beaming countenance, he said:—'I have it now, sir! Write on the back of it, Brother Tim will plase call at the Relay House and get this lethur.'"

This anecdote must be old, but it is good, and not common. A devoted Methodist, it is said, asked John Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman well known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because," replied Wesley—"because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't."

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE tells the following: On one occasion I tried the new method of pronouncing Latin. I was travelling in Italy. My wife, happening to see a priest pass by, asked me the meaning of the tonsure. At that moment, not recollecting its significance, I said, "I don't know; but there is a priest, and I will go and ask him." So not knowing Italian then, I first constructed a Latin sentence thoroughly. I thought I had made it very well, and then I put it exactly, as I thought, into the Italian pronunciation, got it ready to say, and then went to him and said it. Eh! Che dite?" he asked. So I repeated it again. "Ah," said he, "I understand. Hear, take this man to a Confessor. He wants to confess his sins." This was as near as I ever came to the continental pronunciation of Latin; and I have never tried it since.

FUNNY.—Prentice Mulford, in the San Francisco Chronicle, relates the following in his experience of comical and provoking annoyances as a public speaker. He says: "None can realize until they enter the lecture-field what trivial occurrence may transpire to upset the unfortunate man on the platform, and divert and distract from him the attention of an audience.

"On one occasion a cat got into the church where I was speaking, and trotted up and down a course she had laid out for herself before the pulpit. She did this with an erect tail, and at times made short remarks.

"It is singular that a single cat acting in this manner is more effective in interesting and amusing an 'intelligent audience' than any speaker. Under such conditions Cicero himself would have to knock under to the cat. He might go on talking, but the cat would capture the house.

"And then the awful sensation of being obliged to keep on as though nothing had disturbed you; to pretend you don't see such a cat; that you are not thinking of it; and knowing all the while that your audience are getting their money's worth out of the cat, and not out of you!"

A "Sell."

A good deal of harmless enjoyment and amusement may often be derived from what is commonly known as a "Sell." I am at a loss to discover any more orthodox word to convey my meaning. I must, therefore, stick to the old expression of "Sell." One of the oldest and best-known anecdotes calculated to produce this pleasing effect is that of the young Guardsman returning from the Crimean War, who rubbed his hands with glee on board ship, and, in so doing, rubbed off a ring presented to him by his *inamorata* which fell into the sea. His position was an awkward one, as she had vowed she would never marry him if he lost that ring. The story goes that, on his arrival in England, he was eating some fish at dinner, when he suddenly felt something hard in his mouth. He removed it, and what do you think it was? If the story has been well told the audience are sure to reply, as with one voice, "The ring!" Your rejoinder is: "No! only a fishbone."—*Whitehall Review*.

PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A good lesson to young people inclined to exaggerate the hinderances to their success in life, and to think that their chances are too poor to justify honest exertion, is furnished by a young colored man of Columbus, Ohio, F. P. Williams by name, now serving in that city as census enumerator. Several years ago he was run over by a train of cars, his arms being so mutilated that both had to be taken off near the shoulder. Lacking hands he learned to write legibly by holding his pencil between his teeth. He writes quite rapidly, and in his work as enumerator takes an average of 200 names a day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

FOUR O'CLOCK.

BY SARA DUNCAN.

The work of the day is ended,
And thankfully I stay
To watch the last tardy straggler—
Depart on his noisy way.

The wind is lifting gently
The yellow window-blind,
And idly turning the pages
Of the books that are left behind.

And faintly the merry voices
Float in the half-open door,
And glints of the westerling sunlight
Slant over the dusty floor.

And I sit and tiredly wonder—
For the room is very still,
How my words have wrought with the children,—
Whether for good or ill!

The Poor Soldier: A Pleasant Story of the Duke of Montagu.

On a certain occasion, whilst walking near the mall in St. James Park, as was the fashion of the nobles and fops of his time, his grace observed a middle-aged gentleman in a half-military garb, decidedly the worse for wear, but exceedingly neat and precise withal in the cut and arrangement of his dress. And it so happened that two or three days running he noticed the poor gentleman walking at the same hour of the day, in the same place, with a grave and solemn step, and a face evidently full of care. Becoming interested in the gentleman's appearance, the duke caused inquiries to be made about him, and with difficulty, through one of his gentlemen, found out some little portion of his private history. He was a gentleman from one of the northern counties, who in early life had sold his estate in order to purchase a commission, and had served with distinction, or at all events with credit, in more than one foreign country, but was now placed of necessity on half pay, by reason of the conclusion of peace. He learned, further, that the poor officer had a wife and a family down in Yorkshire—then nearly a week distant from the metropolis—to whom he sent regularly half of his pay, whilst he supported himself in poor lodgings near Charing Cross upon the rest, living on from day to day in the hope that he might somehow or other obtain an office under Government, or from the Horse Guards, which would add a little to his income.

The duke, having assured himself that the veteran was worthy of relief, determined to make him happy quite in a way of his own; so he sent his servant with a polite invitation for him to come and dine with his grace at Montagu House, in Whitehall. The unfortunate officer stared in amazement, as well he might, at first thinking it a joke, until he saw the ducal crest on the top of the seal of the note. He soon, however, sufficiently recovered his self-possession to reply that he thanked the duke for his kindness, and would obey his summons at the day and hour named by him. Not the less, however, was he lost in wonder how the duke had found him out, and still more why he had chosen thus to honor him.

When the day fixed for the dinner had arrived, the officer appeared at Montagu House, where the duke received him with every sign of courtesy and even respect; and when he expressed his surprise at being so honored, the duke took him quietly aside and told him, with an air of great gravity and secrecy, that he had a particular reason for his conduct. "To tell you the plain truth," said his grace, "there is in my house a lady who has often seen you, and who has become so much interested in you and your fortunes that she very much wishes for a personal interview with you, and I am anxious, for reasons of my own, to fall in with her wishes.

Upon my soul, she is a most worthy and excellent lady, and I think, between you and me, that she looks upon you with no slight regard."

The poor officer on this began to feel a little alarmed; for he did not like the idea of being handed over to the tender mercies of a strange lady—a married man, too, as he was, with children to boot. In his perplexity and distress, therefore, he began to mutter, his fears that "really there must be some mistake," and added, "Some one or other has been trying to impose on your grace, or else on me. The fact is that I have a wife down in Yorkshire, and she is the only person for whom I care, or ever did care, and I know of no lady beside her who has a right to feel any keen interest in me."

"Never mind," replied the good-natured duke; "no harm shall happen to you; only just follow me into the next apartment, my good friend." And with these words he led his guest into a sumptuous dining-room, into which he had no sooner entered than he saw his own wife and his three rosy country children, for whom the duke had sent down into Yorkshire, and whom he had brought up to the great metropolis to meet him. At first he felt not only perplexed but alarmed; for were they his wife and children, or only their ghosts and wraiths? A closer inspection, however, soon reassured him that the objects of his love and affection were present before him in the flesh; and before the third course of the dinner was over the party was as happy and merry as could be.

The officer was invited and pressed to stay the night at Montagu House, instead of returning to his dingy and uncomfortable lodgings, and to spend a day or two with his wife and children there before going back home. He did so, and expressed his deep sense of gratitude for the hospitality so kindly and so unexpectedly shown to him.

A few mornings afterward, when he was packing up his traps preparatory to his departure, the duke called the poor officer into his study, and presented him with a legal document which secured to him a comfortable annuity for life, remarking at the same time that he need really feel no hesitation in accepting it. "You must know," added his grace, with a smile, "I am trying, though rather late perhaps, to do the best that I can with my money, of which I have more than I know what to do with; and I assure you that I should not have done what I have done in respect of yourself if I had known how else, or where else, I could have found more pleasure and satisfaction from my outlay."

How a Life was Saved.

There is a story connected with Dr. Busby's rule at Westminster during the times of trouble that must always find a place in any of the traditions of the school. All Westminsters are aware that at one time a curtain hung on "the pancake bar" which was drawn to divide the upper from the under school. This curtain was one day torn during the school hours by a boy named John Glynne. The unfortunate little fellow was in a terrible fright at the prospect of the flogging which he knew the doctor would give him. Seeing this, a generous and plucky friend named William Wake offered to take the blame and the flogging. Glynne evidently had not pluck enough to refuse such an offer, so Wake was punished for tearing the curtain. In the year 1654, among the prisoners who had been taken at Salisbury at the time of Penruddock's unsuccessful rising was William Wake, who had become a colonel in the Royalist Army. He was brought before Cromwell's judges and sentenced to death.

Immediately after the trial one of the judges mounted his horse and rode as fast as he could to have an interview with the Lord Protector. He asked as a personal favor that Colonel Wake's life might be spared. His petition was granted, and the judge had the satisfaction of saving the life of a man, who, when a boy, had taken a flogging from Dr. Busby in his stead—for the judge was John Glynne.

After the Restoration of Charles II., Dr. Busby had the honor of showing the King over the school. It was on this occasion that the doctor apologized for keeping his cap on in the King's presence, because, as he explained, it would never have done to let the boys know there was a greater man in the world than himself.

Dishonest Men Value Honesty.

A young man came one day with a case of conscience. He was corresponding clerk in a flourishing house of business. His employers had begun to direct him to write letters to customers containing statements which he and they knew to be false. He had objected, and they had said, "We are responsible for these statements; it is nothing to you whether they are true or false." I said to him, "Do they sign the letters, or ask you to write them in your own name?" As soon as the question had left my lips I saw that, if there was a difference, both would be wrong, and I hastened to tell him so. He said, "I have to sign them with my name, pro. Messrs. Blank." I said, "Your case is perfectly clear; you must decline to do it." He said, "Then I shall be dismissed;" and after a pause, "I have a wife and family." I replied, "My dear friend, this is a trial of faith and principle; and you must do right and trust to God to take care of you and your family." I met him some days after. "Well, Mr. —," said I, "how are you getting on?" He replied, "I am still in my situation; I had an interview with the partners, and told them I could not write letters I knew to be untrue. They were very angry, and I expected to receive notice, but I had not received it yet." Months passed, and he remained in his situation. After a while he called on me, and I saw in his face something had happened. "Well, Mr. —," I said, "have you had your dismissal?" "No," he said, "I have not," and smiled. "What then?" "A very confidential post in their service, with a higher salary, has fallen vacant, and they have put me into it!" On second thoughts these unprincipled men had come to the conclusion that a clerk who would not deceive a customer would not deceive them, and was too valuable to be lost.—*Duleith.*

A Soft Answer.

The husband was of quick temper, and often inconsiderate. They had not been married a year, when one day in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you may return to the home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind."

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dollar. I covet not your wealth; you shall have it all back."

"Ah!" she answered. "I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of the dross. I mean my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes; and the promised blessings of my womanhood. Can you give me these?"

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then taking her into his arms:

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more. I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpained. I will cherish your blessings as my own, and never again will I forget the pledge I gave at the altar, when you gave your peace and happiness to my keeping."

How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath! And how many of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

THE FARMER'S LITTLE TRICK.—A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country, wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them, a remarkably fine animal, soon attracted his attention, and he bought her at a fine price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately had arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he intended, drove up, and thus accosted him: "I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?" "I did," was the reply. "Well, did you know that she had no front teeth in the upper jaw?" "No," replied the gentleman, indignantly. "Is that so?" "You can see for yourself." The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again. "What's the trouble?" asked the auctioneer. "She hasn't any upper front teeth," was the reply. "Very well," replied the auctioneer with a smile, "I'll put her up once more." He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had given the information to the city gentleman, bid her off at the same price.

Pure Water.

God never gave us the intoxicants. None of them are of his making. He mingles the pure gases together and produces pure water. Then he pours it into the rock basins of the sea while he purifies it. Then he divides it into pieces of vapor so small as to defy the vision, and lifts them with the gentle arm of the winds into the firmament. When every particle is examined through the clear glass of sunlight, purifying them with its glory, he puts them into the pools of the clouds, where he rounds them into drops and pours them down upon the earth in showers for the drinking of its flora. Some of these particles he folds around with the cold, forming them into the beautiful snow crystals, and laying them down upon the tops of the mountains, where he sends the sun to kiss them into a waking of warmth and life. Then they go down that mountain side in the sportiveness of gladdened childhood; they leap into cascades; they rush over the rocks, foaming with laughter; they hide among the bushes; they disappear in the streamlets; they murmur in the fern fringes of their margins; they find the hidden paths of nature and go secretly down to the mountain's foot, where they bubble their joy in springs, or seclude themselves in the cool, damp cellars of the earth, which he has masoned into reservoirs, till the wells go down to them and bring them up for the cooling and the sustenance of life.

For luxuries he puts to the mouths of roots this pure elixir, and pours it through the sap veins into the fruit of the grape, and the berry, and the peach, and all the myriad forms of life. For our sense of beauty he causes it to diamond the dew-drop, and sapphire the rain-fall, and flash in the streamlet, and sparkle in the cascade, and whiten in the waterfall, and color in the rivers, and emerald in the ocean—shimmering everywhere in the blushes of silvery gladness over the sun-smiles of our blessed Creator.

Beyond us the one deep curse of the lost world is that there is "not a drop of water." In the first Eden there was a stream in its center which parted into four heads, so that in every direction the eye rested on water. In the Eden which is to come, the river of the water of life is its greatest attraction. For the angels, who are at home in the other world, there flows from beneath the throne a pure river of water, clear as crystal, for the refreshing of their glory.

Ordering John Adams Below.

One of the most successful of the commanders of the American Navy during the Revolution was Commodore Samuel Tucker, of Marblehead. His biographer, with pardonable pride in his hero, claims that he "took more prizes, fought more sea-fights, and gained more victories than, with a few exceptions, any naval hero of the age."

The simple manners that then prevailed in Marblehead are illustrated by an anecdote of the way Mr. Tucker's commission as captain was presented to him. He was chopping wood one day in his yard, with his sleeves rolled up, and a tarpaulin hat slouching over his face. Suddenly an officer rode up to the gate and halted, looking as if he had made a mistake.

"I say, fellow," he shouted, somewhat roughly, to the wood-chopper, "I wish you would tell me if the Honorable Samuel Tucker lives about here."

"Honorable! Honorable!" answered Tucker; "there is not a man of that name in Marblehead. He must be one of the family of Tuckers in Salem. I am the only Samuel Tucker there is here."

Something about the young man suggested to the officer that the commission which he bore, appointing Samuel Tucker a Captain in the American Navy, belonged to the wood-chopper. He handed it to him, and returned to Cambridge.

Captain Tucker always obeyed orders to the letter. He was ordered to the Boston, which ship was assigned to carry John Adams as envoy to France. One day, the Boston, falling in with an armed merchantman, engaged her. Mr. Adams, seizing a musket, took his place among the marines, and, when Captain Tucker ordered him to go below, continued at his post.

"Mr. Adams," said the resolute Captain, laying hold of the Minister and forcing him away, "I am commanded by the Continental Congress to deliver you safe in France, and you must go down below, sir!" Mr. Adams obeyed, and left the deck.

For Little Soldiers.

Be brave, little soldiers,
To battle for right;
Behind and before you
A foe is in sight.
Beware of the pitfalls
In ways yet untrod;
Be true to your manhood,
And so to your God.

You need for your weapons
A heart that is pure;
A will that is steadfast
To do and endure.
And hands that are willing
Right bravely to work—
Resolved, in the conflict,
No duty to shirk.

Be vigilant, soldiers!
Stand firm at your post;
Strike blows at each evil
In wrong's mighty host.
The enemy's crafty,
In league with all sin;
But the ranks of true manhood
The battle will win.

Eben E. Rexford, in Golden Days.

A Matter of Habit.

We can see him now—with our mind's eye—the person of "regular habits." He commonly lives in the country. He rises at four o'clock in the summer and six o'clock in the winter, rain or shine, busy or idle; he invariably puts on his right stocking and boot first, starts the kitchen fire—calls "mammy" or the girl—does the "chores"—eats the regulation breakfast at the precise hour he ordered it fifty years before, and then proceeds to walk through the rest of the hours of the day like a piece of machinery, until the old clock strikes nine, when he puts aside his pipe and paper, and goes to bed like a chicken—at sundown. So he jogs through life; tick-tack—tick-tack, around and around, in the same old track, until he dies, at ripe old age, and has the distinction of a mention in the obituary notices of his local paper, as a "gentleman noted for his regular habits." Well, such a life has its advantages and compensations; and if the highest aim of our life on earth were to see how long we can stay on top of it, the success might make the mode more universal. But one may pay too much even for long life; and regular habits that shut a man out from that large liberty of choice and action necessary to self-development and great achievements are an expensive necessity.—*Golden Rule.*

The Good Man's Life.

In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf; when the mind of the good man, still vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon the bright spring and summer which await within the gates of Paradise evermore. Let us strive for and look trustingly forward to an Indian summer like this.

TO MAKE COMPOSITION ORNAMENTS FOR PICTURE FRAMES, ETC.—Mix whiting with thin glue to the consistence of putty. Have the mould ready, rub it over with sweet oil and press the composition into it. When a good impression is produced, take it out and lay it aside to dry. If it be desired to fit the ornament to a curved or irregular surface, apply glue and bend it to the place where it is to be attached before it gets dry.

A DOG THAT DIED OF GRIEF.

Dr. Martin, a gentleman living on Decatur Street, tells the Atlanta Constitution a remarkable story about a dog that actually died of a broken heart, "You remember," said the pleasant doctor, "that about two months ago my father-in-law, Mr. W. H. Harvill, who had reached a green old age, died. You may or you may not know that he owned, at the time of his death, a very fine bull-dog—a huge, fat, slick fellow, who went by the name of Ponto. For months and months before his death this dog was his constant companion. There was something almost human in the devotion of the dog to his master, and, as a natural consequence, the master was particularly fond of his dog. The daily movements of the old gentleman, for a long time before his last sickness, were as regular as those of a clock, and Ponto followed him as surely as his very shadow. They were simply inseparable.

"When the old man died Ponto took his place by the coffin, and did not budge until it was taken from the room. Then he got up and followed it closely to the hearse, and followed the hearse to the grave. Ponto came back to the house a changed dog. Every night he lay upon the rug in the porch and moaned piteously all night long. I have never heard of any human sorrow that was half so plaintive and touching as the moaning of that dog, as, night after night, he writhed upon that rug.

"Every day found him making his rounds just as he used to before the old man died. He would walk slowly up the street, and after a while pass down the other side, on his way out to the plantation. He would come back to the store, and after lying under that chair a few moments, would get up, look into my face in the most pleading manner, and then he would go up to the house, and, after taking his place on the sofa in the hall, suddenly spring up and walk through my father-in-law's bedroom. He was looking for his dead master.

"The family let him have his own way, and I did all in my power to console him. I tempted him with the choicest meat, but he refused to eat. I offered him the warmest milk; he would not drink. He went about with his head down, the very picture of sorrow. He dwindled away almost to a skeleton, staggering around daily to the places visited by his master in life, and at night giving vent to his distressful moaning.

"But this could not last forever, so one day, about five weeks after his master died, Ponto came dragging his lank and weak body down the street—that same street he had travelled so many bright mornings with his master. When he got by the fence there, he stopped and sank upon the ground. I ran to him, and, lifting him in my arms, carried him into the yard. I laid him gently on the ground—I wish now I had taken him into the house and placed him in the old man's room—for (and the kind doctor turned his head, there was a tremor in his tone), for he was dead."

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO OWE—Make a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regular every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would that they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power cheerfully, but, if you can, help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and, if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent in your circumstances, come to me, and I will pay your debts.—*Ben Franklin.*

Nickle, when the United States government bought a mine in Pennsylvania twenty years ago was a rare metal; few mines were known, and those inaccessible. The number has been largely increased since, the most important recent source of supply being in New Caledonia, the French colony, where a discovery in the preparation of the ore has greatly cheapened the cost of pure nickel, and it is probable that the next few years will see a large increase in the use of the metal.

Effect of Age on the Quality of Iron.

Professor Bauschinger, in 1878, tested iron taken from a chain bridge built in 1829, and found that fifty years of use had not perceptibly altered its quality—either its strength or its elasticity—as reported at the time of its erection. He also examined metal from another bridge built in 1852, and found that the average quality remained as given by Von Pauli at the time of its erection.

Professor Thurston, testing pieces of the wire cable of the Fairmount Suspension Bridge, recently taken down at Philadelphia, after about forty years' use, found the iron to have a tenacity and elasticity and a ductility fully equal to the best wire of same size found in the market to-day.

He therefore concludes that iron subjected to strains such as are met with in properly designed bridges does not deteriorate with age.

Colored Inks for Stamping.

The following are commended for the colors most frequently wanted for the stamping purposes:

Red: Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of carmine in 2 ozs. of strong water of ammonia, and add 1 drachm of glycerine and $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of dextrin.
Blue: Rub 1 oz. of Prussian blue with enough water to make a perfectly smooth paste; then add 1 oz. of dextrin, incorporate it well, and finally add sufficient water to bring it to the proper consistence.

Hyper-Gentility.

A sorrowful sight in this world is a man who can do but one thing, follow but one avocation in life, and who if by chance disabled from performing that is utterly incapable of making a living by turning to something else. Horace Greeley said he knew hundreds of men who possessed the finest classical educations that it was possible to obtain in our American colleges, who walked the pavement aimlessly, unable to support themselves, and scarcely knowing where the next meal was to come from. By a deplorable false notion instilled into their minds while young as to "genteel occupation," they were unfitted to become useful members of society.

Many boys of the present day seem to have a strong aversion to every kind of trade, business calling, or occupation, that requires labor, and an equally strong tendency toward some so-called "genteel" employment or profession. Parents are too often responsible for this disposition on the part of their sons. Boys should be taught that all honest labor is honorable, whether it be on the farm, in the work shop, or in the counting room. Early in life they should be given some responsibility, some stated labor to perform, and thus be trained up with the idea that something is required of them in life—that there is work to be done and victories to be won. Boys who are never taught to do anything when young, seldom accomplish much in after years. Parents should learn that it is the early years of the boy that decide what the future man is to be. Some task should be given to all children, and it should be insisted that whatever is required of them should be faithfully performed.—*Household.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.—An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neck bands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought her scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would allow her to clip them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently to her lecture, but handed her over the offending white bands for her to operate upon. When she cut them to her satisfaction and returned the bibs it was the doctor's turn. "Now," said he, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will doctor; what can it be?" "Well you have something about you which is a deal too long and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate; what is it? Here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, cut out your tongue."

Tests for Copper Solutions.

The solutions of copper possess a blue or green color, which they retain, even when considerably diluted with water. With caustic potassa they give a light blue bulky precipitate, turning blackish brown or black on boiling the liquid. Ammonia and carbonate of ammonia produce a bluish white precipitate, soluble in excess of ammonia, yielding a rich deep blue solution. The carbonates of potassa give a similar precipitate to the last, but insoluble in excess of the precipitate. Ferrocyanide of potassium gives a reddish brown precipitate. Sulphuretted hydrogen and hydrosulphuret of ammonia give a blackish brown or a black one. A polished rod of iron, on immersion in an acidulated solution, quickly becomes coated with metallic copper.

Nicotine Poisoning.

A rather unusual case of poisoning by nicotine has occurred lately in a Paris suburb. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp-knife; with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently, but as he wound was of a trivial nature he paid no heed to it. Five or six hours later, however, the cut finger grew painful and became much swollen; the inflammation rapidly spread to the arm and shoulder, the patient suffering such intense pain that he was obliged to betake himself to bed. Medical assistance was called, and ordinary remedies proved ineffectual. The sick man, questioned as to the manner in which he cut himself, explained the use to which the pocket-knife had been applied, adding that he had omitted to wipe it after cleaning the pipe. The case was now understood, and the patient's state becoming alarming, he was conveyed to the hospital. There the doctors decided amputation of the arm to be the only hope of saving the patient's life, and this was immediately done.

An Aztec Dwelling.

On Cave Creek, about one mile above Nadski's farm, says the Arizona Silver Belt, there is one of the finest and least-known of the Aztec ruins. Originally it was three stories high, but only two of them remain. It is built under a cliff, and of rock. The adobe clay of the country was used for mortar, and it has become exceedingly hard. There was no Diston brick trowels in those days, as the marks of the fingers of the primitive masons are as plainly visible as if the work had been done a few days ago. Digging down through the *debris* on the floor, small ears of corn were found, having kernels about the same size and shape as Egyptian corn. No part of the world, outside of those countries which have religious or classical associations connected with them, present so interesting a field for archaeological research as Arizona.

The Fatal Bucket.

"It is much easier to get into a quarrel than to get out of it." In the year 1005 some soldiers of the Commonwealth of Modena ran away with a bucket from a public well belonging to the State of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel which was worked up into a long and sanguinary war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made prisoner. His father, the emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years imprisonment he pined away. His monument is now extant in the church of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, inclosed in an iron cage.

Some unsophisticated purchasers of honey imagine that by buying honey in the comb they are sure of getting an unadulterated article. A great mistake. There is an establishment in Boston where artificial combs—not foundations merely, but combs—are made in such perfection that it would require an expert to detect the fraud. Paraffin, not wax, is the material used. When the combs are made they are filled with imitation honey made from glucose, worth three or four cents per pound, and are flavored to taste. A hot iron is then passed over the cells and sealed, and the "comb honey" is ready for sale.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

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RESIGNATION.

MRS. W. F. ROBISON.

Patience, my soul, fret not at what betides thee !
 Know that a Father's hand is guiding all,
 Be not repining though the way be weary
 And darkens oft-times as the shadows fall.

Life is an earnest thing, no gay excursion
 In holiday attire o'er flowery meads,
 But dressed in labor's garments thou must ever
 Walk in the sterner ways where duty leads.

Cling but the closer to the hand that guides thee,
 When steep and rugged runs the path before,
 Safe is thy leading, sure thine every footstep
 If thou but trust the guidance more and more.

Even as the timid child as darkness gathers
 But nestles closer to the father's side,
 So press thee closer to the loving bosom
 Whose love for thee doth pass all love beside.

There rest thee, soul, take the sweet peace He offers,
 Cast all thy care on Him who cares for thee ;
 Why should'st thou faint beneath such needless burdens,
 When he would bear them all so willingly ?

Learn but this lesson of complete submission,
 Of perfect trust in Him who guides thy feet ;
 Then smooth will be the roughest path before thee,
 The bitterest cup hold for thee drops most sweet.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued).

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHABBY HOUSE ON TERAULEY STREET.

"It is impossible Arthur, indeed I cannot consent."

They were alone together in Sybil's drawing-room, and it was the same afternoon as that on which Neal played tiger with Bertie and Baby Lesley and chatted with Mollie in the cheerful drawing room at Fernside.

Arthur Macdonald stood on the hearth-rug with one elbow resting on the mantel-shelf whilst his other hand was thrust carelessly into his coat pocket. There was a heavy frown on his brow and an impatient expression in his whole face; he had, in fact, the air of one thoroughly 'put out.' It is only your grand, magnificently self-possessed men, or your loveable, perfectly good-tempered men who are never put out, visibly put out at any rate.

Macdonald was neither grand nor self-possessed; neither

loveable, nor perfectly good-tempered, therefore having failed in attaining his object, he put on an injured air and permitted his chagrin to come triumphantly to the fore. To explain matters;—he had been doing precisely what Neal Despard had said he *would* do,—teazing Sybil to consent to an early marriage.

"It is impossible Arthur; indeed I cannot consent." She came closer to the fire as she spoke and stood before him in her heavy mourning robes, looking—oh! so inexpressibly lovely with that pleading, tender look in her violet eyes and her proud mouth quivering with suppressed feelings. It would seem scarcely possible that any man with an atom of chivalry in him could have withstood her; and yet Arthur Macdonald, her betrothed lover did; he was not wholly unmoved; he acknowledged to himself how surpassingly lovely she was, and he loved her enough to feel inclined to take her in his arms and brush with tender caresses the sorrow from her eyes and lips. But he was angry, and when a weak, selfish man is out of temper, it becomes a sort of moral obligation on him to let his angry passions have full play; you need not expect him to bottle up his wrath in the golden jar of self-command and cork it with polite smiles and pleasant words; it would be certain to explode in no time, if he trod on it.

"What are the Despards to you?" he asked sullenly, almost brutally.

"Nothing, in point of relationship; but they are my dearest friends; and you know that Alice was like a sister to me Arthur, we loved each other as dearly as though we had been in very truth sisters."

"Granted, but all the same I do not see any harm in your being married eight months after her death; it is not usual to wear mourning for a friend longer than six months; I do not see why it should be so repugnant to your feelings to do as I ask you, especially if you are sincere in your professions of regard for me."

"Sincere! oh Arthur!"

"Well of course I believe you are; but I do not think you should allow these friends to come between us, and cause your refusal of the first real favor I have ever asked of you; but of course"—he added with proud humility—"it is hardly fitting for me to urge you thus, when I am only a poor beggar and you a rich lady: the world would say I was anxious to get possession of your money bags." He laughed harshly and gazed moodily into the fire. This was a little too much. Sybil threw back her head with a queenly gesture.

"I thought we had agreed to dispense with the world's opinion; I have never for an instant accused you of coveting my money; I beg you will no more insult me by mentioning it. All that I have is yours Arthur," she added in a softer tone.

"I beg your pardon, Sybil; of course your money is nothing to me, indeed I wish you were poor, that I might prove beyond dispute that I love you; it is all very well to dispense with the world's opinion, as you say, but in one's heart one cannot do that, and it is galling to a poor man to listen to the world's comments if he marries a wealthy woman."

"Then for your sake, my poor Arthur, I wish I were not

a rich woman; but as it cannot be helped you must make the best of it, be content with my faith in your motives."

"Well but look here Sybil, will you not do as I ask you and marry me in three months from now; we could have a very quiet wedding; there need be no display, no merriment to hurt your feelings; and really it is absurd to put it off for eight months longer as you propose; why even the Despards themselves would say so."

"Mrs. Despard and her son are anxious only for my welfare and happiness."

"And according to their lights, marriage with me will not conduce to your welfare and happiness; these dearest friends of yours, Sybil do not appreciate my good qualities as you do." He said this sneeringly and with another cold, grating laugh. She looked slightly confused for a moment and did not answer, then laying her white hand on his shoulder, said tenderly.

"And even if it is so, dear, will not my love make up for their want of it?" Like a true woman she was ready to throw herself into the breach, and make her own love fill up this annoying little gap, forgetting that love is not everything to a man, though it be a woman's all in all.

"Yes, of course, my dear Sybil; your love is the best piece of good fortune that has ever fallen to my lot; but at the same time it does not sweeten love to a man, to have all the world turn against him."

"I am very sorry Arthur dear; but I do not think I would care so *very* much if all the world turned its back upon me for loving you."

"Oh! that is just the way with women, they think it grand and heroic to renounce all for the man they love; but believe me my dear its all sentimental rubbish, any fellow would rather make a few more friends by his marriage, than a host of enemies; though not but what I would be willing to make an enemy or two for your sake Sybil, for you know I love you."

"Indeed Arthur, you must forgive me, if sometimes I doubt it; you speak so strangely," she answered quietly.

"Nonsense! I only speak common sense; I did not suppose you cared for the sort of sentimental trash which Despard your friend *par excellence* pours, no doubt, into the ears of Miss Stuart."

"Very sweet trash," thought poor Sybil to herself; however she looked up at her lover with a smile and said:

"I am quiet content with your common-sense dear; especially as you seem to urge war against sentiment of any kind; if only you love me best of all, it is all I ask of you Arthur."

She looked up pleadingly, wistfully into his face; he laughed and kissed her.

"I do love you best of all my peerless Sybil; I do not fancy there is such another lucky dog under the sun as I." And Sybil was fain to be content with this assurance, although her heart hungered just a little, for something more than Arthur gave her, something—she knew not what. But she told herself that Arthur was right and women were too sentimental; of course Arthur loved her, but she must not expect him to be always telling her so, always caressing her, always saying sweet nothings to her; no, no of course it was very silly of her; she was quite ashamed of herself. Thus she reasoned with herself, and went on blindly, loving blindly, worshipping her idol of clay.

Before Arthur left the house that afternoon he had succeeded in obtaining a promise from Sybil to marry him in six months' time. The concession had been unwillingly made by her, and so he was forced to content himself with this much.

"Now I suppose I must go and see Grace," he muttered to himself as he walked along the street after leaving Sybil's house. "If I can only manage to keep her in ignorance of my approaching marriage until it is an accomplished fact, all will be well; but if she hears of it she will make no end of a row, confound her! well I must go and see her anyway I suppose." He turned off into a back street, respectable enough for the matter of that, but *very* un-aristocratic; the houses were small and shabby, and at one of the shabbiest he stopped and rang the bell. The door was opened presently by a slatternly woman, who appeared to recognize him, for she curtsied and answered his enquires as to whether Mrs. Roberts were

in, in a much more subdued tone than the worthy landlady of this fourth-rate boarding house usually adopted in speaking to people. On being informed that Mrs. Roberts was in, Arthur entered and ascended the uncarpeted stairs; he knocked at the door of a room in the upper hall; it was opened at once by a woman—girl rather, with a pale, wan face and immense grey eyes, her light brown hair was arranged quite neatly in smooth braids, her dark dress was poor and patched, but tidily put on, while a clean white apron covered the front of it. Her thin face brightened into something that was almost beauty; at the sight of Arthur. "It is you at last!" she cried. "I thought you were never coming to see us again." She drew him into the room and closed the door tightly after her.

CHAPTER XIV.

"FOREVER AND EVER DEAREST."

Time passes quickly enough with us all; when we do not set ourselves deliberately to count the hours and days. So to all, with the exception of Arthur Macdonald; the weeks and months preceding his wedding flew by with wonderful rapidity. Winter melted away beneath the mild glance of Spring, which in turn merged into Summer. The flowers bloomed once more in the garden at Fernside and old Michael was in his element. Katie had staid at the Hall for three weeks; and with her, she had brought a wee stranger who had his mother's dusky eyes; whilst all the rest of his face, was a miniature likeness of Tom's. Bertie and Baby Lesley viewed this marvellous creature with the most intense admiration; although the former was occasionally betrayed into an expression of disgust, because the baby *would* sleep so much in the day-time.

"I guess, he's like our pussy; pussy goes to sleep in de day-time; but Chwistie says she keeps awake in de night time and catches mices."

But Katie had been gone now for some time and the children had ceased to speak of the "dear little baby."

In the long summer afternoons Mollie, Bertie and little Lesley would wander away to the woods, where it was cool and quiet and pleasant; the children would run about plucking the wild flowers, and hunting for the wild strawberries which grew there, almost hidden beneath the leaves, and ferns and grasses. Mollie would sit in some grassy nook, or on the trunk of a fallen tree, either reading or sewing as the mood prompted her; sometimes she would throw aside book and work and lying back on the grass with both hands clasped at the back of her head, she would fall into a reverie; the smile on her lips betraying that her thoughts were pleasant ones. From these day-dreams she would presently be aroused by a shower of wild flowers falling upon her up-turned face, and the sound of two gleeful little voices laughing, and calling her name. Then they would set to work and make bouquets and wreaths of the flowers Mollie singing the while, some little simple song which the children could understand, and ever and anon the sweet, childish voices would join in, making the quiet, summer woods ring with melody. Here Neal generally came when office hours were over, and his appearance was always welcomed by shouts of joy from all three; for Aunt Mollie was as much a child as her niece and nephew in those glad, careless summer days. O! Happy, happy days! How often in after years, when the sunshine had gone out from her young life, would she look back with weary, wistful eyes upon these days spent in Buxly woods.

And what of Arthur Macdonald all this time? He was waiting with ill-concealed impatience for the sixteenth of August the day fixed upon for the wedding. Sometimes Sybil felt puzzled to account for this strange anxiety for the ceremony to take place as soon as possible. She was fain to believe him, when he told her, with loving caresses, that it was because he loved her so dearly, that he longed to call her his own. But under-lying all these tender protestations of love, she saw, or seemed to see some other cause for his impatience; but she resolutely drove away every feeling of mistrust that from time to time arose in her mind; compelling herself to believe implicitly whatever he told her. But in truth, her suspicions, slight as they were, were not groundless; there *was* a cause for his hurry; and the terrible

import of which made his cowardly heart sink within him at the thought of what *might* happen were his marriage delayed much longer. Once or twice of late there had come to the Buxby post office a letter directed in a sharp, feminine hand to "Arthur Macdonald, Esq." That these letters were unwelcome to him was evident; for they invariably brought the angry scowl to his dark, sinister face, and with a muttered curse he would place them in his pocket, to be read when he was alone. Once, after receiving a longer letter than usual from his objectionable correspondent; he had gone down to Toronto on the next Saturday evening, returning early on Monday morning; after this the letters ceased and Arthur breathed freely again; but the respite was short.

One afternoon upon leaving the bank, he sauntered along the principal street, stopping sometimes to address a word or two to various friends or acquaintances, and then walking on again. Watching him with dark, glittering eyes was a young woman, neatly, but plainly attired, with a thick veil over her face. Although a stranger in the town she was not likely to attract any attention owing to her unassuming and almost shabby appearance, so that no one took any particular notice of her, as she quietly followed Arthur Macdonald; presently he turned off into a quiet side street which shortly terminated in one of the pretty country roads winding along the lake shore. As soon as they had left the street behind them, the young woman quickened her steps and was soon close to the unsuspecting Macdonald, who glanced carelessly round to see who it was; he apparently did not recognize her, for he sauntered on as before; but the next moment she was at his side and laying her hand upon his arm she said, sternly:

"Arthur Macdonald, do you not know me?" and throwing back her veil disclosed to view the pale, sad face which once before we have seen; the same face which had frightened so wonderfully the day Macdonald had called to see her at the shabby house in Terauley street in Toronto. But it was sadder, thinner, more wan than ever now; one could almost have wept to look upon her; so young, scarcely twenty, but wrecked! ruined! and *he* had done it!

"Grace! what in heaven's name are you *here* for?"

"I am here to see you," she answered quietly.

"Well, now you *have* seen me, I hope you are gratified."

"I have heard of your approaching marriage," she went on, without seeming to notice his sneering words.

"Well, what of that?" he said; he had started nervously when she made the announcement, but recovering himself, he spoke with a cool insolence, which brought the crimson flush to the girl's pale cheek, and a hard, steely glitter to her eyes.

"Well, what of that? have you any objection?"

"You're a villain and a coward," she said between her set teeth. He laughed brutally.

"Of course, I quite expected to be assailed by a shower of pretty names. But now will you have the goodness to tell me your object in coming here, as I presume you *had* an object besides that of telling me I am a villain and a coward?"

"You are trying to brazen it out, Arthur Macdonald, but have you no fear that I shall go to *her*—to Miss O'Brien and tell her all?"

"You would do yourself no good, if you did and besides she would not believe you," he answered with a sneer.

"I would do myself no good; certainly, but revenge is sweet; and as for her believing it, I have plenty of proofs to bring forward; for instance, I have some letters written by you, I have your photograph, and the woman at whose house I board, can testify that you have been there frequently to see me, and—last, Arthur Macdonald, there is"—she came close to him and with a defiant smile upon her lips, said—"and last there is the child, your son—the living image of you and his name is Arthur also; supposing I took the boy to her and said, 'this is Arthur Macdonald's son' think you, she would not believe me then? I have seen her and heard of her; she is beautiful and good and pure, but no purer than was I before I met with you, God help me! do you think she would join her pure life with yours, or allow her beautiful lips to be soiled by contact with yours if I told her my wretched story? oh! no, do not think it. I know that you will never marry me, for you have told me so; and for my boy's sake I have come here to-day to ask—nay—to de-

mand something of you, which, if you refuse, I shall go to her; so help me Heaven! and tell her all."

"What is it you want?" he asked sullenly, for he saw that she was in earnest, and knew that she would do as she threatened.

"I want money enough to take us away, out of Canada, enough to start a small store, that I may be able to educate and bring up my boy. For my self I ask nothing; I would rather die than accept anything from you for myself, but I love my child; and for his sake I have come."

"How much do you want?"

"I want a thousand dollars."

"Then you're a confounded fool! for you won't get it; you might as well ask me for twenty thousand."

"I want a thousand and you must give it to me," she reiterated calmly.

"But I tell you I have not got it."

"Then you must contrive to get it."

"Will not five hundred do?"

"Certainly not."

"Will you wait then till—till—" Villain as he was, even he hesitated over the suggestion he was about to make.

"Till after the wedding?" he stammered at last. Scarcely were the words spoken when Grace turned her flashing eyes upon him, her face blazing with passionate fury.

"No, you *coward*! I will not wait till after the wedding; you think to buy me off with *her* money, but I would not touch it—I would not touch it; O Heavens! I would strangle my child with my own hands rather than use a cent of her money for him."

"Oh! shut down on that, will you; tragedy don't suit you Grace, I would advise you to give it up."

"Well," he said, finding she did not speak. "Have you any suggestion to make about this cursed money?"

I have not; it is for you to devise a way of procuring it, but I merely warn you what will be the consequences if you fail to give it me before your marriage with Miss O'Brien. For as surely as there is a heaven above us I shall go to her and tell her all—tell her how three years ago you promised to marry *me*; and you know as well as I do that she will never marry you if she learns the truth." Arthur Macdonald *did* know it and in his heart he cursed his fate, and in his cowardly, impotent fury he could have struck this woman to the earth.

"It is now the second of August, in two weeks it will be your wedding day, Arthur Macdonald and I give you until the third day, if you do not comply with my demand by then you must abide by the consequences. Say whether or no, you will do this."

"If I do" he said sullenly—"will you swear to leave Canada and never trouble me again?"

"Yes I swear" she replied, looking full in his face with unutterable scorn in her grey eyes.

"Very well," he said, "and now you had better take yourself off if you want to catch the train."

"Remember then, I must have the money three days before the —"

"Hist!" he muttered grasping her arm, and the same moment some one passed by on the other side of a hedge which divided the road from a narrow foot-path leading to the woods; it was Neal Despard on his way to join Mollie and the children in the woods. That he must have heard Grace's last words Macdonald felt assured, and once more he bitterly cursed the girl at his side. Coward and villain she had truly called him.

"Now go" he said roughly, when Neal had disappeared from sight.

"Yes I am going" she answered, "and once again I tell you *remember*" she drew down her veil and walked quickly away, while he with a savage look after her, went his way also.

Neal Despard *had* heard the words spoken by Grace Roberts, and moreover he had seen Arthur's warning gesture for her to hush, when he—Neal was perceived approaching; he did not give the matter any great consideration at the time, although he felt a momentary curiosity to know who the strange woman was; but afterwards the incident recurred to his mind.

The days passed on and the sixteenth was drawing near. Macdonald seemed to everyone to be in a strangely perturbed

state of mind. Moody, silent and utterly unapproachable one would have thought that the day of his doom was drawing near and not that of his marriage with a beautiful, wealthy woman. His friends rallied him on his strange mood but he replied so savagely to their jests that they gave it up and left him to himself, with the comment, that it was not very complimentary to Miss O'Brien to behave in that beastly way when he was just on the point of marriage with her. A terrible fear prayed upon him that he should not be able to get the money in time for Grace Roberts, and he knew that she would then, most assuredly tell Sybil everything, in which case all would be over between them, for tolerant as his betrothed had hitherto shown herself of his reputed follies and short-comings, he knew right well she would not tolerate *this*. Her high sense of right, her womanly purity and goodness would cause her to shrink from him in abhorrence did she but know of Grace.

That he contrived in some way to raise the sum of one thousand dollars was a fact, for on the evening of the thirteenth he took the late train for Toronto, saw Grace Roberts, and the next morning returned to resume his place at the Bank for the two days that remained before the wedding.

Mollie and Mr Stuart were going down, Mrs Stuart could not go as she was not feeling well. Neal was to be chief groomsman and Mollie first bridesmaid. She went on the fourteenth and the three gentlemen were to follow her the next evening. The wedding day dawned brightly; and if the old adage be true, that "Happy the bride the sun shines on" Sybil O'Brien was destined to be happy. The ceremony took place about half-past eleven in St. James Cathedral, in the presence of an immense gathering of friends and relatives, the latter being in the minority as neither Sybil nor Arthur were over-burdened with relations. Everyone remarked the ashy pallor of the bridegroom and many were the comments whispered from one to another. Sybil looked very beautiful in her rich bridal robes of white satin, with the priceless veil, and pearls. Outside the door of the church an excited crowd of spectators was gathered, and as the bridal party came, a low murmur, which gradually swelled into a cheer, greeted the newly married pair. Almost everyone in Toronto knew the lovely Miss O'Brien by sight, and murmurs of admiration followed her as she moved through their midst leaning on her husband's arm, followed by her train of prettily dressed bridesmaids. She looked very happy as she smiled and nodded to the crowd; and those of her friends who had disapproved the marriage, felt the doubts and misgivings vanish, when they looked into her shining eyes and read there the sweet, perfect content of her soul. The breakfast was a grand affair; the speeches not too numerous and most of them clever and witty and upon the whole more successful than is usual upon similar occasions. The bride was heartily congratulated by her many friends of both sexes, and when she went up stairs accompanied by her aunt, and Mollie and Katie Howard, there was a great deal of tearful half-merry hugging, before the bride descended again, attired for her wedding journey. More congratulations, more good byes and hand-shakings, more nods and smiles and then the carriage whirled them away beneath a shower of rice, and a stray slipper or two from one or two of Sybil's boy-adorsers. Henceforth we must know her as Sybil Macdonald.

"When shall *our* wedding day be Princess mine?" whispered Neal, as he and Mollie stood alone in the deserted library when the guests had all departed.

"Oh! I do not know; not for ever so long" answered she blushing and looking altogether irresistible as she leaned with careless grace over the back of a huge arm chair; she still wore the snowy bridesmaid's dress, unrelieved by a touch of color anywhere; it being a whim of Sybil's that her maids should be all in white. Neal thought he had never seen anything one half so lovely and sweet as this little maiden who had promised to be his, some day. He put his arm around her, smiling in his tender, calm way as he did so and answered, as he kissed her softly,

"And why, ever so long Mollie Bawn?"

"Oh! because—because there is no hurry; and—ana—"

"And what dear?"

"We are very happy as we are, don't you think Neal?"

"Of course we are; but tell me darling won't you be happier than ever as my little wife?" But the blushing face

was hidden in some mysterious manner in the front of his dress coat, and well—probably he did not quite expect an answer to his question, for he merely laughed; a low, pleasant laugh as he stroked the chestnut hair. They all returned to Buxly that afternoon, although Mollie would like very much to have stayed a week with Mrs Despard, who still mourned for her daughter; poor old lady! and clung to Mollie, now that Sybil also was gone; but Mrs Stuart had not been at all well when Mollie left home and she was now anxious to return to her; particularly as she feared the children would worry their grandmother. So, late that afternoon, they were all back at Buxly. Mrs Stuart was slightly better and listened with deep interest to her daughter's account of the wedding. Mr Stuart had gone out almost immediately after seeing his wife, saying that he had some small matter of business in the village. As dinner time drew near Mrs Stuart lay down on the sofa to rest for half an hour while Mollie took Bertie and Lesley to the nursery for their tea, and then, leaving them with Christie went to her own room to dress for dinner. She was feeling very happy to-night, and dawdled lazily over her toilet, shaking down all her pretty brown hair and smiling with innocent vanity at her own sweet, girlish face in the mirror. She put on a soft black grenadine, trimmed with crape; and very lovely she looked, her fair skin showing to perfection against the black; her hair coiled low at the back of her head rested on the soft white frill which she wore about her throat. Her first thought, as she surveyed herself in the glass was, "Neal will see me to-night, I am so glad I am looking nice; he told me he liked this dress, better than all my others."

(To be continued.)

SELECTED.

MARGERY GREY.

A Legend of Vermont.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

Fair the cabin-walls were gleaming in the sunbeams' golden glow,

On that lovely April morning, near a hundred years ago;
And upon the humble threshold stood the young wife, Margery Grey,

With her fearless blue eyes glancing down the lonely forest way.

In her arms her laughing baby with its fathers' dark hair played,

As he lingered there beside them, leaning on his trusty spade;
"I am going to the wheat-lot," with a smile said Robert Grey;
"Will you be too lonely, Margery, if I leave you all the day?"

Then she smiled a cheerful answer, ere she spoke a single word,

And the tone of her replying was as sweet as song of bird:
"No, she said, "I'll take the baby, and go stay with Annie Brown;

You must meet us there, dear Robert, ere the sun has quite gone down."

Thus they parted. Strong and sturdy, all the day he labored on,
Spading up the fertile acres from the stubborn forest won;
And when lengthening shadows warned him that the sun was in the west,

Down the woodland aisles he hastened, whispering, "Now for home and rest!"

But when he had reached the clearing of their friend, a mile away,

Neither wife nor child was waiting there to welcome Robert Grey.

"She is safe at home," said Annie, "for she went an hour ago,
While the woods were still illumined by the sunset's crimson glow."

Back he sped; but night was falling, and the path he scarce could see;

Here and there his feet were guided onward by some deep-gashed tree;

When at length he gained the cabin, black and desolate it stood,
Cold the hearth, the windows rayless, in the stillest solitude.

With a murmured prayer, a shudder, and a sob of anguish wild,
Back he darted through the forest, calling on his wife and child.
Soon the scattered settlers gathered from the clearings far and near,
And the solemn woods resounded with their voices rising clear.

Torches flared, and fires were kindled, and the horn's long peal rang out,
While the startled echoes answered to the hardy woodman's shout;
But in vain their sad endeavor, night by night, and day by day;
For no sign nor token found they of the child or Margery Grey!

Woe! woe for pretty Margery! With her baby on her arm,
On her homeward way she started, fearing nothing that could harm;
With a lip and brow untroubled, and a heart in utter rest,
Through the dim woods she went singing to the darling at her breast.

But in sudden terror pausing, gazed she round in blank dismay,—
Where were all the white-scarred hemlocks, pointing out the lonely way?
God of Mercies! She had wandered from the pathway! not a tree,
Giving mute but kindly warning, could her straining vision see!

Twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars came out on high;
All was silent in the forest, save the owl's low, boding cry;
Round about her in the midnight stealthy shadows softly crept,
And the babe upon her bosom closed its timid eyes and slept.

Hark! a shout! and in the distance she could see a torch's gleam;
But, alas! she could not reach it, and it vanished like a dream;
Then another shout,—another! but she shrieked and sobbed in vain,
Rushing wildly toward the presence she could never, never gain.

Morning came, and with the sunbeams hope and courage rose once more;
Surely ere another nightfall her long wanderings would be o'er;
So she soothed the wailing baby, and when faint from want of food,
Ate the wintergreens and acorns that she found within the wood.

O the days so long and dreary! O the nights more dreary still!
More than once she heard the sounding of the horn from hill to hill;
More than once a smouldering fire in some sheltered nook she found,
And she knew her husband's footprints close beside it on the ground.

Dawned the fourth relentless morning, and the sun's un-pitying eye
Looked upon the haggard mother, looked to see the baby die;
All day long its plaintive moanings wrung the heart of Margery Grey,
All night long her bosom cradled it, a pallid thing of clay.

Three days more she bore it with her, on her rough and toilsome way,

Till across its marble beauty stole the plague-spot of decay;
Then she knew that she must leave it in the wilderness of sleep,
Where the prowling wild beasts only watch above its grave should keep.

Dumb with grief she sat beside it. Ah! how long she never knew!
Were the tales her mother taught her of the dear All-Father true,
When the skies were brass above her, and the earth was cold and dim,
And when all her tears and pleadings brought no answer down from Him?

But at last stern Life, the tyrant, bade her take her burden up,—
To her lips so pale and shrunken pressed again the bitter cup;
Up she rose, still tramping onward through the forest far and wide,
Till the May-flowers bloomed and perished, and the sweet June roses died!

Till July and August brought her fruits and berries from their store;
Till the golden-rod and aster said that summer was no more;
Till the maples and the birches donned their robes of red and gold;
Till the birds were hasting southward, and the days were growing cold.

Was she doomed to roam forever o'er the desolated earth,
She, the last and only being in those wilds, of human birth?
Sometimes from her dreary pathway wolf or black bear turned away,
But not once did human presence bless the sight of Margery Grey.

One chill morning in October, when the woods were brown and bare,
Through the streets of ancient Charlestown, with a strange, bewildered air,
Walked a gaunt and pallid woman, whose disheveled locks of brown
O'er her naked breast and shoulders in the wind were streaming down.

Wondering glances fell upon her; women veiled their modest eyes,
Ere they slowly ventured near her, drawn by pitying surprise.
"Tis some crazy one," they whispered. Back her tangled hair she tossed,
"O kind hearts, take pity on me, for I am not mad, but lost!"

Then she told her piteous story, in a vague, disjointed way:
And with cold, white lips she murmured, "Take me home to Robert Grey!"
"But the river?" said they, pondering. "We are on the eastern side;
How crossed you its rapid waters? Deep the channel is, and wide."

But she said she had not crossed it. In her strange, erratic course,
She had wandered far to northward, till she reached its fountain source
In the dark Canadian forests,—and then, blindly roaming on,
Down the wild New Hampshire valleys her bewildered feet had gone.

O the joy-bells! sweet their ringing on the frosty autumn-air!
O the boats across the waters! how they leaped the tale to bear!
O the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October day
When that weary wife was folded to the heart of Robert Grey?

Humors of Morning Calls.

An amusing story is told in illustration of the zeal with which some ladies go through this so-called penance of morning calls, which apparently fills in their lives a place second only to the pleasure of shopping. Lady B. was living in a part of Scotland where country houses lie scattered at a considerable distance from one another, and the round of visits she had marked out for herself would clearly occupy a whole day. To this plan her daughters objected, alleging that fasting for so many hours always made them ill. "Ah," replied Lady B., "I have guarded against that difficulty by arranging to reach Castle T. at two o'clock. The T.'s will then be at luncheon and will certainly invite us to partake of some."

Lady B. had her way; she and her daughters started, called on two or three "friends," with whom they exchanged the usual conventional commonplaces, and arrived at Castle T. exactly at the calculated hour. Mrs. T. was delighted to see them, and entered on an animated conversation, but spoke no word of luncheon. The visitors felt the pangs of hunger so acutely that they could scarcely bear their part in the lively talk, and eagerly awaited the expected invitation. Half-past two came—a quarter to three. Lady B. could no longer prolong her stay, and took leave of her hostess. But in doing so she betrayed, to Mrs. T.'s astonishment and the intense delight of her daughters, the subject of her secret thoughts. "Good-by," she said, "dear Mrs. Luncheon!" After a moment's wonder Mrs. T. took the hint, and invited her guests to take some refreshments. As she was really a very hospitable woman, she could not be refused, and explained that, for the convenience of some members of her family, the luncheon hour had been changed to one. Lady B., on her part, made a full confession, and the whole party then set down to an extemporized collation, which proved one of the most successful repasts ever served.

Another story, of a different kind, may be acceptable to the reader. A worthy but somewhat punctilious gentleman, no longer in his robust youth, was persuaded by his wife to call upon some old friends of hers who had just come to settle in London, but with whom he was unacquainted. He at last gave his consent, after inquiring particularly where they lived, and whether his wife was certain as to the street and the number of the house.

"O, yes," said Mrs. D.; "I was there only last week. It is No. —, in — Street, Cavendish Square. I know the house perfectly well."

It was the flush and maturity of summer, and, the weather being hotter than we have any idea of in these degenerate days, Mr. and Mrs. D. resolved to start early and visit their friends before luncheon. When they entered the street Mrs. D. felt a moment's hesitation, but it vanished on her recollecting that on her previous visit she had not crossed the park, and had struck the street at the other end. She was very careful to say nothing to her husband, and, moreover, she felt assured that she remembered the exterior of the house too well to fall into any blunder.

"That is it, I suppose. Mr. —, did you not say?" growled her husband, irritated at his hot walk, and resenting his foolish consent to undergo the affliction of a morning call.

"O, yes, certainly."

Mrs. D. spoke with assurance; did she not remember the flowers in the windows and the creepers in the balcony?

When the door opened she felt some misgivings. The servant, the hall, the staircase, seemed to have undergone a change; but she was reassured when, on asking if Mrs. X. were at home, a reply was readily given in the affirmative. On being shown into the reception-room her doubts returned, for the apartment was different in every respect to the one in which Mrs. X. had greeted her a few days before, and two gentlemen were there whom she did not know. Presently the servant came to say that Mrs. X. was dressing, but would be down in a few minutes. There was nothing to be done but wait, and no virtue to be cultivated but patience. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and a lady with flowers in her hair and wearing a low evening-dress entered hastily. Mr. D. looked up astonished; but his gaze grew more bewildered when he saw his wife and her friend stop short in their swift advance to perform the usual feminine salutation.

Mrs. D. did not know—had never before seen—this Mrs. X.

Mrs. X. did not know—had never before heard of—this Mrs. D.

At last there came some hastily-murmured apologies and an explanation. Mrs. X. had been expecting an early visit from Mr. M., the great artist, to take her portrait, and had dressed accordingly. Another family of the same name as her own had recently bought a house a few doors lower down, and the circumstance had already caused some awkward mistakes. This family, of course, were Mrs. D.'s friends, and she had blundered about the house; not an unforgivable blunder in London, where one house reflects another, and the demon of uniformity reigns in street after street. To the comedy of errors, however, a pleasant conclusion was furnished by Mrs. X.'s earnest request that the visitors would stay to luncheon, and in this way began an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into a warm friendship.

Keep Ahead.

One of the great secrets of success in life is to keep ahead in all ways possible. If you once fall behind, it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of the earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits property, and goes on year by year spending a little more than his income, will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine-tenths of all the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other people's money until their own funds begin to fall off, and their expenditures exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in the midst of perils. It cannot but impair a man's self-respect to know that he is living at the expense of others. It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work. This may not be possible in all cases; as, for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operatives in a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can choose their time for the work which they are called to do, and amongst them there are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to its performance hurried, perplexed, anxious, confused—in such a state of mind as certainly unfits them for doing their best work. Get ahead and keep ahead, and your success is tolerably sure.—*Anon.*

A Sailor's Wife.

There have been heroines as well as heroes on the sea, and of these Mrs. Annie Wilson is certainly one. When she was fourteen years of age she married the captain of a vessel sailing from Boston, and for seven years accompanied him on voyages around the world, without accident.

But in 1872 the ship encountered a terrible storm off the banks of Newfoundland. The captain was knocked down and his shoulder was broken by the fall of one of the masts. The first mate and several of the crew were also disabled, and the second mate was so frightened that he could not give any orders. The captain was carried down, lashed on a door, into the cabin; and when his wife saw him rendered helpless in this way, instead of yielding to useless lamentations, she only thought of what she could do to supply his place. She rushed on deck and called the men around her.

"Boys, our lives are in danger," she said; "but stick to me, and do what I tell you. I'll take you into port all right."

She set them to work to clear away the wreck; they manned the pumps; and when the gale had subsided a little, they rigged up a jury-mast, under the new captain's orders, set sail again, and in twenty-one days the ship was safely anchored at St. Thomas.

After the necessary repairs had been made there, and as her husband was still quite helpless, the brave woman worked the ship to Liverpool, and made the voyage in thirty days. After this she settled down in New York, and for seven years has supported her crippled husband and her child by working as a clerk in a dry-goods store in this city.

A few months ago her husband died, and Secretary Sherman has appointed her to the post of inspectress in the New York Custom-house.—*Harper's Young People.*

"'BACCA MONEY."

In England, "lockouts" are much more common than in this, and it not infrequently happens that great suffering is experienced by the employes of large manufacturing establishments, and their families, while thus thrown out of employment. A visitor among the poor laborers, during one of these times of suffering, was particularly struck by the robust and vigorous appearance of a little one who was surrounded by children with pinched features and many evidences of deficient food and care. He tells the following:

"The wife of a laborer, while looking on at a game of 'hop-scotch,' in which her husband was engaged with other idlers, was describing their way of living. While she was speaking, there came toddling in at the door a splendid specimen of Suffolk infantine humanity, aged about four years, and with limbs like a baby giantess.

"There, sir," remarked the old lady, 'she do n't look much the worse for the lock-out, does she?'

"I replied that she did not, but rather as though a fair amount of the fat of the land fell to her share. 'What do you feed her on?' I asked.

"'Bacca, sir,' replied the old lady with a grin.

"'Tobacco!'

"Well that's what they say about here. You see, sir, it's this way. She's my gran' young un, and her poor mother has seven of 'em, and the father is locked like the rest; and so a month ago my old man—him as you see making such a donkey of himself a minute ago—he says, says he,—

"Old woman, dashed if I can enjoy my pipe,—which costs ten and half pence a week—half an ounce of three-penny a day,—a cruel hard smoker he's allers been—'I can't enjoy my pipe,' says the old man, 'and see our Joe's young uns wanting a meal; so I'll make over my 'bacca money to help 'em, and put my pipe out till things mend a bit.'

"And this is the young un that gets the benefit of it in milk night and morning!'

How many thousands of little ones and large ones too would be better fed, better clothed and warmer housed, if all the money squandered for alcohol and tobacco was employed for useful purposes! The money thus spent annually would be amply sufficient, if equally distributed, to provide every man, woman, and child in every civilized country with the necessities of life.

"THE TWO FLAGS."

The Rev. Dr. Peck in illustrating the pledged interference of Divine energy on behalf of His people, related the following incident with telling effect: If any of you, he said, will go down to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, you may see the man who gave me the facts I am about to relate. He was an American sailor, and had sailed to a port in Chili. On going ashore to enjoy his day of liberty, he became, not to say intoxicated, but a little hilarious. One of the police officers, instead of coming up as your police or our police would, and remonstrating with him and telling him not to make a noise in the street, this petty tyrant drew his sword and striking him a blow knocked him down. Mr. Haskings, as an American sailor ought to have done under the circumstances, got up and knocked him down in return. He was arrested and tried in a language of which he could not understand a word, with scarcely any defence to speak of. He was convicted and condemned to be shot at eight o'clock on the morning after the following day. Mr. Loring was the American consul there, and he went to the authorities and expostulated with them that it would be monstrous to shoot the man. But these petty tyrants paid no attention to his expostulations. On the following morning, the day before the execution, he went again and made a formal protest in the name of the American Government against the execution. But the petty tyrants would not respect even this. The next morning came, and to use Mr. Haskings' words, "I was brought out to the field pinioned and bound to a post. They slipped a black cloth over my face, and I heard them order the soldiers to get ready." It was the custom for the various consular officers to send up their flags at 8 o'clock in the morning. The office of the English consul was right opposite that of the American consul, and just as the former was preparing to hoist the Union Jack, he looked out and saw a large crowd assembled on the field where the execution was to take place. Rushing

over to the office of the American consul he said, "Great God! Loring, you're not going to let them shoot that man?"

"What can I do!" replied the American consul. "I have protested against it; I can do no more."

Quick as thought the English consul shouted, "Give me your flag!" and in a trice the Stars and Stripes was handed to England's representative, and taking his own flag in his hand, he hastened across the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and the soldiery, and, running up to the doomed man, he folded the American flag around him, and then laid the Union Jack over it. Standing aside a few yards he faced the tyrants, and shouted defiantly, "Now shoot, if you dare, through the heart of England and America;" "and they dare n't," exclaimed the preacher, while the immense crowd in the gallery, forgetting the place and occasion, burst into applause. He continued: "Mr. Haskings said to me, with tears streaming down his cheeks, 'They loosed me then, and oh, how I longed to embrace those two flags.'"

Strangely Fulfilled.

BY PROF. R. A. PROCTOR.

On the night of May 11, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrier House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, woke his wife, and in great agitation told her of a strange dream he had just had. He dreamed he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor. His wife told him not to trouble himself about the dream, but to go to sleep again. He followed her advice, but presently woke her again, saying he had dreamed the same dream.

Yet a third time was the dream repeated, after which he was so disturbed that, despite his wife's entreaties that he would trouble himself no more about the House of Commons, but try to sleep quietly, he got up and dressed himself. This was between one and two o'clock in the morning. At breakfast Mr. Williams could talk of nothing but the dream, and early the same morning he went to Falmouth, where he told the dream to all of his acquaintances whom he met. Next day Mr. Tucker, of Tremanton Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrier House on a visit.

Mr. Williams told Mr. Tucker the circumstances of his dream. Mr. Tucker remarked that it could only be in a dream that the Chancellor would be found in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. Tucker asked what sort of a man the Chancellor seemed to be, and Mr. Williams minutely described the man who was murdered in his dream. Mr. Tucker replied, "Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

He asked if Mr. Williams had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and Mr. Williams replied that he had never seen him or had any communication of any sort with him; and, further, that he had never been in the House of Commons in his life.

At this moment they heard the sound of a horse galloping to the door of the house; immediately after a son of Mr. Williams entered the room, and said that he galloped from Truro, having seen a gentleman there who had been in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval. After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most minutely the appearance and dress of the man whom he had seen in his dream fire the pistol at the Chancellor, as also the appearance and dress of the Chancellor.

About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went in company with a friend to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps of the entrance to the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my own house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and also that which Mr. Perceval reached when he was struck by the ball, where he fell. The dress, both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham, agreed with the description given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particulars.

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Sunshine.

From an acorn weighing a few grains a tree will grow for a hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing several tons. If an orange twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be very nearly the same amount of earth. From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air, and from the water, and a very little from the earth; and, notably, all vegetation becomes sickly unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contain three important elements, equally essential to both vegetable and animal life—magnesia is important to any of the tissues. Thus it is that the more persons are out of doors, the more vigorous they are, and the longer will they live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter and in the early forenoon in summer.—*Hall's Medical Adviser.*

Take Care of the Body.

The following, from Dr. Elam's "Physicians' Problems," is both forcible and sensible: Fear not to do the work for which your gifts qualify you; but do it as one who must give an account of both soul and body. Work, and work hard, whilst it is day; the night cometh soon enough—do not hasten it. Use your facilities, use them to the utmost, but do not abuse them—make not the mortal do the work of the immortal. The body has its claims; it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work; it knows its own business; do not attempt to teach or to force it; attend to its wants and requirements; listen quietly and patiently to its hints; occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be repaid with interest. But task it, and pine it, and suffocate it; make it a slave instead of a servant; it may not complain much, but, like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die.

Exercise in Relation to Health.

Careful experiments made show that during active exercise more than twice the quantity of oxygen is consumed, and that a larger amount of carbon is exhaled, thus purifying the blood and giving new strength and beauty. Hence those who exercise have rosy cheeks and clear complexions.

In early life children often suffer from being confined too much in-doors especially in the city. The mother is afraid that the child will get lost or will associate with bad companions, or meet with some accident, and so it is kept in the house, and even there is allowed but little exercise for fear of injuring the costly carpets or furniture. The child is told to "keep still" and "be good," and thus disobey a law of nature at the very period when it is important they should exercise to fit them for a life of usefulness. Girls are kept in the house more than boys, and thus are less robust than their brothers, and acquire habits of ease incompatible with the duties of life.

Little children should not be encouraged to walk too early, as the weight of their bodies is too much for their limbs and will make them bowlegged.

For invalids and aged people the best time for exercise is before meal times, that digestion may not be retarded, and the appetite will be improved.

At some of the schools and colleges there are games and exercises that are injurious rather than conducive to health. Says Dr. Richardson: "It is no object of mine to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a great trainer, himself a great rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained, both for running and rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscle they attained; the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern facts of the results. The symptoms of failure of the heart from overwork, are unusual restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food."

I can only add that too rapid a circulation of the blood, whether caused by too violent exercise or the use of stimulants, is injurious, as the heart and whole circulating system becomes overworked.

ACID BURNS CURED BY MAGNESIA.—Last year two French students were much burned about the face by the explosion of a retort filled with boiling sulphuric acid. They were at once taken to a druggist, M. Alanore, who covered their faces 2mm. thick with a soft paste made of calcined magnesia and water. In a few seconds, fissures appeared in the magnesian mask, and a new layer was then substituted. The patients were thus tended for five hours, after which the one hurt the least was able to wash his face, which merely showed some reddish spots. The other had his magnesian mask renewed during twenty fours. Suffering acutely at first, the students ceased to suffer in less than a quarter of an hour. Their faces have now no traces of burns.

The following is said to be an excellent remedy in small-pox, and also in scarlet fever:—Take sulphate of zinc, one grain; digitalis one grain; half a teaspoon of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour, and either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age.

FOR A FELON.—Take common rock salt, as used for salting down pork or beef, dry in an oven, then pound it fine and mix it with spirits of turpentine in equal parts; put it in a rag and wrap it around the part affected; as it gets dry put on more, and in twenty-four hours you are cured. The felon will be dead. So says the writer.

In the lungs are 174,000,000 holes, or cells, and the lungs if spread out would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

WAFFLES.—One quart of milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, and flour enough to make rather a stiff batter. Bake in waffle irons.

CRACKERS that are not fresh can be made to appear so by putting them into a hot oven for a short time. Watch them carefully, as a minute too long will serve to brown and spoil them.

APPLE PUDDING.—A loaf of stale bread, steamed twenty minutes before dinner, sliced, spread with stewed apple, and a little butter, strewn with sugar, and browned lightly in a quick oven, makes as good a pudding as any one would like, with either hard or liquid sauce.

ESTELLE PUDDING.—Three eggs, two and one-half tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three-fourths of a cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of raisins, one tablespoonful of baking-powder, and flour to make the consistency of cake; steam thirty-five minutes. Eat with a liquid sauce.

BRAZILIAN TEA DISH.—Take some slices of bread, about half an inch thick, cut off all crust, steep the bread in a little milk; when soaked through cover each piece with beaten yolk of egg, fry with butter a light brown; then arrange the slices on a hot plate, and lay on each piece a tolerably thick covering of powdered sugar and cinnamon well mingled.

BATTERCAKES.—Mix with one quart of flour two teaspoonfuls baking-powder, a teaspoonful of salt, milk to make a batter; then add two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, and bake immediately. Use as little grease as possible on the batter-pan, and have it just hot enough. As much almost depends on the frying of the cakes as on the mixing of them. Battercakes may be raised by yeast or by sour milk as well as by baking-powder. The best buckwheat-cakes are raised with yeast, and a little molasses is added to the batter when it is mixed. Eggs should always be added just before baking. Boiled rice may be added to battercakes, or hominy, or bread crumbs soaked in milk.

BROTH FOR THE SICK.—Take a chicken weighing two pounds after it is dressed, break all the bones, cut in small pieces, and put in a porcelain-lined stewpan with a quart of cold water and two teaspoonfuls of salt; let it come very slowly to a boil; put aside on the stove closely covered, and let it simmer, say three hours, or till all the meat drops off the bones; then strain and skim. There should be a pint of soup when it is done, so if it boils down too much a little hot water should be added while it is cooking. If the patient is strong enough to bear it, a little rice, tapioca, or barley can be added an hour before serving; two teaspoonfuls of rice are sufficient.

A New Sort of Bread.

The *American Miller* calls attention to the fact that Prof. Scheur-Kestner has invented a new kind of bread, out of which soups can be made, for the use of troops on the march. It consists of 550 to 570 parts of flour, 50 parts of baker's yeast, and 300 parts of fresh beef chopped up very fine. To this mixture enough water is added to produce a dough of the ordinary consistency, which is then allowed to remain at the proper temperature for fermentation, like ordinary bread. It is allowed to ferment thus at a moderate temperature for about three hours—two or three hours, according to the size of the loaves. It is then put into an oven and baked like ordinary bread. The peculiar thing about this bread is, that it is based on the astonishing discovery made by the professor, that during the process of ordinary bread-making, a peculiar ferment is formed, which has the remarkable property of causing the complete digestion of fibrine and similar animal matters, such as meat, upon which it acts in a manner very similar to pepsin. This discovery led him to experiment upon making a flesh-flour bread, as above, which can be kept any length of time without undergoing decomposition.—*Good Health.*

FRITTERS.—Four eggs, one quart of milk, one quart of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a little salt. Cook in hot lard, and serve with syrup.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup white sugar, whites of two eggs, piece butter size of an egg, teaspoon cream tartar, half-teaspoon soda, half-cup sweet milk, 1 1-2 cups of sifted flour; flavor with lemon.

MRS. ANDREWS' GOLD CAKE.—1 1-2 cups sugar, small half-cup butter, half-cup sweet milk; yolks of three eggs and one whole one, well beaten; 2 1-2 cups of flour, 2 1-2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder; flavoring.

MRS. RUGGS' ECONOMY CAKE.—One and a half cups each of sugar and milk, piece of butter size of an egg, 3 cups flour, half teaspoon each of salt and soda, teaspoon cream tartar, and nutmeg to the taste. Beat thoroughly, and bake in a sheet. Nice warm for tea.

ADULTERATED SYRUP.—A *Prairie du Chien* man furnishes the following method to detect syrup that is adulterated with glucose: Pour a little on a piece of white paper; fold two edges of the paper toward each other over the syrup. If there is any glucose in it the surface will wrinkle; if the syrup is pure the surface will remain smooth. This is a perfect test, he says.

RICE BLANC MANGE.—A quarter of a pound of ground rice, two ounces of loaf sugar, one ounce of butter, one quart of milk, flavoring of lemon-peel; mix the rice to a smooth batter with a little milk, and put the remainder into a saucepan with the butter, sugar, and lemon-peel; bring the milk to a boiling point, stir in the rice, let it boil for ten minutes, or till it comes away from the saucepan; grease a mould with salad oil, pour in the rice, let it get perfectly cold, and turn out.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF.—This is a natural secretion, but becomes a cutaneous complaint by neglect. Take an ounce of powdered borax, a piece of unslacked lime the size of a chestnut, and a tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia; put them in a quart bottle and fill it up with boiled or pump water. After twelve hours apply this wash to the scalp. Ladies can apply it with a sponge. Rinse with tepid water. After a few applications the scales will disappear, the hair becomes soft and brilliant, and the young hair will be seen to start out. Dandruff should be cured gradually, so as not to produce sick headache or dizziness by its sudden suppression.

CORRESPONDENT'S COLUMN.

We will be glad to afford to our lady friends a medium of communication with each other through the columns of the *FAMILY CIRCLE*, and doubt not if taken advantage of it will result in benefit to those who avail themselves of it, by fostering habits of more acute observation, and by cultivating a feeling of sympathy with each other in their efforts to render home more attractive and pleasant, and to lighten the duties of the household. The ladies of the United States avail themselves freely of this medium of communication in some of the American papers, no doubt enhancing their mutual pleasure and profit.

Ladies who have either questions to propose, or answers to give to questions appearing in previous numbers, are invited to express themselves through the medium of our paper.

MR. LATIMER:

SIR,—Believing that the Lady readers of the "CIRCLE" could render one another very much assistance by having a Correspondents' Column in your valuable journal, I send a couple of questions, hoping they may be a small beginning from which much good may result, if you deem it wise to publish them.

Will some reader of the "CIRCLE" please send a *tried* recipe for frosting glass. Also I would like to know if plates that have become brown and cracked looking, from overheating, can be restored to their original appearance.

KATE.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Och, Katie's a rogue, it's true,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
She dazed, and she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side,
The darlint she sat,
Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
I'd let go uv the baste, an' I'd throw
Both arms round your waist,
An' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Then she blushed a more illigant red,
As she said, widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down,
'Neath her lashes so brown;
"Would you like me to drive, Mister Ted?"

"Clothed in a little brief authority"—A young lawyer with his first case.

The Herald notes that the neatest thing in Easter bonnets is a pretty face.

Force is that which sets a body in motion, as, for instance the police force which makes a body move on.

When Tommy puts a piece of Johnny-cake in his pocket, for lunch he calls it an Indian reservation.

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill, which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined."

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be six hundred or one thousand years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried once, and the race got so bad the world had to be drowned."

I cannot beat my girl at whist,
Whate'er the hand she plays;
A hundred games I've tried, and missed—
She has such winning ways.

It is very mean to ask a man whose wife is a shrew, if it is hot enough for him, or if it's scold enough for him.—*Puck*.

It is said that St. Louis has the politest lawyer in the country. A long and terrific roll of thunder having stopped him in the midst of an address to the jury, on resuming, he bowed, and courteously said, "Gentlemem, please excuse this interruption."

"S-a-a-y, father, I learned something new at school to-day." "What was it?" "I learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.'" "Did you?" "Y-a-a-s."

An Irish porter, closing a shop one rainy evening, took off his coat while putting up the shutters. When asked why he went out in his shirt-sleeves in the rain, "Shure," said he, "don't I want a dry coat to go home in?"

At Castine, Me., lately, a fox, chased by hounds, had the cunning to take to thin ice, which bore him safely, but let the dogs through. The most valuable hound was drowned.

A woman, returning from market, got into a South Hill street car the other day with a basketful of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said, "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "Fowl." And everybody cackled.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Recently, the Rev. Mr. Willis offered the Lord's Prayer in the Nevada Senate. When he had finished, Doolin leaned over to Hammond, and remarked, "He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard the same ideas expressed at Eureka at a funeral over two years ago."—*Carson City Appeal*.

A CLERGYMAN, the other Sunday, desired to call the attention of his congregation to the fact that it being the last Sunday in the month he would administer the rite of baptism to children. Previous to his having entered the pulpit he had received from one of his elders, who, by the way, was quite deaf, a notice to the effect that as the children would be present that afternoon, and he had the new Sunday-school books ready for distribution, he would have them there to sell to all who desired them. After the sermon the clergyman began the notice of the baptismal service, thus: "All of those having children and desiring to have them baptised will bring them this afternoon." At this point the deaf elder, hearing the mention of children, supposed it was something in reference to his books, and, rising, said: "And all of those having none and desiring them, will be supplied by me for the sum of twenty-five cents!"

IRISH SMARTNESS.—The respect which the Irish have for their priests does not prevent them from enjoying a joke at their expense. I remember, says a correspondent, hearing of an instance of a poor girl going to a priest to ask him to unite her to the boy of her choice. The holy man demanded two sovereigns for the accommodation. The girl pleaded hard that she had not so much money; but he was inexorable; two sovereigns he must have.

She was leaving the house in the greatest despondency, when her eye lighted on the priest's cloak, hanging on a peg in the hall. A bright thought occurred to her quick Irish mind; she took it down, and vanished. Half an hour later she returned with the money, accompanied by her beloved Pat. The priest was now all smiles, performed the service with great good-will, and bestowed on the happy couple, a hearty blessing; and, as they left the church, Kathleen dropped a curtsy, thanked him for his kindness, and presented him with the pawn-ticket, that he might recover his cloak.

As the family of a very orthodox divine were gravely discussing why the baby was so naughty, a boy of twelve who had just commenced to study the steam-engine as well as the catechism, asked, "Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, is there not a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than in any of the rest of us?"

Room for Guilford, Connecticut: A man in that town, who was too poor to indulge in any luxuries other than children, was presented by a loving but unreckoning wife with triplets—three boys—and he sought for some family to adopt them. Mr. Clark was rather inclined to take them, but his good wife thought one would perhaps be enough. They were talking it over before their little eight-year-old daughter, who said, "Why don't you take one of them, ma?—or don't they want to break the set?"—*Harper*.

A widow, whose husband, a mechanic, had been killed in a railway accident, obtains a judgment of \$5,000 damages against the railway company. The same court gives a verdict for \$10,000 to a man who had lost his leg in the same smash-up. The widow of the mechanic thereupon goes to the judge, and protests against the injustice of his decision. "Is a leg," she asks, "worth three times as much as a whole man?" And the judge responds: "The decision is perfectly equitable. A man who has lost a leg cannot replace it with another as good, even for \$15,000. But a widow with \$5,000 can easily get a new husband, and a much better one, probably, than the one she has lost."

A Scotch clergyman at Ayr, a few Sundays ago, prayed "O Lord, bless the Established church, and the Free church, and the United Presbyterian church, and all the other churches. Thou knowest the various nicknames, Lord, by which they are called; bless them all."

Spicy Anecdotes.

The Boston correspondent of the Hingham Journal is responsible for the following:

Among the innumerable anecdotes told of Father Taylor the sailor preacher, we do not remember seeing one in print wherein the eccentric minister appeared as a representative of the church militant. It was on the occasion of a camp-meeting some fifty years ago. Just after the meeting had commenced, rumors of war had reached the camp. A gang of dissolute fellows, headed by a notorious bully, had signified their intention of breaking up the camp-meeting, but the brethren had paid but little heed to these threats, and proceeded with their exercises.

One morning, just as the forenoon services were to commence, an excited and almost breathless brother rushed up to the preacher's stand with the news that the gang of roughs were on the march for the camp ground. Some confusion ensued, when up sprang Father Taylor, shouting, in stentorian tones, "Who will go with me and fight these Philistines?" The first man to respond was Rev. Lewis Bates, father of the well-known Rev. L. B. Bates. He was a man of large stature and herculean strength. Father Taylor was then in his prime, and very tough, wiry and muscular. Of fear he knew nothing. Several stalwart brethren at once volunteered, and in less than five minutes' time they were on the way to meet the foe.

When just on the outskirts of the grounds they encountered the band of ruffians, headed by their leader, a huge, wicked-looking fellow. "Now," said Brother Bates, "I will tackle that leader myself, and the rest of you make the best use you can of your fists and cudgels." The two giants approached and clinched. In an instant the bully was thrown to the ground with great violence, and the heavy foot of Brother Bates was placed upon his throat. In the meantime Father Taylor and his aids made such a vigorous assault upon the rest of the gang that they fled for dear life. Brother Bates now addressed the prostrate bully, who was writhing and choking under the heavy pressure. "Beg for mercy, you scoundrel!" and he did beg, and solemnly promised never to disturb another camp-meeting, upon which he was released. The brethren having done their whole duty, returned, like "Uncle Josh Whitcomb," to their prayers and meditations.

In the Legislature of Ohio, some years ago, there was a warm dispute whether a certain proposed railroad should commence at a given point *down* or at a certain other *up* the river. "Who ever heard," said a down-the-river advocate, "of beginning *any thing at the top*? Who ever heard of building a chimney from the top downward? Who ever saw a house begun at the top?"

Up jumped a Dutch member from an up-the-river county. "Meester Brezident, de jentlemans say dat dees beeznes ees all von hoomboog, peacause vee vants to peegen our railroat mit de top ov de Shtate, und he makes some seely combarisons apout de houze und de schimney. I veel also ask de jentlemans von questions. Een hecs bart ov de Shtate, ven dey pegins to built von vell, do dey pegins mit de bottom ov de vell, or do dey pegins mit de top ov de vell? Veel de jentlemans bleese answer me dat leetle von question?"

The laughter which explosively followed this Teutonic retort showed who, in the opinion of the legislators, had the better of the argument.—*Harper.*

Curious comments by a judge, even in the presence of the prisoner, though extremely rare, are not unprecedented. Mr. Justice Maule once addressed a phenomenon of innocence in a smock-frock in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But the jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you guilty; and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and, as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business." The unfortunate rustic, rather scared, went about his business, but thought that law was an uncommonly puzzling thing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

There is a foe that watches
Your comfort to destroy,
Assuming shapes of evil
To interrupt your joy;
To keep him at a distance
Should be your purpose true,
So "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

Each day he may remind you
Of sorrow that's in store;
Each day with hints and shadows
Perplex you more and more;
But go not forth to meet him
As many people do
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

'Tis time enough to worry
When misery appears;
'Tis time enough for weeping
When there's excuse for tears;
So ever at the fountain
Of prayer your faith renew,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

For they who borrow trouble
Are never out of debt,
O'er every fancied evil
They worry, fume, and fret;
And if you would be happy
Another course pursue,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

Anticipating pleasure
May give relief from pain;
Anticipating sorrow
Is never any gain;
And if you would be cheerful
In mind and body, too,
Then "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you?"

CHURN SLOWLY.

A little maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh, how I wish this butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down,
Till the farmer called, with a half-made frown,
"Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the dasher so fast, my dear,
It's not so good for the butter,
And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter—
For this is the rule, wherever you turn—
Don't be in haste whenever you churn—
"Churn slowly!"

"If you'd see your butter come nice and sweet
Don't churn with a nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat—
You'll hardly know you're working;
And when the butter has come, you'll say,
'Yes, this is surely the very best way'—
"Churn slowly!"

Now, little folks do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;

Never Opened the Book.

The folly and fraud of rich young men, whom their parents or guardians suppose are studying very hard in Paris, are shown up rather forcibly in this grim little story of exposure and rebuke:

One November an old merchant, on sending his nephew to study law in Paris, presented him with an old copy of the Code, with the remark:

"I will come to see you in March, and if you have been diligent I will make you a handsome present."

At the time appointed the old gentleman was on hand.

"Well, my boy," said he, "have you worked hard?"

"O yes," answered the young man confidently.

"In that case you have already got your reward."

"I don't know what you mean, uncle."

"Hand me the Code, my boy." He opens the volume, and between the first two leaves finds a five-hundred-franc note, which he had intended for his nephew, but which he forthwith put into his own pocket.

BETTER THAN A PROMISE.

One who gives his heart must give it absolutely. There can be no conditions. No parent or friend will accept a promise of love from one who owes that love now. Much less will God. The following story of a young Massachusetts volunteer is well suited to impress this lesson:

In the early days of the civil war the youth was eager to enlist with others in the patriot service, and asked his father's consent.

The good man loved his country, but there was one thought that pained him more than any other in making this parental sacrifice. His son was not a Christian.

He told him his misgiving, and reminded him that however strongly his country claimed him his first debt of duty was to his God.

"If I could know that you were a soldier of Christ," he said, "I could give you up without a complaint."

"There is no time to think of that now," pleaded the son. "The public need is a pressing one. Let me go to the war, and I promise to become a Christian as soon as I get home."

The struggle in the father's heart was severe; but the wisdom he prayed for in that hour of trial was given him.

"I shall consent," he said finally, "but it is not your promise that influences me, my son. I know better than you how little likely you are to keep it. But withholding my permission would seem like *making terms with God*. You may go."

The young man reported himself in camp and began his preparatory drill. But the thought of the solicitude and the noble faith of his father was present with him continually. The power of a holier claim than even that of his country forced itself upon him more and more. He saw the monstrous folly of delaying his greater duty, and pledged a future surrender of his heart.

"My father did not accept my promise," he said to himself, "neither will God."

The crisis came—and the young soldier's first battle was fought in his own breast. It ended in a victory, and the victory was the Lord's. Come life or death now, the youthful volunteer was ready to face the war—with a love of country made doubly noble by the love of God that thrilled his soul.

And no gladder message, penned by soldier in the army tent, ever softened the aching anxiety of parents than the letter of Albert Johnson from Camp L., telling his father and mother that their young patriot was a disciple of Christ.

"Happy Thought" advises mothers as follows:—The first thing to be well understood, and to make all a success is implicit obedience. To do this begin with yourselves and see that you obey the teachings, laws of nature and our Heavenly Father, for be assured if you cannot control yourselves, your power for good is gone. Be at once kind and gentle, and at all times alike, that is, do not allow your child to do to-day what he will be punished for to-morrow, without some good reason for it.

And while you staid at life's great churn,
Let the farmer's words to you return,
"Churn slowly!"

What a Boy Did.

A duke walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on Mathematics lying on the grass, and thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me," said the gardner's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke; "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad; "one does not need to know anything more than the *twenty-four letters* in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house; I noticed the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations. What was the meaning and use of that? I asked; and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books and learned geometry. Then I found there were better books about these sciences in Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the *twenty-four letters of the alphabet*."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are contented to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, with not pluck nor perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardner's son found it afterwards in the Duke of Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his studies, and became a distinguished mathematician.

Stone's Mathematical Dictionary—for Stone was the young gardner's name—was a celebrated book published in London some years ago.—*Maynard Journal*.

Save the Feathers.

The accumulation of feathers alone about a farm yard would in the course of a year or two, if carefully saved, add a comfortable amount to our pocket money. I noticed, a few months since, an extract taken from an American paper, stating that:

"An artificial down is made from the feathers, of no matter what kind, by cutting the barb of the feathers from each side of the quill, and putting the barbs in a stout cloth sack, and rubbing them between the hands as a washerwoman does linen. Five minutes' rubbing will have mixed the mass to a felt-like substance, rendering it homogeneous. This is *edredon artificial*, and sells in Paris for something over \$8 in gold a pound, and the price is constantly increasing. But there is something more wonderful still. A process has been invented for making cloth out of feathers. To make a square metre of cloth (a metre is three inches more than a yard,) cloth vastly lighter and warmer than wool, from 700 to 750 grammes (a gramme is equal to 16.9 grains avoirdupois) of this artificial down is required. But this feather cloth (*drap de plume*) takes color rapidly, and is almost unwearoutable, because instead of breaking and cutting in the place most exposed to wear, it mats itself more and more into a felt-like substance."

If the feather trade has already grown to be such a source of income to the French, I should think that America would soon utilize them too, and that we would find a sale for feathers, prepared in the way described, in the city of New York. But if there is no sale for them prepared thus, we know that feathers also command a good price, and it is a shame to neglect anything that would prove a source of profit.—*H. in the Country Gentleman*.

PINS.

A correspondent of the *New York Post* thus describes pin-making:—

"The pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine, about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling, that drives all the machineries, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire, that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

"This wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it in and bites it off by inches, incessantly, one hundred and forty bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite, a little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps, and 'upsets' it to a head, while it grips it in a counter-sunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue, it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under its nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hop, these pins roll in their places, as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs; are made to play 'like lightning.' Thus the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box."

"Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make five hundred and sixty pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

"Another automaton assort's half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines. Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pin by the head, in an inclined platform, through as many 'slots' as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space, spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances. Thus you have its genesis.

The Cold River.

An Alpine hunter on Mount Blanc, passing the *Mer de Glace*, lost his hold and slipped into one of those frightful crevasses by which the sea of ice is cleft to its foundations. By catching in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projections of ice, he broke his fall, so that he reached the bottom alive, but only to face death in a more terrible form. On either hand the icy walls rose, above which he saw only a strip of blue sky. At his feet trickled a little brook, formed from the slowly melting glacier. There was but one possible chance of escape—to follow this rivulet which might lead to some passage. In silence and fear he picked his way, down, down, till his further advance was stopped by a cliff that rose up before him, while the stream rolled darkly below. He heard the roaring of the waters which seemed to wait for him. What should he do? Death was beside him and behind him. There was no time for delay. He paused but an instant, and plunged into the stream. One moment of breathless suspense—a sense of darkness and coldness, and yet of swift motion, as if he were gliding through the shades below—and then a light began to glimmer faintly in the waters, and the next instant he was amid the green fields and the flowers and the summer sunshine of the vale of Chamouni.

So it is when believers die. They come to the bank of the river, and it is cold and dark. Nature shrinks from the fatal plunge. Yet one chilling moment, and all fear is left behind, and the Christian is amid the fields of the paradise of God.—*The Bethel Flag*.

Taking Things Easy.

There is no small art in taking things easy, says *Harper's Bazar*, so long as we can suffer annoyances in this breathing world, saying as little as possible about them, and making no parade of our martyrdom. If making a fuss and rendering everyone else about us uncomfortable in any way abated the ills that flesh and spirit are heir to, there would be some slight excuse for the folly and selfishness! but since we cannot escape tribulations of one kind or another, fretting only aggravates them. Either let us be silent and endure, or take arms against our woes, and by contending end them. In general he who makes no ado is supposed to have no troubles of his own, or an organization so inferior that it is not jarred out of tune by the rough usage of fortune; to make the very worst of every trouble, big or little, from the fracture of a teacup to that of a skull, is considered by many a proof of great sensibility and depth of character, while he who pursues the other course, who endures reverses, slights, injuries, pin-pricks of annoyance, agues of anxiety, physical and mental neuralgias, without reporting them to every passer, and howling his grievances into the ears of every listener, is often spoken of as of fibre too coarse to feel acutely and suffer keenly. "It is his temperament," we are told. "He takes nothing to heart." Some one, however, wittily advises us, "Never tell your misfortunes; nobody likes to have unfortunate friends;" but in spite of the warning many seem to think that disaster itself is a recommendation to favor; that they deserve a bonus for serving as a target for fortune's arrows; and they are not seldom actually jealous lest some other should be deemed their superior in suffering. In the meantime everyone has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things easy. It is comfortable to be able to agonize over one's own trials, to a mind at leisure from itself." The person who can go without her dinner and her spring suit and not advertise the fact; who can lose her purse and keep her temper; who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without any one being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger into a stick of timber, nor the mote in her neighbor's eye into a beam; who swallows her bitters without leaving the taste in other people's mouths, who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost; who can have a thorn in the flesh and not prick all over her friends with it—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of all mankind.

An Intelligent Crane.

An exchange tells a remarkable story of the patience and intelligence of a crane. We have often seen these birds in confinement, says *Forest and Stream*, and can testify that they are expert mousers, but we must confess that the statement that the bird connected the trap and the mouse staggers us a little. Listen to the tale:

A large and handsome whooping stork can be seen daily strutting around the yard at the residence of Prof. Paige, in Council Bluffs, Ia. The bird was purchased by the professor during a visit to Mexico, some months since, and has become quite tame. Among other food that the stork relishes is a good fat mouse. Mrs. Paige has a small wire trap in the house, and whenever a mouse happens to wander therein, he becomes a sweet morsel for his storkship.

The other day Mrs. Paige noticed the bird standing near the barn, watching intently at a small hole leading beneath the building. The stork remained in an attitude of watchfulness for nearly half an hour, and Mrs. Paige, becoming curious, concluded to watch and see what followed. Finally, she saw a mouse creep into sight from under the barn, and the same instant the intelligent stork pounced down upon the mouse, and "took him in," killing it first, then eating it. After performing this intelligent feat, the stork resumed his vigilance at the mousehole, and after watching sharply for over an hour, he seemed to grow weary of his work, or get out of patience, and marching to the house, entered the kitchen, and picking up the mouse-trap, from which he had so often been fed, he returned to the barn and set the trap down near the hole, evidently appreciating the use of the trap, and believing that it would catch a mouse for him.

Jeanette and Jo.

Two girls I know—Jeanette and Jo—
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace
Are theirs for joy or sorrow;
Jeanette takes brightly every day,
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn,
I saw them stand together;
The whole day's sport, 'twas very plain,
Depended on the weather.

"'Twill storm!" cried Jo. Jeanette spoke low:
"Yes; but 'twill soon be over;"
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came, beating down the clover.

"I told you so!" cried angry Jo;
"It always is a raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeanette, quite hopeful yet—
I tell it to her honor—
Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her.

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,
Across a sea of glory;
Jeanette and Jo ran laughing in—
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine; come storm, come shine,
The hopeful are the gladdest;
And doubt and dread, dear girl, believe,
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light let youth be bright;
Take in the summer tender;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
Be full of sunset splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeanette,
To shun all weak complaining;
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon,
"It always is a raining!"

BEATING A CONDUCTOR.

A passenger going west of Detroit by rail the other day had a pass to Chicago. When the conductor took it up he asked several questions to satisfy himself that the pass had not been transferred, and the holder of the pasteboard didn't take it as good-naturedly as some men would. He didn't have much to say, but he was determined on revenge. As soon as the conductor left the car the man changed seats, removed his linen duster, took off his hat, and looked like a different person altogether. After the train left the next station the conductor came along with an eye out for new passengers, and presently reached out for the holder of the pass.

"I haven't got any ticket," was the surly answer.

"Then you must pay your fare."

"I won't do it!"

"See here," said the conductor as he began to wake up "you must either pay your fare or produce a ticket. If not, I'll drop you on the road!"

"Drop and be hanged!"

The train was not stopped, but after a run of ten minutes, it reached a station and arrangements were made for bouncing the man. When all was complete he showed his pass.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a pass?" roared the conductor.

"Why didn't you ask me?" shouted the traveler.

"Well, I don't like such fooling."

"Nor I, either."

The train went on, and the man put on his duster, traded hats with a passenger, and again looked like some one else. He changed his seat to the front end of the car, and was seemingly sound asleep when the conductor again had occasion to pass through. He took two fares and then held out his hand to the traveler. There was no response. He shook the sleeper gently, but the latter slept on. Then he shook him good and stout and called "tickets" in his ear.

"How dare you shake me around in this manner!" shouted the man as he awoke and stood up.

"Ticket, please."

"But I don't please! How dare you come to me every time the train leaves a station?"

The conductor looked down the aisle, thought he saw the man with the pass in his old seat, and said to the other,

"Come, sir, don't bother me. I want your ticket!"

"You can't have it."

"Then I'll put you off!"

He reached for the bell-rope, but seeing a general grin all around the car he stopped and looked more closely at the man and recognized him as the one with the pass. He went out without a word, and when he returned, half an hour later, he expected another trap. He looked carefully over the car, and was going slowly along in search of new faces when a man with his coat off, and under the influence of liquor, called out:

"Shay, captain, I hain't got any ticket!"

"Ah! you can't beat me again—knew you as soon as I entered the car!" chuckled the official, and he walked on with a broad grin on his face.

It was not until he saw the shirt-sleeved man get off at the next station that he knew he had been mistaken again and had let him travel for nothing, while the man with the pass was in the smoking car.

A Good Dog Story.

A correspondent of *The Spectator* writes that this story of a dog's sagacity may be depended upon as true:—During the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, a friend of mine had occasion to go one day from that place to Greenock on business. Hearing, on his arrival, that the person he wished to see was out, but expected shortly to return home, he determined to take a stroll about the town, to which he was a stranger. In the course of his walk he turned into a baker's shop, and bought a bun. As he stood at the door of the shop eating his bun a large dog came up to him and begged for a share, which he got and seemed to enjoy, coming back for piece after piece. "Does the dog belong to you?" my friend asked of the shop-woman. "No," she answered; "but he spends most of his time here, and begs half-pennies from the people who pass." "Half-pennies! What good can they do him?" "O, he knows very well what to do with them; he comes into the shop and buys cakes!"

This seemed rather a remarkable instance of cleverness, even for the cleverest of animals; so, by way of testing its reality, my friend went out of the shop into the street, where he was immediately accosted by the dog, who begged for something with all the eloquence of which a dog is capable. He offered him a half-penny and was rather surprised to see him accept it readily, and walk with the air of a regular customer into the shop, where he put his fore paws on the counter and held out the half-penny towards the attendant. The young woman produced a bun, but that did not suit the dog, and he held his money fast. "Ah," said she, "I know what he wants," and took down from the shelf a plate of short-bread. This was right; the dog paid his half-penny, took his short-bread and ate it with decorous satisfaction. When he had quite finished he left the shop, and my friend, much amused followed him, and when he again begged, found another half-penny for him, and saw the whole process gone through a second time.

This dog clearly had learned by some means the use of money, and not merely that it would buy something to eat, but that it would buy several things, among which he could exercise a right of choice. What is, perhaps, most remarkable is that his proceedings were entirely independent and for his own benefit, not that of any teacher or master.—*Guardian*.

Bird-Law:—Curious Instances of its Administrations.

The Rev. Dr. J. Edmund Cox, in a letter written some short time since to an English newspaper, gave the particulars of a trial by rooks which he witnessed between fifty and sixty years ago. He was riding along a quiet road in the vicinity of Norwich, when he was startled by sounds of an extraordinary commotion among the inhabitants of an adjacent rookery. Securing his horse to a gate, he cautiously crawled, for a hundred feet or so, to a gap in the hedge of a grass field to investigate proceedings. A trial by jury was going on. The criminal rook "at first appeared very perky and jaunty, although encircled by about forty or fifty of an evidently indignant sable fraternity, and assailed by the incessantly vehement cawing of an outer ring, consisting of many hundreds, each and all showing even greater indignation than was manifested by the more select number. Some crime or other had evidently been committed against rook-law." Even the scouts, although hovering about in all directions, were so deeply absorbed in the judicial proceedings, that they failed to notice their uninvited spectator. After a short time, the manner of the accused was seen suddenly and completely to change; his head bowed, his wings drooped, and he cawed faintly, as if imploring mercy. It was useless; his sentence had been passed, and was irrevocable. The inner circle closed in upon him, and pecked him to pieces in a few moments, leaving nothing but a mangled carcass. Judgment executed, the whole assembly set up a tremendous screaming, and dispersed; some seeking the adjacent rookery, but the greater number flying away across the fields. Dr. Cox, upon picking up the remains of the hapless "criminal," was able to discern that it was a male bird. Whether the offender in this case had been convicted of theft, or of a crime of even deeper dye, it is of course impossible to say; but it is commonly known that rooks are addicted to pilfering, and that if the robbery is detected—as it almost always seems to be—the offender is punished. It has been noticed that young rooks will often pilfer twigs or other useful materials from the nests of their elders, with which to build their own domiciles quickly; and, although they are too cunning to be caught in the act, only committing their thefts when both the owners of the nest are absent, the robbery seems always to get known. When the crime has been discovered and proved, eight or ten rooks are apparently deputed to act on behalf of the whole community; they proceed to the convict's nest, and in a few moments scatter it to the winds.

Similar judicial proceedings are known to be proper to the raven; and an interesting account of a raven trial was communicated by a well-known Alpine tourist to the leading journal of Geneva, last summer. During an excursion in the Swiss mountains, he accidentally came upon a small, secluded glen, which was surrounded by trees; and not having done anything to reveal his presence, he became the unexpected witness of a singular spectacle. About sixty or seventy ravens were ranged in a ring round one of their fellows, evidently reputed a culprit, and, with much clatter of tongues and wings, were engaged in discussing his alleged delinquencies. At intervals they paused in their debate, in order to permit the accused to reply, which he did most vociferously and with intense energy; but all his expostulations were speedily drowned in a deafening chorus of dissent. Eventually the court appears to have arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the felon had utterly failed to exculpate himself; and they suddenly flew at him from all sides, and tore him to pieces with their powerful beaks. Having executed their sentence, they speedily disappeared, leaving the mangled corpse of the unfortunate bird as a warning to all evil-doers.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation—but you must remember to annex an 0 to the answer when there is no remainder; and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a five to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same by 2 and you will have 232, and as there is no remainder you add a cipher. Now take 359, multiply by 5, the answer is 1,795; but by dividing by 2 there is 179 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,795.

The Language of Insects

An English scientist has made the surprising discovery that flies have a language of their own, inaudible to unaided human ears, though, no doubt, distinctly audible to the ears of insects. This is not the buzzing tone common to all flying insects, which is produced by the rapid movement of their wings, and is but a mere incidental effect, as meaningless as are the sounds of our footfalls while we are walking and conversing with a friend; but it consists of other tones made voluntarily, no doubt for the purposes of limited communication with one another.

This discovery was made by means of the newly invented microphone, while magnifying the tramp of a fly, walking on a table, till it sounded as loud as that of a horse passing over a wooden bridge. By close observation during these experiments, other sounds were heard different from those of its footfalls and wings, which proved to be its trumpeting-calls, issuing from its proboscis, and resembling somewhat the distant whinnying of a horse. Such are some of the results of that marvelous instrument which acts for the ear of man as the microscope does for the eye.—*Scientific Reporter*.

Sun Storms Through a Telescope.

The Providence Journal says the great fire-ball is in intense commotion. His surface is seamed and scarred in every direction with black spots that indicate the disturbing elements at work in his chaotic mass. Occasionally, for a day or two, the blemishes disappear, and the glorious king of day shows a face like a shield of glowing gold. But the aspect quickly changes; spots come rushing in all directions and assuming all forms. They appear singly, and in pairs, and again in groups and rows. Immense groups break up into small ones, and small ones unite to form great chasms, into which half a dozen worlds might be dropped and there would still be room for more. Sometimes the spots are visible to the naked eye, and at that time a good opera glass or a spy glass will make them easily perceptible. Hundreds of observers all over the world watch the sun's face every clear day, and keep a record of the number of spots, their size, and the direction in which they move, for as the sun turns on his axis they turn with him, some of them remaining for months without much change, some taking on new forms and some disappearing entirely. Very little is known of this mysterious sun or the spots that are visible more than 90,000,000 miles away.

Once in about eleven years the sun takes on his present sun-spot phase, and we are approaching the maximum of disturbance. No one knows the cause. Some believe that it is planetary attraction, some that it is the fall of great masses of meteoric matter, and some that it is the result of internal commotion and a rush upward of gaseous explosions, in comparison with which our fiercest volcanic eruptions are but the flicker of a flame. Besides the sun-spot agitation, the gaseous outbursts are marked and vivid. The tongues of flame or rosy protuberances are darting forth in all directions and bearing their testimony to the solar commotion. Mr. Trouvelet, of Cambridge, who makes daily observation of the sun's chromosphere, gives a graphic description of a remarkable solar protuberance that he witnessed on November 16. When first seen it was large and complicated, extending upward from the sun about 100,000 miles. Three or four hours after it had developed into huge proportions, extending far out into space, and vanishing gradually to regions where it could not be perceived. As nearly as it could be measured, it reached a height of over a quarter of the sun's diameter, or about 235,000 miles. Such a protuberance hurled upward from the earth would almost reach the moon! Two hours after, the whole structure had collapsed, and was only about 18,000 miles high. Observations like this give an idea of the mighty forces at work in the solar orb, and make observers long for the time when a satisfactory solution may be found for this mysterious periodical solar disturbance, so intimately connected with the meteorological condition of the earth.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you give before.—*Swift*.

The First Casting.

Cast iron was not in commercial use before the year 1700, when Abraham Darby, an intelligent mechanic, who had brought some Dutch workmen to establish a brass foundry at Bristol, conceived, says Hardware, the idea that iron might be substituted for brass. This his workmen did not succeed in effecting, being probably too much prejudiced in favor of the metal with which they were best acquainted. A Welsh shepherd boy named John Thomas, some little time previous to this, had been received by Abraham Darby into his workshop on the recommendation of a distant relative. Whilst looking on during the experiments of the Dutch workmen, he said to Abraham Darby that he thought he saw where they had missed it. He begged to be allowed to try; so he and Abraham Darby remained alone in the workshop all night, struggling with the refractory metal and imperfect moulds. The hours passed on, and daylight appeared, but neither would leave his task; and, just as morning dawned they succeeded in casting an iron pot complete. The boy entered into an agreement with Abraham Darby to serve him and keep the secret. He was enticed by the offer of double wages to leave his master, but he continued faithful; and from 1709 to 1828 the family of Thomas was confidential and much-valued agents to the descendants of Abraham Darby. For more than one hundred years after the night in which Thomas and his master succeeded in making an iron casting in a mould of fine sand contained in frames and with air holes, the same process was practised and kept secret at Colebrook Dale, with plugged keyholes and barred doors.

A Teetotaler.

Many years ago Colonel Lemanowsky, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous, and with the glow of health on his face, and made the following remarkable speech:

"You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought two hundred battles; have fourteen wounds on my body; have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, and only a few rags for clothing. In the desert of Egypt, I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my head; feet blistered with the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins of my arms and sucked my own blood. Do you ask how I survived all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to the fact that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and," continued he, "Baron Larry, chief surgeon of the French army, has stated as a fact that the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt, were all those who abstained from ardent drinks."—*Lever.*

REASON IN BEES.—A remarkable circumstance, illustrating the existence of a high degree of intelligence in bees, has lately been reported from a hot, dry valley in New South Wales: "Last year the drought was of long duration, and the denizens of the aparies suffered much from it. This year the bees have made provision against a similar emergency. They have filled a large number of the external cells in every hive with pure water instead of honey. It is thought that the instinct of the little creatures leads them to anticipate a hot summer."

If one note in the organ be out of key or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony; but the one defective reed destroys the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars out in every other note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A girl or boy may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest; but ill temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection and every thought, and every word, and every action, be right; then there is music in the life.

A Handsome Woman.

One day a beautiful woman was driving in the Strand in a very low and very elegant coupe. The street was blocked for a moment, and the noble lady put her head out to urge her coachman to drive on. Just at the instant a stalwart coal-heaver was going by on the sidewalk, and finding himself face to face with her, found no other method of expressing his admiration than to seize her face between his two hands and kiss her.

The coal-heaver was arrested; he was taken before a magistrate, where, as may be supposed, the lady demanded his condign punishment.

"Well, what do I care for all the punishments in the world?" cried the culprit, ardently. "I've kissed the handsomest woman in the three kingdoms!"

Whereupon the anger of the fair lady was appeased as if by a spell, and turning to the magistrate she said, coaxingly, "O, please let this poor man go; he is insane, you see!"

Wonderful Spiders.

A short distance from Buena Vista is a cave inhabited by spiders which are different from other spiders by their enormous size, and quite useful to the people of that vicinity. The cave was discovered last December by a party of sight-seekers, and the spiders and their work witnessed. On entering the cave one is first struck by the funny-looking webs that meet the eye. They are worked for all the world like webs of other spiders, but every fibre is ten times as large as the ones woven by ordinary species.

On passing on further into the cave the spiders are encountered. They are about the size of small birds and make a strange sound while weaving their web. Their webs are so tough and the fibres so large that it is almost an impossibility to break down a web.

Some four weeks ago, while looking at the cave, a miner got to examining the webs. Their strands were about the size of a No. 12 thread, and he thought that they could be used for thread. Having a needle in his possession, he broke off one of the strands, and found that it just fit. Sewing on a loose button to test the efficacy, he found it as strong as silk thread, and that it answered his very purpose. Since then the people have flocked in and carried away hosts of webs, but the spiders do not seem to object in the least. There is some talk among the capitalists of starting a thread factory there and using the webs for threads.—*Leadville Chronicle.*

An old man rapidly acquired \$30,000 worth of property at McGregor, Iowa. Feeling that he would soon die, he wrote letters to his relatives in the East, soliciting aid to carry him through a hard winter. The only response was from a niece, who sent him \$50 out of her earnings as a school teacher, and to her he has left his entire estate.

HE CONDENSED HIS WIFE.—A French chemist is reported to have given a striking proof of domestic affection. He condensed the body of his deceased wife into the space of an ordinary seal, and had her highly polished and set in a ring. He made a nice income by betting with lapidaries and others that they could not tell the material of the seal in three guesses, and, after pocketing the money, would burst into tears, and say, "It is my dear, dear wife."

A COLLECTION.—At Los Angeles, a short time ago, a mob of several thousand persons collected to lynch a man for murder. The sheriff, a man of rare tact, mounted a barrel and urged the mob, as a preliminary to the execution, to take up a collection for the widow and children of the murdered man and let off himself with five dollars. An assistant took a hat, and began to circulate it among the crowd, which at once wavered, shook, and melted away.

Said Jones, "Smith won't have so soft a thing as he had." "I don't know," said Robinson; "he'll have a soft thing so long as he does not lose his head."

Philosophy triumphs easily enough over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE



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THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers used to do ;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His Majesty through,
There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain ?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was ? won't somebody rise and tell ?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pit for his feet ?
Who sows the tares in the field of time whenever God sows his wheat ?
The devil is voted not to be, and, of course the thing is true !
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do ?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now ;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found ?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up ?
We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and, of course the Devil's gone ;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on !

Rev. Alfred J. Hough, Ludlow, Vt.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued).

She did not leave her room even when this toilet was completed, but seated herself on the low, wide sill of the open window waiting for the dinner bell to ring, and meantime, drinking in the soft stillness of the summer evening ; watching with dreamy, happy eyes the crimson and gold streaks left in the sky by the setting sun. A deep peace and contentment seemed to have settled down upon everything that evening, and the young girl would fain have lingered longer, dreaming idly in the old-fashioned window

seat with the soft evening wind blowing fresh and cool upon her face, and wafting to her the faint, sweet scent of the roses and mignonette in the garden. She knew instinctively that it was long past their usual dinner hour and though not in the least hungry, she wondered vaguely why the bell did not ring, and then concluded that her father had not yet returned from the village. She lingered a few moments longer, and then thinking her mother would be wondering what kept her up-stairs so long, she arose from her seat and went down. Passing through the hall she paused a moment at the open door and then stepped out, on to the veranda to pluck a white rose which she fastened in her hair. " I shall give it to Neal, to-night " she murmured to herself with a little bright smile on her sweet red lips. The last smile that was seen there for many a long day. Alas ! that sorrow should follow so closely in the wake of joy ! She re-entered the house and peeping into the dining room, saw that the table was laid, but no one was there ; the drawing room was empty also, but she heard the low murmur of voices in the library, which opened off the drawing room at the further end ; she advanced and was about to enter, when the white rose dropped from her hair to the ground ; she picked it up, and standing before a mirror proceeded to fasten it in again. Standing thus, close to the half-opened door of the library, she could distinctly hear the voices of her father and mother conversing together. Presently the sound of Neal's name and then her own attracted her attention, then just as she was about to enter, her father said, in a somewhat louder tone than before : " You must tell Mollie, Josephine, I cannot ; God help her ! it will nearly kill her."

Pale as death, Mollie pushed open the door and went in. " What is it ? Papa, mamma tell me. What is it about Neal ? tell me quickly."

" Mrs Stuart placed her arm tenderly around her daughter and tried to speak but her lips trembled too much.

" Tell me, for pity's sake," pleaded Mollie, raising her little trembling hands to her father.

" Is—is Neal hurt ?—dead ? " That last word came from her lips in a sort of low wail, that went to her father's heart. " No, no my child ; not that ; he — oh ! Mollie ! how shall I tell you ?"

" Tell me at once papa ; I can bear it better than this suspense."

" He has—has embezzled money at the Bank ; he ——"

With a low, quick cry, Mollie snatched her hands away from the clasp of her father's and drawing herself erect, looked proudly, haughtily from her father to her mother.

" It is false," she cried, " it is not true."

" Oh ! Mollie ! my poor child," said Mrs. Stuart pityingly, and laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

" It is false, false, I say," she repeated shaking off the loving hand. " Papa how can you say such a thing of Neal ! you who know how up-right and honorable and true he is ; oh ! papa, papa ! you do not surely believe this dreadful thing of Neal ?"

" My child I must believe it ; I have no alternative "

" He is as innocent as I am ; it is all a mistake ; how dare

you think him capable of this horrible thing? How dare anyone accuse him of it. Oh! Neal Neal!"

With an exceeding bitter cry, she covered her face with her trembling hands and turned from her parents.

Presently confronting them again she asked the question "Who says he is guilty?" There was a dead silence in the library; while Mollie stood waiting for the answer to her question. Mr Stuart stood with one hand shading his eyes while the other one fumbled nervously with his watch chain. How could he answer her?"

"Papa" said the cold, clear young voice. He started and glanced at his wife. Essentially weak, where his affections were concerned, Allan Stuart would sooner have died at that moment than answer the question his daughter had put to him. He was a man eminently unqualified for the performance of any painful task, such as the one which lay before him. But it must be done. His must be the hand to send that cruel dagger to his darling's heart, killing at one blow all the brightness, the joy, the hope of her young life. "Mollie; God help you child! he has said so himself." The words were spoken and she staggered back as though he had in very truth dealt her a blow. Mrs Stuart sprang to her side thinking she was going to faint, but Mollie waved her back.

"I will not believe it; there is some mistake." Even in her own ears, her voice sounded strange and far off, she felt a sort of numbness creeping gradually over her; her vision became slurred and indistinct, yet she stood erect, alone, refusing to allow her mother to touch her.

"Where is Neal papa? I must see him."

"No Mollie you cannot see him. He leaves Buxly by the late train this evening; Mr. Halliday and your Uncle George having for your sake abstained from taking any legal proceedings against him. I will not, on any pretext what ever permit you to see or speak to the young man again. He has passed me his word of honor—if he has any left—that he will not attempt to see you again."

"Neal, Neal, Neal; God forgive——" The next moment her slight figure swayed and would have fallen to the floor had not her father caught her in time. They laid her on the sofa and applied restoratives, in vain. The white lids never stirred, her features fearful in their rigidity seemed like death. At length they carried her up to her own room and placed her on her own bed, whilst a servant was despatched for a doctor; he came, but it was an hour or more ere she returned to consciousness. Opening her eyes she saw her mother bending anxiously over her; the sight of her brought back all that had passed in the library, and with a shudder she turned away and hid her face in the pillow.

"She is better now," said the doctor to Mrs. Stuart; "I understood you to say that her fainting fit was occasioned by a sudden shock, in which case I can do nothing more at present; if she becomes feverish you must send for me."

"Very well Dr. Read" answered Mrs. Stuart, and the physician departed.

"My darling, can I do anything for you? won't you take a cup of tea or a glass of wine? it will make you feel better," she said tenderly to the stricken girl.

"Oh; no, no, I do not want anything."

"Let me help you to undress then dearest; you will be better in bed."

But Mollie shrank with a convulsive shudder from her mother's touch. At that moment she felt she could not endure the sight of any one who believed Neal guilty. Not even her parents. Mrs. Stuart could not help seeing that her presence was painful to her daughter, and so when Mollie said wearily.

"Let me be mamma; I can undress myself, I—I should rather be alone" she stooped and kissed her, with a little hurt feeling in her heart and then left the room.

For long Mollie lay motionless upon her bed; she could not weep; no tears would come, but there was a dreadful dull, aching void in her heart, when she thought of Neal, Neal her lover gone from her forever. "Lord, Lord! Was it that I loved him more than Thee, that Thou hast brought this upon me?" she murmured with dry, hot lips. "Oh Neal! how can I bear it, how can I bear it!" raising herself on her elbow she passed her hand over her brow; as she did so, something dropped on to the pillow; it was the rose she had

put in her hair that evening; the rose she had meant to give to Neal when he came. He would never come now, never, never again! With a low wailing cry, she took the poor little faded flower and crushed it against her face and burst into tears.

Nearly an hour later the door was opened gently; some one entered the room and with cautious footsteps approached the bedside. It was Christie Burton. The room being in semi-darkness she could not see whether her young mistress slept or not; and Mollie neither stirred or spoke, nor made any sign to show that she was aware of the presence of any one in the room.

"Miss Mollie, Miss Mollie" whispered Christie softly. Mollie turned her head round.

"What is it Christie?" she asked wearily.

"I came in without knocking Miss Mollie; because I was afraid they would hear me, and Mrs Stuart might have come up. Miss dear I have seen Mr Despard and he gave me this note for you, he said to give it to you private."

"A note!" Mollie raised herself and held out her hand with trembling eagerness.

"Yes miss, here it is," and she gave it into the outstretched hand.

"You—you saw him?" asked Mollie choking down the fast rising sobs.

"Yes, I happened to be down by the gate, when he suddenly came up, and said in a hurried like way, "Christie you love your young mistress, do you not?" I told him I did next best to my father and mother. "Then I can trust you to do something for me—for her," he said.

"That you can indeed sir," I answered, "I'd be only too glad and proud to help either of you; and I'm very much afraid you're in trouble sir. Then he asked me why I thought so, and I told about your long faintin' fit, and when he heard about it he turned away and stood with his hand over his eyes, but I heard him mutter to himself like 'Oh! Mollie, Mollie, can you ever forgive my cruelty to you darling,' and then he groaned as he came back to where I stood and gave me this note for you; he said I was on no account to let anyone else see it, rather than that I was to burn it. I told him I'd find a way of giving it to you without anyone else knowing; and then Miss he said good bye and went away. Oh! Miss Mollie don't cry like that, don't take on so, he'll come back again sure."

"No, no, Christie he will never come back again, never, never! and the light of mine eyes is gone from me!" Both mistress and servant wept together for a few moments and then the former said;—"Christie will you promise me never to repeat to any one what took place between you and Mr. Despard to-night?"

"I'll never breathe a word on it Miss?"

"Thank you, and now will you please turn up the gas and leave me like a good girl."

Christie silently obeyed, and left the room, wiping her tearful eyes on the corner of her white apron. When the door closed upon her, Mollie arose and turning the key in the lock went nearer to the light, holding the precious letter tightly in her hand. She looked at her name on the envelope written in the bold, manly hand-writing she knew and loved so well, she passionately kissed the senseless paper heedless of the tears that dropped upon it. "My dearest, my dearest" she murmured, with another wild burst of tears as the full meaning of what had happened smote upon her heart with a fresh pang. But soon controlling herself she opened the letter which ran as follows;—

"Mollie, my best and dearest can you ever forgive the cruel wrong I am doing you. Let me tell you what that wrong is. But I could not have done otherwise than I have done. I tried for you dear to act differently, but Alice's dead face rose up before my eyes and seemed to reproach me. Oh! my love do you not understand what I mean? I am innocent of this thing of which they accuse me. You will trust me darling I know when all others believe me guilty. You will believe me when I say that I am innocent. Can you not guess who is guilty? *It is Sybil's husband.* Oh; Mollie, Mollie pardon me the wrong I am doing you; but with the memory of Alice's dying face as I stood by her death-bed and gave her that sacred promise, with the memory of Sybil's face all radiant with happiness as we saw it only this morning—the

wedding morning; how could I denounce him. My God; I could not do it. If I could but save you from sorrow, I would be content to bear ten times as much. But you have loved me and will suffer. Forgive me darling and trust me. It is hard to go away without seeing you once more but I have given my word of honor to your father that I will do so. For your sake they have abstained from taking legal measures, on condition that I leave the country. The matter will be kept quiet. We may never meet again on earth my Mollie, but to my dying day I shall love you and my prayers shall always be for your happiness. Do not grieve too long for me; try and be happy, for my sake. I shall never cease to reproach myself for this trouble I have brought upon you. May God bless you darling; my little Princess; my wife that would have been! But now you are free Mollie, free as though you and I had never been aught but strangers. You will never know; but God knows what it costs me to write those words. Be kind to Sybil and bear with her husband; if you love me you will do this, for it will help to make my sacrifice not in vain. I promised Alice to be Sybil's friend always; but now I am going away, and as a last request I beg you to be my friend. Will you do it? For my sake. My mother also! but I cannot speak of her; perhaps she will believe me guilty. See her sometimes, if possible, and comfort her. Be a daughter to her Mollie, even as she hoped you would be some day. Poor mother! this will break her heart. Kiss Bertie and Baby Lesley for me. I shall never see them again. Farewell. May Heaven bless you my best beloved. If I could but see you—but it cannot be. Be happy if you can; and trust me, oh! my darling! I trust me.

NEAL DESPARD.

"Trust you! Oh Neal! Forever and ever dearest!" and falling on her knees by the bedside she buried her face in the pillows and wept out her heart sorrow alone.

CHAPTER XV.

SIX YEARS AFTER.

Six years have passed away since the events related in the preceding chapter. And many are the changes which these years have wrought upon the lives and fortunes of our Buxly friends. If we were to visit Fernside now, strange faces would meet our eyes, and unfamiliar voices sound in our ears. In the old garden are still flowers of all sorts, and the roses bloom as of yore. But where is old Michael who tended and loved them so tenderly? Gone—and a stranger fills his place. Strangers also, flit here and there through the rooms and halls of the old house and not one familiar face is there, to greet us. So too at the Hall, the girlhood's home of blithe Katie Halliday, we see only unknown faces. Ruth, Paul, Katie and Mr. Halliday, none of them are there to welcome us, now that six years have passed. Alas! Sorrow has laid a heavy hand on those friends whom we have known in joy and prosperity. It often happens that, when death and misfortune once enter into a household they leave it not, until many of its members have been laid low.

Let us briefly review the events of the past six years, and see how these sad changes have come to pass.

For months after Neal's departure, Mollie moved about like one stunned or in a dream. She held aloof from everyone, shunning, as much as possible, the society even of her parents. She did not—be it understood—mope and pine in dismal solitude like a love-sick damsel; she was too sensible and too high-principled for that. If she spent most of her time by herself, it was because she could not yet awhile bear to be more than was absolutely necessary in the society of those who condemned Neal. Her sorrow was too sharp as yet, and the pitiful void in her heart had not yet been filled by new interests. It never would be entirely so. She craved solitude in these sorrowful days; she wanted to be alone; to battle with her grief; to learn to acquire that meekness and patience which alone would enable her to bear her life sorrow. For so, she told herself it would be. There could be for them—her and Neal—no hopeful looking forward to a time of reunion. There was no chance of the truth ever coming to light; even if they desired that it should; and they did not, for if the generous sacrifice which Neal had made, ill judged, though it might be; was to be of any avail, it was clearly their part (I will not say, duty) to keep

the truth concealed as long as possible. If Sybil's happiness could be secured, and her ignorance of her husband's crime remain undisturbed; the great object of Neal's sacrifice would be attained—So Mollie told herself. And she resolved to fulfil to her utmost Neal's request that she should be Sybil's firm friend. Heaven helping her she would strive to help the man she loved to keep the fatal promise he had made to his dying sister.

It was a trying and terrible ordeal through which the girl passed at this time, when all the brightness and beauty of the long summer days seemed to her a horrible mockery of the dreary bleakness which had come into her own life. But when the battle was fought and won, she came forth from the conflict, no longer a careless, joyous girl but a woman, with a woman's knowledge of suffering and a noble woman's patient acceptance of the burden which henceforth it was her lot in life to bear. Gradually it came to be tacitly understood by her relatives and friends that she preferred Neal's name should not be mentioned. And it was only in her letters to her mother that she ever spoke of him. Neal had told his mother the whole story and she had promised to keep his secret. He had not meant to confide it to her, but he could not bear to go away from her, perhaps forever, without letting her know that he was innocent, and so at the last moment, even after he had bidden her farewell, he had turned back and told her all. She had accepted the heavy blow with meek, Christian resignation, although she told him she considered his conduct wrong in the extreme, however generous. At any rate she kept the secret, thankful that he was not guilty, and he went away. She occasionally heard from him, but not frequently as he was roving about, unable to settle in any place. It was about six months after his departure, that Mrs. Despard, who had been gradually fading, quietly and peacefully entered into her rest. Alice's death and Neal's trouble had well nigh broken the mother's heart. Mollie was with her to the last; she having come down to stay with the poor lonely old lady for a few weeks. It was a great grief to her, for she had dearly loved Neal's mother. And now too was snapped the last earthly link which had bound her to Neal. Henceforth their lives were severed indeed. Mollie wrote to him, announcing his mother's death, and then all communication ceased; and she heard no more of him as year after year went by. God alone knows how she bore it, so bravely so meekly and patiently; that long, unbroken silence, when she knew not if he were dead or living. Her friends marvelled, but would not have dared to tear away the sacred veil from the life-sorrow she guarded so carefully. There were many who thought regretfully and fondly of the absent Neal. Particularly Sybil and Katie; and often between themselves they spoke of him; always sadly wondering how he could have fallen. Ah! could they have guessed the truth! But Arthur Macdonald guarded well his guilty secret and affected to believe that Neal had done the deed. But his was not an easy life. How could it be? He had some conscience left and it was seared and tortured with the knowledge of his own wickedness. He was one of the many thousands who sin, not so much from natural badness of heart, as from want of principle and strength of mind. Entangled in a mesh of difficulties, all the results of his own weak passions, instead of turning to face and fight them boldly, he turns and flies, taking the nearest and quickest way out, never stopping to consider whether that way will lead him into fresh dangers or not, until he finds himself as completely hemmed in as before. Thus it is that your weak, craven apology for a man comes to commit crimes from which even the boldest might shrink.

Was Sybil Macdonald happy with the husband of her choice? Not altogether. But whatever her private feelings were, whether she were happy or the contrary, the world never knew for sure. She was not a woman to lay bare her heart for the world's inspection.

If there was a skeleton in the cup-board, she kept the key turned upon it, and no curious eyes had ever rested upon its bare bones. To all appearance Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald were a very well matched couple, contented with each other and happy enough as married couples go. Outwardly he was attentive, and affectionate, she cheerful and wifely in her manner to him, and so the world had not a great deal to say concerning them. Sybil was not actually unhappy; she

still believed in, and loved her husband enough, to find it a comparatively easy matter to keep the skeleton in the cupboard, safely hidden from other eyes than her own and her husband's. Even to Katie Howard, her most intimate friend, she appeared a contented and happy woman; while Mollie would tell herself that Neal and she were not suffering for nothing. Sybil was happy. That was their reward. She—Mollie—was very seldom at the Macdonalds' for any length of time; if she went to Toronto she staid at Katie's house. She could not stifle the horror she felt for Arthur; and Sybil, who could not help seeing her so evident dislike for him, rarely pressed her to stay.

Such was the private state of affairs amongst our friends when, like a thunderbolt, the news fell upon Buxley, that the old established bank of Stuart and Halliday, had failed, beggaring many in its collapse. The Hallidays and Stuarts among the number. But at Fernside, another guest entered side by side with Poverty. It was death! The master of the house, was found, dead in his chair in his study, on the evening of that day when he learned that he and his family were ruined. Let us not dwell upon the agonized grief of his widow and child at their terrible and totally unlooked for loss, beside which the loss of their worldly wealth was as nothing. The physician pronounced heart disease as the cause of his death, and admitted that for some time past he had known that Mr. Stuart's heart was affected; he having been privately consulted by the deceased. The sudden shock on hearing of the failure of his brother's Bank and his own consequent ruin had hastened his death.

When Mrs. Stuart and Mollie had time once more to look about them they proceeded to the settlement of their affairs, present and future. As Fernside must be sold, they decided to go to Toronto, where Mollie proposed taking music pupils. On looking into her husband's papers Mrs. Stuart and her lawyer found, to their surprise that he had left several rather large debts, the payment of which would deprive them of nearly half what they expected to realize by the sale of Fernside. This was a heavy blow, but Mrs. Stuart and Mollie bore it bravely and cheerfully, and the latter, at any rate, faced the future with an undaunted and hopeful heart. She had been told over and over again that she possessed a fortune in her splendid voice and she believed it was so herself. So she comforted herself with this hope. Fernside was offered for sale and was purchased almost immediately by an English gentleman. The Stuarts then prepared to depart, though sorrowful at leaving the dear old home they loved. Mr. George Stuart and Miss Janet would have taken Bertie to live with with them, but their grandmother and aunt Mollie could not bear to part with either of the children, so the offer was kindly but firmly refused.

Christie Burton was the only one of their servants whom they took with them, and she was only too glad to accompany them for she was much attached to her young mistress and the children. Mrs. Stuart had taken a small house in Toronto, a mere cottage, but a pretty little nest of a place withal; situated on Simcoe street a few doors off from the Howard's. Here one summer evening they quietly took up their abode, fitting themselves to their altered circumstances cheerfully and uncomplainingly. Mollie at once set about obtaining music pupils, for she and her mother both agreed that it would be necessary to do something in order to eke out their slender income. Mrs. Stuart herself undertook the education of her two grand children. Through the influence of Tom and Katie Howard, Mollie soon found herself with five pupils, whom she engaged to instruct vocally and instrumentally; before three months had passed eight more were added to the number. Very soon her splendid voice began to attract attention in social circles in which she soon became an unrivalled favorite; and she was engaged to sing first at one concert and then another. Lovers of music raved of her exquisite voice; the people who thronged to hear her sing, hung breathless upon the sound of that voice. And their enthusiasm amounted almost to adulation. Many a time she used to think with a smile of those old days of Buxley when her friends jestingly prophesied fame for her, should she ever be obliged to turn her voice to account. Their jesting had turned to earnest, and their merry prophecies had come true; for she *was* famous, within a certain radius, and she knew that she might become so beyond that, if she chose; but she

was more than content with what she had. But what of the Hallidays? They also had left Buxley. Paul had hastened home as soon as the news of the Bank failure reached him; and had set to work in earnest at his profession; endeavouring, not without success to make up for the time he had wasted. He gradually acquired a considerable practice, and was looked upon already as a rising man. Ruth kept house for her father and brother, and was the devoted and much loved Aunt to Katie's children, and to Bertie and Lesley as well; for they regarded her as being as much their property as anybody's. To the little ones Ruth was a sort of fairy God-mother; and the part suited her perfectly. When Paul Halliday had first heard of Neal's supposed crime, and his absence from Canada; a renewed hope sprang up in his heart, that perhaps after all he would win Mollie Stuart for his wife. This hope was strong in him when he returned home, but it died at once and forever at his first meeting with her. In the pale, calm, saddened woman before him, he saw not the bright, winsome girl whom he had loved that summer at Buxley, but a woman who had loved and suffered; but not for him. He knew that her heart was in Neal Despard's keeping still, and he manfully and unmercifully stilled his own feelings, and quite naturally assumed his place as her friend, and adviser in all difficulties that arose in her way. Another great sorrow fell upon our heroine about two years after the Stuarts had taken up their abode in Toronto. This was the death of her mother; who had never entirely recovered from the shock of her husband's sudden death. Mollie now found herself standing alone in the world, and with two helpless children depending upon her for everything. But nothing daunted she faced the future with a brave heart, earnestly striving to fill the place of a mother to her brother's little ones. It was a busy, hard-working life, she led; though she would not have had it otherwise, she was glad of the work which drew her mind from the past, and presented her brooding over what *had* been, but could never be again. A sad, unutterable regret filled her heart, to think that her mother had died without knowing that Neal was innocent. She had been tempted, sorely tempted to tell her the truth, but the knowledge that he had trusted her implicitly to keep the secret, sealed her lips; not even to clear him in the eyes of the dying woman would she betray an atom of the trust he had placed in her. But when it was too late, when her mother lay dead in her coffin, she felt almost overwhelmed with regret and sorrow for not having told her. "It would have done no harm, and she loved him once. Oh! why, why did I not tell her before she died." The poor girl vainly reproached herself, and for many days carried about with her an aching heart. But after a while calmer thoughts came. She tried to comfort herself with the hope that both mother and father knew the truth now. She repeated to herself the words,—"Then shall we know, even as we are known." And when they failed to comfort her, she would cry aloud to herself—"but they will know some day, Neal; when all our secrets are brought to light; they will know then!"

(To be Continued.)

SELECTED.

Dickens' Golden Rules.

I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder and not succeeded half so well. But I never could have done what I have without habits of punctuality, order, and diligence; without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules. The rounds of the ladder on which men mount must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, sincere earnestness.—David Copperfield.

HOW TO GARNISH THAT HOME OF YOUR OWN.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Look out for that dear little home, girls,
That, almost as sure as the light,
Will welcome you under its roof-tree
Some time if we reckon aright;
A home of your own, with a loved one
To shelter and guide you through life,
In bright hours of pleasure and gladness,
In seasons of sorrow and strife.

It may not be princely or grand, girls,
A dwelling for mere outside show,
But it lies in your power, begun early,
To make it a heaven below.
Aye! even before you have seen it,
Or him who is destined to be
Your lover, your hero, your husband,
Who may be far over the sea.

Begin with your temper, at first girls,
And this you may try in mere youth—
Of rare household saints, whom we read of,
Take lessons in sweetness and truth.
Be watchful and careful and thrifty—
This latter is woman's behest—
Your dear little fingers keep busy,
And time will take care of the rest.

Look out for that home of your own, girls,
Yet keep yourself happy and free
Till wooed by a man of your heart, dears,
Full worthy your consort to be.
Then bring him your love in its freshness,
Your sweetness and truth also bring,
Your house will be then full of blessing,
And sorrow be robbed of its sting.

A SHY MAN'S STORY.

BY MAJOR A. GRIFFITHS.

Randolph Braybrooke had the character of being the shyest man in the whole army. His shyness was perfectly painful. As a child he blushed and stammered when any body spoke to him; and his shamefacedness grew rather than diminished as he came to man's estate. He was perpetually chaffed about it at school and at Sandhurst; even when he was a full-blown officer, with bushy on head and sword on hip, his shyness continued. It was long before he could bring himself to give the words of command to a squad of recruits; when the colonel or adjutant wigged him, he flushed scarlet, and could not find a word of justification in reply. This extreme shyness wore off, perhaps, but it never disappeared. As he got on in years and in rank, he found the greatest difficulty in saying unpleasant things to subordinates. He did not like to lecture a private, even; his subalterns could also get the better of him by asking him publicly for leave. He hated to be trotted out before others. He would manoeuvre for weeks to avoid making a speech. Although always ready to subscribe liberally, he would never attend regimental festivities. He might be called upon to act as host, which he detested; or to be civil to the ladies, to take them down to supper, or, worst of all, to dance. Nothing would induce him to become a lady's man. He was no misogynist, but he had a wholesome horror of the female sex. In the abstract, he respected, admired, possibly adored them all; but in the concrete, he would go miles rather than address a syllable to the most charming woman in the world.

Naturally, he had never married. He could never get through the preliminaries, even, as to proposing; a legion of prospective mothers-in-law and buckets of inspiring maraschino would not have brought him up to the scratch. In the regiment it was quite a joke against him. Brother officers' wives, whom he occasionally faced—after knowing them for ten or a dozen years—always asked him when he was going to be married, and good-naturedly, or, as he thought, viciously, set traps for him by introducing him unexpectedly to pretty sisters or fascinating consins, from whom he had always to escape by the skin of his teeth.

There was really no reason why he should not marry any body he chose. He was not by any means a bad *parti*; of this world's goods he had a very decent store; he could have made good settlements, and had a very substantial income outside and beyond his profession, and his prospects in the service were excellent. He had already done extremely well. His shyness was only social. As a soldier he had proved himself to be as brave as a lion. He had seen much service, had gained, entirely through his own gallantry, much and rapid promotion, and there were many who prophesied, not without reason, that he would assuredly become a very distinguished man. To be a brevet lieutenant-colonel, to wear the Victoria Cross and the Order of the Bath while still only a regimental captain and thirty-five years of age, was a good earnest of greater honors yet to come. No wonder that people went out of their way to be civil to him. In town he might have had a dozen invitations, and to the best houses, every night. In country quarters the local magnates were disposed to be especially gracious to him. He might have gone the round from one house to another, for balls, shooting-parties and meets. But he studiously declined every invitation, and continued to live very much to himself.

A favorite amusement with him was to take long country walks. His regiment was quartered in a well-known Midland capital—a town somewhat choked and blackened by furnaces and soot, but within a mile or two were open roads, margined by well-grown trees, leading through uplands clothed with grass and grain. He pondered deeply as he walked, and built, as many of us do, castles upon airy foundations, none the less entrancing because they speedily crumble into dust. Randolph Braybrooke was ambitious, although so shy. He had high aims, and hoped to achieve them yet. That he might some day become famous, and rise to the top of his profession, was his dream.

He was striding along one summer's day, while more than usually preoccupied, when suddenly he was aroused by the sound of wheels rapidly overtaking him. He looked round, and saw a small pony-carriage approaching him at top speed. It had only one occupant—a lady—and this lady had evidently lost all control over her horse. The pony had run away with her. Braybrooke saw that he must stop the trap, or the lady's life might be endangered. He had not much time to make up his mind, but he acted promptly and decisively. Instead of going to the runaway's head, he let the trap pass him, then caught hold and clambered in behind. To get over to front, take the reins, and, with a firm, steady hand, reduce the pony's speed, first to a canter, then to a trot, and finally to a walk, was not a difficult nor a lengthy job. This done, he looked to his companion.

"Little beast!" said the lady, with concentrated bitterness, and then fainted away.

Randolph was six foot high; so it was clear she did not mean him. Besides, she might be forgiven for strong language. But he felt very nervous as he looked at her white face and motionless figure. What should he do? Fainting-fits were not much within his experience, but common-sense told him to unloose her lace kerchief, and open her dress at the throat. Then he stopped the trap, hitched the pony up to a gate, fetched some water in his hat, sprinkled it over the lady's face, and rubbed hard at her hands, from which, however, he had been unable to remove the gloves.

Presently the lady came to.

"Where am I? What is it? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

"Well out of bad business," said Randolph, rather abruptly. "You might have lost your life."

"Ah, now I remember. It was too terrible! I am very deeply indebted to you, I'm sure."

"Don't mention it. I'd have done the same for any body. Can I be of any further service to you?" and Randolph lifted his hat as though he meant to walk off.

"O, please don't leave me—not yet. I can never drive that little beast again. How am I to get home?"

"Is it far?"

"To Cherry Killingworth."

"Lady Killingworth's?"

"Yes, do you know her?"

"No—and I don't want to."

"That's civil, certainly, considering— Pray, may I in-

quire the name of my preserver? My friends will be anxious to thank you."

"My name is Braybrooke—Randolph Braybrooke, of the Twenty-seventh Hussars."

"O, you're a soldier! How nice!" And the lady looked at Braybrooke with a keen, searching glance, which might have been very encouraging to a less shy man.

"Are you an officer?"

"Yes."

"What—a corporal?"

"No; a colonel."

"Colonel? How grand! Colonel is higher than corporal, isn't it?"

"A little," said Braybrooke, amused. He began to feel more at home with this unsophisticated person. "But, now, tell me—at least, if you don't mind—tell me who you are. It's not usual to ask ladies their names—not abruptly like that; but I do so want to know."

"Why?"

"I should so much like to call and inquire after you."

Randolph was getting on wonderfully.

"You don't mean it. Besides, you wouldn't go to Cherry Killingworth."

"I would—to see you."

"Not if you really knew who I was."

"Are you a relation of Lady Killingworth? No? A friend, then? How are you there, then? In what capacity?"

"A very humble one."

"Companion?"

"Not even that. Try again."

"Cook perhaps?"

She burst out laughing.

"No, not quite; only lady's maid." And she narrowly watched the effect of her announcement upon the other.

Randolph looked at her fixedly, and, without answering, examined her from head to foot. She was well, almost perfectly dressed. A good fur-lined cloak, a quiet but fashionable hat, neat gloves, neat boots—her whole *tournure* was that of a lady born and bred.

"Well? I think you're very rude, staring at me like that," and her eyes became moist as though she were going to cry.

"Upon my word, I apologize, but I could never have believed it. You seem—I mean that you look such—a perfect lady," he blurted out.

"That you're shocked to find I'm only a lady's-maid. It may be odd, but I will explain. But perhaps you won't mind driving me toward the Hall, and I will tell you as we go along. You see, I'm Lady Killingworth's foster sister; they say we're very much alike—"

"I congratulate Lady Killingworth," said Randolph, very heartily.

"Very much alike," went on the other, without noticing the compliment. "and she is always so kind. Lets me wear things when they're still quite fresh, and lets me do always much as I like. Driving that pony—little beast!—was a fad of mine; father said—"

"Is your father also in her ladyship's service?"

"Yes, he's coachman, and father said I should be sure to come to harm, and I have, as you know better than I. If it had not been for you, I should have been killed. I am so grateful to you, I assure you," and she looked up at him once more with bright, glistening eyes.

"I'm devilish glad I was never sworn at Highgate."

"What do you mean?"

"Part of the oath is that if you can kiss the mistress you mustn't kiss the maid. Now, I have no desire to kiss Lady Killingworth, but—"

"I don't understand you," said the lady's-maid, again looking at Randolph with such wide, innocent eyes that he could not believe her demureness assumed.

Randolph Braybrooke felt rebuked, and was studiously respectful in his manner for the rest of the drive. But when they approached the lodge gates, and his pretty companion begged him to get out, and leave her to drive in alone, he ventured to express a hope that they might meet again.

"O, no, no, no," she said, seriously, but with just a touch of coquetry in her voice and manner, "that mustn't be. It would be quite wrong."

"Then I shall say you're most ungrateful."

"But my father will call and thank you; and I shall always think of you as my brave and gallant preserver."

"If you won't promise to let me see you again, I shall come after you."

"To Lady Killingworth's?"

"No, to her coachman's; and have tea in the harness-room with the rest of the family."

"That would not be a fitting place for you. Sooner than that I'd—"

"There. I knew you wouldn't be so hard-hearted. When and where shall we next meet?"

Louisa Buffham was not the first weak woman who has yielded to man's beguiling tongue. A few days later she met Braybrooke on the road, not far from where the accident had so nearly occurred, and this became their regular trysting-place day after day for weeks and weeks together.

It was the old, old story. The attractiveness which had won Braybrooke at their first meeting presently deepened into real affection; a closer acquaintance proved this charming girl to be as clever, intelligent, and well-educated, as she was good-looking. How strongly Braybrooke felt toward her he never realized till marching orders came for his regiment, and he was on the eve of parting from his love.

Then he pressed her to go with him.

On hearing this she was sorely agitated, and seemed unable to frame a word of reply.

"Do not misunderstand," he went on. "I am asking you, Louisa, to become my honored, well-beloved wife?"

She looked up directly—her face bright and jubilant in spite of the tears.

"I knew you were a true man, Randolph, as good and honest as you are brave," and she kissed him solemnly.

It was arranged that he should go to the Hall next day and formally ask old Buffham for his daughter's hand. This interview with a future father-in-law has shaken many a strong man's nerves—Braybrooke's native shyness was not diminished by the fact that the stern parent was only a coachman who would probably not object to having a colonel for a son.

It was a relief to Randolph, therefore, when Louisa met him at the lodge gates, saying, "Father is out driving my lady. They have gone to Mirkborough, and will not be back for an hour at least. Come, I'll show you over the house, dear. Her ladyship will not mind."

She led him from room to room—through picture-gallery, corridors, and banqueting-hall. It was a grand old house, which, with a large income, had been left to Lady Killingworth by her late husband, altogether as her own. It was well kept up; the richly-furnished but charming home of a woman of cultured intelligence and great natural taste.

The two lovers ended with my lady's boudoir, and, this seen, were on the point of retracing their steps, when Louisa, with a terrified look, cried, suddenly, "My lady!" and ran out of the room.

Braybrooke did not know which way to turn. His shyness took absolute possession of him; and when, a minute or two later, the door opened to admit a lady, he was ready to sink into his boots.

"Really—this intrusion," began Lady Killingworth, and Braybrooke met the glance of a stately dame in a long cloak. She wore a wide flopping hat, under which he saw a face strongly resembling that of his beloved Louisa, were it not for the abundant curls of towy yellow hair.

"Why, it's Randolph Braybrooke!" cried another voice, and our friend recognized the deep bass of the colonel of his regiment. "Have the Twenty-seventh turned burglars?"

"I was brought here, Lady Killingworth, by your maid?"

"My maid?"

"Your maid—and my affianced wife."

"Braybrooke!" said the colonel, "you must be mad."

"Sir," added Lady Killingworth, "this is a sorry way of getting out of a scrape; surely you might leave the poor girl's name alone."

"It is true, perfectly true, upon my word."

"She is not your equal in any way. She is far *bonne* ath you in station."

"In most ways she is my superior. As to station, mine is not much, but she shall share it, and I will, please God, raise her to one yet higher."

"You are quite determined?"

"Perfectly."

"Then the farce is at an end," and Lady Killingworth, removing wig and cloak, disclosed that sweet Louisa Buffham and she were one. "Forgive me; I was trifling at first, but I went on to try and find out, as I have done, whether your heart was really made of pure, solid gold."

Young Wives.

An old gentleman of rank very indiscreetly stopped to chat with a pretty girl behind a counter. Bar-maids are often a silly set, and do not care to talk with old gentlemen. They reserve their conversation for young men, who are the horror of bar proprietors, who will spend a few coppers in beer, and consume whole hours of time. This girl had the sense to recognize a sensible man, and she had some rational talk with him. When he got home he discovered that he had lost his purse, containing a considerable sum in notes and gold. He was entirely unable to recollect where he had lost the purse. But going some days after to the refreshment counter, the young lady handed him back the money, saying that she had been anxiously looking out for an opportunity of restoring it. The old gentleman was a Baronet of estate, and became so captivated with the young person that he proposed to her, and was accepted; and, after an interval of time to allow her to see something of the world and of good society, they were happily married.

Another case is still more extraordinary. A young girl was brought before a "sitting magistrate" for being drunk and disorderly. It was a regular case of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid. Her extraordinary beauty shone out through her rags and disorder. Her fine eyes and vivacious speech captivated the aged Rhadamanthus. I believe he paid the five shillings himself, and caused her to be well taken care of. They married, and, in course of time, she was left a widow with a title and fortune. She was thought, in after life, to take rather a magisterial view of things in general, and developed into a character of severe type. Altogether she was an extreme instance of the unexpected.—*London Society.*

A Word for Wives.

Many women, says Harriet Beecher Stowe, suppose that they love their husbands, when unfortunately, they have not the beginnings of an idea of what love is. Let me explain it to you, my dear lady. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be petted by him, loving to be caressed by him, and loving to be praised by him, is not loving a man. All these may be, when a woman has no power of loving at all—they may all be simply because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed; a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner.

But all this is not love. It may exist to be sure, where there is love; it generally does. But it may also exist where there is no love. Love, my dear ladies, is self-sacrifice; it is a life out of self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, the wishes of another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Love is giving, and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper or a sponge, sucking in everything to itself; it is an outspringing fountain, giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance gem of great price to the loveliest, the fairest, the purest, the strongest of lovers that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, in love, there are ten receivers to one giver. There are ten persons in this world who like to be loved, and love love, where there is one who knows how to love.

THE RUSSIAN PRIEST'S WIFE.—There is only one happy woman in Russia; it is the priest's wife; and it is a common mode of expression to say, "As happy as a priest's wife." The reason why she is happy is because her husband's position depends upon her. If she dies he is deposed, and becomes a mere layman; his property is taken away from him, and distributed, half to his children and half to the government. This dreadful contingency makes the Russian priest

careful to get a healthy wife, if he can, and makes him take extraordinary good care of her after he has got her. He waits upon her in the most abject way. She must never get her feet wet, and she is petted and put in hot blankets if she has so much as a cold in her head. It is the greatest possible good fortune for a girl to marry a priest, infinitely better than to be the wife of a noble.

Damaged Men.

You can see any day, in the streets of any city, men who look damaged. Men, too, of good, original material, who started in life with generous aspirations. Once it was said that they were bright, promising lads; once they looked happy into the faces of mothers whose daily breath was a prayer for their purity and peace. Ah! what if some of them have bowed their souls away to confiding wives, who silently wonder what can be the meaning of this change—the cold, slow-creeping shadow—that is coming over the house and heart. Going to the bad! the spell of evil companionship; the willingness to hold and use money not honestly gained; the stealthy, seductive, plausible advance of the appetite for strong drink; the treacherous fascination of the gambling table; the gradual loss of interest in business and in doing which build a man up; the rapid weakening of all noble purposes; the decay of manliness, and recklessness and blasphemy against fate; the sullen despair of ever breaking the chains of evil habit; what victories of shame and contempt, what harvests of hell have grown from such a seed as this. Sneer, if you will, like a fool, at the suggestion of reform, morals, religion; every man knows in his moods—that all there is of true life is personal virtue and rectitude of character. Going to the bad. But there is hope. Earth and heaven are full of hands ever reaching to help the lost man back to the better way. All the good there is in the universe is full of sympathy with that little goodness which inwardly reproves and protests.—*Mechanicsburg Farmer.*

The Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvest time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begins to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, and hope, out of a thousand lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. Night life in our cities is a dark problem whose depth and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young man, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out a chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be: "Watchman, what of the night? Policemen, pacing thy beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do you see them come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?"

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would not return home at night; some would leave the city, some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the All Seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.—*Watchman.*

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BLUNDERS.

It is exceedingly annoying to authors to have their productions mutilated by the blunders of the printer or the carelessness of the proof reader. In most cases the intelligent reader can discover the error and give the author credit for the phraseology intended; but in some cases the meaning is so obscured as to make it doubtful what the author meant to say, and in other instances, by the introduction of a single letter the sense of the expression is directly opposite what the author intended. In our issue of last month, in "Mollie's Trust," first page, last line of second paragraph in second column, an awkward expression occurs which requires a little stretch of imagination to discover an appropriateness in it. The expression "if he trod on it" is suggestive of dynamite or some other explosive which requires friction or concussion to set it off; the phrase should read "if he tried it," when it would appear natural, and the meaning obvious. We are sorry that such errors occur, as we know from experience the annoyance of having our literary productions mutilated, and fearing lest our readers should imagine that our intellect was as hazy or erratic as the expression with which we were credited.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

You can commence at the beginning or the end, and read forwards or backwards, and the sense is the same:

Exercise take, excess beware;
Rise early, and breathe free air;
Eat slowly; trouble drive away;
Feet warmish keep; blend work with play.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

At this season of the year it is of the greatest importance that the sanitary condition of our surroundings should be rendered as perfect as possible, for it frequently happens that the germs of disease lurk in unsuspected places. If it has not been already done the cellar should be critically examined, and all decaying vegetable matter carefully removed, and the

air of the cellar sweetened by letting all the fresh air in possible, and by whitewashing the walls with lime, or washing them with a solution of green vitrol (sulphate of iron), and seeing that there is no escape of sewer gas in the cellar; this, if it escapes seriously endangers health, and must be stopped, if there be connection with sewers, by properly constructed traps; and if it does cost a little to put them in, better pay the cost than risk the discomfort, sickness and bills for medical treatment, which are almost sure to result sooner or later from the presence of foul gas in the cellar. The whole house should be thoroughly and frequently ventilated so that the air may be properly oxygenated, and the sunlight permitted freely to enter, in order to effect the destruction of minute spores that flourish in dark and damp places, and vitiate the atmosphere.

It is also highly important that the back yards should be scrupulously cleansed and all decaying matter of every kind removed. And care should also be exercised to prevent the exhalation of foul vapors from decomposing slops from open sinks or cesspools, which if they must be used and cannot be protected by water traps should be frequently sweetened by fresh charcoal, which absorbs the oxygen from the decomposing matter, or by quicklime which neutralizes it.

Cisterns for holding rain water, which always contains more or less organic matter liable to decomposition, should be cleaned out, or at least sweetened by placing therein some fresh charcoal; and the well from which the drinking water is procured should be so protected that no surface water can enter it without being filtered through a considerable thickness of clay or fine sand. The platform over the well should be tight, to keep out animals and insects as far as possible, but, as fresh air is necessary to keep the water properly oxygenated, a large open pipe or tube should come through the platform and rise about four feet above it. If these precautions are strictly observed it will go far toward preventing the diseases to which we are always liable, and to avert the possible epidemics with which scientific but unconsecrated prophets threaten us this season.

The Phenomena of Sleep.

Sleep, according to Sancho Panza, is the mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst, and fire that warms; it is the coin which buys everything; the balance and weight which makes the simple as the wise, the shepherd equal to the king; blessed is he who invented sleep. It is a necessity which no will-power can set aside. At the retreat to Corunna, whole regiments slept while rapidly marching. Galen, also, Abbe Richard, and others, slept while walking. Stupor is an adjunct of disease, but sleep is a necessity of life and health. One is easily roused from the latter, but not from the state of stupor. Artificial sleep is had by tying the carotid arteries. Heat and cold induce slumber, also monotonous sounds. Memory sometimes works wonderfully in sleep. Abercrombie tells of a man, not in literary pursuits, and who did not know when awake even the words of Greek, and who, in his sleep, would recall the works in Greek, page after page, which he once did know in early life. The phenomena of reverie, Dr. Hammond thinks, are like those of somnambulism. Acts are automatic. Sensorial impressions not perceived by the brain seem to direct. Memory does not act. Still more so in hypnotism, or magnetic sleep, the spinal cord is susceptible, and the brain more incapable of asserting its superiority.

In a lecture by Dr. Romanes, of London, before the National Health Society, the physiology of recreation was briefly described as consisting merely in a rebuilding up, reforming or recreation of organs and tissues that have become partly disintegrated by the exhausting effects of work. It thus appears that the one essential principle of all recreation must be variety—that is, the substitution of one set of activities for another, and consequently the successive affording of rest to bodily structures as they become successively exhausted; and so the undergraduate finds recreation in rowing, because it gives his brain time to recover its exhausted energies, while the historian and the man of science find mutual relief to their respective faculties in each other's labors.

TEA A STIMULENT AS WELL AS BEER.—The English papers report that some of the large agriculturists of that country have been trying the experiment of substituting cold tea for beer as a drink in the harvest field, and claim that it is a good substitute. It seems to be overlooked that tea is a stimulant as well as beer. It is, in fact, true that a pint of tea, as usually made, contains a larger percentage of stimulating elements than an equal quantity of beer. A story is told of a cavalry horse that was fed oats with which a small quantity of tea leaves was mingled, and suffered with marked symptoms of delirium tremens. An English physician of eminence has asserted that there are many "tea drunkards" among the laboring classes of England; and Dr. Bock, an eminent physician of Leipsic, charges tea-drinking with being the cause of much of the nervousness and ill-health of English and American women. We see no advantage in exchanging one poison for another. Let us have a thorough-going reform which discards all stimulants and narcotics.—*Good Health.*

For Salt Rheum.

May I give you a remedy for the salt rheum? It has been used with good effect several times to my knowledge, and has the merit of being very simple.

One part of carbolic acid, (in solution,) two parts of glycerine, and four parts of soft water. I find a tablespoon the most convenient measure. Rub well on the affected part several times a day, letting it dry on. If it should cause a feeling of numbness, it is too strong, and more water should be added.

If six parts of water is used, an excellent lotion will be had for chapped hands and face. It is also good for inflamed eyelids, and is better than glycerine in its effect and does not smart so when applied to chapped skin. M. U. G.

SEWER GAS.—The importance of good sewers, and especially of the thorough ventilation of sewer pipes connected with buildings, is well shown by the results obtained by the authorities of one of the largest London Hospitals who recently "took measures to ventilate all the drains and sewers in connection with their institution, and previous to which movement pyæmia and erysipelas had almost driven the medical staff to despair. When the whole of the ventilation was completed, and as soon as the pressure was removed from the traps of the closets and lavatories, no fresh cases were found to occur, and for months the hospital wards were free from both erysipelas and pyæmia. Suddenly, however, there was a fresh outbreak of these diseases, but it appeared that the epidemic was confined to one of the surgical wards built apart from the main building on the pavilion plan, and having only one story. Close investigation proved that the ventilation pipe in this wing had been stopped by a careless workman; and, on this being remedied, all traces of the epidemic disappeared."

OUT-DOOR AIR AND EXERCISE.—The surest of all natural prophylactics is active exercise in the open air. Air is a part of our daily food, and by far the most important part. A man can live on seven meals a week, and survive the warmest summer day with seven drinks of fresh water, but his supply of gaseous nourishment has to be renewed at least fourteen thousand times in the 24 hours. Every breath we draw is a draught of fresh oxygen, every emission of breath is an evacuation of gaseous recrements. The purity of our blood depends chiefly on the purity of the air we breathe, for in the laboratory of the lungs the atmospheric air is brought into contact with the fluids of the venous and arterial systems, which absorb it and circulate it through the whole body; in other words, if a man breathes the vitiated atmosphere of a factory all day and of a close bedroom all night, his life blood is tainted fourteen thousand times a day with foul vapors, dust, and noxious exhalations. We need not wonder then, that ill-ventilated dwellings aggravate the evils of so many diseases, nor that pure air is almost a panacea. Out-door life is both a remedy and a preventative of all known disorders of the respiratory organs; consumption, in all but the last stage of the *deliquium*, can be conquered by transferring the battle-ground from the sick-room to the wilderness or the next mountain range.

FOR RHEUMATISM.—A large piece of flannel well sprinkled with saltpetre, and wrapped around the affected part.

A cure for a hacking cough, sore throat or mouth, is to take a teaspoonful of salt in a half-cup of water, and gargle three times a day before each meal.

The heart of man beats seventy-five times in a minute; sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat; makes four beats while we breathe once. The weight of the circulating blood is about twenty-eight pounds.

CHILDREN POISONED WITH TOBACCO.—In one of the schools of Brooklyn, a boy thirteen years old, naturally very quick and bright, was found to be growing dull and fitful. His face was pale, and he had nervous twitches. He was obliged to quit school. Inquiry showed that he had become a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he did not give it up, he shed tears, and said he had often tried but could not. The growth of this habit is insidious and its effects ruinous. The eyes, the brain, the nervous system, the memory, the power of application are all impaired by it. "It's nothing but a cigarette," is really, "It is nothing but poison." German and French physicians have recently protested against it, and a convention of Sunday and secular teachers was recently held in England to check it. It was presided over by an eminent surgeon of a royal eye infirmary, who stated that many diseases of the eye were directly caused by it. Parents, save your children from this vice, if possible. Do not allow them to deceive you. In future years they will rise up and bless you for restraining them.—*Christian Advocate.*

How to be Charming.

Every young girl cannot be beautiful, for to every one God has not given a comely face, nor a graceful figure. But every one can be attractive. Indeed, health and cleanliness go far to giving those bright eyes, blooming cheeks and clear skins, which conduce to good looks, though some have plain and irregular features, and can easily see, by the testimony of the truth-telling mirror, that they are not remarkable for external graces. Let them comfort themselves by the thought that they may make very beautiful old ladies if they cultivate sweetness of disposition, and contentedness of mind and trust in God's goodness and love.

How can the homely be charming? Well true self-forgetfulness and kind thoughtfulness for the happiness of others is always winning. The vain, selfish beauty cannot compete with the homely maiden who is popular because she is very lovable. Her father confides in her. Her mother leans on her. Her friends go to her for help and advice. The little girls bring her their broken toys, and the boys come for aid when the lessons are learned. By-and-by a marvellous thing happens. She is spoken of everywhere as the "interesting Miss Parker," or the "agreeable Miss Dornell," or "the captivating Miss St. Mark." She has grown interesting, agreeable and captivating, and each quality is far more valuable to a woman than the possession of mere beauty, without other winning personal characteristics.

The power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are! Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress, and the probable doings of the neighbors.

But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly and delightfully is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impressions. No young girl can hope to shine in conversation as her mother does, but every girl can begin to acquire that graceful art which will draw intelligent men and women to her side, and enable her to retain them, because they are pleasantly entertained.—*Christian at Work.*

Accustom yourself to think vigorously. Mental capital, to be worth anything, must be well invested—must be rightly adjusted and applied, and to this end careful, deep and intense thought is necessary if great results are looked for. There is no such thing as standing still in this world. Change is the eternal law of nature.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

PLUM COBBLER.—Take one quart of flour, four tablespoons melted lard, half teaspoon salt, two teaspoons baking-powder, mix as for biscuit, with either sweet milk or water, roll this; and line a pudding-dish or dripping-pan, nine by eighteen inches: mix three tablespoons flour and two of sugar together, and sprinkle over the crust; then pour in three pints canned damson plums, and sprinkle over them one coffee-cup sugar; wet the edges with a little flour and water mixed, put on upper crust, press the edges together, make two openings by cutting two incisions at right angles an inch in length, and bake in a quick oven half an hour. Peaches, apples, or any kind of fresh or canned fruit, can be made in the same way.

POTATO PIE.—Boil either Irish or sweet potatoes until well done, mash and rub through a sieve; to a pint of pulp, add three pints sweet milk, tablespoon melted butter, tea-cup sugar, three eggs, pinch of salt, and nutmeg or lemon to flavor. Use rich paste for under crust.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Stew pumpkin cut into small pieces, in a half pint water; and, when soft, mash with potato-masher very fine, let the water dry away, watching closely to prevent burning or scorching; for each pie take one egg, half cup sugar, two tablespoons pumpkin, half pint rich milk (a little cream will improve it), a little salt; stir well together, and season with cinnamon or nutmeg; bake with under crust in a hot oven.

DRIED APPLE PIE.—Put apples in warm water and soak over night; in the morning chop up, stew a few moments in a small amount of water, add a sliced lemon, and sugar to taste; cook half an hour, make into pies and bake.

CREAM PIE.—Take one pint sweet milk, three eggs, small tea-cup of sugar, two tablespoons corn starch; beat yolks, sugar, and starch together; let the milk come to a boil, and stir in the mixture, adding a teaspoon of butter and a pinch of salt. Bake crust, fill with the custard, bake, spread on whites (previously beaten to a stiff froth with two tablespoons sugar), and brown in a quick oven.

BUTTERMILK.—Beat together a heaping cup sugar and four eggs; add half cup butter, beat thoroughly, and add one and a half pints buttermilk; line the pie-tins with crust, slice an apple thin, and lay in each pie, fill the crust with the mixture, and bake with no upper crust.

PINE-APPLE PIE.—A cup sugar, half cup butter, one of sweet cream, five eggs, one pine-apple grated; beat butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten yolks of eggs, then the pine-apple and cream, and lastly, the beaten whites whipped lightly. Bake with under crust only.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Peel sour apples and stew until soft, and not much water is left in them, and rub through a colander. Beat three eggs for each pie. Put in at the rate of one cup butter, and one of sugar for three pies. Season with nutmeg.

GREEN CURRANT PIE.—Line an inch pie-dish with good pie-crust, sprinkle over the bottom two heaping tablespoons sugar and two of flour (or one of corn starch) mixed; then pour in one pint green currants washed clean, and two tablespoons cold water; cover and bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

TO PREPARE MUSTARD.—Boil one pint vinegar, stir in a quarter pound mustard while hot, add two tablespoons sugar, teaspoon salt, and one of white pepper; let the mixture boil.

CURRENT CATSUP.—Four pounds nice fully-ripe currants, one and a half pounds sugar, table-spoon ground cinnamon, a tea-spoon each of salt, ground cloves and pepper, pint vinegar; stew currants and sugar until quite thick, add other ingredients and bottle for use.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

ARDENT.

"The flame within my bosom, Kate,
Is burning warm for you;
And I am sure that you will make
A wife both kind and true.
So let the match be struck at onst;
No longer let us wait;
I'm sure we've had enough of 'sparks,'
Let's form a cinder-Kate."—*Puck.*

Tramp's Motto—"A little earning is a dangerous thing."

The debt of Nature is paid by the most impecunious, but yet it is not a preferred debt.

At Quebec, recently, a woman hanged herself with a strip of false hair, and died the victim of a misplaced switch.

The man who expressed an opinion had to pay charges clear through before the company would take it.

It is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The constitution of the United States says, "The right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."

"Why is it," asked a lady, "that people lose their interest in church-going now-a-days?" "Because they have lost their principle," was the witty reply.

The verdict of the coroner's inquest on the death of a child was: "The child was suffocated; but there was no evidence to show that the suffocation was before or after death."

A medical man says: "The ideas cannot flow freely when the waist is squeezed." Perhaps not; but on Sunday evenings, when waist squeezing is at its height, the young man doesn't care a cent whether the ideas flow freely or not. They only have one idea in common at such times, anyhow.

"The press is mighty and will prevail," said the susceptible maiden, when she was hugged by her stalwart lover.

"Now, Sammy, have you read the story of Joseph?" "O, yes, uncle." "Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" "They sold him too cheap."

"You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. "I guess there's the most pain at my end of the stick," replied the boy, feelingly. "Any rate, I'd be willing to swap."

A SICK INDIAN.—At the Carlisle Barracks Indian school, one of the Indian boys was seen wearing thin moccasins on a very cold day. His teacher told him to change the moccasins for shoes, or he would catch cold and be very sick. The little Indian didn't take the teacher's advice, and the next day he approached the teacher, saying, "I have one big sore throat." "I told you that you would be sick," replied the teacher. "O," said the Indian, "I am not sick in my feet, where the moccasins were; I am sick in my throat."

Of the late Bishop Ames the following anecdote is related While presiding over a certain Conference in the West, a member began a tirade against universities, education, etc., and thanking God that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding thus for a few minutes, the Bishop interrupted him with the question, "Do I understand that the brother thanks God for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer. "You can put it that way if you want to." "Well, all I have to say," said the Bishop, in his sweet, musical tones, "is that the brother has a great deal to thank God for."

At the recent session of the Philadelphia Methodist Conference, the candidates for elder's orders were asked whether they would wholly abstain from the use of tobacco. Two of them replied, "I'll try," and "I'll endeavor to do so." These answers were pronounced by the Bishop as trifling, and were evidently not satisfactory to a large portion of the Conference. A long discussion followed, closing at last with the assurance that they would abstain. But notwithstanding this quite a number voted against their reception, because the answers were not more prompt.

An old and respected citizen in a country town in Virginia, being a member of the Masonic lodge, was visited by a committee of that body, and the accusation preferred against him that he made too free use of the bottle, which the committee informed him was inconsistent with the character of a good Mason. The old gentleman stoutly denied the accusation, and insisted that the committee should go with him to the post-office, as he was sure that the testimony of Captain P., the postmaster, with whom he had been long intimate, would exonerate him from the charge. Accordingly, accompanied by the committee, he went to get the evidence of his friend, when the following conversation was had:

"Captain," says he, "you have known me for a long time?"

"Yes," said the captain; "nigh on to thirty years."

"Well, captain, I think I can say that during all that time I have hardly ever taken a drink that you have not jined?"

"That is about correct," said the captain.

"Now, captain, I want you to tell these gentlemen if, in all that time, you ever saw me when you thought I had more than I could carry."

"Well," said the captain, "I don't think that I ever did; but I have seen you many a time when I thought that it would have been better if you had made two trips with your load."

The late Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana (the Cousin Joe), and Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama (the Cousin Dick, of the following anecdote), being in Italy together, the latter was enthusiastically pointing to it to the former the architectural beauties of a ruin, when his Louisiana reverence rather wearily protested, "It's all very fine, Cousin Dick, but, nevertheless, a cheerful field, fragrant with new-mown hay, would please me better."

The Bishop of Alabama replied, "Well, Cousin Joe, there is this in favor of your view of it—there is not an ass in all Italy that would not be of the same opinion."

There are some very straightforward people in Galveston. One of them went up into the News office, and, sauntering up to the desk, asked, "I hear that the Bible has been revised. Do you know if many important changes have been made?" "A good many, I believe," "Then there is no mistake about Ananias being struck dead for lying?" "No, I believe not." "Well, if I was you, I would find out about it;" and he strolled out as unconcerned as you please.

Mrs. Spaggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were all stained. "That's too bad! But won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldbody.

ONE OF BISHOP BLOOMFIELD'S latest *bonmots* was uttered during his illness. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacons' charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "O, I see," said the Bishop—"composition and decomposition."

"Julius, is you better this morning?" "No; I was better yesterday, but I'se got over dat." "Am dere no hopes ob your discobery?" "Discobery of what?" "Your discobery from the convalescence what am fetching you on your back." "Dat depends, sah, altogetddah on de prognostification which implies de disease; should dey continue fatally, de doctor thinks I'se a gone coon. Should dey not continue fatally, he hops dis cullud individual won't die dis time. But, as I said afore, dat all depends on de prognostics; and till dese come to a head, dere am no telling wedder dis pusson will come to a disconuation or odderwise."

THE FAREWELL LESSON.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Mr. Trout, Granton school teacher, was married a short time ago. It is proposed to have his wife fined for taking trout out of season.

Rev. Mr. Finney, while pastor of the church in Oberlin, had labored in vain to get the choir to enunciate distinctly. He thus commenced his prayer one morning just after a hymn: "O Lord, we trust thou didst understand what has just been sung, for we did not."

A native of the Green Isle was pressed by the collector of a water company for payment of the water rate; to which modest request he returned the following answer: "Sure I pay tin shillings a year for wather, and many's the day it's off for a whole wake."

"That is probably the oldest piece of furniture in England," said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend, pointing to a venerable-looking table as he spoke. "How old is it?" asked the friend. "Nearly four hundred years." "Pshaw! that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years old." "Indeed!" "Yes; the multiplication table."

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentlemau who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother uow no more with the name upon the handle."

The Prize Cat Essay.

The prizes in the New York Cat Show have been distributed, "Spot," the performing feline, drawing \$250 and a gold medal. The prize for the cat essay (\$10) was awarded to Walter C. Quevedo, Brooklyn, his effort being the best of 557. It was attached to a common wooden "Tip" cat, such as little boys play with. It was as follows: "This is a cat."

The enclosed cat knocked at our office window a few years ago, and then came in without being introduced. Since then it has never eaten anything nor shown an inclination to become acquainted with the back fence. It is perfectly docile, but is apt to jump when stroked upon the back. Beside this species there are two other kinds of cats—the cat of nine tails and the cat of nine lives. The cat proper and improper derives his name from the manner in which you address him at night, thus—"Scat!"

He is covered with fur, is filled with deceitfulness and abounds in cheek. I said that on purr-puss. He can place himself outside of a canary in full bloom, and then come and sit by your side and look up in your face with a smile that is "childlike and bland," chuck full of penitence and canary. Can—any other animal do this? His fur is soft and glossy, but what this is fur I cannot say. It isn't so soft, however, but what it will break bricks. The cat is a smaller bird than the mule. As a general thing the cat can draw more than any other animal except a mustard plaster. I have known him to draw two boot-jacks, a scuttle of coal, two or three swears out of a man, and other articles of bedroom furniture out of a third story window. This can also be said of the average German band. In fact they are somewhat related, as the discoverer of the fiddle listened to the music of a cat, cut him open to see where the noise came from, and thus laid the foundation for fiddle strings. Cats and fiddles thus became violinistigators of suicides. They are uncateline. I would say something about the cat-o-nine tails, but it is a painful subject; another reason is, I don't know anything about them. See Mr. Bergh. Please send \$10 by any of my kind reportorial friends. You might also send a policeman with the reporter. Yours, categorically.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON A CROPPED HEAD.

She's rosy, bright, and fair,
And cuts her curly hair
Like a mop.
But I love her, that I do,
From her dainty little shoe
To her crop!

How studious she looks
As she's working at her books—
Maiden sage.
But sometimes there will unfurl
A naughty little curl
O'er the page.

Then the rosy head she shakes,
Which matters only makes
Rather worse;
For the curly little pate
Becomes, instead of straight,
The reverse.

I wonder how a fay,
If she wore her hair this way,
Would appear?
Though I'm certain that to me
No other head could be
Half so dear.

But she says I mustn't laugh,
And "will not stand" my chaff—
She's too big;
"She will cut off *all* her hair,"
And, "if I don't take care,
Wear a wig!"

"POLITENESS PAYS."

Among the acquaintances of my youth there was one Peter Cox; and I am sorry to say that, from what little stock of patience he may have possessed, he invested none of it in politeness. At all events he did not do it when he entered business. Peter was a builder by trade, and one of the most thorough and faithful workmen in the country. If he undertook a contract, he was sure to perform his part punctually and properly. Still he was not always employed, for many who might otherwise have hired him, were repulsed by his uncouth manner of treating them, and sought assistance elsewhere.

"Peter," said his wife to him, one evening, "do you know that you have lost a good job: and that he would not have done so had you not offended him."

"How did I offend him?"

"By not listening to him when he wished to describe the plan for the building."

"His plan was a foolish one."

"Well, suppose it was; if you had felt it to be your business to tell him so, you might have done it in a polite way."

"Bah!" cried Peter with a snap of his finger, "don't talk of politeness in business. If I were to bother myself to be polite to everybody who happened to call on me, I should have my hands full."

"I think it would pay," ventured the wife.

Peter poohed at the idea; and then told his wife that he wanted to read.

About a month after this Peter came home in unusual spirits. He had been out of work for some time, and he had been rather moody and crusty. His wife noticed the change, and asked him what had happened.

"There's a prospect of work," he replied, "we are to have better times in town. Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield has bought the whole of the water-pond, on our stream, and is going to erect a factory here. I think I'll get the job. They say that Wilkins had rather have some one here to do it, and my friends will recommend me."

Mrs. Cox was highly delighted, for she knew that such a job must pay well; and she hoped that her husband might not be disappointed.

A few days afterward an order came for some window-blinds; and one afternoon, while he was busy at his bench, a man came, and watched him at his work for a few seconds, without speaking. He was a middle-aged man, rather coarsely clad; and Peter supposed it must be some one who wanted work.

"How dy'e do?" said the stranger, as Peter laid aside the slat which he had just finished.

"How dy'e do?" returned Peter, in a sort of uncouth grunt.

"That looks like good lumber you're working there," remarked the visitor.

"It's good enough," was the response.

"What is such lumber worth here?"

"I don't know;" and as Peter thus answered he took another slat and began to plane it.

"I suppose you buy some lumber, sir?" said the stranger.

"I do when I want it," returned Peter, without looking up from his work.

"Is there any in town to be sold?"

"They'll tell you at the mill. I don't saw lumber myself."

"But you know the value of it," remarked the stranger, with a slight touch of feeling in his tone.

"Who told you?" retorted Peter.

"I supposed, as you were in the habit of using considerable lumber of various kinds, that you would be a proper one to ask."

"Well, sir," said our grouty builder, in his uncouth, unkind, and ungentelemanly way, "it so happens that I have something else to attend to besides keeping the price of lumber for everybody who may happen to want a few boards."

"Ah! yes; I didn't know you were so busy," returned the visitor, in the coldest and most polite manner imaginable. "Pardon me if I have interrupted you." And with this, he left the shop.

Peter Cox had done no more in this instance than he had done a great many times before; but yet he could not put it from his mind so easy. Somehow it clung to him and even after an hour had passed, he found himself wishing that he had treated his visitor with a little more decency. But it was too late now.

Peter got his blinds all made, and then awaited news from Byfield, as it was expected that Sumner Wilkins would soon make arrangements to commence operations. He felt sure of the job, as his friends had seen Wilkins, and recommended him strongly. It would be as good as three dollars a day to him for several months.

One morning as Peter came out on the street he heard it remarked that Wilkins had got his hands all engaged, and would break ground very soon. It could not be possible, thought our builder. Surely he would have had some notice of such a move. Half an hour after that, he was standing at the door of a grocery, when a man drove up in a carriage, and he came into the store. He bowed to one or two who stood there, but gave Peter only a cold look. It was the man who had called at his shop two weeks before, and inquired the price of lumber. He was dressed plainly as ever, but he drove a splendid horse, and the carriage was a costly one.

"Who is that man?" Peter asked, after the stranger had gone.

"That," returned a by-stander, in evident surprise; "don't you know him?"

"No. Who is it?"

"Why that is Mr. Wilkins."

"Sumner Wilkins, of Byfield. The man who is going to build the factory?"

"Yes."

Peter Cox left the room with a sinking heart; and by the time he had reached his shop he was almost sick. What a fall it was. He went home to dinner, and ere long his wife had learned the whole story. She had already learned that the great job had been given to another, and knew why it had been done.

"Why didn't he let me know who he was when he came into my shop?" said Peter, in a petulant mood.

"That isn't the question," suggested his wife, speaking as considerately as possible. "It would be better, Peter, if you would ask why didn't you treat him respectfully? It seems, from your own account, that he asked a very simple

and proper question—as any ought to answer with pleasure. I tell you, my husband, politeness pays. If you could only overcome your habit of treating strangers so uncouthly, you would be greatly the gainer thereby.”

For some days Peter Cox was sore and morose. He saw the work commenced on the factory without his assistance, and he feared he should have but little business for some time to come. He had at first been inclined to think very hard of Sumner Wilkins; but when he came to reflect more calmly, he thought differently. He could not wonder that the man had been repulsed by his rudeness.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Peter was in his shop, doing nothing but thinking, when some one entered. He looked up and saw Mr. Wilkins.

“How dy’e do?” said the capitalist.

“How dy’e do?” returned the builder.

“You are not very busy, I take it,” added Wilkins.

A quick, rough answer was making its way to Peter’s lips; but he did not speak it. He recollected himself in season. He had taken a solemn obligation upon himself that he would not allow any more such words to go out from his mouth upon his fellow-men.

“No sir,” he replied, as soon as he the old spirit had been quelled; “I am not very busy just now.”

“Perhaps you would like to work for me.”

“As you wish it.”

“Well,” said Wilkins “I am now in want of help, and should like to employ you. I meant to have employed you before; and perhaps you can imagine why I did not. However,” he added, as he saw Peter’s countenance, “there’s no need of referring to that, only for the lesson it teaches. I felt the cut of your rudeness very deeply; and, the more so, because I could not see wherein I had any occasion for it.”

“I was rude,” returned Peter, frankly; “and as you have intimidated, I found a lesson in the result; and I hope I may profit by it.”

“That’s enough, sir. And so we’ll let the past go.” Wilkins extended his hand as he spoke, and Peter grasped it warmly.

“And now,” the visitor continued, “let’s come to our business. The man whom I engaged to superintend the erection of my mill, has so much other business that he would be spared from this; so if you will take it, I will let him go.”

Of course Peter took it; and when the mill was done, so well and faithfully had he performed his work that he had more offers of valuable contracts than he could possibly attend to.

But Peter Cox did not forget the prime secret of this new success. He knew that he was eminently qualified as an architect and builder; but this was not all. He also knew that the first lesson he had learned was the most valuable one—that investment he had made was yielding him the greatest interest. And, moreover, the income from politeness which he had come to possess was not all gross and material. No, no—one of its highest and purest fruits was that which came to his heart, and which remained with him to bless him, wherever he went.

JOHN W. MACKAY, The Bonanza King.

“Here,” said the speaker—as he stood near a windlass by which ore was hauled out of a mine on the Comstock—“here I used to stand and turn for three dollars a day. Seth Cook was my partner, and he was paid three dollars a day. Seth Cook is now a large owner in the Standard Mine, and one of the rich men of the Pacific coast.”

The speaker was John W. Mackay, the Bonanza king, one of the richest men in the world. He is a slender, tallish, well-knit man of forty-seven, with a clean, well-marked face showing decision and frankness. His hair and moustache are brown, tinged with gray. His eye is keen and penetrating, his skin is ruddy, wholesome, vascular, tanned with Nevada sunshine and steamed in the Turkish bath temperature of the lower levels of the Comstock lode. What impresses one about the man is that there is nothing wasted in him; he is all muscle and nerve, and shows temperate and careful habits.

When he walks, it is with the sure agile tread of the leopard or the lynx, like one who might spring at any moment. There is a joyous element in the man, which would be winning

were its owner only a cab-driver instead of the master of millions. He speaks with a half stammer, which at first impresses one as being the slowness of a man who deliberates while he speaks.

This is the Bonanza king as he stands at your side looking out over the brown Nevada hills. The miners come up and speak to him and call him John, and there is between them a sense of command blended with comradeship which appears odd to metropolitan eyes.

Forty-seven years ago or thereabouts John W. Mackay was born in Dublin. He came to New York in his youth, and gambolled around the City Hall Park in its pastoral days, and was not unhappy when a *blase* theatre-goer gave him a check for the Park Theatre. Among other sights, he used to look with wonder upon a famous man striding up Nassau Street from the old post-office with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. This was James Gordon Bennet, then a curiosity even to boys, and the work which he was doing was building up the New York Herald.

California came in enticing, golden splendor out of the sluices of Swiss Sutter’s mill, and young Mackay went with all the world to Eldorado. About this time there went two others on the same errand. One was an Irishman named O’Brien—“Billy” O’Brien, as all California came to call him. Billy had a partner, a strong-headed, resolute New York lad, who came from the Broderick section of New York, and had in him all that immense capacity for doing and daring which gave Broderick national fame. Billy’s partner is now known as James C. Flood, of the “Flood and O’Brien firm,” whose phenomenal success was to make all the world wonder.

Mackay went his way, as every body did in those feverish days. He lived in mining camps; he slept on the ground; he picked and scratched and washed the gravel in running streams; he had his ups and downs; he saw all that was gay, all that was golden in El Dorado life, and then he came with his pick and his blanket to the Nevada Mountains. In the meantime Billy O’Brien and his partner had tired of the sage-brush. Giving up mining, they went to San Francisco, and into business. The young Irishman made their acquaintance. He had found some good prospects, and they had some money. A hard-headed, smooth, discreet engineer became known to them, by name Fair. He was a man to be considered, and the result was that the four men—Mackay, Flood, O’Brien, and Fair—made that business compact known as the Bonanza firm which is now a ruling power in our Pacific empire. In the firm Mackay owns two-fifths, and, as the head of the Bonanza firm, is known as the Bonanza King.

His royal honors came to him in the discovery of the Big Bonanza in the Comstock lode, about ten years ago. Mackay, himself—to show the uncertainties of mining—was about to throw up the lode in despair when his workmen struck a vein which was to yield \$111,000,000. Other mines helped to swell the firm’s revenues, and the Bonanza firm, which ten years ago would have sold its Comstock interest for a million, became the masters of stupendous wealth. Mackay’s income, from his mines alone, was put down, for a length of time, at \$800,000 a month. But no one can tell how much is fiction and how much is truth in a career so romantic. Certain it is, however, that the Bonanza firm became one of the richest in America.

O’Brien died in the beginning of the good days, and left several millions. Fair is in the Senate. Flood governs the Nevada Bank and the California business with a sure, splendid intellect that would make him a fine Secretary of the Treasury. Mackay lives among his mines, except when he runs over to his Parisian palace, under the Arch of Triumph, to see his wife and children; and, if the truth were known, to pine for the levels of Yellow Jacket and Consolidated Virginia as he strolls about the Champs Elysees, or wanders through the arches of the Palais Royal.

The possessor of so many millions, the Bonanza King lives a life of studied simplicity. He is well read, knows all about the outside world, keeps himself abreast of the current thought and literature of the time. There are few men better informed as to what the world knows and does than John W. Mackay. Of his generosity there are stories that remind us of Monte Christo. Of his kindness and princely ways, all who know him can speak.—*The Hour*.

The conservative and courteous bishop of some two-thirds of the commonwealth of the Keystone State gives a humorous incident that actually occurred during one of his visitations at one of the principal towns not a hundred miles from Harrisburg.

Good Judge L. is not only an earnest Churchman, but very fond of showing his neighbours the way to church also. At any special service he was sure to have a couple or more of his legal friends in his pew with him, being very attentive himself both to the service and to his friends, showing them the places in the prayer-book, and trying to keep them contented.

At a recent visitation of Bishop H. the judge was seen passing the books, and at every change in the service handing over other books and then devoutly continuing his own duties. It was Sunday morning, and by the time the solemn litany was reached, the visitors, having no especial interest in the affair beyond pleasing the judge, and consenting to listen to a good square sermon, which he had promised them whenever in the sacred programme it should be presented, began to tire of the "performance," and with a freedom more becoming the court-room or street than the sanctuary, one of them, finding it impossible to keep up the connection of things, blurted out, in a good stage-whisper, "Judge, this beats the devil!"

"That is the intention—'Good Lord, deliver us,'" replied the judge, in pretty positive tones, and in a sort of monotone that came near to a seeming addition to the Church's liturgy not in the book.

WHAT IT COSTS TO SMOKE.—What it costs to smoke is shown by the following computation, upon the basis of a weekly expenditure of \$1, the amount (\$26) being brought in as capital at the end of every six months, at seven per cent per annum, compound interest. It amounts at the end of

5 years to.....	\$304 96	35 years to.....	\$7,511 08
10 "	735 15	40 "	10,900 07
15 "	1,341 97	45 "	15,680 59
20 "	2,193 91	50 "	22,423 98
25 "	3,405 37	55 "	31,936 19
30 "	5,108 59	60 "	44,354 11

THE QUAKER AND THE DRUNKARD.—A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking.

"Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.

Quaker. "It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

Drunkard. "Convince me of that, and I will promise, upon my honor, to do as you tell me."

Quaker. "Well, friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

Surely this was a simple remedy. The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it and became a sober man.

A Remarkable Machine.

A machine has been invented by Dr. Mosso, of Turin, which measures thought. It is called the plethysmograph, and its revelations are based on the fact that thought creates nervous action, which consumes in its performance a certain quantity of blood, and that quantity may be measured. In an address before the American Association of Paris, Professor G. F. Barker describes the machine and its working as follows:

The forearm, for example, being the organ to be experimented on, is placed in a cylinder of water and tightly inclosed. A rubber tube connects the interior of the cylinder with the recording apparatus. With the electric circuit by which the stimulus was applied to produce contraction, were two keys, one of each was a dummy.

It was noticed that, after using the active key several times, producing varying current strengths, the curve sank as before on pressing down the inactive key. Since no real effect was produced, the result was caused solely by the imagination, blood passing from the body to the brain in the act.

To test further the effect of mental action, Dr. Pagliani,

whose arm was in the apparatus, was requested to multiply two hundred and sixty-seven by eight, mentally, and to make a sign when he had finished. The recorded curve showed very distinctly how much more blood the brain took to perform the operation.

Hence the plethysmograph is capable of measuring the relative amount of mental power required by persons to work out the same mental problem.

Indeed, Mr. Gaskell suggests the use of the instrument in the examination room, to find out, in addition to the amount of knowledge a man possesses, how much effort it causes him to produce any particular result of brain-work.

Dr. Mosso relates that, while the apparatus was set up in his room in Turin, a classical man came in to see him. He looked very contemptuously upon it, and asked of what use it could be, saying it couldn't do anybody any good.

Dr. Mosso replied: "Well, now, I can tell you by that whether you can read Greek as readily as you can read Latin."

As the classicist would not believe it, his own arm was put into the apparatus, and he was given a Latin book to read. A very slight sinking of the reserve was the result.

The Latin book was then taken away, and a Greek book was given to him. This produced immediately a much deeper curve.

He had asserted before that it was quite as easy for him to read Greek as Latin, and that there was no difficulty in doing either. Dr. Mosso, however, was able to show him that he was laboring under a delusion.

Again, this apparatus is so sensitive as to be useful for ascertaining how much a person is dreaming.

When Dr. Pagliani went to sleep in the apparatus, the effect upon the resulting curve was very marked indeed.

He said afterward that he had been in a sound sleep, and remembered nothing of what passed in the room—that he had been absolutely unconscious; and yet every little movement in the room, such as the slamming of a door, the barking of a dog, and even the knocking down of a bit of glass, were all marked on the curves.

Some times he moved his lips, and gave other evidences that he was dreaming. They were all recorded on the curve, the amount of blood required for dreaming diminishing that in the extremities.

Pompeii.

One of the most interesting features of the excavations in this buried city is the discovery of many homely domestic articles of which we have counterparts. It is astonishing how many things in common use now were in use then. You will see almost every kitchen utensil, portable cooking-stoves, jelly-cake, and butter-moulds in the imitation of birds and flowers, pots, kettles, crocks, dishes, cups and saucers, spoons, knives and forks, dippers, skimmers, sauce-pans, frying-pans, lamps, lamp-stands, flesh-hooks, braziers for charcoal. Pretty much every kitchen, dining-room, or chamber article found in modern use entered into Roman daily life. All the articles of a lady's toilet, including jewelry of all kinds, gold and silver ornaments, corals, and precious stones, were found in houses in Pompeii. Taken from the retail shops were steeleyards, balances, weights, and measures. From a doctor's office was recovered a full set of surgical instruments, including "pulikins" for extracting teeth, and trepans for drilling holes in the skull. There is any number of shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, and blacksmith tools, and, indeed, implements of almost every present mechanical operation.

The Jewish Messenger takes a broad and generous view of the ministry: "The minister to-day is not necessarily only the man who preaches weekly in the church or synagogue. Every sphere of work, no matter how lowly, has a ministry of its own, and every honest laborer, if not a reverend, is to be revered. There is a ministry of the press, for instance, just as sacred as that of the pulpit. Science, too, has its ministry. Art, literature, philanthropy, have also their holy offices, ministering and administering to mankind. And it is only when the clergyman mingles in the broader stream of human effort, and utilizes other ministries besides that of the pulpit alone, that his influence is lasting and far reaching."

Lime has been found successful as a wood-preserver. The method, which is French, consists in piling the planks in a large tank, then covering them with quick-lime and slaking them with water. The timber requires about a week to be thoroughly impregnated with the lime-water before it is taken out of pickle and slowly dried. The entrance of the mineral particles into the grain also renders the wood harder and denser than before. Beechwood, for example, becomes like oak, and without losing the elasticity that fits it for tool-handles, is far more durable than oak.

Pet Superstitions.

M. Passy had the following anecdote from Gen. Rapp himself, who, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, entered his Cabinet without being announced. He found him in such profound meditation that his entrance was not noticed. The general, seeing that he did not move, was afraid he might be indisposed, and purposely made a noise. Napoleon immediately turned round, and, seizing Rapp by the arm, pointed to the heavens, saying, "Do you see that?"

The general made no reply. Being interrogated a second time, he answered that he perceived nothing.

"What!" responded the Emperor; "you do not discover it? It is my star! It is immediately in front of you—most brilliant!" And becoming gradually more excited, he exclaimed, "It has never abandoned me; I behold it on all great occasions. It commands me to advance, and that to me is a sure sign of success."

This illusion of the seuse may be explained by some as a symptom of one of those impending epileptic attacks to which it is well-known he was subject.

Lord Nelson had a belief in omens, we know by the horseshoe he had nailed to the mainmast of the Victory, of which his coffin was made.

To quote another and very different class of mind from that of either of the great men mentioned, as influenced by the same consideration for the ruling of trifles, we may refer to the singular habit of Dr. Johnson. As described by Boswell, he never entered a doorway without counting a certain number of steps, and so judging the distance that the last step should fall upon the threshold of the door with a certain foot. So particular was Johnson in this respect, that, on more than one occasion, when he failed to time himself, he returned to correct his steps.

"A GENIUS FOR HELPING FOLKS."—"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community, than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's very little that he can put down on subscription papers for any other object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the look-out to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him; and I've sometimes thought he and his wife kept house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets."—*Christian Observer*.

Interesting Facts on Interest.

"An American Almanac and Treasury of Facts," by A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, contains much that is valuable for reference. We extract for the edification of farmer readers, many of whom have experience of paying interest, a few lines which express very forcibly the accumulations of interest at low and high rates: "One of the causes of bankruptcy is that so few persons properly estimate the difference between a high and low rate of interest, and therefore often borrow money at a ruinous rate that no legitimate business can stand. Very few have figured out the difference

between 6 and 8 per cent. One dollar loaned for 100 years, at 6 per cent., with the interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to \$340. At 8 per cent. it amounts to \$2203, or nearly seven times as much. At 3 per cent., the usual rate of interest in England, it amounts to \$10.25; whereas at 10 per cent., which has been a very common rate of interest in the United States, it is \$13,809, or about 700 times as much. At 12 per cent. it amounts to \$84,075, or more than 4000 times as much. At 18 per cent. to \$15,145,007. At 24 per cent., which we sometimes hear talked of, it reaches the enormous sum of \$2,551,799,504. One hundred dollars borrowed at 6 per cent., with the interest compounded annually, will amount to \$1842 in 50 years, while the same \$100 borrowed at 8 per cent. will amount to \$4690 in 50 years. One thousand dollars at 10 per cent., compounded, will run up to \$117,390 in 50 years." This item is worth carrying about in your hat.

Only a Joke.

My roguish, rollicking Harry
Was ready to bound into bed:
His brown eyes were brimful of mischief,
But gravely he bowed down his head.

"O Lord, bless dear papa and mamma,
Bless me, and dear Flossie, and Ben
And make me a good little—nigger,
For Christ's sake, dear Jesus. Amen."

"My darling," I answered him sadly,
"Do you know that whenever you pray,
Our dear, loving Father in heaven
Is listening to hear what you say?"

"And what if the dear Lord should answer
The prayer you have uttered to night,
And change to a negro's complexion,
Your skin, now so rosy and white?"

"Oh, mamma!" my darling cried wildly
While loud sobs his broken words choke,
"I'll tell the Lord, quick, I don't mean it;
'Twas only—'twas only a joke!"

Beautiful Tribute to Women.

We have seen many beautiful tributes to lovely women but the following is the finest we ever read:—"Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and folly, annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or the rattling of a window sash at night, and is overcome by the perfume of the rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fibres of her heart, and mark her then! how strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird or anything to protect—and see her in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a heating, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune hurts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold valuable but untried, in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."—*Guardian*.

An important discovery has been made at Cincinnati of a process for fusing and moulding iridium into bars. This metal has been used with gratifying success in the place of the negative carbon for the electric light. It burned sixty hours without loss of weight or perceptible change of form. It can be put to many valuable uses.

The Missionary from Peoria.

Bob Ingersoll, you seem so fat and healthy,
That men whose dollars at the door are paid
May well believe that you are growing wealthy
By irreligion's apt and artful aid.

If priestcraft suffers now from your abusing,
And loses flesh and strength from day to day,
You gain a part of what the priests are losing;
You surely make your anti-priestcraft pay.

"Doth Job serve God for nought?" once asked the Devil,
When seeking to pull down that good man's pride.
So might one ask, and not be thought uncivil,
What get you, Bob, for serving t'other side?

The flow of cash undoubtedly is pleasant,
And the receipts are frequently sublime;
Whatever the hereafter be, the present
Means money in your pocket all the time.

A Church dignitary, whose jurisdiction embraced a vast region of the West, and afforded several kinds of climate, was greeted by a clerical friend with no end of questions as they were riding up town in a crowded car. Inquiries spiritual were poured in at a rapid rate, and then the matter of his temporal environment was the subject of discussion. The Western shepherd was speaking of the extremes of temperature to which they were subjected in the district where he resided. Suddenly his New York friend asked, "How does your wife stand the heat?"

A peculiar look stole into the countenance of the ecclesiastic from beyond the Mississippi, as he quietly answered, "My wife has been dead a year."

The infelicity of mentioning an elevated temperature in connection with the departed was too much for the Knickerbocker. He left at the next corner.

Manner.

"One of the most prominent public men of our time said lately, 'I have lived sixty-three years in the world, and have come in contact with all ranks and qualities of men; but I have never met one who, when I spoke to him with sincerity and courtesy, would not reply to me in like manner.'"

This testimony is the more valuable as it comes from a man who probably possesses more personal popularity than any living American, and who owes it to the magnetic charm of his sincerity and courtesy of manner.

Dorothy Dix, who visited almost every prison in the United States, said that she had never received once a rude word from a convict, no matter how degraded he might have been.

"I showed them that I trusted them by my manner," was her secret.

There is no personal quality which young people are so apt to neglect as this, of an attractive, magnetic manner, which is so much more potent and enduring a charm than the beauty of face and figure which they prize so highly.

The basis, the absolute essential, in a thoroughly well-bred manner is that total lack of self-consciousness which not even the most expert actor can assume. Hence, all the awkwardness, the diffidence, the social mistakes of boys and girls.

They are usually intensely self-conscious. Egotism belongs to their age. The world, their knowledge, their very selves, are all so new to them; their opinions and thoughts and the part they mean to play in life, are so important to themselves—that they are apt to thrust them on others. After a while, when they learn how insignificant they are, they will begin to be considerate of others, easy and unembarrassed.

"I ceased to be awkward," says Sydney Smith, "as soon as I discovered nobody was looking at me."

But sometimes a man most anxious to please never finds out, during a long life, that the manner which attracts is that which shows that its possessor forgets himself, and is generously interested in his companion.

Bears Helping Each Other.

A gentleman was once making inquiries, in Russia, about the method of catching bears in that country. He was told that, to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily fell into the snare.

"But," he added, "if four or five happen to get together, they all manage to get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of ladder by stepping on each others' shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul such as God has given us, can feel gratitude; and they don't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they fetch the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him speedily to join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

Sensible bears, we should say, and a great deal better than some people that we hear about, who never help anybody but themselves.—*The Carrier Dove.*

A Land of Magnificent Distances.

The enormous extent of the territory over which the Hudson Bay Company carries on its trade, and throughout which depots and posts are established, can scarcely be comprehended at a mere cursory glance. From Pembina, on the Red River, to Fort Anderson, on the Mackenzie, is as great a distance as from London to Mecca; the space between the Company's post at Sault Ste. Marie and Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, measures more than 2,500 geographical miles; from the King's Posts to the Pelly Banks is further than from Paris to Samarcand. The area of country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles, or more than one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe.

For purposes of trade the original chartered territories of the Company and the vast outlying circuit of commercial relations, are divided into sections called the Northern, Southern, Montreal, and Western departments. Of these, the Northern Department is situated between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains: the Southern between James Bay and Canada, including also East Main, on the eastern shore of Hudson Bay; the Montreal Department comprehends the extent of the business in the Canadas; while the Western comprises the regions west of the Rocky Mountains. These four departments are again divided into fifty-three smaller portions called districts, each of which is under the direction of a superintending officer, and has a depot fort, to which all the supplies for the district are forwarded, and to which all furs and produce are sent for shipment to England. These districts are again subdivided into numerous minor establishments, forts, posts, and outposts. Over each of these three is an officer and from two to forty men, mechanics, laborers, and servants. Besides, the Company employs multitudes of men as voyageurs, manning and working the boats and canoes in every part of the territory. The discipline and etiquette maintained are of the strictest kind, and an *esprit du corps* exists between the three thousand officers—commissioned and non-commissioned—voyageurs, and servants such as is only to be found in the army, or in an ancient and honorable service.

The forts and trading post of the Company are scattered over its immense territories at distances apart varying from fifty to three hundred miles. A better idea may, perhaps be obtained of their reliable positions, and of the isolated lives of their garrisons, by imagining the broad state of Ohio planted in the middle of the fur country. In that event the Company would build one trading post in it.—H. M. ROBINSON, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A physician at Trenton, O., has cured himself of small-pox by eating lemons. The regulars threaten to ostracize him for irregular practice. They have hunted their books in vain for any authorization for this course.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—*Goethe.*



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(Contributed.)

BRING FLOWERS.

1. Bring flowers, wild flowers, on the festive days,
Bring flowers to the place where childhood plays;
Bring flowers, they are springing in wood and vale,
And their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the torch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where young joy outflows.
2. Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path,
He hath shaken thrones in his stormy wrath,
With the spoils of the nations back he comes,
And peace broods now over gladdened homes.
Though the turf looks red where he won the day,
Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's way.
3. Bring flowers, wild flowers, to the captive's cell,
They have joyous tales of woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth. Bring him flowers, wild
flowers.
4. Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear,
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood mirth;
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.
5. Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the the bier to shed;
Bring flowers for the brow of the early dead.
For this in the wood was the violet nursed,
For this in the woods did the white rose burst.
Tho' they smile in vain at what once was ours,
They are love's last gift:—Bring ye flowers, pale flowers.
6. Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there;
They speak of a hope to the panting heart,—
With a voice of promise they come and part.
They sleep in the dust through the win'try hours,
They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, wild flowers.

Written for the Family Circle.

MOLLIE'S TRUST.

By Elspeth Craig.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

ONNIE LESLEY.

Whew! What a cold, dreary, drizzling day it was. The chill November wind drove the rain with a—swish—against

the window panes, rattling them and howling dismally at not being able to get in. The few foot passengers on the street looked very pictures of misery as they trudged along through the wet, with rubbered feet; dripping water proofs; and umbrellas held firmly against the wind.

"What a hateful day!" cried Lesley Stuart, as she stood by the window in the cosy, cottage parlor; watching for her aunt's return from her afternoon round of lessons.

"God made the day," answered a grave, boyish voice, which came from Bertie, who lay in his old favorite posture on the rug in front of the fire, with a book open before him. Lesley did not reply except by a slight contraction of her pretty brows, and a puckering of the rosy mouth; presently however, a more thoughtful expression came into her face, the restless fingers ceased to drum on the window pane, and she stood perfectly still looking out at the dull, leaden sky over-head, and the wet muddy street beneath.

Drip! drip! spatter! swish-sh! came the rain against the window; and the wind shrieked and rattled, and then sped away with a dismal wail.

"But it is a hateful day; if God did make it," said Lesley suddenly, and halt turning as she spoke towards her brother.

"But Lesley, whatever God makes is good, and whatever is good cannot be hateful. I suppose you think it is hateful because it looks dreary and uncomfortable and you like the sunshine best, but I guess God has some reason for making it rain."

"Everyone is happier on sun-shiny days, and I am sure it is a great deal easier to be good when one is happy, and God likes people to be good."

"Perhaps Lessie," said Bertie fixing his calm, grave eyes on the fire, "I am not sure, but perhaps God wants us to learn to be happy and good on rainy days too. Don't you remember what Mr. Morrison said last Sunday at Sunday school, about keeping our lights burning very bright in the darksome places; I guess he meant the same thing; but I'm not quite sure."

After this, there was a long pause; Bertie resumed his reading and Lesley her survey of the weather; but she was evidently bent upon giving her brother but little peace, for without moving away from the window, she re-commenced the conversation.

"Bertie, are you going to be a minister when you grow up?"

"I don't know," answered the boy, "why do you ask, Lesley?"

"Oh! because, Paul said something the other day to aunt Mollie about it. He said he supposed that would be your choice of a—a—"

"Profession," suggested her brother.

"Yes, that was it; profession."

"What did aunt Mollie say?"

"She said she thought so too, and she would be very glad if you did choose to be a minister. But will you, Bertie?"

"I would like to be a missionary," said the boy in his dreamy, thoughtful way.

"A missionary," answered Lesley slowly. "Missionaries have to go a long way off to savage countries; don't they?"

"To heathen lands, where the people don't know about our God, but worship their own idols; the missionaries go to tell them about Jesus and teach them to read the Bible. Oh! I wish I were a man, so I could go now." His grave face had lighted up and his eyes sparkled as he spoke; and Lesley catching something of the spirit of his enthusiasm; declared her intention of going with him and helping him, when they were both grown up. An animated conversation on the subject followed; Bertie took from the book shelf a volume filled with accounts of mission work; and the two children lay on the hearth-rug Bertie reading portions here and there, explaining the difficult parts to Lesley, who listened, commented and questioned in her bright, eager way. It was getting dark, when they heard the gate open and shut, and knew that aunt Mollie was come. Lesley sprang up and rushed into the hall to meet her, while Bertie followed more leisurely.

"Oh! auntie how dreadfully wet you are!" cried Lesley.

"Yes darling; I am afraid I am; do not touch me till I take off my waterproof." At this juncture, our old friend Christie appeared upon the scene, and after expressing, as was her wont upon such occasions, her entire disapproval of the existing state of affairs; she proceeded to help her mistress off with her waterproof and rubbers.

"Dear sakes alive! Miss, but it's killin' yourself outright you will be doing, if you go on at this rate; a wearin' of yourself out teachin' from morning till night, nigh everyday of the week, to say nothin' of them concerts at nights; and a gettin' of yourself soaked to the skin like this; it's a crying shame, it is."

"Oh! no Christie! I would not bear to lead an idle life, even if it were not a necessity to work; and I am a great deal stronger than you think, nevertheless"—and she smiled a little wearily—"I do feel rather tired, this evening, but a cup of your good tea will set me up again, so I hope it will be ready soon Christie?"

"It will, Miss Mollie, in a few minutes," was Christie's reply, as she went off with the wet waterproof in one hand, the rubbers in the other; and a very lugubrious expression in her honest face.

"Well my darlings, what have you been doing all this wet afternoon?" asked Mollie, laying her hand on Bertie's curly head.

"I was reading, part of the time, and Lesley and I were talking."

"Oh yes! auntie, we were talking about the missionaries," exclaimed Lesley, "and Bertie is going to be one, and I'm going to help him."

"We will talk of this at tea time," said Mollie gently, "I must go and change my damp dress."

"Oh! I forgot, here is a letter that came for you this afternoon, auntie; I think it must be from aunt Janet; it's got the Buxly postmark on it."

"Yes it is from her," said Mollie taking the letter from Lesley, "I will read it and tell you the news when I come down stairs children." About a quarter of an hour later she descended to the bright, pretty dining room, where the two children were awaiting her. Now that we see her plainly, we can discern the changes which the past six years have wrought on her. She had once been a pretty, winsome girl with a merry face. Now she was a lovely woman. Sorrow had imparted a power and depth of expression to her countenance which added to its sweetness and winning grace. She was not superbly beautiful like Sybil and yet to many an eye she was fairer, while her manner had a grave, sweet dignity which commanded respect even from those much older than herself.

"How comfortable it looks in there," she said glancing with a pleased smile around the little dining room which did indeed wear a very snug appearance; the curtains closely drawn over the windows, a bright fire burning away right merrily in the grate before which on the rug reposed an immense gray cat, and the little tea-table with its snowy cloth spread for the evening meal, all helped to make up a picture at once home-like and attractive. Then presently Christie entered with the tea-pot and kettle and after placing them on the table withdrew leaving her mistress and the children alone.

"How would you both like to go to Buxly for a week or two?"

"Oh! auntie! does aunt Janet want us to go, and was that what her letter was about?" cried Lesley.

"Yes, she writes that she and uncle George both want you and Bertie to go and stay with them for two or three weeks. She says they had quite a heavy fall of snow the other day and though it has all melted away, she thinks they may have another snow storm while you are there, and you can have plenty of sleigh drives, and coasting. You would both enjoy that I am sure; would you not?"

"Yes indeed!" cried both children together.

"Do you wish to go Bertie?"

"I would like it very much auntie; but what about school?"

"I suppose you would not like to lose your place in school, by going away, Bertie? Well! it would be a pity when you have kept up so steadily all this term."

"And the last too auntie, he was head of his class all last term too," put in Lesley, who was mightily proud of her brother's cleverness.

"I daresay, you have no very great objection to leaving school for two weeks, Lesley?" said her aunt smiling.

"Why, I can hardly say I have," she answered with a bright little laugh. "You see auntie I have not a very high place in my class."

"But you *could* have if you liked Lesley," said Bertie with that grave, elder-brother manner, he often adopted toward his sister.

"You are as clever, and I daresay, a great deal cleverer than some of the girls above you. I think it is because you are not steady enough."

"I am afraid Bertie is right, you giddy little maiden!" said Mollie with a slightly amused air.

"Well I am sure I cannot help it; I always do laugh at things and make the others laugh too, and then Miss Rolson sends me to the foot, and I have to work my way up again."

"Well, but about this invitation; I am anxious for one of you to go at anyrate, for I fancy aunt Janet and uncle George lead rather a lonely life and feel dull sometimes. So supposing you Lesley, go now, and Bertie can go in the Christmas holidays. How would that do?"

"But aunt Mollie, if you wish me to go now, and you think it would please uncle George and aunt Janet, I will not mind so very much about school."

"Thank you my dear boy, but I do not wish you to lose the prize you have worked for so long, and I am sure both aunt Janet and uncle George will not be offended if you put off your visit till Christmas, when they know your reason for doing so; meantime, Lesley can go to them."

"I wish Bertie could come at the same time with me; but I wouldn't for anything have him lose the prize," answered Lesley.

"We shall all be very proud of our boy, if he wins it," replied Mollie with a loving smile at the boy, as they arose from the table and after ringing for Christie to clear the tea things away, adjourned to the parlor.

"When shall I go auntie?" asked Lesley, hugging the cat, which she had brought in with her.

"I think you might go next week; on Thursday,—I will write and let aunt Janet know."

"Now children," she resumed after a pause, "you had better get to your lessons, and when they are disposed of we shall have some music before you go to bed."

Lesson books soon strewed the table and both children worked quietly and earnestly, while Mollie bent silently over her sewing, stopping ever and anon to listen to the melancholy drip—drip of the rain and the moaning of the wind outside, and thinking sadly of Neal; wondering, as she had so often before wondered, where he was that night. She was aroused from her reverie by Lesley's voice announcing that lessons were all learned.

"Then put away your books dears, and we will have our music. I am afraid we must have that talk about the missionaries some other time, Bertie, my boy, it is too late to-night."

It was the nightly custom at the cottage to have a little music before the children went to bed, unless Mollie hap

pened to be out. Both Bertie and Lesley had good voices and always sang with their aunt.

Mollie put away her sewing and sat down to the piano; she played several airs softly and low and then paused.

"What shall we sing to-night children?"

The "Three Fishers" said Bertie.

"Home Sweet Home" suggested Lesley. "We shall have Bertie's song first, and then yours" answered Mollie. Her clear powerful voice led and the sweet, childish ones followed. It was beautiful! Christie sitting alone in her kitchen, wiped her eyes with the garment she was sewing and bent her head that she might listen more intently:

"For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to get and many to keep."

"Ah!" murmured Christie, "but there's many a woman as works and weeps too, and some men ain't worth it neither; but I *do* believe as how Mr. Neal is worth all them bitter tears *she* has wept for him. Deary me! I wonder where he is this night 'They are singin' 'Home Sweet Home' now. Poor Mr. Despard he ain't got much of a home I guess. Laws! there's the door bell. I wonder who it is on such a wet night." She hastened to open the door—to Paul—for it was he.

"Oh! it is you Mr. Halliday, sir," she ejaculated as she admitted him.

"Yes it is I, Christie. Is Miss Mollie in?"

"Laws! yes sir; I should hope she wouldn't be out on sich a night as this."

"Well, I should hope not also." Having now taken off his wet ulster, he opened the parlor door and went in.

"We scarcely expected a visitor to-night," said Mollie when they had shaken hands and were seated around the fire.

"But you are none the less welcome," she added with a smile.

"Thanks; but the fact is, I am obliged to go to New York on business, early to-morrow morning, to be absent a week, so I had either to come to-night or go away without coming at all."

"And you wouldn't have done *that*; would you Paul?" asked Lesley who was kneeling on the rug with her elbows on Paul's chair.

"No my bonnie Lesley, of course I would not," he answered twisting one of her long, fair curls around his finger.

"And I am going away next week too," she said looking up at him.

"Going away! where?"

"To Buxley to visit Aunt Janet."

"Lesley is going for two weeks; Bertie does not care to leave school just now, so he will go in the Christmas holidays," Mollie explained.

"Ah! indeed! How are the studies getting on Bertie, my boy?"

"Oh! all right; I think I shall be promoted next term."

"That is good; do you think you will get the Latin prize?"

"It lies between another boy and myself; I may get it, I am not sure."

"And what prize are you going to take?" he asked smiling down at fair-haired Lesley.

"Oh! I don't know," she replied with cheerful indifference.

"Is it not too bad of Lesley, that she won't try to win a prize, Paul?" asked Bertie.

"Yes," he answered, shaking his head gravely—"I fear she is very idle." Lesley hung her head at this, and looked serious.

"When I come home again I *will* try ever so hard Paul; I *will* truly."

"Yes do, that is a good girl, and if you get a prize by mid-summer, I shall give you whatever you ask me for."

"Oh! will you really?"

"Yes really, so you must decide what you would like."

"Isn't he good aunt Mollie," she cried.

"Yes indeed; but I am afraid he spoils you Lesley," answered her aunt. "But come children it is long past your usual bed-time, so say good night and run away to bed." To hear was to obey with Bertie and Lesley; so they at once arose.

"Good night my bonnie Lesley; enjoy your visit as much as possible, and be a good girl," said Paul kissing the bright face; and when the children left the room he stood on the hearth rug gazing thoughtfully into the fire. At last, looking up with a smile he said:

"Mollie, in a few years from now, if I ask you for her, will you give her to me?"

"Oh! Paul, are you in earnest?"

"Quite."

Mollie hesitated a moment, and then said—"But you will have a long time to wait, you will marry before then."

He shook his head and smiled again.

"I think not; and as for waiting, I do not mind that, if only in the end I can win her, I shall be much older than her, but such marriages occur every day, and after all the disparity in age will not be so *very* great. She is nearly ten now and I am twenty-nine, in eight years she will be eighteen and I thirty-seven; not quite an old man, eh Mollie?"

"Not old at all for a man, Paul," she replied smiling, "and if she loves you and if she is willing in eight years from now, believe me, I should be only too glad to give her to you; but in the matter of marriage she must choose for herself."

"Of course" he assented, and they were silent again the thoughts of both busy with the future, while outside they could hear the moaning of the wind and the drip, drip, drip of the rain.

"Ugh!" said Paul, as he drew a chair closer to the fire, "what a wretched night!"

"You will have a wet walk home, I am afraid, it is a good thing you have not far to go."

"Oh! I don't mind," he answered cheerily.

"By the way you sing to-morrow night at Prot. Dean's concert, do you not?"

"Yes, and on Thursday night at Hamilton."

"Do you like the sort of life you lead Mollie? Do you never grow weary of it?"

"It is not what I should have chosen; but I am not unhappy; I am only too thankful to be able to sing; the life of a governess would have been much harder, and less congenial, besides, as governess I would not earn half what I do now; you see how mercenary I am," she said with a smile that ended in a quiver of the sweet lips, though he did not see it for she had turned her face slightly from him.

"I have a great wish," she continued, to give Bertie a classical education, he wants to enter the church and I am glad it is so, I always thought his tastes lay in that direction, he is grave and thoughtful beyond his years; he was telling Lesley this afternoon that he would like to be a missionary, and his enthusiasm kindled hers, I suppose, for she declared her intention of going with him wherever he went, to help him in his missionary labors."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Paul. "I can scarcely fancy Lesley a missionary."

"But I hope Bertie will give up the idea; he is but a child still, to be sure, but he has a way of clinging to any notion that enters his head; I would rather he found his work at home."

"He has a wonderfully tenacious mind, for one of his age certainly; he is a high-minded boy too."

"Yes, very. I think he will be a clever man, as I am sure he will be a good one."

"And do you think you will be able, alone and unaided, to do as you propose, educate Bertie for the church, pay all his expenses at school and college, besides Lesley's schooling and all your home expenses too? Your income is small, and if you do this it will imply hard, unceasing effort on your part. If you would but let me help you a little Mollie. God knows how gladly I would do anything in my power for you and yours! Surely for the sake of old times you might allow me the pleasure of being of some slight use to you."

"Paul, dear Paul! you are of use to me in a thousand ways. I do not know what I should have done without your faithful friendship, all these weary years; nor how I can ever thank you enough for the untiring kindness and consideration you have shown me." She had risen from her seat and stood beside him, with one hand placed lightly on his shoulder as she spoke, little dreaming how the action made his honest heart tremble and all the old hopeless love

to rush back upon him, filling his whole soul with a pain that was maddingly sweet in its very intensity. Yet he had imagined this love was dead long ago, and now, behold it had shown itself still living, and threatened to triumph over him if he were not strong. But he would not let it conquer him; he would be strong, he would beat it down and trample upon it and never leave it till it lay slaughtered before him. Mollie never knew that he suffered those few moments that she stood beside him with her hand upon his shoulder, her soft, sad voice thanking him for his *friendship* with the tears in her beautiful eyes. Oh! How often do we wound each other's hearts by a word, a touch, a look and never know it!

Though Paul's heart ached, he simply said;—"Thank you; you are very kind to say so."

You must not think it is from pride that I reject your kind offers of help; if I needed it I would accept it, sooner from you than anyone else, but I do not; I am young and strong; able to work, thank God, and our income added to what I earn by teaching and singing is rather more than enough for our modest requirements, I have already saved a little and will continue to put by enough by degrees for the boy's education. Believe me, he will more than repay me some day when I see him a noble, earnest man, doing his work in the world, bravely and well, as I know he will do it."

"He will have to thank you for a great deal Mollie; his own mother could not have been more tender, or done more for him than you have, and I am sure he will turn out worthy of you."

"I have but endeavoured to do my duty by him and Lesley; they are all I have now."

"Have you never heard from Neal?" Paul asked in a low tone, but keeping his eyes turned studiously away from her face. It cost him a good deal to speak to her of him.

"No," she replied almost in a whisper.

"Do you not know where he is?"

"No," she answered once more and seeing how it pained her, he forebore to question her further. So there fell a long silence between them and the thoughts of both were away in the past, and yet of that past they could not speak.

At last Paul looked at his watch and said he must be going.

"I wish I could be present at the concert to-morrow evening; it is to be a grand affair I believe?"

"Yes there is a very good programme and Prof. Dean expects a large attendance."

"I need not wish you a triumph Mollie, you are always sure of that. Toronto is very proud of you."

"Is it?" she answered smiling.

After Paul had gone, she stood by the dying fire musing of many things. On—on to the future, her thoughts flew, and she saw Bertie—the pride of her heart—in the glory of his noble man-hood working out the destiny he had chosen in the service of his great Master. She saw Lesley, Bonnie Lesley the loved and cherished wife of Paul Halliday and she smiled at these two pictures; but over her own future she drew a veil and turned sadly away. Then back, back again to the past her mind travelled but its bitterness was more than she could bear and covering her face with both hands she wept; for the longing was very strong in her heart to-night, for a face unseen a voice unheard for many a weary year.

(To be Continued.)

[The following lines were written on the occasion of the sad drowning accident which occurred on the Thames, near London, Ont., on the 24th of May 1881, by which about 200 persons lost their lives.]

IN MEMORIAM.

The glad day dawned with bright and cloudless sky,
And men and maids, with joy-illuminated eye,
To celebrate the Queen's Birthday begun
With feasting, jollity, exuberance and fun.

Some take the railway, some resort to games,
While many take to boating on the Thames.
Joy unrestrained breaks forth on every side,
As swift the steamers o'er the waters glide.
Hilarious youth in pleasures' paths run wild,
While age takes inspiration from the child.
All join the ranks, or pleased survey the scene,

That gladdens life, while honoring the Queen.

So passed the day auspiciously begun,
Till shadows grew with the declining sun,
And homeward wending many took their way
With dearest friends to spend the closing day.
Thus homeward turning at an early hour,
Guided perchance by some supernal power,
We left behind a mixed but merry throng
Seeking delight in mirthfulness and song.

An hour passed by, then came the crushing word
By which the city's heart was wildly stirred—
"A boat capsized! a hundred people drowned!"
"My God! can it be true?" the word went round.
Then ladies came; their holiday attire
Dripping with wet, bedraggled in the mire,
With hair disheveled, eyes suffused and wild,
Bewailing loss of husband, friend or child.
"Good God! it cannot be! 'tis sure some dream
A hundred drowned in such a narrow stream!
It must be false; things are not what they seem."
Ah! no. I am awake, oppressive dread
Clings round my heart and burns my fevered head.
I forward press—the wreck appears in sight,
Toned by the shadows of the coming night,
While through the meadows crowds move to and fro,
And o'er the tumult anguished wails of wo
On all sides greet our sympathizing ears—
Anguish too great to find relief in tears.
The sobs, the sighs, the moans, wrung by despair
From riven hearts oppress the burdened air,
And solemn faces blanch with awe or dread
As though they touched the spirits of the dead.
Each moment adds fresh horror to the scene
As forms drawn out are laid upon the green.
A hundred out, and yet fresh victims come,—
The heart grows sick, the lips are closed and dumb,
And language fails; the heart but hears its own,
For grief like this must bear its load alone.

The shadows deepen; night comes on apace,
The stars look down upon earth's shrouded face,
And by the glare of fitful fire light
The work goes on, on through the solemn night,
Swelling the death-roll far beyond belief,
Adding fresh pressure to the weight of grief.

"How could it be?" incredulous you ask,
To tell the whole would be no easy task,
But let us trace the causes to their source
Of carelessness, stupidity, or worse.

Three boats were running, one had got aground
And failed connection on her proper round.
So when the fated steamer touched the shore
The crowd rushed on,—four hundred souls or more.
"Your load will sink you, captain," said a voice;
"If all these go I'll stay behind of choice."

A few get off; the greater part remain;
Alas! how few shall see their homes again.
The warning fell on unattentive ears;
No dread of danger woke their dormant fears.
The boat proceeds, the deck almost submerged,
And slowly moves though to the utmost urged.
They pass a bend, the boat careens and slips
Volumes of water as the vessel dips.
Some now, possessed with an uncertain fear,
Would fain have landed at the Woodland pier,—
But on they pass, blind to their coming fate;
Some laugh and joke, their hearts with joy elate.
Fond lovers dream of day's of future bliss,
New wedded couples find their joy in this;
Infants lie smiling in their mother's arms,
And children prattle heedless of alarms.
When lo! a lurch! the waters rush on deck,
The crowd moves back the onward flow to check,
The boat returns responding to the weight,

And deeper dips ; depression is so great
The boiler slips ; the stanchions break away—
One crash, one shriek, and mingling with the spray
The living freight goes down beneath the wreck
Helpless, imprisoned by the floating deck.
O! piteous cry, the wail of blank despair,—
Brief time to think, and briefer time for prayer.
Four hundred souls in agonizing strife,
Trample each other struggling for their life.

Some reach the shore, and others help to save,
And many thus escape a watery grave.
But O! what sorrow hath this glad day crowned
Two hundred souls are in the list of drowned.
Young men and maidens in the list appear,
With hoary heads and babes of but a year.
Husband and wife, brother and sister mourn
For loved ones gone, that never will return.—
The night goes by. O night of speechless woe!
And morn returns, and people come and go
Bearing their precious dead, the young, the brave,
To robe them for the coffin and the grave.
Flags float half mast, mirth's altars all are draped,
On almost every street some doors are craped;
Business stands still ; all converse has one theme,
The sad disaster on the fateful stream.

Another day, and then the confined dead
With love's last rites sink to their lowly bed.
"Earth to earth! ashes to ashes! dust to dust!"
To wait the resurrection of the just.
Mid love's bright flowers, grief's sobs and friendship's tears
Farewells are said for all the coming years.
The grey haired sire left in the world alone
Sinks to the ground with agonizing moan :
Gone are his loved ones, gone the staff of age ;
Deep shadows hide love's image from life's page.
Yonder lie five in one grave deep and wide
A mother, sister, brother, bridegroom bride.
And there a brother mourns a sister lost,
He would have saved her at his own life's cost ;
Dragged down by others when quite near the shore,
Though almost saved she sank to rise no more.
"O must I leave my sister in this grave
I risked so much and tried so hard to save!"
Frantic he cried, as his deep grief he told
Mid tears and groans that could not be controlled.
And here two lovers lie, how sad their fate—
Born the same day, they perish on one date.
Betrothed, they sat enjoying converse sweet,
Plunged in the flood, they death together meet ;
In life united, death may not divide,
They lie by loved ones confined side by side.

The last sad rites are o'er, the last tear shed,
While stars hold watch above the sleeping dead.
To God's behest our chastened spirits bow ;
In his dear hands we leave our loved ones now,
Praying we may when life's last conflict's o'er
Meet in that land where death divides no more. J.F.L.

SELECTED.

MUTUAL RESPECT.

When ladies meet together, it is a very common thing for them, in a half-jesting manner, to speak slightly of their husbands, as if they thought, "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us."

"Oh, dear! what can be expected if one trusts an errand to one's husband!"

"Who ever heard that a man could put anything in the right place?" etc., etc.

Of course, the listener assents, and at once proceeds to corroborate the assertion by detailing her more trying experience—all in good nature, to be sure. They are the happiest, most cheerful company of martyrs that ever was seen. Each wife would be ready for a battle in a moment, if by her remarks anyone was led to imagine that this same trouble-

some, inefficient husband was not as near akin to the angels as can be expected in mortals. But it must be confessed that a listener, who sits by for an hour, on boat or car, in an hotel or at a social gathering, can hardly fail to decide mentally that husbands, at best, are but troublesome comforts, needing a watchful guardian to furnish constant advice, admonition, or reproof.

We recall a scrap that was handed us far back in early youth, entitled "Respect Due to Wives," which ran as follows:

"Do not jest with your wife on subjects that may wound her feelings. Remember she treasures every word you utter.

"Do not speak of great virtues in another's wife, to remind your wife of a fault.

"Do not treat her inattentively in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it.

"Never upbraid her in the presence of a third party. The sense of your disregard of her feelings will prevent her ever confessing her fault.

"Do not be stern and silent at home, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere."

We remember thinking this excellent advice, and we have not lost our belief in it, knowing it is often greatly needed; but we see many reasons for believing that wives need these cautions quite as much as their husbands.

Perhaps it is the perversity said to be inherent in woman's nature, but we must acknowledge being so far behind the age as to be guilty of a little sympathy and feeling for husbands, and believe they are also entitled to respect and delicacy. We would like to ask some good wives, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, if we could, a few such questions as these:

"Do you ever jest with your husband on subjects that you are sure will wound his feelings, and do it purposely to hurt him a little, by way of retaliation, to pay off old scores?"

"Do you ever tell him of some great excellence in your friend's husband, to remind of faults in his own habits or character?"

"Do you ever treat your husband inattentively or impertinently in company, while you are cordial and polite to other and less noble men?"

"Do you ever blame him impatiently in the presence of a third party? What woman is more sensitive to censure than a husband in the presence of others, when it falls from his wife's lips? He may be too proud to show or speak of it, but do you believe he ever forgets it?"

"Are you never cross and silent in your own home, with no one to entertain but your husband, but full of life, and wit, and amiability, in company?"

While it is right that husbands should take these suggestions to heart, and endeavor to augment the joys of home, should not the wives also listen to like truths and profit by them? Are we not equally blameworthy? Ay! more so, for home is our kingdom, where we may reign supreme if we hold the sceptre with a gentle hand, and with the law of love and kindness ever on our lips.

We have known young people begin life with every promise of perfect happiness, yet make entire shipwreck of all by their own ungarded words, impatient looks, and unregulated temper. A talent for brilliant and spicy repartee may enliven a party, give zest and piquancy to social intercourse, and endow its possessor with a certain position, enviable or otherwise; but in the home circle it is a dangerous gift, and, unfortunately one more frequently bestowed upon the wife than upon the husband.

We have often recoiled as from a blow, when hearing those who should be one in heart draw comparisons prejudicial to one another, and complimentary to others, prefaced with some stinging remark. Do they remember that in marriage they take each other's honor in keeping to cherish or destroy? and that God has made the bond so inseparable that all honor bestowed on the one passes over and is shared by the other, and all disgrace and error that militates against the one is equally injurious to the other?

There is much said of injustice to women—of her slighted feelings, and her rights ignored—the possibility of her attaining literary eminence or being equal to man being scoffed at, and her efforts to elevate her sex met with ridicule and contempt. Now we are not indifferent to any work that has for its aim the elevation of woman, but we are often

mortified at the snappish manner that is manifested by some who cannot speak of "women's rights" without a tart and vixenish fling at man

Our fathers, brothers, husbands, sons—are they not bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh? If we press forward for the prize which may place us side by side with these dear relations, why may we not work hand in hand with them, instead of attempting to be on the defensive or aggressive? We cannot think that the other sex—to whom we belong, and who belong just as truly to us—will attempt to bar our progress in any efforts to rise, if we retain at the same time our own individuality, the character of true, gentle, loving women—a much more noble type of womanhood, and far more likely to gain the end sought after, than that imperious fault-finding kind, which will only bring us reproach.

We are fully aware of all that has been said on man's rough, abrupt, over-bearing ways. There is much truth in it; and it is not at all attractive or to be excused. But, since the days of good Queen Bess, perhaps by dealing honestly and impartially with ourselves, we might find enough of the same qualities in our own sex to establish our claim, at least to sisterhood, if not to equality. But admitting that these are purely masculine elements, which find no response in our own character, can we not learn a way to conquer and eradicate even these uncomfortable and undesirable characteristics in men?

When the storm descended in great wrath, the traveller wrapped his cloak more closely around him. But the wind caught him, and roaring furiously, rocked him to and fro, whirling him like a feather along the road, in vain endeavors to tear his cloak from about him. He only hugged it all the more closely, and defied the storm and wind. But when the sun came gently and noiselessly to him, the iron will and sturdy frame that battled so successfully with the rough and boisterous tempest, bowed down before the genial, loving influence, and cheerfully acknowledged his conqueror.

And so may every wife, if she will, when she first enters married life, assert her power and secure a most willing, loving subject; where arrogance and impatience will but bring her a rough and stubborn opponent.

We are aware that half of the seemingly good natured complaints and assertions that are so often recounted where two or three women are met together are not meant unkindly, but only a sportive way of making and keeping up a sprightly vein of conversation.

But there is really no wit in it. It is a bad habit, and may lead to unpleasant consequences. That which is often repeated in sport may, in time, become so familiar as to leave the impress of reality, and before the wife is conscious of it, the tiny blemishes in her husband's character may have developed, through her imagination and oft-repeated words, into serious faults that threaten much unhappiness. The best cure that we can recommend is for the wife to turn resolutely from those shortcomings that look like faults in her husband, and honestly take an inventory of her own shortcomings and mistakes. She will need no magnifying glasses to find plenty of them, let her as honestly place them side by side with what she thinks wrong in her husband, and perhaps she will not feel inclined to carry the investigation further, but rest content, and bless the union which God has sanctioned, and, will bless if she does well her part.

Queer Marriage Customs.

Anything and everything about marriage—its history, its customs, or its ceremonies—always has an interest, especially to women, with whom it has in all ages been an engrossing subject. Something new has been discovered on this topic among the aboriginals of Australia, who perhaps more thoroughly represent the condition of savagery than any other on the globe. One of the tribes, the Kamilaros, and probably many other tribes, still retain the custom of communal marriage. A man, for example, is not wedded to a particular woman, but a group of men in one class are theoretically wedded from birth to a group of women in another class. This is not, as may be supposed analogous to promiscuous intercourse, and the present usage is decidedly in advance of the communal system. The communal name is retained in Australia, but marital rights have been restricted. Communal or group marriage is peculiar enough to excuse illustration.

It is as if the citizens of New York County and Kings county represented two intermarrying classes, every man here being thus theoretically the husband of every woman there of the same generation, and, conversely, every man in Kings being ostensibly the husband of every woman of his generation here. A Kings County man would never be allowed, however, to wed a Kings County woman, nor New York County woman a New York County man. Thus the individual is entirely ignored. He exists only as part of a group. His marriage is not the marriage of an individual, but of the whole tribe to which he belongs. The same disregard of individuality attaches to descent. The children of a particular marriage are not simply brothers and sisters to one another, but the children born of Kings County women are brothers and sisters to all the children in that county. Such relationship is actually acknowledged, but consequently the men and women of the same district do not and cannot intermarry. Civilized women may be fond of wedlock, but it is not likely that they would relish this peculiar, and, in a sense, wholesale, arrangement. The Australian mode of union is certainly original as well as aboriginal—*Flag*.

A Candle in the Window.

It is a very tender story of faithfulness in humble places which Jean Ingelow relates. It was in one of the Orkney Islands far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock, very dangerous to mariners. One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut, a young girl toiling at her spinning-wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea. At last the morning came, and one boat that should have been riding on the waves was missing. It was her father's boat, and half-a-mile from the cottage her father's body was found washed upon the shore. He had been wrecked against the lonely rock.

The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till it was laid in the grave; then she laid down on her bed and slept. When the night came, she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. All night she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun. So many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and *one hank over for her nightly candle*.

And from that time to the time of telling this story—for fifty years through youth, maturity, into old age—she has turned night into day. And in the snow-storms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never been without the light of that small candle.

However far the fisherman might be standing out to sea he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and he was sure of safe entrance into the harbor. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaring thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped, and cheered, and saved.

A Jewish Legend.

As Abraham sat at his tent door according to his custom waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was one hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper and caused him to sit down, but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing of his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him, he worshiped the fire only and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent and exposed to all the evils of the night and an ungarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee."

God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst not thou endure him one night, when he gave the no trouble?" Upon this Abraham fetched him back again and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

Swearing Fathers.

Some years since I asked a lady who had reared a large family of sons, "Did you have any difficulty in training your boys to be good men?" I remember well her reply. "Yes, one: to keep them from swearing. My eldest, little Willie, was my pride, with his large, dark eyes, rosy cheeks, and waving hair, but above all, his manly ways. One morning when he was six years old he was in great glee, riding on a rocking-horse. I sat watching him with a happy heart. How proud I was of my noble little son, whom I had striven to train aright. I was congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly he fell from his horse, and from his lips came a great oath. I was shocked to tears. He was not injured; but that oath from the mouth of my precious boy, how it hurt me!

"I talked earnestly with him and told him how wicked and unmanly it was to swear, but I could not fail to note the incredulous, half defiant expression in his eye; suddenly he looked firmly at me and said, 'Mamma, papa said it, and I can say it too!' I knew not what to say. I wanted him to love and respect his father, so I tried to shield or excuse him by explaining to Willie that his father had no mother to care for him, and learned that wicked habit in childhood, and now in manhood, when suddenly angered he sometimes swore before he thought (which I knew must have been the case when Willie overheard him), but it was a painful task, and I could never tell how many anxious tearful hours that one bad habit of their father's cost me and our sons."

A CHEMIST'S COURAGE.

SOME ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATING SIR HUMPHREY DAVY'S DARING.

The same moral and physical courage which Davy displayed in his youth, by deliberately taking out his pocket-knife and excising a part of his leg which had been bitten by a mad dog, and cauterizing the wound with his own hands, was exhibited in his chemical investigations. His discovery that nitrous gas, the vapor of aquafortis, is not injurious to the health, resulted from experiments on his own life. He obtained the gas in a state of purity, and, though very well aware of the danger he ran if the received theory of its deadly powers were true, which he doubted, he resolved to inhale it in its pure form. Gradually increasing the dose, he ultimately succeeded in breathing four quarts of the gas from and into a silk bag. He experienced a sense of giddiness, accompanied with loss of sensation and volition, a state analogous to intoxication, "attended," as he says, "by a highly pleasurable thrilling in the chest and limbs. The objects around became dazzling and my hearing more acute. Toward the last inspiration the sense of muscular power became greater, and at last an irresistible propensity to action was indulged in. My gesticulations were various and violent. In ten minutes I had recovered my natural state of mind."

And what are we to say of the daring of the following experiment, at which he was again operator and subject? He was curious to know what effect drink would have on a person under the influence of this gas. He drank a bottle of wine in about eight minutes. "I perceived," says he, "a sense of fulness in the head and throbbing of the arteries. I lost the power of speech, and was unable to stand steady. In an hour I sank into a state of insensibility, in which I remained for two hours and a half. I was awakened by severe headache and nausea, and my bodily and mental debility were excessive. In this state I breathed five quarts of gas for a minute and a half, but it must have been impure, for it had no effect." He then respired twelve quarts of oxygen for nearly four minutes, without any material change in his sensations. The severe headache continuing, he respired seven quarts of pure nitrous oxide for two and a half minutes. After the third respiration the headache vanished. Brilliant ideas passed through his mind. He jumped and danced across the room, but languor and depression succeeded, which gradually wore off toward evening.

In his treatise "Concerning Nitrous Oxide," he records its amusing effect on several of his friends. One of them danced about like a spinning top, and got so pugnacious that he struck at whoever happened to be near him. Its influence on such chosen souls as Coleridge and Southey was

by no means brilliant. They jumped and skipped about the room, laughing idiotically, every gleam of intelligence fading from their faces.

The experiment upon himself, by which Davy proved that hydrocarbonate acts as a sedative, was fearfully daring. It was no foolhardy bravado that was the motive power with him, but the love of scientific investigation. He says he was anxious to compare effects with those of nitrous oxide. Emboldened by a first experiment, from which he felt no excessively painful results, he introduced four quarts of gas into a silk bag. After a forced exhaustion of the lungs, and the nose being accurately closed, he made three breathings of the hydrocarbonate. The first produced a feeling of numbness; the second took away the power of vision and enfeebled the other senses; the third sent him away in a swoon, and just left him power to throw away the tube from his lips. After a short interval he recovered a little, and was able to whisper, "I don't think I shall die." Placing his finger on his wrist, he found his pulse beating with excessive quickness. In about a minute he was able to walk, but for an hour was weak and giddy, and conscious of a painful pressure upon his chest.

A Splendid Tribute to the Bible.

The book is immortal; believers love it and will not let it die. And they have felt its influence in a variety of forms, for no volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers or has been translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit that no book loses less by translation, none has been so frequently copied in manuscript and none so often printed. Kings and nobles, peasants and paupers, are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from its pages, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hope inspires the aged, and its promises soothe the bed death. The maiden is wedded under its comforting assurance. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of theology, first principles of morals and the guiding axioms of political economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burned for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connection with it. The fathers commented upon it and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origin's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric. It whetted the penetration of Abelard and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labour and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation and logical analysis. It has also inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the songs of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus on the discovery of the new world. It furnished the panoply of the Puritan valour which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the Magna Charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. The records of false religion from the Koran to the Book of Mormon have owned its superiority and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fullness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colour to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Horne and strung the plummet of Edwards. In short this collection of artless lives and letters has changed the face of the world and enabled myriads of its population. Holding, as I did to-day, the Bible of Luther in my hands, with its wooden cover, I could not but thank God for his precious Word, for its remarkable preservation, and most blessed and comforting truths.—*Fife News, Scotland.*

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HEALTH AND DISEASE.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—MEDICINE.

Oh, would you study medicine, get learning anatomical,

First fill your mind with all the lore of muscles and of veins;
The names that they can boast of sound, you'll say extremely comical,

But you must learn them ere you try to ease our aches and pains.

To grin derisively you use the *musculus risorius*,

The steruo-cleido-mastoid serves to turn the head away.

We'll land upon Reil's Island, nor will think the work laborious

To cross the Pons Varolii a many times a day.

Of course in time you'll learn, no doubt, the laws of physiology,
With all that Foster, Carpenter, and Huxley well must know,

We'll hope you'll pay attention to professors of pathology,

And gaze on all the wonders that the microscope can show.

You'll find how blood goes through the lungs, and how they're oxydising it;

How certain foods can do us good, while others do us harm.

The body's like a steam engine, 'tis really not surprising, it
Should take a regular amount of fuel to keep warm.

With chemistry, and pharmacy, and surgery and botany,

And jurisprudence medical, I fancy you will find

Enough to fill a busy brain—that is, if you have got any;

You cannot cure the body till you've amply stored the mind.

You'll come when we are ill, like some benevolent inquisitor;

Or gallant feats of surgery shall startle all the town;

While plunging into lunacy you may become a visitor,

Appointed by the Chancellor, like Doctor Crichton-Browne.

Here, surely, is a grand career—to cure our poor humanity

Of all the ills to which our flesh is heir—a noble strife

To wage against each fell disease, disorder, and insanity—

To wrest the victory from death, and give the patient life.
And when you've studied all you can, in order categorical,

When you have worked at every branch of science under sun
You'll find—the illustration's not my own, but is historical—

You pick up pebbles on the shore—you've only just begun!
—Punch.

The Torpid Liver.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The torpidity of the liver, or its inactivity, naturally results from excessive labor—another name for excessive or improper living. It is a well known fact that fats and oils are difficult of digestion, especially taxing the liver, since these are saponified by the action of the bile—waste matter from the action of the brain and nerves, in part—actually changed to a soapy substance. If, from the excessive use of such substances, or from the use of any articles particularly difficult of digestion, the liver is over-worked, its torpidity is a legitimate result, the fatigued and worn-out organ in this way seeking rest.

To force it to endure labor by such drugs as calomel or mandrake, compelling it to do what it cannot easily do, of course, must result in a depressed condition, really an addition to existing fatigue and prostration. At such a time its torpidity—inaction—demands rest, as the fatigued man seeks rest and sleep.

This sluggishness of the liver, with little or no secretion of the bile not only leaves the blood unfiltered of this waste, loaded with effete and poisonous matter—diseasing—but robs the bowels of their natural physis, and of course leaving them in a torpid state, constipated, as they must be when deprived of their natural stimulus. The absence of this filtration by the liver—all of the blood from the bowels, etc., passing through the liver for purification, that the lungs and heart may not be diseased by this special impurity—of necessity, leaves the blood in a condition to produce disease, or institute a cleansing process, as a fever, but as necessarily leaves the bowels in a crippled condition resulting in a detention of an unusual amount of waste matter in the system, one of the causes of disease.

But what is the remedy? Since prevention is easier and cheaper than cure, care of the diet, selecting such food as well readily digest, that calculated to produce needed openness of the bowels, as fruits, the grains—in their natural state, their whole products, save the hull—taking only what nature demands, and that at proper times, will do much to prevent disease. And since proper acids stimulate the liver to do its work, without the usual overtasking, it is well to use these acids as medicine, such as is found in the ripe fruits, such as the currant, strawberry, or any of the early fruits, evidently intended for this purpose, to renovate the system after the "carbonaceous period" of winter's rich and greasy diet. Indeed, the fully developed juices of fruits and vegetables—in their purest state needing no digestion—are far more valuable than is generally supposed, and the only spring medicine actually needed, if we would but exercise due care, changing our diet as rapidly as the weather changes, using less of the oils and sweets and more of the fruit acids as the heat increases. Indeed, if those troubled in this way, instead of the usual supper—which should always be light—would take a goblet of the juice of any of our fruits, demanding no stomach labor, or, in absence of this, would drink the same amount of tartaric acid and water, no sugar, only as much acid as may be agreeable, the effect on the liver would be almost magic, the appetite for the morning vastly improved, with a general improvement of the health. This would rest the organs of digestion, giving them the right tone—far better than ardent spirits or bitters.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF CORN-SILK.—The medical properties of corn-silk and cures that have been effected by its use are worth noting. The way to use it is to take two double handfuls of fresh corn-silk and boil in two gallons of water until but a gallon remains. Add sugar to make a syrup. Drink a tumblerful thrice daily, and it will relieve dropsy by increasing the flow of the urine enormously. Other diseases of the kidneys and bladder are benefited by the remedy, which is prompt, efficient, and grateful to the stomach. The treatment can be continued for months without danger or inconvenience.

COFFEE IN TYPHOID FEVER.—Dr. Guillaesce, of the French navy, in a recent paper on typhoid fever says: "Coffee has given us unhopd-for satisfaction; after having dispensed it, we find, to our great surprise, that its action is as prompt as it is decisive. No sooner have our patients taken a few tablespoonfuls of it than their features become relaxed and they come to their senses. The next day the improvement is such that we are tempted to look upon coffee as a specific against typhoid fever. Under its influence the stupor is dispelled, and the patient rouses from the state of somnolency in which he has been since the invasion of the disease. Soon all the functions take their natural course, and he enters upon convalescence." Dr. Guillaesce gives to an adult two or three tablespoonfuls of strong black coffee every two hours, alternated with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia should be taken daily, and after a while quinine. From the fact that malaise and cerebral symptoms appear first, the doctor regards typhoid fever as a nervous disease, and the coffee acting on the nerves is peculiarly indicated in the early stages before local complications arise.

The Spring, and Acids.

Living as most persons do in the winter, eating an undue amount of carbon, or the heaters, especially after the warm weather of spring arrives, the body becomes clogged, the blood thick and poor, demanding renovation. It is true, the better course is to change our diet, taking less of these heaters, this fuel, as the warm weather approaches, or a diet somewhat resembling that adopted in the summer. And since a part of our food is intended simply to sustain animal heat, keeping the body, necessarily, at about 98° Fah., with the disappearance of the cold weather and this need, it is evident that less food is demanded, and that less warming.

But while we do not live as we ought, changing our diet as we do our clothing, we are so made that "biliousness," "spring diseases," and indigestion may be prevented, in part, by following our natural tastes and desires—less desire for fats and sweets in warm weather, and a decided relish for the vegetables, fruits and acids in general. The liver—one of the most efficient of the blood-purifiers, filtering out the waste matter called "bile," that it may not contaminate the heart and lungs—is stimulated by acids, doing its work more thoroughly. This bile—waste matter of the body, particularly of the brain and nerves—is the natural physis, moving the bowels naturally, and not in a way to increase constipation, like ordinary cathartics.

"If, therefore, "spring medicines" are demanded, it is desirable to secure such as will do the work, and that without an unfavorable re-action. The "acid phosphate," prepared in connection with the "bread preparation," by Prof. Horsford, an acid and a brain and nerve food, admirably meets the wants of a large number at this season of the year, acting as a medicine, and yet as a food for the brain and nerves, increasing the flow of the bile, serving the double purpose of purifying the blood and of improving digestion, favorably acting on the stomach and liver. A small amount taken at the meals, just enough to render water pleasant, without sugar, will tend to prevent worse forms of indigestion, etc.

Nasal Catarrh.

We lately published an article on catarrh. Its widespread prevalence in our changing climate, and the mischief that follows in its later stages when it is neglected, induce us to refer to it again. We have said that a physician should be early consulted by a person suffering from catarrh. This advice will rarely be heeded, because most persons troubled with it will say, "It is simply a cold in the head. It will get well of itself, and it would be foolish to run to the doctor about it." It is true that most inflammatory ailments get well of themselves—in a measure. But while these colds in the head generally tend to pass without the aid of medicine, they also leave behind them a tendency to return—a susceptibility to inflammatory disturbance from dust and changes of temperature. What is the result? These repeated attacks, more and more frequently recurring, result at length in that chronic condition, so difficult of cure, and so serious in its effects.

For those persons who cannot easily see a physician, we would say that you may greatly help yourselves by the faithful use of a strong solution of salt water. This should be snuffed up the nostrils and gargled in the mouth. Dissolve a dessertspoonful of salt in a tumbler of water. Let it stand undisturbed for a time, so that the sand generally found in the salt may remain in the bottom of the tumbler. Then pour the solution into another tumbler. Two or three times a day put a little of this solution—say a tablespoonful—into the hollow of the hand. Snuff it up strongly, holding the palm well against the nostrils. Snuff it until it can be felt passing into the back mouth, or pharynx. As the pharynx generally participates in the inflammation, gargle a mouthful of the solution, holding the head well back, and throwing the fluid against every part of the roof of the pharynx, and especially where any soreness is felt. This solution of salt gargled will help almost every kind of sore throat.—*Youth's Companion.*

Let the Heart Rest.

I was able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar a little time ago by a simple experiment. I was in his house, and he was extolling wine and singing its praises. He sang:

Life is chequer'd o'er with woe,
Bid the ruddy bumper flow
Wine's the soul of man below.

He sang that to me every morning in order, as he said, to rouse my flagging spirits. I said, you sing that song well. Why not begin with wine at breakfast, and give it to your servants?" My dear friend," he said, "I couldn't get through a day. I should be as seedy as possible. I couldn't; and as for my servants, if I gave it to them I don't know what would happen." "Then, when do you take it?" I asked. "When the cares of the day are over, then's the time for a few glasses of wine and a nightcap." "Will you," I said, "be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did. "Count it carefully. What does it say?" "Your pulse says 74." I then sat in a chair. "Will you count it now?" "Your pulse has gone down. Your pulse is now 70." I then laid down on a couch, and said, "Will you take it again? What is it?" "It is 64; what an extraordinary thing." "What is the effect of position on the pulse? When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent, and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down my heart is doing ten strokes less per minute. Multiply that by 60, and it is 600. Multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different, and as my heart is throwing up six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during a night." That is a curious fact; but what has it to do with me?" "When I lay down at night without alcohol that is the rest my heart gets, but when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy, as you yourself have said, with the result of a restless night, and unfit the next day for work until you have taken a little of the wine which fills the ruddy bumper, and which you say is the soul of man below." His wife said, "That is perfectly true. The night is attended with a degree of unrest and broken sleep which I can hardly describe, and which gives me very much anxiety." That had an influence. He began to reckon up those figures, and think what it meant lifting up an ounce so many thousand times, and in the result he became a total abstainer with every benefit to his health, and as he admits, to his happiness.—*Dr. Richardson.*

An eminent physician says he cures ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of scarlet fever by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum-arabic dissolved in it. A cloth, wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach, should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool.—*Lansing Republican.*

A prominent physician in Paris estimates that half of the children of that city die from short sleeves, low necks, short skirts and other kindred imprudences in the dressing of children.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

GREEN PEA SOUP.—Put two quarts green peas with four quarts water, boil for two hours, keeping the steam waste supplied by fresh boiling water; then strain them from the liquor, return that to the pot, rub the peas through a sieve, chop an onion fine, and a small sprig of mint; let it boil ten minutes, then stir a tablespoonful of flour into two of butter, and pepper and salt to taste; stir it smoothly into the boiling soup. Serve with well-buttered sippets of toasted bread.

EGG AND TOMATOES.—Take a can of tomatoes, an onion, a pint of stock or water, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, six allspice, and stew in a porcelain-lined vessel for two hours. When ready to serve put back in the pot to heat; beat three eggs, white and yolks, together thoroughly, stir into the tomatoes, and keep stirring until the eggs are cooked; it should be about the consistency of well-boiled oatmeal; serve as soon as cooked.

JACKY CAKES.—Six tablespoonfuls of white Indian meal pinch of salt, half teacupful of milk; thoroughly scald with boiling water, add milk, and drop from tablespoon into boiling hot lard or drippings in frying-pan or spider; fry a dark brown on both sides. When done, open and insert a bit of butter, and then eat.

COCOA-NUT COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of grated or prepared cocoa-nut, two eggs, flour enough to make a stiff batter, and teaspoonful of soda; drop on buttered paper in pans.

DROP COOKIES.—Four and a half cups of flour, two and a half of sugar, one of milk, one of shortening (half butter and lard,) three eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a very little nutmeg, and a few earaway seeds; rub the sugar and shortening to a cream, beat the eggs till very light and stir thoroughly after adding the other ingredients; drop on buttered tins, and bake quickly.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, sifted *well*; one pound of sugar, sifted *well*; one pound of butter, two pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, half pound of citron, half grated nutmeg, ten eggs, half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one goblet of equal parts brandy and milk. This makes a six quart pan of cake.

GINGER-SNAPS.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter or lard, one tablespoonful ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a very little hot water; mix very thick, and roll thin.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—Make a sponge cake as follows: four eggs beaten separately, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; bake in layers, and let them get cold; take two cups of sweet cream, and beat until light; sweeten and flavor with vanilla; pour hot water over a pound of almonds to remove the skin, chop fine and then mix with the cream; spread thickly between the layers of cake.

LEMON ICE CREAM.—Squeeze any quantity of lemons desired; make the juice thick with sugar; stir it into cream, allowing nearly three quarts to a dozen lemons, and freeze.

CREAM TAPIOCA.—Soak a cup of tapioca all night in milk enough to cover; in the morning add nearly a cup of sugar and the yolks of three eggs beaten; put a quart of milk in a pail and set into a kettle of water on the fire; when the milk boils add the tapioca, and let it boil until thick; take from the fire; add flavor to taste, adding also the whites of the eggs beaten stiff.

RASPBERRY BLANC-MANGE.—Stew fresh raspberries; strain off the juice, and sweeten to taste; put over the fire, and when it boils stir in corn starch wet in cold water, allowing two tablespoonfuls to a pint of juice; stir until cooked, and pour into molds to cool. Strawberries and cherries are very nice. Eat with sweetened cream or boiled custard.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the fruit half an hour, or till the seeds are soft. Strain one-fourth of the fruit, and throw away the seeds. Add the sugar, and boil all ten minutes. A little currant juice some think improve the flavor.

CURRENT JELLY.—Let the the currants be dry and fully ripe; take them off the stalks, put them in a large stew pan, tie paper over them, and let them stand an hour in a coolish oven. Strain through a cloth, and to every quart of juice, add a pound and a half of pulverized sugar; stir it gently on the fire, till all the sugar is melted; skim it well; let it boil twenty-five minutes, and pour it into the pots while hot. When cool put brandy paper over them, cover, and set away for use.

TO RENEW BLACK CASHMERE.—Take half a pint of ammonia and enough tepid water to dip the breadths and pieces in thoroughly up and down, after which hang on the line to drip and dry partially without wringing; then iron dry on wrong side, when it will look like new.

TO POLISH SHIRT FRONTS AND WRISTBANDS.—Starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can Starch twice—that is, starch, dry, then starch again. Iron your shirt with a box iron, in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm, but without any attempt at a good finish; don't lift the plaits; your shirt is now ready for polishing, but you ought to have a board same size as a common shirt board, made of hard wood, and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirt, damp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take the polishing iron, which is flat and bevelled at one end—polish gently with the bevelled end, taking care not to drive the linen up into wave-like blisters. Of course this requires a little practice, but if you are careful and persevere, in a short time you will be able to give the enamel-like finish which is so much wanted.

A SURE WAY TO REMOVE TEA STAINS.—Mix thoroughly soft soap and salt—say a tablespoonful to a teacup of soap; rub on the spots, and spread the cloth on the grass where the sun will shine on it. Let it lay two or three days; then wash. If the stain is not all out, it will disappear in the second washing. If the spots are wet occasionally while lying on the grass, it will hasten the bleaching.

CHEAP REFRIGERATORS.—A flower-pot wrapped in a wet cloth and placed over a butter plate will keep the contents of the plate as hard and firm as if they were set on ice; and milk will not sour if the can containing it be wrapped in a wet cloth.

CORRESPONDENT'S COLUMN.

MR. EDITOR,—

In the April number of the *FAMILY CIRCLE*, a lady asks for a tried recipe for frosting glass. I did some for myself with very good success in this way: First, I laid on rather thin white paint as evenly as possible with an ordinary paint brush, then I dabbed it all over with a piece of old cotton cloth doubled up so as to form a small smooth pad, until the brush marks had all disappeared and the glass presented an even frosted appearance. No one need fail to make a good job with a little care.

There is no way by which plates that have been cracked and browned by overheating can be restored, as the color has been derived from something the plates contained, which passed down through the cracks and entered the porous portion of the plates. The best thing that can be done with such plates is to lay powdered lime, chalk or ashes in them and heat them well in the oven, to draw out any greasy matter that may have passed down through the cracks, thus rendering them sweet and suitable for pie dishes.

Will some of the lady readers of the *CIRCLE* instruct me how to make a switch from combings, as I have saved enough for that purpose, and would like to make up my own?

LILLIE.

PARAGRAPHICAL AND HUMOROUS.

Some women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

Shoes are not mended by sherry cobblers.

A great many people who want to be wrapped up well when they retire at night dislike very much to be rapped up in the morning.

A French writer says: "I used to believe that women prefer those whom they think handsome. Error. They prefer those who think them handsome."

A woman pianist who plays with only one hand is just now the talk of Paris. If we remember rightly, the Italian organist invariably plays with only one hand. The Italian has a wonderful turn for music.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

Speculation, an idea that God will be merciful in other ways than he has promised, is not *faith*, and will not be counted for righteousness.

The best people need afflictions for trial of their virtue. How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well; or that of forgiveness if we have no enemies.

There is a peculiar and appropriate reward for every act, only remember the reward is not given for the merit of the act, but follows on it as inevitably in the spiritual kingdom, as wheat springs from the seed, and barley from its grain in the natural world.

When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word to say,
Your brother interrupted us,
So please say yes-ter-day.

The Cleveland Herald having published some verses entitled "Why Do I Sing?" and written by a young woman, the Chicago Tribune rejoins that it is probably because her father paid five hundred dollars to a music teacher for spoiling a good stocking-darner.

There is one town in Connecticut that has no fear of the measles. It's Haddam.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THEN.—The following story, which is many years old, is located in Methuen, Mass. A young man married, and brought his bride home to live with his mother. The two women, as is sometimes the case, did not agree, and quarrelled so much that it at last attracted the attention of the church, of which both were members. Finally, the pastor's wife sought the younger woman, and remonstrated with her.

"Sister C.," she said, "why do you and your mother-in-law live so unhappily together? You are both members of the same church, worship together, and go to the communion-table together. What do you expect to do when you get to heaven together?"

"O," replied the daughter-in-law, "*she'll be changed!*"

A Kentucky lawyer on his admission to the bar came swearing to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The clerk had begun to repeat the wrong oath but the horrified judge shouted to him: "Here, that isn't what we want him to do; swear him to support the constitution and laws of Kentucky!"

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the spring fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."

Miss Parnell's nationality can never be disputed after her humorous declaration that the first gun fired in Ireland was a kettle of hot water.

The teacher had grown eloquent in picturing to his little pupils the beauties of heaven, and he finally asked, "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" A lively little four-year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished his fist. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted, at the extent of his lungs.

Mr. Gladstone, when at home at Hawarden, always reads the lessons of the day in the parish church on Sunday. People go many miles to hear and see the Premier perform this duty. He goes through it with nervous hesitation and touching modesty. With his tall figure, his mellow voice, his poetic expression and grand calm of manner, now almost majestic, he is an imposing and sympathetic figure.

Rev. Mr. Finney, while pastor of the church in Oberlin, had labored in vain to get the choir to enunciate distinctly. He thus commenced his prayer one morning just after a hymn: "O Lord, we trust thou didst understand what has just been sung, for we did not."

A native of the Green Isle was pressed by the collector of a water company for payment of the water rate; to which modest request he returned the following answer: "Sure I pay tin shillings a year for wather, and many's the day it's off for a whole wake."

When poor Tom Hood was dying he could not resist the temptation to say to a melancholy clergyman who visited him, "My dear sir—I hope your religion—hasn't disagreed with you!" How many people there are whose religion might be justly criticised from the same standpoint! The man who then lay dying was perhaps a better Christian than the dyspeptic who met this strange rebuke.—*Sunday-School Times*.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word "cuticle." "What is that all over my face and hands?" said he. "It's freckles, sir," answered the little cherub.

"Ah! me honeys," said poor Pat, offering an old saucepan for sale, "I would not be after parting with it, but for a little money to buy something to put in it!"

Jones says when he was a boy it was Palm Sunday all the year round with him. No wonder Jones was never married. He never cared to ask for a lady's hand. He got all he wanted of that article in childhood's happy hours.—*Boston Transcript*.

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

COVERING THE FIRE.—Little Kate B., who is of an inquiring turn of mind, was watching her father cover the fire with ashes one night last winter. She looked at him intently a few minutes, and then asked why he did it; to which he jokingly replied, "To stop the rapid combustion." A short time after she ran to tell her mamma what she had seen, and ended by saying, "The fire was covered up to keep the rabbit from busting."

THE GUN WAS SAFE.—A soldier is placed on sentry over a 64-pounder. When, two hours later, the guard comes to relieve him he is not at his post and is only found, after some trouble, in a wine shop.

"You scoundrel," says the officer of the guard, "is that the way you keep watch over the cannon committed to your care."

"Well, cap.," says the soldier, "don't you see, I figured the matter up and I found that it would take at least twenty men to move that gun. Suppose one or two came along, they couldn't do any harm, but if there were enough of 'em to carry it away do you think I could prevent them—whip twenty of them myself?"

A devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose, is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to an humble servant of God, than to have been flattered by a whole generation.

Many an amusing mistake has been made by people hard of hearing. We are told that a certain Dean of Ely was once at a dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than seven eminent harristers in as many months." The Dean, who was very deaf, rose just at the conclusion of these remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this and every other mercy make us truly thankful."

A Yankee Trader.

"I reckon I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day 'Squire,'" said a genuine specimen of a Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't," was the reply. "Well, I guess you needn't get huffy 'bout it. Now, here's a dozen genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have them for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your strops—so you may as well be going along."

"Wall, now, look here, 'Squire, I'll bet you ten dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," replied the merchant placing the money in the hands of a by-stander. The Yankee deposited a like sum.

"Now," said the merchant, "I'll give you a picayune (sixpence) for the straps."

"They're yourn," said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes.

"But," said he, after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke is a jkce; and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened. "You're not so had a chap after, all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the sixpence.

"A trade is a trade, and now you are wide awake. The next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops." And away walked the peddler with his strops and the wager, amidst the shouts of the laughing crowd.

They were soon to be married. He had vague ideas of house-furnishing, and he asked her what kind of carpets he should get for the parlor. She said, "Axminster." And thereupon he warmly protested that it was none of the minister's business.

AN ARAB'S REJOINER.—An African traveller relates how an Arab once retorted at a supposed insult: The traveller one morning watered the flowers at his window. He used a little too much water, for a small stream poured down into the street right on the face of the Arab, who, lay under the window. In a rage, the brown fellow jumped up, and, looking up to the window whence the traveller had wisely withdrawn exclaimed:

"If you are an old man, I despise you! If you are an old woman, I forgive you! If you are a young man, I curse you! If you are a maiden, I thank you!"

SHERIDAN'S WITTY TOAST—Stafford, which Sheridan had represented in Parliament for several years, was the centre of shoemaking. On one occasion, when he dined with his constituents, he was called upon to give a toast, and was reminded that he must say something. In a petulant manner, as if offended, he exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"May the manufactures of Stafford be trodden under foot by the whole world!"

For a few seconds there was consternation on the countenances of the sons of Crispin. They wondered whether Sheridan meant to insult them. Soon, however, they took the oke and vehemently applauded it for its wit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

An Arab came to the river side,
With a donkey hearing an ohelisk:
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an *.

—[*Boston Globe*.]

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,
He never would find its ||.

—[*Salem Sundeam*.]

When morning dawned and the tide was out,
The pair cross'd over 'neath Allah's protection,
And the Arah was happy, we have no doubt,
For he had the best donkey in all that §.

—[*Somerville Journal*.]

The donkey was seen by a Yankee man,
Who raised his voice and loud did holler:
"How much'll you take for that 'ere beast,
In gold or silver or paper \$."

—[*Detroit Free Press*.]

The Arab thought it over a while,
And then asked a price that made one stagger,
The Yankee man answered: "Well, I should smile."
And finished him off with a murderous †.

—[*Northern Advance*.]

As he hurried him there a Bedouin band,
That saw the ass-assination,
With sword in ~~his~~ rushed forward, &
"I'm a goner," was his l.

—[*Family Circle*.]

THE TRAMP'S ANSWER.—"It will be a cold day when I give twenty-five cents to a couple like you," said a man to two tramps who had boldly asked him for that amount.

"What time of day will it be?" asked one of the tramps.

The man was surprised at the question and he gave it up.

"Well," said the tramp spokesman, "it will be a quarter to two."

WITH THE BRAKES ON:

A Railroad Man's Experince in Church.

To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says, "I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church," I hazarded.

"Now," he said: "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular, and you go on schedule time and don't have to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said; "all palace cars; and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time, and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them too free and easy. No. I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver's being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad-gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag-stations, and won't run into any thing but a Union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train orders are

vague, though, and the train men don't get along with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow-gauge, eh?" said the brakeman. "Pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go round it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road; but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat, and no more in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"May be you joined the free-thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road-bed and no ballast; no time card and no train despatches. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please, and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets; and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir; I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a line that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where the road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a General Superintendent; and if they had, he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said, 'Nobody.' I asked the conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living men or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see any body give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'All aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a head-light. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes; do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passenger feels more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan house air-brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"May be you went to the Congregational Church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road, too—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the division superintendents discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a pleasant class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road—beautiful curves—sweep around any thing to keep close to the river; but it's all steel rail and rock ballast—single track all the way, and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it, though—double tanks at every station—and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country—these river roads always do—river on one side and hills on

the other, and it's a steady climb-up grade all the way, till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip—sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

—Con.

May's Idea.

A thoughtful, earnest girl was talking with me a few days ago, and in the course of our conversation said:

"Sometimes I am sorely tempted to give up this life of toil for one of ease. By speaking one little word my whole life can be changed, and I shall be the wife of a man wealthy, refined and honorable, one that occupies a high and respected station in society, and is looked up to by all. He loves me, but he is twice my age, and all I can give him in return for his generous love is the respect and affection of a daughter. To become his wife, means to me, ease, luxury, time to cultivate my mental powers, time to read and write, and no more thought on the troublesome questions of bread and butter and fig leaves."

Then she added, with kindling light in her blue eyes, "And as often as I indulge in such thoughts, I say to myself: 'Oh! you poor, contemptible little coward, afraid to face life's battle and win your place in the world by working for it!'"

Ah! thought I, would that all our fair young girls were as firm and brave as you. My friend's case is no ideal one. She is a girl of twenty, dependent upon her own work for food, clothes and shelter, she is naturally gifted, loves poetry, and has no small talent as a writer herself, while she is capable of a large degree of culture and refinement. Dear girl, she is a pearl that any man might be proud and happy to win and wear upon a loyal heart. I, grown worldly wise, said to her one day:

"May, wouldn't it be better for you to be the wife of Mr. Marshall?"

"I do not love him," was her reply, "you know what happy wedded love is, could you advise me to take the semblance of it?"

I was silenced, not only by the brave words of my friend, but by a glance from the dear eyes that belonged to the "lord of the manor."

"You women," said he, saucily, "when born into the state of matrimony, are at the same moment, born into a chronic state of match making. You wish all your friends to share your state of bliss or woe, as it may prove to be."

Now I scorn the idea of match making. I believe matches should be made in heaven, but alas! I fear sometimes that the patent has been infringed upon and the prince of darkness has gone into the business. But let me whisper to you, dear reader, May is to spend the holidays with me, and—so is brother Will! If there are results, you shall have them.—Joy Lewis.

A HANDY MAN.

In the year 18—, there resided in the north of England a gentleman, who was known as Sir William Marston. He was one of those men who are cool and calculating—always looking before them. He had made all his money at iron-working, but after having got his title, he thought fit to "sell out" and retire.

He accordingly chose a residence in Durham, and resided there for three years, when he determined to build a large mansion for himself; and he accordingly consulted with an architect, and the drawings and specifications were made out, tenders received, and the work proceeded with.

Now when this mansion was built, Sir William found that every one was admiring it, and artists came and sketched it before the glass was in the windows. Every one declared it perfect, all but Sir William himself.

A very unpleasant idea had come into Sir William's head. He intended to keep a good many valuables and money on the premises. Thus the question arose, "Was it burglar-proof?" The architect assured him it was; the inspector of police said so too; he thought so himself, but he would like to be sure. The following advertisement, accordingly, appeared in some of the local papers a few days after the house was finished:

NOTICE TO BURGLARS AND OTHERS.—WHEREAS, Sir William Marston, having gone to great expense in the building of his new mansion, "Fallow Hill," is desirous of ascertaining whether it be burglar-proof or not, and with that object has placed in his writing-table drawer, in the office on the first floor, the sum of five hundred pounds. And whosoever shall, with the ordinary appliances of a burglar, contrive to abstract the said five hundred pounds *without being caught in the act*, shall be permitted to enjoy the same, on condition that he write to the said Sir William Marston, and fully inform him how he did succeed in abstracting the same; and be it known, no steps shall be taken to recover the money or bring the offender to justice. But if the said burglar be caught, he shall be bound to state how he entered the premises, and how he *proposed* abstracting the money, and he shall then be permitted to depart.

A week passed, and Sir William was getting in servants for his establishment, buying furniture, horses and carriages, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the comfort of a mansion. Still there came no answer to his extraordinary advertisement. At last a thought struck him. He put the advertisement in again, adding that "no extraordinary precautions would be taken to preserve the house from being broken into."

The next day Sir William was sitting in the small room adjoining his office, quietly reading a book, when the footman entered, and stood waiting till his master should speak.

"Well?" at last he said, looking up.

"A man wanting to speak to you, sir. Says he believes you want a groom. He can groom, sir; harness a horse, clean a carriage, fast-rate at gardening, rubbing up knives and forks, cleaning windows; in fact, sir, I assure you, by his own account, he is a 'very handy man.'"

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Decent enough, sir—tall, determined looking; a kind of man as would knock dander out of you, sir, or could——"

"That will do; show him in."

"He has a portmanteau, sir. Shall I take care of it? It might——"

"Less o' your lip!" Sir William was becoming the iron-founder again. "Show him in."

He was shown in, and began to run up his accomplishments, which to Sir William seemed very suitable to him. He was just the sort of man he wanted, and Sir William began to think of clinching the bargain.

While they were quibbling about terms, they were assailed by a strong smell of burning, and a scream suddenly startled them. Upon hearing loud shouts of "Fire!" Sir William and the man instantly rushed to the door; but the man suddenly fell headlong on the floor, Sir William darting off to the scene of the conflagration.

Upon arriving in the hall, he found volumes of smoke coming from a cupboard under the stairs, and he immediately ordered in the little hand fire-engine kept in the kitchen (a thing no mansion should be without). He ran it up to the cupboard-door, and seizing the hose in his left hand, he commenced to pump furiously with the right, and the little lever-handle was almost invisible, with such speed did it go up and down. The footman kicked away the portmanteau that had been left in the hall, and burst the cupboard-door open, and then proceeded to drag to light a vast assortment of rags and brown paper and damp straw, all of which made a terrible smoke, although no flame was visible. It was soon put out, and Sir William returned to his room.

He found the door locked on the inside, upon his arrival; but this did not startle him at first. He knocked, but he got no answer; so, quietly stepping back along the passage (being a powerful man), he flung himself at the door, and it gave way with a crash. The room was empty.

He looked everywhere, and found two things—viz., that the window was wide open, and that his five hundred pounds were gone.

He was mortified in the extreme. Had this man who wanted a situation taken his money? If so, was it a plot to do so, or merely that, knowing there was money there, he

had availed himself of the opportunity and taken it? He thought the latter.

The man that was at the porter's lodge said that he saw a man come in the morning of the fire with a portmanteau, and that soon afterwards he saw him running towards the gate, saying he was going for the fire-engines, so he let him pass.

The next morning Sir William received a letter by the post, which puzzled him not a little. It ran as follows:—

SIR,—Having seen your advertisement in the — inviting burglars to break in and steal, I thought that as it was hardly to be called a crime, this housebreaking—being, in fact, an out-of-the-way proof of the safety of your house—I might with safety venture to show you that "forcible entry" is not the only way of robbing a house. And, moreover, as you specified so accurately where the rhino was, I determined to possess it.

I accordingly took an old portmanteau, and filled it with some very smoky and inflammable, but not dangerous materials; and donning some old clothes, I proceeded to your mansion.

As I had often visited it while it was building, I knew it well; and so, upon giving an elaborate message to the footman, I stayed in the hall while he delivered it; but I was not idle. I knew of the cupboard under the stairs, and immediately opening it (for the key was in it), I emptied my portmanteau, and lighted a match and applied it to the damp straw and the bits of brown paper, and then I quietly closed the door and pocketed the key, knowing it would be some time before the smoke would ooze through.

I then palavered to your highness till the alarm was given, whereupon I pretended to trip and fall while running for the door; but picked myself up immediately, locked the door, forced all the drawers of your writing-table, pocketed the money, and, lifting up the window-leap on to the lawn—a good jump certainly, but I ran off towards the gate. Here I was stopped. I pointed to the smoke coming through the hall-door, and said I was going for the engines, and then quietly returned home.

It is my intention to indulge in a tour to the United States with the five hundred pounds I procured by my ingenuity.

Pray remember they are not all thieves that steal, and believe me, yours truly,

A VERY HANDY MAN.

Sir William never put any more advertisements in the paper, to say where his money was.

Cunning of the Humming-Bird.

A friend has informed me of an instance in her experience where the humming-bird has shown more cunning than its little brain would seem capable of manufacturing. The incident occurred in Vineland, New Jersey. In an unused apartment of the house where the lady was staying, one of the huge spiders common in that region had built its strong web unmolested. Passing into the room one Summer's day, she spied a ruby-throat, which had flown in through the open vine-clad window, struggling frantically in the net of Dame Arachnid. The more the bird fluttered, the worse were its filmy wings tangled and fettered in the spider's meshes; and unless help had been given, there is little doubt how the catastrophe would have ended. The lady hurried to the relief of the piteous prisoner, and handling it with the utmost care, freed it from the coils fastened to its feathers and binding its feeble members. As the bird lay in her palm at the end of the operation, it gave two or three gasping breaths and was still. Every muscle relaxed as in dissolution. The kind hearted liberator suffered a pang of distress from the conviction that she had killed the delicate creature by too rude a touch. After some moments of fruitless mourning, she laid the limp body down and turned sadly away. Quicker than thought the little trickster unfurled its wings and shot out of the window. Had it swooned from fright on the lady's hand, and recovered with the change of position? or had it actually feigned death, in order to facilitate escape, as some larger birds are known to do?

A CHRISTIAN DOG.—The term "Dog of an Infidel" will lose all its reproach if dogs prove themselves such good Christians as the one which taught Mr. Spurgeon this lesson: "I walked down my garden some time ago, when the flowers were nicely out, and saw a big dog; and, as I was sure he knew nothing of gardening, I threw my walking-stick at him, and gave him some recommendations to 'go home.' To my intense surprise and shame, the dog picked up my stick, and, wagging his tail, dropped the staff at my feet. He beat me altogether. I said to him, 'Good dog,' and I told him he could come again whenever he liked, if he was a dog of that kind. I felt that I was the worse dog of the two."

Pat Flanigan's Logic.

"Patrick Flanigan," said the District Attorney one day in court, "stand up and plead guilty or not guilty to the charge the Commonwealth hath preferred against you."

When Pat had complied with the polite request thus made by the officer of the law, the attorney proceeded to read from a paper in his hand a very graphic description of a certain transaction in which Pat had been engaged a few days before.

"What say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the attorney.

"I'm not guilty of half thim things you've read to me," said Pat looking at the court, "but I did have a bit of row last Saturday was a week, an' I dunno just what I did, for ye see I was stavin' drunk on the meanest corn whiskey yer honor iver tasted."

"But Patrick, we never taste it," said the Judge, while a smile lurked in ambush behind the grave judicial countenance.

"Sure, now, don't ye, though?" said Pat, with a look of mingled surprise and incredulity—"don't ye, though? Well, thin, ye ought to, jist once, to know how it acts, and to know how to pity a poor fellow that does. Sure yer honor grants licenses, an' how do ye know the mischief yer doin' to honest men like meself unless ye take a drink now and thin, jist to see how it makes a man behave hisself?"

"Who gave you the liquor, Patrick," asked the Court, on a voyage of discovery.

"Well, I dunno wat's his name," said Pat, too honest to turn informant, while a gleam of true native humor twinkled in his eye. "But I know I seed a license hangin' behind the bar. Ye see, Judge, I was wroughtin' for the city, on the streets, jist close by, an' I was droughty, an' it was so handy I wint in an' took a drink that ortent to have hurt a baby, an' in tin seconds I was crazy drunk, an' I drcamt that I was at a Donnybrook fair, and that's all I remimber till next morning, when I was boardin' at Sheriff Ryan's hotel."

"But," said the Court, "you are charged with perpetrating an aggravated assault and battery on Mr. S., the hotel-keeper."

"Well, yer honor," said Pat, "if I did I only gin him back jist wat's in his own whiskey; an' if yer honor hadn't give him that license I wouldn't 've bin drunk; an' if I hadn't bin drunk I wouldn't 've got into the fight; an' if I hadn't 've got into the fight I wouldn't 've bin here this mornin', onyhow."

This was a process of reasoning new to the Court. It was a self-evident truth dressed in plain clothes, and while the law was with the Court, Pat evidently had all the logic, and he her: summed up the mischief of the license system in a few sentences.

Scores of men are made drunk every day just because it is so easy to obtain liquor. The law places it in reach of every man. On the streets of our towns and cities are hung notices of "Choice Liquors," "Cool Lager," "Ale," and "Fancy Drinks," to tempt the laboring man to come in and spend for strong drink the money that his family needs for bread.

On the path he must walk to and from his daily occupation he sees those temptations. The licensed saloon and grog shop afford him every facility to become a drunkard. His appetite, renewed and kept alive by indulgence, urges him on. There is no obstacle in his road to ruin; on the other hand, that road is opened and made plain and easy by the law. What wonder is it, then, that the rum shops flourish while the families of their victims starve?—*American paper.*

Never Forget Anything.

Charge your mind with your duty. That is largely the true definition of faithfulness. But memory and mistakes are used as apologies a great deal oftener than necessary. A boy beginning business life will generally lose his place who pleads such an excuse more than once or twice.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterwards of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"

The answer was with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it?"

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to? I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"

This put a new train of thoughts into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Measuring the Baby."

Don't measure the baby! There is an old superstition that if you do it will die before the year is out, and it's always best to be on the safe side. Do you see that name written in lead pencil on the door-casing? well that's where we measured the baby. If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim; just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother and the girls, and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil flat on his head, and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing, and it jist fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

"We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall.
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall."

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out, and pasted it in the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry, I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the others; here they are:

"His eyes were wide as blue bells,
(That's little Jim exactly!)
His mouth like a flower unblown;
(That's him again).
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice
Peeped out from his snowy gown."

"And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses
We'll measure the boy again."

Now, if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, and there'd be another mark on the door-casing "so much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way. You see there's no mark there, and it wasn't any superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful like, and so still that it was a sin to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jenny had kept without knowing why, to the old Bible.

"We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow.
For the shining rosewood easel
That waited him below."

"And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moon
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown."

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a hush over all the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.

Although some of the underground telegraph wires in Germany have been in use for five years, they have cost nothing for maintenance, and are not likely to need any repairs for years to come. There are now eight thousand miles of such wires employed. The plan adopted consists in enclosing seven or more separately-insulated conductors with a coil of moist hemp, surrounded by a complete sheath of iron wire, which again is covered with a layer of hemp yarn impregnated with a protecting compound.

Whistling to a Squirrel.

One afternoon last summer, when out looking for game, I sat down on a pile of rails to rest. Pretty soon I discovered, in an oak tree some twenty yards away, a red squirrel stretched at full length on a limb, taking a sun bath.

Instead of raising my rifle and sending a ball through the little fellow (it's a mighty mean "sportsman" that endeavors to kill all he sees), I decided to give him a little pleasure if I could, so I commenced to whistle the air of that once popular ditty, "I love thee, sweet Norah O'Neil." In a twinkling the squirrel was up on his hind legs, his tail over his back, his head cocked to one side, listening to me; a moment of irresolution, and then he scampered down the trunk of the tree to the ground, and started toward me; he came a few yards, stopped, sat up on end, and listened again. I was careful not to move, and kept on whistling; after waiting a moment the little beauty came on, jumped up on the pile of rails, ran along within four feet of me, halted, went up on end again, made an umbrella of his tail, tipped his head to one side, looked at me with all the gravity of a justice of the peace at his first trial; and yet if ever a creature's eyes beamed with pleasure, his did.

I did not move, but after a little I abruptly changed the tune to the "Sweet By-and-By." Chut! Why, with the first note of the different tune, away went the squirrel. I did not move, only as I shook with suppressed laughter, and, as well as I could, kept on whistling. In a minute or two back came the squirrel, going through all the cunning manoeuvres of his first approach, and once more took a seat before me on the rails. I watched him, and actually thought he was trying to pucker up his mouth and whistle.

Once again I changed the tune, this time to "Yankee Doodle," and, as before, with the first note of change away scampered the squirrel. Unable to control my risibilities longer, I laughed aloud, and after that I couldn't call my little friend to me.

I wonder how many of the so-called "true sportsmen" ever seek or think of any pleasure in connection with such beautiful little creatures save the savage and unmanly pleasure of taking away their lives!—*Forest and Stream.*

A VERY SAGACIOUS HORSE:

The Wonderful Intelligence He Displayed in the Every-Day Duties of Life.

A very old and remarkable horse, the property of Col. John H. James, of Urbana, Ohio, has recently died. The intelligence of this horse surpassed any thing I have ever known, and was quite equal to any well-authenticated case I have ever read of.

Old Bonny, like most intelligent people, had decided ideas of his own. One amusing instance of this was a dislike to being hitched, and when this feeling was disregarded he would deliberately break his halter and then stand half a day by the hitching-post. He was never subjected to that accident-producing barbarism of blinds, but used his eyes freely to see what was going on behind as well as around and before him. He would stand quietly and look back at the buggy until whoever was getting in was seated, and then would start. He had a different gait for nearly every person that drove him. With those in the habit of going fast, he would start off briskly without being urged. With children (for every one was allowed to drive old Bonny who could sit on the seat and hold the lines) his deliberate and careful movements showed that he considered himself responsible for their safety. When they attempted to urge him with the whip, I have seen him look round at them a hundred times with a look that said as plain as words, "Children, I understand this business better than you do," and if they still persisted, he would give a kind of impatient kick, though scarcely raising his foot from the ground, but go faster he would not.

With the Colonel he had a kind of dog trot, and it took a vigorous application of the whip to make him change it. When the Colonel was in his office, old Bonny, though never hitched, stood at his hitching-post in front, unless the sun or flies became troublesome, when he would go round the corner and through a narrow lane into the back lot, but could be found in one place or the other, except on a few occasions, becoming impatient at an unusual delay, he went home alone. At noon he would go up to the steps, and when the

buggy was unloaded and all the packages taken out, he would go to his box under a tree and wait for his dinner, while at night he would go with equal regularity, and alone, to the stable.

Bonny could turn a buggy whenever it could be turned, and his skill and determination in turning in a narrow path, or in extricating himself from the entanglement of other vehicles, has often been watched and wondered at by the bystanders. He would turn one way until the wheels were too much cramped, or he was in danger of hitting something, and then turn the other way and back or start up, as might be necessary, always watching the movements of his own buggy and of anything that might be in the way. If his master got out, he would wait for him, and if he walked, Bonny would follow him all about town, stopping when he stopped, and starting when he started.

Bonny undoubtedly came to distinguish Sunday from other days. Whether this was from the ringing of church bells, or from the later hour he was wanted, or from a direct influx of that wisdom that teaches the sparrow to fly, on Sunday, without the raising of a line, he would turn to the right and go to church, while on work-days he would turn to the left and go down town.

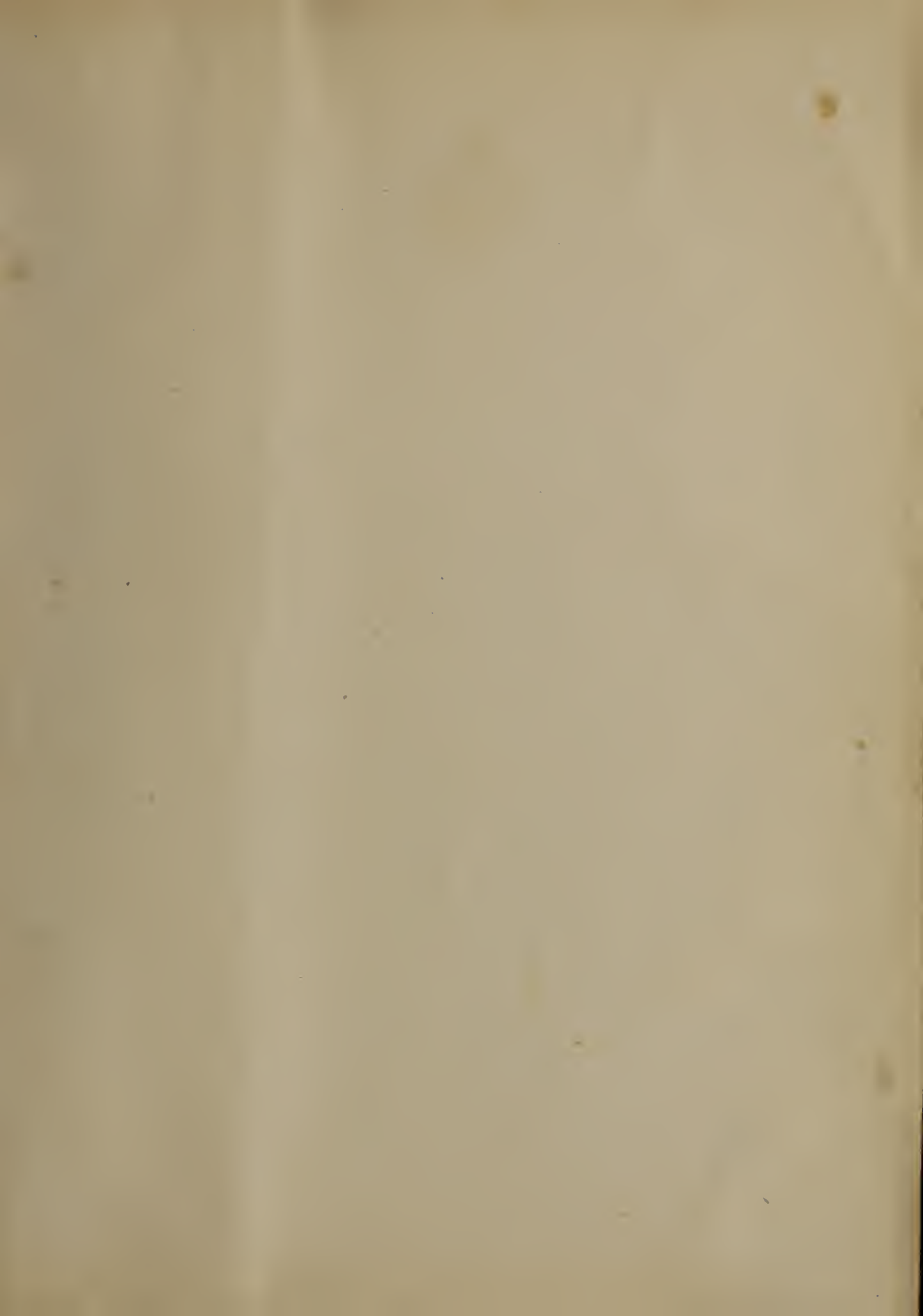
One of his last exploits was one of his most remarkable. He had lost two shoes, and his feet had become a little sore. Pat, the stable-boy, who had long believed that Bonny knew more than many men, took two shoes, tied them together with a string, shook them before his face, and hung them across his neck, and then started him on alone, and he went four blocks, turning two corners, to Edward Hill's blacksmith shop, where he had been shod for twenty years, and after the shoes were put on went home alone. I am assured of the truth of this both by the stable-boy and by Mr. Hill, who had for twenty years watched and wondered at his wonderful sagacity. Since his last exploit, I have no doubt Mr. Hill would treely and conscientiously make oath that old Bonny knew more than half his human customers. Now the Urbana Union informs us that old Bonny's feet have for the last time been iron-shod to fit them for the rough ways of this rough world.

If, as we sometimes hope, and half believe, it is a part of the plan of that wisdom which watches the falling sparrow that animal life, with its wonderful instincts and sometimes wonderful intelligence, shall reappear on the other side of the curtain that separates this world of matter and shadows and death from the world of substance and spirit and life, there can be no doubt on which side of the great gulf which separates the habitually well-disposed and useful from the habitually evil-disposed and useless old Bonny will appear.—*Henry T. Niles.*

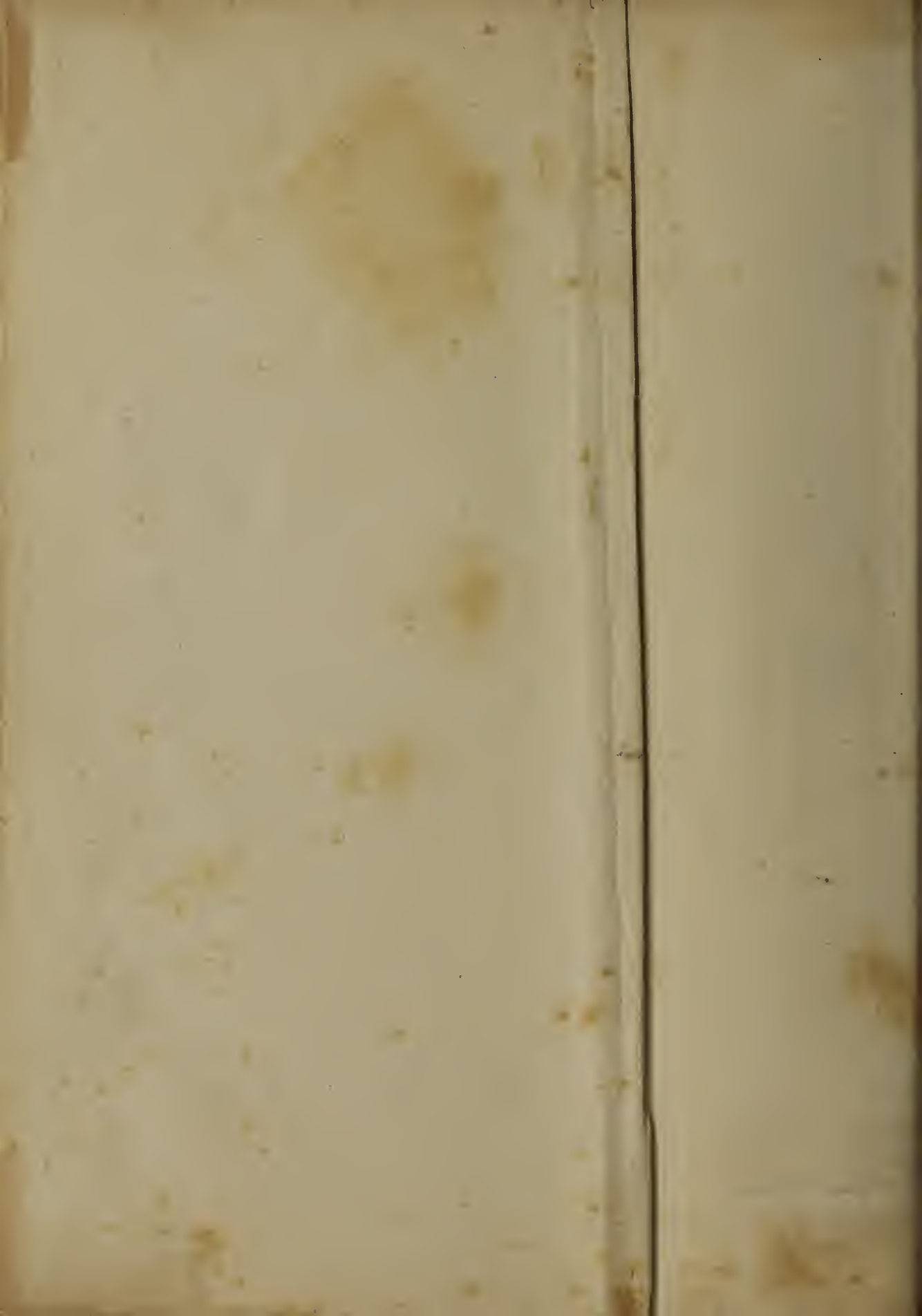
The Power of a Cyclone.

In discussing the two cyclones which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliot, Meteorological Reporter to the Government of Bengal, incidentally gives us some idea of the cyclopean forces which are developed by such storms. The average "daily evaporation," registered by the Bengal instruments in October, is "two inches." The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily, over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal, is enormous. "Roughly estimated," says Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working power of 800,000 steam engines of 1,000 horse power." A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft over 45,000 cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay, and transport it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of this whole Indian gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yet, it would be easy to show that such figures, fabulous as they seem, do not adequately represent the cyclonic forces of a single storm.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

MACHINERY IN PIN-MAKING.—Less than fifty years ago one man could not make over fourteen pins a minute; now he can make over 1,400. Then one girl could stick on papers about 10,000 pins a day; now a fair day's work is from eight hundred thousand to one million.



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9 o'clock on Friday, Dec. 12th.
At her father's residence, 219 Simcoe
street, Lucy H. Copping, age 11 years and 9
months.
Buried at Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Satur-
day 2:30. Friends please accept intimation.

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